



The Beacon



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THE Eagle spread his pinions full,
Traditions boldly brushed aside,
And o'er Atlantic swiftly sped
To Isle where Lion doth abide.

The Lion roared with unfeigned joy,
He bowed and doffed his ancient crown,
At Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square,
When Eagle reached Old London Town.

The Lion waved the Stars and Stripes,
Day ne'er was born of such renown,
The Eagle flapped the Union Jack,
In London Town, Old London Town.

The Eagle cried: "God save the King!"
"Star-Spangled Banner," Lion sang;
Queen, Bobbie, Wac, Gob, Tommie cheer-
ed,
And all of Britain's church bells rang.

That vale of memories—the Strand,
Fleet Street and Oxford tell the thrill
Which spread from Pall Mall's mart of
dreams
Unto the sphere of Ludgate Hill.

Big Ben awoke Westminster and
The House of Parliament; St. Paul's
Great organ pealed Old London's pride,
Amazement stirred Haymarket's stalls.

"O welcome, brother," Lion roared,
So all the Seven Seas might hear,
"By Shakespeare's ghost and Milton's
shade,
I'm jolly glad, Sam, you are here.

"I drink full cup to happiness,
Toasting peace, joy, blessings, cheer,
To all Old Glory's gallant hosts,
Through many a golden prosperous
year."

The Lion waved the Stars and Stripes,
Day ne'er was born of such renown,
The Eagle flapped the Union Jack,
In London Town, Old London Town.

G. W. S.

The New York Evening Post.

THE HEADSWOMAN

BY KENNETH GRAHAME
(Concluded from last week)

III.

JEANNE passed a somewhat restless night after her small scene with her cousin, waking depressed and unrefreshed. Though she had carried matters with so high a hand, and had scored so distinctly all around, she had been more agitated than she had cared to show. She liked Enguerrand and more especially did she like his admiration for her; and that chance allusion to Clairette contained possibilities that were alarming. In embracing a professional career, she had never thought for a moment that it could militate against that due share of admiration to which, as a girl, she was justly entitled; and Enguerrand's views seemed this morning all the more narrow and inexcusable. She rose languidly, and as soon as she was dressed sent off a little note to the Mayor, saying that she had a nervous headache and felt out of sorts, and begging to be excused from attendance on that day; and the missive reached the Mayor just as he was taking his usual place at the head of the Board.

"Dear, dear!" said the kind-hearted old man, as soon as he had read the letter to his fellow-councilmen: "I'm very sorry. Poor girl! Here, one of you fellows, just run round and tell the gaffer there won't be any business to-day. Jeanne's seedy. It's put off till to-morrow. And now, gentlemen, the agenda—"

"Really, your worship," exploded Robinet, "this is simply ridiculous!" "Upon my word, Robinet," said the Mayor, "I don't know what's the matter with you. Here's a poor girl unwell, and a more hardworking girl isn't in the town, and instead of sympathizing with her, and saying you're sorry, you call it ridiculous! Suppose you had a headache yourself! You wouldn't like —"

"But it is ridiculous," maintained the tanner, stoutly, "who ever heard of an executioner having a nervous headache? There's no precedent for it! And 'out of sorts' too! Suppose the criminals said they were out of sorts, and didn't feel up to being executed?"

"Well, suppose they did," replied the Mayor, "we'd try and meet them halfway, I daresay. They'd have to be executed some time or other, you know. Why on earth are you so captious about trifles? The prisoners won't mind, and I don't mind; nobody's inconvenienced, and everybody's happy!"

"You're right, then, Mr. Mayor," put in another councilman. "This executing business used to give the town a lot of trouble and bother; now it's all as easy as kissing your hand. Instead of objecting, as they used to do, and wanting to argue the point and kick up a row, the fellows as is told off for execution come skipping along in the morning, like a lot of lambs

in Maytime. And then the fun there is on the scaffold! The jokes, the back-answers, the repartees! And never a word to shock a baby! Why, my little girl, as goes through the market-place every morning—on her way to school, you know—she says to me only yesterday, she says, 'Why, father, she says, it's as good as the play-actors,' she says."

"There again," persisted Robinet, "I object to that too. They ought to show a proper feeling. Playing at mummies is one thing, and being executed is another, and people ought to keep 'em separate. In my father's time, that sort of thing wasn't thought good taste, and I don't hold with new-fangled notions."

"Well, really, neighbour," said the Mayor, "I think you're out of sorts yourself to-day. You must have got out of bed the wrong side this morning. As for a little joke, more or less, we all know a maiden loves a merry jest when she's certain of having the last word! But I'll tell you what I'll do, if it'll please you; I'll go round and see Jeanne myself on my way home, and tell her—quite nicely, you know—that once in a way doesn't matter, but that if she feels her health won't let her keep regular business hours, she mustn't think of going on with anything that's bad for her. Like that, don't you see? And now, gentlemen, let's read the minutes!"

"Thus it came about that Jeanne took her usual walk that evening with a ruffled brow and a swelling heart; and her little hand opened and shut angrily as she paced the ramparts. She couldn't stand being found fault with. How could she, help having a headache? Those clogs of citizens didn't know what a highly strung sensitive organization was. Absorbed in her reflections, she had taken several turns up and down the grassy footway before she became aware that she was not alone. A youth, of richer dress and more elegant bearing than the general run of the Radequandians, was leaning in an embrace, watching the graceful figure with evident interest.

"Something has vexed you, fair maiden?" he observed, coming forward deferentially as soon as he perceived he was noticed; "and care sits but awkwardly on that smooth young brow."

"Nay, it is nothing, kind sir," replied Jeanne; "we girls who work for our living must not be too sensitive. My employers have been somewhat exigent, that is all. I did wrong to take it to heart."

"Tis the way of the bloated capitalist," rejoined the young man, lightly, as he turned to walk by her side. "They grind us, they grind us; perhaps some day they will come under your hands in turn, and then you can pay them out. And so you toil and spin, fair lady! Yet methinks those delicate hands show little trace of labor?"

"You wrong me, indeed, sir," replied Jeanne, merrily. "These hands of mine, that you are so good as to admire, do great execution!"

"I can well believe that your victims are numerous," he replied; "may I be permitted to rank myself among the latest of them?"

"I wish you a better fortune, kind sir," answered Jeanne, demurely.

"I can imagine no more delightful one," he replied; "and where do you ply your daily task, fair mistress? Not entirely out of sight and access, I trust?"

"Nay, sir," laughed Jeanne, "I work in the market-place most mornings, and there is no charge for admission; and access is far from difficult. Indeed, some complain—but that is no business of mine. And now I must be wishing you a good-evening. Nay,"—for he would have detained her,— "it is not seemly for an unprotected maiden to tarry in converse with a stranger at this hour. *Adieu, Robinet!* If you should happen to be in the market-place any morning —" and she tripped lightly away. The youth, gazing after her retreating figure, confessed himself strangely fascinated by this fair unknown, whose particular employment, by the way, he had forgotten to ask; while Jeanne, as she sped homewards, could not help reflecting that, for style and distinction, this new acquaintance threw into the shade all the Enguerrands and others she had met hitherto—even in the course of business.

IV.
The next morning was bright and breezy, and Jeanne was early at her post, feeling quite a different girl. The busy little market-place was full of color and movement, and the gay patches of flowers and fruit, the strings of fluttering kerchiefs, and the piles of red and yellow pottery, formed an artistic setting to the quiet impressive scaffold which they framed. Jeanne was in short sleeves, according to the etiquette of her office, and her round graceful arms showed snowily against her dark blue skirt and scarlet tight-fitting bodice. Her assistant looked at her with admiration.

there was nothing particular to do. Only one fellow, and he said he didn't care anything to oblige a lady!"

"Well, I wish he'd hurry up now, to oblige a lady," said Jeanne, swinging her axe carelessly to and fro; "ten minutes past the hour; I shall have to talk to the Mayor about this."

"It's a pity there ain't a better show this morning," pursued the assistant, as he leaned over the rail of the scaffold and spat meditatively into the busy throng below. "They do say as how the young Seigneur arrived at the Chateau yesterday—him as has been finishing his education in Paris, you know. He's as likely as not to be in the market-place to-day, and if he's disappointed, he may go off to Paris again, which would be a pity, seeing the Chateau's been empty so long. But he may go to Paris, or anywhere else he's a mind to, he won't see better workmanship than in this here little town!"

"Well, my good Raoul," said Jeanne, coloring slightly at the obvious compliment, "quality, not quantity, is what we aim at here, you know. If a Paris education has been properly assimilated by the Seigneur, he will not fail to make all the necessary allowances. But see, the prison-doors are opening at last!"

They both looked across the little square to the prison, which fronted the scaffold; and sure enough, a small body of men, the Sheriff at their head, was issuing from the building, conveying, or endeavoring to convey, the tardy prisoner to the scaffold. That gentleman, however, seemed to be in a different and less obliging frame of mind from that of the previous day; and at every pace one of the men of the guards was shot violently into the middle of the square, propelled by a vigorous kick or blow from the struggling captive. The crowd, unaccustomed of late to such demonstrations of feeling, and resenting the prisoner's want of taste, hooted loudly; but it was not until that ingenious medieval arrangement known as *la marche aux crapauds* had been brought to bear on him that the reluctant convict could be prevailed upon to present himself before the young lady he had already so unwarrantably detained.

Jeanne's profession had both accustomed her to surprises and taught her the futility of considering her clients as drawn from any one particular class; yet she could hardly help feeling some astonishment on recognising her new acquaintance of the previous evening. That, with all his evident amiability of character, he should come to this end, was not in itself a special subject for wonder; but that he should have been conversing with her on ramparts at the hour when—after courteously excusing her attendance on the scaffold—he was cooling his heels in prison for another day, seemed hardly to be accounted for, at first sight. Jeanne, however, reflected that the reconciling of apparent contradictions was not included in her official duties.

The Sheriff, wiping his heated brow, now read the formal *proceeds* delivering over the prisoner to the executioner's hands; "and a nice job we've had to get him here," he added on his own account. And the young man, who had remained perfectly tractable since his arrival, stepped forward and bowed politely.

"Now that we have been properly introduced," said he, courteously, "allow me to apologize for any inconvenience you have been put to by my delay. The fault was entirely mine, and these gentlemen are in no way to blame. Had I known whom I was to have the pleasure of meeting, wings could not have conveyed me so swiftly enough."

"Do not mention, I pray, the word inconvenience," replied Jeanne, with that timid grace which so well became her. "I only trust that any slight discomfort it may be my duty to cause you before we part will be as easily pardoned. And—for the morning, alas! advances—any little advice or assistance that I can offer is quite at your service; for the situation is possibly new, and you may have had but little experience."

"Fath, none worth mentioning," said the prisoner, gaily. "Treat me as a raw beginner. Though our acquaintance has been but brief, I have the utmost confidence in you."

"Then, sir," said Jeanne, blushing, "suppose I were to assist you in removing this gay doublet, so as to give both of us more freedom and less responsibility?" "A perquisite of the office?" queried the prisoner with a smile, as he slipped one arm out of its sleeve.

"A flush came over Jeanne's fair brow. "That was ungenerous," she said. "Nay, pardon me, sweet one," said he, laughing; "it was but a poor jest of mine—in bad taste, I willingly admit."

"I was sure you did not mean to hurt me," she replied kindly, while her fingers were busy in turning back the collar of his shirt. It was composed, she noticed, of the finest point lace; and she could not help a feeling of regret that some slight error—as must, from what she knew

exist somewhere—should compel her to take a course so at variance with her real feelings. Her only comfort was that the youth himself seemed entirely satisfied with his situation. He hummed the last air from Paris during her ministrations, and when she had quite finished, kissed the pretty fingers with a metropolitan grace.

"And now, sir," said Jeanne, "if you will kindly come this way; and please to mind the step—so. Now, if you will have the goodness to kneel here—nay, the sawdust is perfectly clean; you are my first client this morning. On the other side of the block you will find a nick, more or less adapted to the human chin, though a perfect fit cannot of course be guaranteed in every case. So! Are you pretty comfortable?"

"A bed of roses," replied the prisoner. "And what a really admirable view one gets of the valley and the river, from just this particular point!"

"Charming, is it not?" replied Jeanne. "I'm so glad you do justice to it. Some of your predecessors have really quite vexed me by their inability to appreciate that view. It's worth coming here to see it. And now, to return to business for one moment—would you prefer to give the word yourself? Some people do; it's a mere matter of taste. Or will you leave yourself entirely in my hands?"

"Oh, in your fair hands," replied her client, "which I beg you to consider respectfully kissed once more by your faithful servant to command."

Jeanne, blushing rosyly, stepped back a pace, moistening her palms as she grasped her axe, when a puffing and blowing behind gauded her to turn her head, and she perceived the Mayor hastily ascending the scaffold.

"Hold on a minute, Jeanne, my girl," he gasped. "Don't be in a hurry. There's been some little mistake."

Jeanne drew herself up with dignity. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand you, Mr. Mayor," she replied in freezing accents. "There's been no little mistake on my part that I'm aware of."

"No, no, no," said the Mayor, apologetically; "but on somebody else's there has. You see it happened in this way: this here young fellow was going round the town last night; and he'd been dining, I should say, and he was carrying on rather free. I will only say so much in your presence, that he was carrying on decidedly free. So the town-guard happened to come across him, and he was very high and very haughty, he was, and wouldn't give his name nor yet his address—as a gentleman should, you know, when he's been dining, and carrying on free. So our fellows just ran him in—and it took the pick of them all their time to do it, too. Well, then, the other chap who was in prison—the gentleman who obliged you yesterday, you know—what does he do but slip out and run away in the middle of all the row and confusion; and very inconsiderate and ungentlemanly it was of him to take advantage of us in that mean way, just when we wanted a little sympathy and forbearance. Well, the Sheriff comes this morning to fetch out his man for execution, and he knows there's only one man to execute, and he sees there's only one man in prison, and it all seems as simple as A B C—he never was much of a mathematician, you know—so he fetches our friend here along, quite gaily, and that's how it came about, you see; *hinc illa lacryma*, as the Roman poet has it. So now I shall just give this young fellow a good talking to, and discharge him with a caution; and we shan't require you any more to-day, Jeanne, my girl."

"Now, look here, Mr. Mayor," said Jeanne, severely, "you utterly fail to grasp the situation in its true light. All these little details may be interesting in themselves, and doubtless the press will take note of them; but they are entirely beside the point. With the muddled-headedness of your officials (which I have frequently remarked upon) I have nothing whatever to do. All I know is, that this young gentleman has been formally handed over to me for execution, with all the necessary legal requirements; and executed he has got to be. When my duty has been performed, you are at liberty to reopen the case if you like; and any 'little mistake' that may have occurred through your stupidity you can then rectify at your leisure. Meantime, you've no *locus standi* here at all; in fact, you've no business whatever lumbering up my scaffold. So shut up and clear out."

"Now, Jeanne, do be reasonable," implored the Mayor. "You women are so precise. You never will make any allowance for the necessary margin of error in things."

"If I were to allow the necessary margin for all your errors, Mayor," replied Jeanne, coolly, "the edition would have to be a large-paper one, and even then the text would stand a poor chance. And now, if you don't allow me the necessary margin to swing my axe, there may be another 'little mistake'—"

But at this point a hubbub arose at the

foot of the scaffold, and Jeanne, leaning over, perceived sundry tall fellows, clad in the livery of the Seigneur, engaged in dispersing the municipal guard by the agency of well-directed kicks, applied with heartiness and anatomical knowledge. A moment later, there strode on to the scaffold, clad in black velvet, and adorned with his gold chain of office, the stately old seneschal of the Chateau, evidently in a towering passion.

"Now, mark my words, you miserable little bladder-o-lard," he roared at the Mayor (whose bald head certainly shone provokingly in the morning sun), "see if I don't take this out of your skin presently!" And he passed on to where the youth was still kneeling, apparently quite absorbed in the view.

"My lord," he said firmly though respectfully, "your hair-brained folly really passes all bounds. Have you entirely lost your head?"

"Faith, nearly," said the young man, rising and stretching himself. "Is that you, old Thibault? Ow, what a crick I've got in my neck! But 'that view of the valley was really delightful!'"

"Did you come here simply to admire the view, my lord?" inquired Thibault, severely.

"I came because my horse would come," replied the young Seigneur, lightly; "that is, these gentlemen here were so pressing; they would not hear of any refusal; and besides, they forgot to mention what my attendance was required in such a hurry for. And when I got here, Thibault, old fellow, and saw that divine creature—nay, a goddess, *deu certis*—so graceful, so modest, so anxious to acquit herself with credit— Well, you know my weakness; I never could bear to disappoint a woman. She had evidently set her heart on taking my head, and as she had my heart already—"

"I think, my lord," said Thibault, with some severity, "you had better let me escort you back to the Chateau. This appears to be hardly a safe place for light-headed and susceptible persons!"

Jeanne, as was natural, had the last word. "Understand me, Mr. Mayor," said she, "these proceedings are entirely irregular. I decline to recognize them, and when the quarter expires I shall claim the usual bonus!"

V.
When, an hour or two later, an invitation arrived—courteously worded but significantly backed by an escort of half-a-dozen tall archers—for both Jeanne and the Mayor to attend at the Chateau without delay, Jeanne for her part received it with neither surprise nor reluctance. She had felt it especially hard that the only two interviews fate had granted her with the one man who had made some impression on her heart should be hampered, the one by considerations of propriety, the other by the conflicting claims of her profession and its duties. On this occasion, now, she would have an excellent chaperon in the Mayor; and business being over for the day, they could meet and unbend on a common social footing. The Mayor was not at all surprised either, considering what had gone before; but he was exceedingly terrified, and sought some consolation from Jeanne as they proceeded together to the Chateau. That young lady's remarks, however, could hardly be called exactly comforting.

"I always thought you'd put your foot in it some day, Mayor," she said. "You are so hopelessly wanting in system and method. Really, under the present happy-go-lucky police arrangements, I never know whom I may not be called upon to execute. Between you and my cousin Enguerrand, life is hardly safe in this town. And the worst of it is, that we other officials on the staff have to share in the discredit."

"What do you think they'll do to me, Jeanne?" whimpered the Mayor, perspiring freely.

"Can't say, I'm sure," pursued the candid Jeanne. "Of course, if it's anything in the *rack* line of business, I shall have to superintend the arrangements, and then you can feel sure you're in capable hands. But probably they'll only fine you pretty smartly, give you a month or two in the dungeons, and dismiss you from your post; and you will hardly grudge any slight personal inconvenience resulting from an arrangement so much to the advantage of the town."

This was hardly reassuring, but the Mayor's official reprimand of the previous day still rankled in this unforgiving young person's mind.

On their reaching the Chateau the Mayor was conducted aside, to be dealt with by Thibault; and from the sounds of agonized protestation and lament which shortly reached Jeanne's ears, it was evident that he was having a *mauvaise quart d'heure*. The young lady was respectfully shown into a chamber apart, where she had hardly had time to admire sufficiently the good taste of the furniture and the magnificence of the tapestry with which the walls were hung,

NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, Jan. 2.—The American steamer *Lake Weston*, aground near Nash Lighthouse, in Bristol Channel, has been driven further inshore and has a hole in her starboard quarter. The *Lake Weston* was bound from New York for the United Kingdom and stranded Dec. 30.

—Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 7.—The crew of the fishing schooner *Arkona* and the people of the little settlement at Forteau Bay, on the Labrador coast, where the schooner was wrecked, are in danger of starvation unless aid is sent them immediately, according to a telegram received here to-day from the captain of the schooner.

The *Arkona* is owned by the Gloucester Fresh Fish Company. She was caught in the ice in the Straits of Belle Isle ten days ago, while bound from Greenbay, Nfld., to Bay of Islands, Nfld., to take on a cargo of frozen herring. In reply to an appeal from the company, Rear Admiral Spencer S. Wood, commandant of the first naval district, announced that orders had been given to have an ice-breaking steamer sent from Halifax N. S., to go to the assistance of the *Arkona's* crew and the inhabitants of the bay shore.

A telegram from Captain Stewart Stone, of the schooner, said that on account of the ice, the provision boat which was to have supplied the settlement had been unable to reach there. The *Arkona* has a crew of ten, all of whom shipped here.

when the Seigneur entered and welcomed her with a cordial grace that put her entirely at her ease.

"Your punctuality puts me to shame, fair mistress," he said, "considering how unwarrantably I kept you waiting this morning, and how I tested your patience by my ignorance and awkwardness."

He had changed his dress, and the lace round his neck was even richer than before. Jeanne had always considered one of the chief marks of a well-bred man to be a fine disregard for the amount of his washing-bill; and then what good taste he referred to recent events—putting himself in the wrong, as a gentleman should!

"Indeed, my lord," she replied modestly, "I was only too anxious to hear from your own lips that you bore me no ill-will for the part forced on me by circumstances in our recent interview. Your lordship has sufficient critical good sense, I feel sure, to distinguish between the woman and the official."

"True, Jeanne," he replied, drawing nearer; "and while I shrink from expressing, in their fulness, all the feelings that the woman inspires in me, I have no hesitation—for I know it will give you pleasure—in acquainting you with the entire artistic satisfaction with which I watched you at your task!"

"But, indeed," said Jeanne, "you did not see me at my best. In fact, I can't help wishing—it's ridiculous, I know, because the thing is hardly practicable—but if I could only have carried my performance quite through, and put the last finishing touches to it, you would not have been judging me now by the mere 'blocking-in' of what promised to be a masterpiece!"

"Yes, I wish it could have been arranged somehow," said the Seigneur, reflectively; "but perhaps it's better as it is. I am content to let the artist remain for the present on trust, if I may only take over, fully paid up, the woman I adore!"

Jeanne felt strangely weak. The official seemed oozing out at her fingers and toes, while the woman's heart beat even more distressingly.

"I have one little question to ask," he murmured (his arm was about her now). "Do I understand that you still claim your bonus?"

Jeanne felt like water in his strong embrace; but she nerved herself to answer faintly but firmly, "Yes!"

"Then so do I," he replied, as his lips met hers.

Executions continued to occur in St. Radegonde; the Radequandians being conservative and very human. But much of the innocent executed that formerly attended them departed after the fair Chataleine had ceased to officiate. Enguerrand, on succeeding to the post, wedded Clairette, she being (he was heard to say) a more suitable match in mind and temper than others of whom he would name no names. Rumor had it, that he found his match and something over; while as for temper and mind (which she gave him in bits)—But the domestic trials of high-placed officials have a right to be held sacred. The profession, in spite of his best endeavors, languished nevertheless. Some said that the scaffold lacked its old attraction for criminals of spirit; others, more unkindly, that the headsman was the innocent cause, and that Enguerrand was less fatal in his new sphere than formerly, when practising in the criminal court as advocate for the defence.

Partners of the Tide

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN
Author of "Cap'n Ez"

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except for the fact that she had begun to think you had—was how you were going to break it to the old maids. And now it's kind of broke itself as you might say."

Clara, standing in the doorway, with a shawl about her shoulders, smiled, but shook her head. "Yes," she said, "I should say it had. I guess the best thing I can do is to move back home right away. They'll never forgive me for letting you fall in love with me, Ezra, never in the world."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the captain hopefully. "That's where Brad'll help out. He can do more than anybody else to square you and me with Prissy and Tempy. Land of love! As that 1 o'clock."

"Yes, it is. You must be going right away. I'd no idea 'twas so late."

The fog had entirely disappeared, and it was a clear, cold November night. The heavens were spattered thick with stars, and the horizon was dotted here and there with the sparks of lighthouses and lightships. "Sleeping Orphan" lay still, and the surf hummed a restful lullaby.

"What was that?" asked Clara, pointing.

"I thought I saw a queer light out on the water there. Yes; see, there it is again."

The captain put up his hand to shade his eyes from the rays of the lamp in the kitchen and looked in the direction she was pointing. Out beyond the strip of water at the foot of the long hill behind the house, beyond the point that divided it from the harbor, a speck of light glowed for an instant, flickered and went out.

"That's queer," he muttered. "That's off in the harbor, right by our moorings."

The speck of light reappeared, grew larger, puffed for an instant into a ruddy flame that lit up the masts and hull of a schooner lying at anchor.

"Lord A'mighty!" yelled Captain Titcomb. "It's the Diving Belle on fire!"

And from the darkness in the direction of the distant wharf came a faint shout, then another.

The captain plunged headlong for the back fence. "Call Brad!" he shouted. "Quick!"

Clara ran screaming into the house, and her companion vaulted the fence and dashed down the hill. The dead grass beneath his feet was wet and slippery. Blackberry vines caught him about the ankles, and tangled clumps of bayberry bushes tore his clothes as he scrambled through them. Once he fell head first into a sand pit, but the sand was soft and he was not hurt. The Diving Belle was on fire! The Diving Belle was burning up! His brain repeated it over and over again. Then came the thought of what her loss would mean to Bradley and himself, and he groaned aloud.

He reached the foot of the hill and plowed through the soft sand of the beach. The tide was low, and he ran across the flats, splashing to his knees in the channels. As he climbed the bank by the bridge he heard some one running before him over the loose planks.

He crossed the bridge and panted up the second hill. As he reached his top the wind from the sea struck cold on his sweating forehead and brought to his ears the sound of shouting. There were lights in the upper windows of the houses he passed. Jonadab Wixon thrust a tousled head from the window of his bedroom and bailed, asking what was the matter.

Captain Titcomb could see the cluster of buildings at the landing plainly now and the masts of the catboats alongside the wharf. The water of the harbor was black except in one spot. There the Diving Belle lay in a flickering halo of red light. Little jets of flame were shooting up from her hull amidships. The smell of burning wood came on the wind.

Len Mullett, the livery stable keeper, was just ahead, puffing and stumbling in the middle of the narrow road. He seized the captain by the arm as the latter overtook him.

"How'd—how'd—she git—afire?" he gasped.

Captain Titcomb did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the burning schooner, and he pushed Mr. Mullett out of the way and ran on.

Just as he reached the bend by Newcomb's fish house a huddle of men, some with overcoats and hats and others bareheaded and half dressed, rushed wildly around the corner of the building. The captain's shoulder struck the foremost man a blow in the chest that knocked him backward.

"Ugh! Ow!" grunted the man. Then he cried: "Hey? Is that you, Cap'n Ez?"

The captain was fighting his way through. "Let me by!" he shouted. "Get out of my way!"

Some obeyed, but others did not. There were confused cries of "Stop him!" "Don't let him go!" He was seized by the arm. The crowd closed about him.

"Don't let me go!" roared the captain, striking right and left. "Who'll stop me? Are you crazy? Parker, by thunder! Hit Alvin Bearer, take your hands off me!"

But Alvin held tight. "Cap'n Ez," he pleaded, "listen! Listen just a minute! You mustn't go off to her. Ira, hold his other arm."

Overpowered and held fast, the bewildered captain gazed at the faces surrounding him. "For the Lord's sake!" he cried. "You cowards! Are you going to let her burn up without liftin' a hand? What are you standin' here for? Why ain't you aboard your ship, Alvin Bearer? Did you set her afire yourself? Let me go! Hit!"

He struggled frantically. "Cap'n Ez," pleaded Alvin, "listen to me. The dynamite's aboard—the dynamite!"

Captain Titcomb stopped struggling.

ward him, jumped in. Locky was cowering on the deck, and he picked them up and, with his knife, cut the painter.

And then he heard the captain's voice calling to him from the hill: "Brad, Brad! Don't go high her for your life! The dynamite's aboard!"

Like his partner, Bradley had forgotten the oars in the rowlocks and sat shouting. The captain had stopped shouting. It was very still. He heard the bell ringing in the distance and the gurgle of the tide among the piles under the wharf. A whiff of smoke from the Diving Belle blew across his face, and he turned and looked at the schooner.

He remembered reading in the Boston Herald a month or so before of a wrecking vessel that had caught on fire off Long Island somewhere. She, too, had dynamite on board, and her skipper and the mate had saved her by throwing the explosive overboard. But they were on deck when the fire started. He looked at his own vessel, the schooner that he and the captain had longed for and worked for and petted like a baby. Then he set his teeth and began rowing.

The crackle of burning timber was plain as he scrambled over the Diving Belle's rail. The flames were pouring up from under the covering of the main hatch, and the smoke was rolling thick from the cabin companion. He would have given anything for an ax, but the only one on board was in the rack by the bulwark and ran to the hatch.

He put the point of the hook under the heavy cover and began prying the latter loose. It gave a little, slipped back and then pulled over the cleats. With the hook he got a firm grip upon its edge and turned it over with a clatter. The smoke belched up in a cloud, but as it cleared he fell upon his knees and peered below.

The fire was almost amidships, among some loose planks and an empty tar barrel. These were burning fiercely, and the beams of the deck were blazing above them. But the dynamite chest was farther forward, beyond the bulkhead, which was only beginning to burn, and he could see there was just a chance of reaching it if he was quick. With the dynamite once out of the way help from the shore might save the schooner. He drew a long breath and put his hands on the edges of the hatch.

Then he heard a faint voice calling for help.

He thought for a moment that he must be going crazy, but the voice called again. "Help!" it wailed. "Somebody help!"

Bradley jumped to his feet and ran aft. The door at the head of the cabin stairs had been left open when the partners went home the previous night, but Bradley had pulled the sliding hatch shut. Now the hatch was pushed back as far as it would go, and the door was shut tight.

"Who is it?" shouted Bradley, stooping to the opening between the top of the door and the hatch. The dense smoke in his face made him cough.

"Help!" the voice came up through the smoke. "It's me—Hammond!"

The junior partner started back. "Hammond?" he repeated. "Hammond?" And then in a changed voice, "What are you doing aboard here?"

"I came after your things. I forgot about the spring lock. Quick! Oh, quick!"

"Come after your things! You get you come to set this fire!"

There was no reply for a moment, only a gasping, choking sound in the smoke. Then the voice began again. "Let me out!" it screamed. "I'm dying! Brad Nickerson, you want to murder me! Durn you, let me out! Oh, please, Brad! For God's sake, please!"

Bradley stood upright and looked about him. His beloved schooner or the sneaking enemy who had set her on fire and who was responsible for all his troubles—which? To force that cabin door meant that the flames in the hold would have time to burn through the bulkhead and then—He heaved a long sigh, and with that sigh he said goodby to the Diving Belle. He turned and rushed to the main hatch.

The prisoner in the cabin heard him go and screamed choking curses after him. But Bradley had gone only to get the boat hook. He came back with it and began the attack upon the door. That door was built of tough wood, almost new, and the captain's lock was new also. The boat hook only tore off splinters and chips. Finally the hook broke just where the iron joined the handle.

Sam had ceased to yell and beg his rescuer to hurry. His cries changed to coughs and strangling noises. Then he was silent altogether. Bradley, desperate, threw down the broken boat hook and ran about the deck hunting, by the light of the fire, for something heavy, something that would break that lock. He picked up the stout beam, re-enforced with iron, that they slung over the vessel's fore quarter when they hoisted heavy chains on board.

It was so clumsy that he could scarcely carry it, but he stepped back by the wheel to get a start and, running forward, threw it against the door. The double oak panels cracked lengthwise. Three times he hurled the battering ram, with his own weight behind it. At the fourth attempt the door burst inward and he fell on his face.

"Sam!" he shouted. "Sam, come on!" But Hammond did not answer. Shutting his eyes and holding his breath, Bradley descended the cabin stairs. Hammond was lying unconscious at his feet. The junior partner drew

god him to the deck and away from the smoke. Then he shook and pounded him savagely. After a bit the fellow opened his eyes and gasped.

Then Bradley left him and ran to the main hatch. One glance showed him that the schooner was doomed and that the dynamite might explode at any moment. The thin bulkhead was a wall of flame and was shading like a sheet of paper in the fierce draft. Black smoke, powdered with sparks, was vomiting from the fo'castle. The Diving Belle was on fire from stem to stern.

Hammond yelled wildly from the after rail. "The dory's gone!" he shouted. "My dory's gone! Where's yours?"

Bradley had not stopped to fasten the dory when he boarded the schooner, and the boat had drifted away. Hammond, half drunk when he left the wharf, had bungled the knot with which his dory was fastened, and that, too, was gone.

"We'll have to swim!" cried Bradley. "Jump quick! She's going to blow up!"

Sam sobbed in sheer terror. "I can't make it!" he screamed. "I'm too weak. Hit down."

"You've got to make it. Jump! I'll keep close behind you."

Hammond caught at a shroud, stepped upon the bulwark and stood there, turning a white face first toward the shore and then back at his companion. There was a muffled rumble from the hold. The bulkhead had fallen.

"Jump!" shouted Bradley. "Jump!"

Sam threw up his arms and leaped from the stern. Bradley cast one glance over the poor Diving Belle, ran to the rail by the foremast and dived into the water.

At that moment, before his head appeared above the surface, there came a dull roar from the schooner's hold. She rocked like a rowboat among breakers. A flame burst from her hatches and fo'castle and streamed to the top of her foremast, every rope of which caught fire. Her entire bow was a great torch that dipped now this way, now that.

Hammond, swimming for his life, yelled with fright. Bradley, caught in the waves made by the rocking of the Diving Belle, was for a moment unable to make any headway. Vaguely he wondered why he had not been killed. And then the foremast swung above his head and the noisy hoisting block in the fore-rigging snapped from its jurning tackle, shot out into the air and fell, striking him on the forehead.

He remembered almost nothing of what happened after that—nothing except fighting to keep afloat and the intense cold of the water.

CHAPTER XX.

At 9 o'clock that morning Bradley, with his head bandaged, sat in the rocking chair by the window of his chamber, looking out. On the table beside him were medicine vials, teaspoons and a pencilled memorandum in Dr. Palmer's handwriting; also there were an emulsion bottle and a steaming pitcher of "pepper tea." These last were Miss Tempy's contribution. That lady herself, with a face whiter even than Bradley's own and with fingers that shook until holding a needle was next to an impossibility, was seated in a chair by the door, pretending to sew. Every now and then she looked up, seemed about to speak, and then, seeing the expression on the young man's face, remained silent. Occasionally she wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

Bradley went to the Point that day in spite of his partner's protests and the old maids' pleadings and direful prophecies concerning his health. He

was kind, but so firm that they saw there was no use arguing.

Ira Sparrow took Bradley and Captain Titcomb to the Point in the You and I. Bearer, Ellis and some of the other men went with them. On the way Bradley and his partner discussed the situation. The work on the barge was going on as if nothing had happened, although the news of the firm's loss had been telephoned to the life saving station early that morning. Barney Small met them as they climbed over the Freedom's rail. He was very sober and shook his employers' hands with silent sympathy.

"I told the boys to turn to," he said. "I didn't know what your plans was, but I want to quit till you said the word."

"Much obliged, Barney," said Bradley. "Call all hands aft. I want to talk to them."

The men came in groups, soot streaked and perspiring. They gathered in the waist, whispering to each other and glancing askance at Captain Titcomb and Bradley, who stood upon the raised deck by the wheel. In most of the grimy, sunburned faces there was a friendly concern. All looked embarrassed and awkward. When the whole crew was standing there, silently waiting, Bradley came forward.

"Fellows," he said, "when Cap'n Titcomb and I took the contract to get this barge off the shoals we risked every dollar we had. More than that, we mortgaged our new schooner to raise money to pay you with. She was raised last night, and as the cap'n said, there is no insurance. The little money we have on hand belongs to the people who took the mortgage. We couldn't pay you for another week's work. So, then, either we must give up the contract—which will ruin us and drive the firm out of the wrecking business for good—or we must come to you with another proposition. I think every man who has worked for us knows that we don't play favorites. Every fellow knows that he'll be treated fair so long as he does his work. But this I want to say: We'll stick to those who stick by us. We shan't forget our friends. And this is our proposition: To the men who will volunteer to help us get this barge afloat, we will pay \$4 a day—instead of \$3, as you're getting now—when we float her and get our money. If we fail, you get nothing, and so do we. If we win, you win. We can float her if the weather holds good. What I'm asking is that you share our chances. It's up to you. What do you say?"

Bradley stopped and put his hands in his pockets. The men shuffled their feet and looked at each other. One or two of them whispered behind their hands. Then Barney Small snatched his rusty cloth cap from his head, tossed it to the deck and jumped upon it with both feet.

"Stage is ready for Orphan, South Orphan, West Harbass and Setueckit Pint!" he shouted. "Git aboard! Come on, you lubbers! Have me and Brad and Cap'n Ez got to work her off alone!"

Alvin Bearer struck the ex-stinger driver a resounding thump in the back. "You bet you ain't!" he cried. "I'm in!"

"Me, too!" said Ira Sparrow. "Present and accounted for," observed Bill Taylor. Ellis simply nodded and stepped forward. Others joined them by twos and threes.

Then Peleg Myrick snarled to the front. "I dunno's I jest understand what the boss wants," he drawled, "but if there's anything me and Skeeticks can do, why—"

That settled it. There was a cheer, and the men began pushing each other out of the way to join the volunteers. In a few minutes there were only five who had not come forward.

(To be continued)

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London Chronicle.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

The Beacon

A Weekly Newspaper. Established 1889.

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ST. ANDREWS, N. B., CANADA.

Saturday, 11th January, 1919.

THE PROGRESS OF PEACE

PRESIDENT WILSON has ended his visit to Rome, where he was received with great honor and much enthusiasm, and returned to Paris.

As the time for the discussion of peace approaches, the war activity in Russia increases. The Bolshevik troops have suffered a severe defeat in the Ural Mountains by the All Russian troops, supported by the Czecho-Sovaks, who captured over 31,000 Bolshevik prisoners and much booty in the way of military supplies of all sorts.

The situation in Poland is one of revolution and unrest, and it is difficult to understand it completely. But while Poland is in such a disturbed condition, a Polish army is advancing towards Berlin.

The situation in Germany is also greatly disturbed, and riots and fighting, with serious loss of life, have taken place in Berlin. It is hoped and expected that something more like concord will soon be reached in Germany, but the differences between the opposing sections of socialists, each of which is trying to gain supremacy, are very great.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A GREAT American, perhaps the greatest and a truly great man, has passed away in the death of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the United States, who died at his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, on Monday morning.

The United States has had a succession of brilliant men as Presidents, scarcely one of whom could be exactly described as mediocre, and in the long list of men who have filled that exalted position the name of Theodore Roosevelt will rank among the greatest.

In his life he manifested the time spirit of Americanism, and in this death graceful tribute is paid to his memory and brilliant career by Americans of all creeds and political affiliations. From all over the world have come messages of condolence, sympathy, and appreciation of the great man who has departed, to the sorrowing widow and family in their irreparable loss and great bereavement.

A SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL

AS will be seen from in news columns, the matter of arranging for a suitable memorial in St. Andrews for our soldiers who have fallen in the great war has been taken up by the people of the Town, under the lead of the Women's Canadian Club, and a Committee of prominent men and women have been chosen to decide the form which the Memorial is to take.

To us the first suggestion seems the more practical, for it will meet a long-felt want in the Town, and will go far to promote cooperation and public spirit in

the community, an end greatly to be desired.

The idea of a park and monument does not appeal to us. We already have our Park! Why have another one? On our present Park there is a monument that impresses all beholders by its unsightliness, and for 364 days of the year (in some years 365 or 366 days) by its utter uselessness. We refer to the Pythian bandstand, which is never used more than one day in the year, and in some years not at all.

But the Town needs a reading-room, a place for indoor meeting and recreation in addition to the pool-room, bowling-alley, and moving-picture halls. There are no clubs in Town with regular places of meeting, if we except those clubs that gather nightly in doorways and at street corners, in all weathers. Possibly some of those who, at street corners in cold nights, tramp on a short beat to keep their blood in circulation, will look askance at the proposed reading room; but the great majority of the men in Town will appreciate a place where they can go to read the papers and magazines.

We hope the reading-room, etc., will receive the most support of the Committee, and if they are in doubt about the matter a vote of the townspeople could be easily arranged and taken. And in connexion with such a public building as suggested, the Town already has available the most desirable site in the whole Town, the vacant lot in front of the Court House.

We hope the whole subject will be thoroughly discussed before decided action is taken, for it is a matter in which it is most desirable that no mistake should be made. The columns of the BEACON are freely open to those who have any views or opinions to express on the subject.

We beg to call attention to an article from The Spectator, London, on the subject of "War Memorials" which we reprint in another column.

DISCOMFORT ON TRANSPORTS

AN investigation is being held in Ottawa of the complaints made of the treatment received by returning Canadian troops on the transport steamer Northland. The things complained of were lack of ventilation, scarcity of drinking water, inadequate washing and bathing facilities, bad food, and bad service.

MISSIONARIES NEGLECTED

In walking through the streets of London and Paris and Rome and Vienna and Berlin and New York I have been impressed with the fact that monuments have been erected by a grateful people to soldiers and sailors, to statesmen and orators, to scientists and inventors, but I have not yet seen a monument to a missionary of the Cross, writes S. Parl Taylor, in World Outlook.

The London Times has said: "We owe it to our missionaries that the whole region of South Africa has been opened up."

Japan's great Elder Statesman, Count Okuma said: "The origin of modern civilization is to be found in the teachings of the Sage of Judea, by whom alone a necessary modern dynamic is supplied," and he has also said that "The spirit of Jesus has made Japan what she is."

The Maharajah of Travancore, though not a Christian, has borne the following testimony: "Of one thing I am convinced—that, do with it what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christians' Bible that will sooner or later work out the regeneration of our land; and the King of Siam has stated that 'American missionaries have done more to advance the welfare of my people than any other foreign influence.'"

THE WEEK'S ANNIVERSARIES

January 11.—First English State Lottery drawing, 1569; Peter the Great of Russia arrived in England, 1698; Alexander Hamilton, great American statesman and soldier, born, 1757; Charles Linnæus, Swedish botanist, died, 1778; Sir James Paget, English surgeon, born, 1814; Sir John A. McDonald, first Premier of the Dominion of Canada, born in Scotland, 1815; Bayard Taylor, American author and traveller, born, 1826; F. Schlegel, German critic, died, 1829; Francis S. Key, American poet, author of The Star Spangled Banner, died, 1843; Earl Curzon, English statesman, born, 1859; Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, American novelist, born, 1870; General Benjamin F. Butler, American military commander and politician, died, 1893; Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty signed at Washington, 1897; Tenth Parliament of Canada opened, 1905; Volcanic eruption at Sakura Island, Japan, 1914.

January 12.—Maximilian I, German Emperor, died, 1519; Duke of Alva, Spanish statesman and soldier, died, 1583; J. K. Lavater, Swiss writer on physiognomy, died, 1801; Bonaparte family excluded from throne of France by decree of the Allied Powers, 1816; François Coppée, French poet and dramatist, born, 1842; Sir Alexander Lacoste, Canadian jurist, born, 1842; Marshal Joseph Joffre, French military commander, born, 1852; Marquess of Crewe, English statesman and colonial administrator, born, 1858; Hon. David Laird, Canadian statesman, died, 1914.

January 13.—St. Hilaire, Chilian wallah, 1849. George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends (Quakers), died, 1690; Charles James Fox, English statesman, born, 1748; Slavery abolished in Mexico, 1825; Stephen C. Foster, American musical composer and song-writer, author of My Old Kentucky Home, died, 1864; Duke of Aosta, cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, Italian soldier, born, 1869; Prince Arthur of Connaught born, 1883; Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, American educationalist, chosen President of Harvard University, 1909.

January 14.—Edward, Lord Bruce, died, 1610; Dr. John Boyse, English translator of the Bible, died, 1643; Madame de Sévigné, French writer, died, 1696; Edmund Halley, English Astronomer Royal, died, 1742; Matthew F. Maury, American naval officer and hydrographer, born, 1806; Marquess of Lansdowne, K. G., British statesman and diplomat, born, 1845; Pierre Loti, French naval officer and littérateur, born, 1850; Lord Napier of Magdala, British Field-Marshal, died, 1890; Duke of Clarence, elder brother of King George V, died, 1892; Rev. Charles L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), English Mathematician and writer, author of Alice in Wonderland, died, 1898.

January 15.—Dr. Samuel Parr, English literary eccentric, born, 1747; British Museum, London, opened, 1759; Talma, French tragedian, born, 1763; Sandwich Islands discovered, 1778; Thomas Croft Croker, Irish antiquary, born, 1798; Joseph Hopkinson, American jurist, author of Hail Columbia, died, 1842; Telegraph opened between Halifax, N. S., and Prince Edward Island, 1850; Edward Everett, American statesman and orator, died, 1865; Crown Princess of Sweden (Princess Margaret of Connaught), born, 1882; Fifth Parliament of Canada dissolved, 1887; Rt. Hon. Henry Labouchere, proprietor of Truth, London, died, 1912.

January 16.—Corunna, 1809. Edmund Spenser, English poet, died, 1599; Richard Savage, English poet and dramatist, born, 1697; Union of England and Scotland ratified by Scottish Parliament, 1772; Edward Gibbon, English historian, died, 1794; General Sir John Moore, English military commander, killed at Corunna, Spain, 1809; Lady Hamilton, friend of Admiral Lord Nelson, died, 1815; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, English actor, born, 1853; Sir Ian Hamilton, British military commander, born, 1853; Prof. William Roscoe Thayer, American historian and author, born, 1859; Admiral Sir David Beatty, Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet, born, 1871; Lord Wimborne, former Viceroy of Ireland, born, 1871; Robert W. Service, "Poet of the Yukon," born in England, 1876; Marshall Field, Chicago merchant, died, 1906; Fire in Winnipeg, 1911.

January 17.—Abu Klea, 1885. B. de Montfaucon, French antiquary, born, 1655; Lord Lyttelton, English historian and poet, born, 1709; Victor Alfieri, Italian poet, born, 1749; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Austrian musical composer, born, 1756; Thaddeus Fairbanks, American inventor of platform scale, born, 1796; Dr. Edward Jenner, English physician, announced vaccination for prevention of smallpox, 1804; Rezin P. Bowie, American fighter of Indians and Mexicans, died, 1841; John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, died, 1862; Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, born, 1863; George Bancroft, American historian, died, 1891; Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States, died, 1893; Felix Faure elected President of the French Republic, 1895; Raymond Poincaré elected President of the French Republic, 1913.

January 18.—St. Prisca, Aden, 1839. Lima, Peru, founded by Pizarro, 1534; Charles de Secondat Montesquieu, French jurist and author, born, 1689; John Baakerville, English printer, died, 1775; Daniel

Webster, American statesman and orator, born, 1782; Detroit, Michigan, founded, 1802; Seth Low, former Mayor of New York, born, 1850; Dr. Frank J. Goodnow, President of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, born, 1859; Olga Nethersole, actress, born, 1870; German Empire proclaimed, 1871; Lord Lytton (Bulwer Lytton), English novelist, died, 1873; King Boris of Bulgaria born, 1894; Captain R. F. Scott, R. N., reached South Pole, 1912.

PLANTING MEMORIAL TREES

The suggestion made by the American Forestry Association that Lincoln Highway should be shaded by memorial trees has met with instant favor. Trees indigenous to each locality will be selected and cared for by the communities through which the highway passes.

Some patriots living far from the Highway have decided to create groves of trees as memorials not alone to their dead but to notable epochs of the war even including expressions which have become immortal.

Every soldier and sailor who went from the borough of Manhattan is assured of a memorial tree, the Park Department of New York City having already contracted for Forty American elms for this purpose. The species selected flourishes in the latitude of Manhattan and attains to a fine size. The trees are to be planted in a long line in Central Park and on each tree is to be placed a bronze tablet bearing the name of the man to be remembered. The result will be a beautiful avenue from which no tree will be allowed to disappear through lack of care. The trees selected are nursery grown and already thirty feet high and eight to ten inches in diameter. The transplanting will probably occur in April, as that is the best season for such work in that locality. Every detail will be attended to by the Manhattan branches of the Council of National Defence.

There is certain to result from the memorial tree movement a much-needed awakening to the decorative value of trees and the necessity for their systematic and intelligent planting and care. Paris was the first great city to attempt to solve the baffling problem of securing tree growth along paved roadways and streets. New York adopted Paris methods and modified them to meet additional problems due to the shallow depth of soil on Manhattan.

As finally worked out the one who plants trees for the Borough of Manhattan must provide first of all an excavation three feet deep by four by six feet. This is to be filled with excellent soil to within six inches of the top, the soil well tamped about the roots of the transplanted tree. An iron grating, the full size of the excavation but in two parts and having an 18 inch circular opening in the middle or the tree trunk is the next requisite. This grating rests on the sidewalk. In the space between the grating it is possible for a large amount of water to reach the roots and there is a chance for the escape of gases which permeate the soil of a large city. It is also possible to cultivate the soil underneath the grating

BEGINNING

Thursday, January 8th

WE ARE GOING TO SELL EVERY

COAT

IN OUR STORE AT

Prices That Will Make Them go.

For the past few years we have been buying goods two years in advance because goods were rising every year.

NOW WE ARE TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

We do not expect goods to be lower for a year yet, but there will be a lot of new things out in material and style.

We have been living in the future—now on we live in the present:

Table with 2 columns: Coats worth \$35.00, now \$25.00. Lists various coat types and prices: Coats " 30.00, " 21.00; Coats " 25.00, " 18.00; Coats " 20.00, " 14.00; Coats " 18.00, " 13.00; Coats " 12.00, " 6.00; Coats " 10.00, " 5.00

This Sale for Two Weeks

C. C. GRANT

St. Stephen, N. B.

by stirring it frequently with a specially devised tool. Liquid fertilizer can be easily applied after cultivation.

Trees planted several years ago in an effort to try out this scheme are flourishing in the same spot where trees planted in the old way have not flourished. Where soil was unusually poor, gratings have been increased to eight feet each way, and a fine lot of trees is the result. It almost seems as if every one who can should plant a tree to keep alive the realization of the desolation sown by the Huns in Belgium and northern France, where not one tree survives. If any work seems peculiarly fitted to women it is that of perfecting the movement for memorial trees, and through that the even greater movement for instilling lessons of patriotism into the hearts of children.

TO OPEN MINES AT LAKE GEORGE

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 7.—Walter F. Dixon, of New York, organizer of the North American Antimony Smelting Company, Limited, the new owners of the antimony mines at Lake George, York county, was in Fredericton to-day perfecting plans for the opening of the mines and smelting works in the spring of 1919.

Accompanied by C. N. Crowe, of Bridgewater, N. S., Mr. Dixon left this evening for New York to meet the capitalists interested in the project. A prominent New York firm of mining engineers and metallurgists are now working on a modern plant which it is proposed to erect at the mines, which will have a daily capacity of from ten to twenty tons of the finished product.

The antimony ore deposits at Lake

George are declared by metallurgists to be the only antimony deposits in Canada or the United States of sufficient magnitude or extent to maintain a smelting plant.

The management is making a big drive to capture a trade which hitherto has been very largely controlled on the continent from Germany.—St. John Telegraph.

** In printing the above item of news we would like to point out that Germany has never controlled any trade in which antimony plays a conspicuous part. France has had a much more conspicuous place in regard to antimony products, and the English refiners of antimony still lead the world in the excellence of their refined metal. China, however, is the present real leader in the production of antimony, and it is perfectly hopeless for any concern operating the Lake George Mines to compete on anything like equal terms with the Chinese. Chinese antimony, of very high grade and great purity is now being sold in New York about 8 cents per pound, a price much less than the cost of production at Lake George, and the Lake George ore contains a much higher percentage of impurities than Chinese ores now being worked.—Ed BEACON.

A Health Saving Reminder.

Don't wait until you get the Spanish Influenza. USE

Minard's Liniment

At the first sign of it. Its Healing Qualities are amazing. THE OLD RELIABLE.

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

We Have in Stock A Seasonable Line of Goods SUCH AS Perfection Heaters Carriage Heaters Flashlights, Batteries, and Bulbs. AnSCO Cameras, Films, and Supplies. All kinds of building Hardware. Tools, Kitchen Wares, etc. J. A. SHIRLEY St. Andrews, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD Pails, 25lbs., \$3.75; Pkgs., 25c., 50c., and \$1.00. PRATT'S ANIMAL REGULATOR Pkgs., 30c., 60c., & \$1.00. MORE EGGS International Poultry Tonic, 25c. Pratt's Poultry Regulator, 30c. Watch the increase in Eggs. DR. DANIEL'S HORSE REMEDIES G. K. GREENLAW GROCCER SAINT ANDREWS, N. B. (Canada Food Board License No. 8-1160)

Advertising Pays---Try a Beacon Adv.

Social and

Miss Fern McDow Thompson returned day, to resume their college.

Mr. Howard Johnson, Me., on Wednesday. Mr. Robert Cockburn returned to St. John on Wednesday.

Mrs. James Frazer returned to St. John, where he was accompanied by

Mr. and Mrs. W. called to Portland, the serious illness of law, Mrs. Ed. McFar

Mrs. Margaret T. her sister, Mrs. Alb stock.

Miss Edith Hewitt pleasant visit with Wentworth, in East

Mr. Frank Mallory Eastport recently.

Mrs. John Ross Mrs. Alden Murray,

Messrs Fraser Kea have returned to the John Business College

The Rev. G. H. E. entertained at Cosy day evening in c

eighteenth wedding The Misses Alice Elliot have returned

John. Mrs. P. G. Hanson from St. John, where near Harry Lauder.

Miss Freda Wren visit to St. John.

Judge Byron was ness this week.

Mrs. McCormick have been visiting Malloch, have returned St. Stephen.

Miss Sarah McCaff her teaching duties in

The Evening Br Mrs. Wm. Hare of Miss Nellie Stuart h

Word was received James Ross that her Bell, of Bocobac, had short illness.

Miss Louise and bec, are visiting Mr

Mr. and Mrs. Arth tained at Bridge on

Mrs. Fred Steves family dinner party ing.

Capt. H. P. O'Neill duties at the Militar ton.

Mrs. G. H. Elliot on Thursday evening

Mr. and Mrs. Rob spending three we Cliffs Hotel, Bourne

—Montreal Herald

Miss Mabel Mum visiting Mrs. Emm weeks, has returned Rollingdam.

Mr. George Newt Miss Bessie Ma her school duties in

On Thursday eve Thos. Odell entertain delightful Bridge Pa

Miss Nora O'Ha spending some tim has gone to Boston sional duties.

Miss Alma Glev school at Canterbur

Mr. Frank Ken Thursday evening.

Miss Alma Rank Andover, N. B.

Mrs. Frank Went has been visiting Florence O'Hallora

Miss Maleman home in St. John, day with Miss Ret

Miss Ingersoll Doiby.

Mr. and Mrs. Ori turned from spend up-river.

Mrs. Lloyd D. M on Monday annou Lieut. Frank Grim Metagama, due to week.

Miss Belva Dag has returned to Bayside.

Mrs. R. Slater en friends on Thurs dancing were enjo

Messrs. John Mc Rogers returned ho

Mrs. T. J. Cough the Past Chief's o

Social and Personal

Miss Fern McDowell, and Miss Florence Thompson returned to St. John on Monday, to resume their studies at the Business College.

Mr. Howard Johnson left for Brownville, Me., on Wednesday.

Mr. Robert Cockburn returned to St. John on Wednesday, to take up his studies at the Business College.

Mrs. James Fraser and baby daughter returned to St. John on Thursday. They were accompanied by Miss McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McFarlane were called to Portland, Me., on Saturday by the serious illness of their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ed. McFarlane.

Mrs. Margaret Thompson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Albert Shaw, in Woodstock.

Miss Edith Hewitt has returned from a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Hartley Wentworth, in Eastport.

Mr. Frank Mallory spent a few days in Eastport recently.

Mrs. John Ross is visiting her sister, Mrs. Alden Murray, at Oak Bay.

Messrs. Fraser Keay and Teddy Boone have returned to their studies at the St. John Business College.

The Rev. G. H. Elliot and Mrs. Elliot entertained at Cosy Cottage on Wednesday evening in celebration of their eighteenth wedding anniversary.

The Misses Alice Anderson and Mabel Elliot have returned from a trip to St. John.

Mrs. P. G. Hanson returned on Friday from St. John, where she had gone to near Harry Lauder.

Miss Freda Wren has returned from a visit to St. John.

Judge Byron was in St. John on business this week.

Mrs. McCormick and children, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Malloch, have returned to their home in St. Stephen.

Miss Sarah McCaffrey has returned to her teaching duties in Buctouche.

The Evening Bridge Club met with Mrs. Wm. Hare on Tuesday evening. Miss Nellie Stuart held the highest score.

Word was received last week by Mrs. James Ross that her uncle, Mr. Samuel Bell, of Bocabec, had passed away after a short illness.

Misses Louise and Luella Holt, of Bocabec, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Mason entertained at Bridge on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Fred Stevenson entertained at a family dinner party on Wednesday evening.

Capt. H. P. O'Neill has returned to his duties at the Military Hospital, Fredericton.

Mrs. G. H. Elliot entertained at Bridge on Thursday evening, Jan. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Loring have been spending three weeks at the Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth, England.

—*Montreal Herald*

Miss Mabel Murphy, who has been visiting Mrs. Emma Hewitt for some weeks, has returned to her home in Rollingdam.

Mr. George Newton is in Eastport.

Miss Bessie Malloch has returned to her school duties in Moncton.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Odell entertained their friends at a delightful Bridge Party.

Miss Nora O'Halloran, who has been spending some time at her home here, has gone to Boston to resume her professional duties.

Miss Alma Glew has returned to her school at Canterbury.

Mr. Frank Kennedy entertained on Thursday evening.

Miss Alma Rankine has returned to Andover, N. B.

Mrs. Frank Wentworth, of Deer Island, has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Florence O'Halloran.

Miss Maleman has returned to her home in St. John, after spending a few days with Miss Reta Dolby.

Miss Ingersoll is visiting Miss Reta Dolby.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo Hawthorne have returned from spending the holiday season up-river.

Mrs. Lloyd D. Murray received a cable on Monday announcing that her brother, Lieut. Frank Grimmer, had sailed on the *Metagama*, due to arrive the last of this week.

Miss Belva Daggett, of Grand Harbor, has returned to her teaching duties at Bayside.

Mrs. R. Slater entertained a few of her friends on Thursday evening; cards and dancing were enjoyed.

Messrs. John McCullough and Arthur Rogers returned home from St. John.

Mrs. T. J. Coughy pleasant entertained the Past Chiefs of the Pythian Sister

Local and General

Gladys Brockwell will appear at The King St. Theatre this week-end in "Her One Mistake." Miss Brockwell does some very clever work in this play.

The Khaki Club will repeat the play "Brass Buttons" on Wednesday evening January 22nd, in the Andraeole Hall. Orchestra will be in attendance. Proceeds for the Soldiers' Memorial.

Word has been received that Sergeant H. W. Kingshott has been awarded the Military Medal for bravery at the Battle of Cambrai.

The Knights of Pythias, at their Thursday night Convention, decided to hold their Eighth Annual Ball and Social sometime in February. The date will be given later. This will not be, as formerly, a dress affair.

OFFICERS ELECTED

Black's Harbor, Charlotte Co., N. B., Jan. 6—Court Busy East, No. 1482, Canadian Order Foresters, have elected the following officers for the year 1919: Lewis Connors, J. P. C. R.; J. Edwin Connors, C. R.; John McDonald, V. C. R.; Charles A. Elliott, F. S.; Sydney French, R. S. George E. Matthews, treasurer; John A. Justason, chaplain; Maxwell Wilcox, conductor; Victor H. Bradford, S. W.; Conrad Davidson, J. W.; Frank Justason, S. B.; Robert Moses, J. B.; Dr. C. C. Alexander, physician.

Keep W. S. S. in mind.

CUSTOMS RETURNS, PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, DECEMBER, 1918

Duty collected \$1,744.90.
Value of Imports, dutiable, \$19,394.39,
free, \$2,207.99.
Exports, \$102,342.93.

FIRST PAGE STUFF

THE dove of peace now flutters like a gay and blithesome lark. The conflagration sputters and has dwindled to a spark. In place of tales of wounded and of battles lost and won, With which the press abounded in those days forever gone, Such news as this is fished to you across the briny drink: "The Wilsons' sitting room 's in blue. Their bedroom 's done in pink." No more in type of sombre hues the headlines bold will tell Of how upon the Sambre or Loos the allied forces fell. The thrills and the anxiety of warfare with the Brute— We view these with satiety. We have a substitute. Lest life become too drab and gray this news to us has flown: "The President slept too late to-day and breakfasted alone." The Bolshevik rioting; the well known League of Nations; Reports that are disquieting and such communications— We view them with placidity, then, wishing larger things, We read with great avidity the news the wireless flings From miles and miles and miles away, the people to inform: "The Wilsons walked the deck to-day. The weather's growing warm." —*New York Tribune*

CARD OF THANKS

We most sincerely desire to thank our friends and neighbours for kindness shown us in our hour of sad bereavement; also for floral tributes.

MR. AND MRS. AUGUSTUS GREENLAW and FAMILY

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Communications for publication in the BEACON must reach this office not later than noon on Thursday if they are to appear in the issue of the following Saturday.

CRITICISM

"How do you like the way Bliggins plays the ukelele?"
"It isn't loud enough," replied Miss Cayenne.
"Not loud enough?"
"Not loud enough to drown his singing." —*Exchange*.

Johnny—"What kind of a hen lays golden eggs?" Father—"Any kind that lays at all." —*Judge*.

Lodge on Friday evening.
Mr. Glenn Thompson and Miss Bessie Thompson have returned from a pleasant visit with relatives in Portland, Me.
Mr. Fred B. Richardson, Deer Island, was in Town on Thursday.

MARRIED

GREENLAW—MURPHY.
A very quiet wedding took place at North Head, Gaand Manan, on the evening of the 23rd. Dec., when Miss Vera Murphy was united in marriage to Nelson Greenlaw, both of North Head. The groom was supported by his brother, Samuel, lately returned from France, and the bride was attended by her friend, Miss Lorena Nesbit. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Mullen.

On Thursday at the residence of the bride, the Rev. G. H. Elliot united in marriage Miss Ida Pye, of this town, and Mr. Henry Ridgeway, electrical engineer, of Portland, Me. After the ceremony the newly married couple left for Portland, where they will spend their honeymoon.

OBITUARY

COUNT VON HERTLING
Copenhagen, Jan. 5.—Count Geo. F. Von Hertling, the former imperial German chancellor, died Saturday night at Ruhpolding, Bavaria. He had been ill for six days.

Count George F. Von Hertling was considered the most learned man of all the men called to the chancellorship of Germany since 1871. He had won for himself a scholar's reputation before he entered political life, and up to 1912, when he became Bavaria's minister-president, he had combined educational and literary work with his political activities. Von Hertling was appointed imperial German chancellor in October, 1917, succeeding Dr. George Michaelis. He resigned in the fall of last year and the then Emperor William conferred upon him the order of the Black Eagle and his warm thanks for the "self-sacrificing faithfulness" with which Von Hertling had served the country. Von Hertling was born in August, 1843, in Darmstadt.

Count Von Hertling was a member of the Reichstag continuously from 1875 to 1912, with the exception of the period of 1890 to 1896. He became the clerical party leader in 1909 after the death of Count Hompesch. During the chancellorship of Count Von Buelow he entrusted Von Hertling, whom he considered an able and resourceful diplomat, with negotiations with the Vatican. Von Hertling also was often the semi-official intermediary between his party and the government.

ROBERT MCKINNEY.

Charlotte Country mourns the loss of one of its best known and most highly esteemed citizens, in the death of Robert

McKinney, which occurred at his home in Rollingdam, Dec. 27.

Mr. McKinney was born at Sorrel Ridge in 1840, and in early life followed farming and lumbering. In 1880 he established a general store at Rollingdam, which soon became a centre of trading for a very large district, and by his honesty in business dealing he saw it grow to very large proportions. He was known everywhere and universally respected.

In politics, he was a leader in the conservative party and always took an active part in its undertakings. He was a member of Sussex Lodge, F. and A.M., of St. Stephen, and of the Orange Lodge at Rollingdam.

Mr. McKinney was a most kindly, genial man of broad sympathies, and was esteemed by all who knew him. His home was his great delight, and he was a devoted husband and father. He had established a beautiful residence, and it was at all times a centre of hospitality. He was a student of nature and the woods; the trees and birds were his delight.

Mr. McKinney was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sarah E. Dyer, of Elmsville. Their surviving children are Herman, in Vancouver; Maynard, in St. Stephen; Ralph in Berlin, N. H.; Mrs. Frederick Flewelling, of Oak Point, King's county; and Miss Lela, at home. His second wife was Miss Sarah Mitchell, of Rollingdam, who survives him, with two daughters and one son, Warren and Miss Priscilla, at home, and Mrs. G. Ashley St. Clair, of Calais, who is with her husband at a military camp at Columbus, Georgia. One brother, Daniel McKinney, of Oak Bay, also survives.

The funeral service was conducted by Rev. H. S. Raynor, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and was very largely attended. Interment was at Rollingdam, the service at the grave being conducted by members of Sussex Lodge.—*St. Croix Courier*.

WILLARD H. BERRY.

St. Stephen, N. B., Jan. 6.—Willard H. Berry died at his home, Oak Bay, Thurs-

A. E. O'NEILL'S

FOR
MILLINERY
AND
FANCY GOODS
Water St. ST. ANDREWS



JOB PRINTING TO SUIT YOU

WEDDING INVITATIONS, DANCE PROGRAMMES VISITING CARDS AND ALL KINDS OF SOCIETY, COMMERCIAL, LODGE AND LEGAL PRINTING Done by OUR JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT. :: :: ::

Beacon Press Co.

SEND ALL ORDERS TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE
Stevenson Block
Next Door to Custom House

day morning of Bright's disease, from which he had been a sufferer for some years. Mr. Berry for some time was government superintendent of scalers for this province. He was fifty-one years of age and is survived by his wife.

Mr. Berry was a member of Sussex Lodge, No. 7, F. & A. M., and a member of St. Stephen Encampment of Knights Templars. The funeral, under Masonic auspices, took place from his late residence, Oak Bay, on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment was in St. Stephen Rural cemetery.

We wish all our Customers a
BRIGHT, HAPPY, And PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

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

STUBBORN COUGHS

Are Promptly Relieved by the use of

NYAL'S CREOPHAS

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

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

Guaranteed to give Satisfaction.

—FOR SALE AT—

THE WREN DRUG STORE

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.

ANNOUNCEMENT

As I intend to retire from business on the 1st day of January next, beginning MONDAY, DEC. 9th, I will give a discount of 10 p. c. off all Groceries, except Flour, Molasses, Sugar, Butter, and Lard; and a discount of 15 p. c. off all other goods in store.

As a large part of the stock was bought before the rise in price, this will be found an excellent opportunity to get a winter's supply at a low rate.

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

(Canada Food Board Licence No. 8-5739)

BRUSHES

FOR THE TEETH
FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HANDS
FOR THE NAILS
FOR THE BATH
FOR THE CLOTHES
FOR THE HAT

A Large Variety of Styles and Prices

ST. ANDREWS DRUG STORE

COCKBURN BROS., Props.
Cor. Water and King Streets
ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

H. O'NEILL



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

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

(Canada Food Board License No. 8-18231)

Stinson's Cafe AND Bowling Alley

LUNCHES SERVED AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

ICE CREAM

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

IRA STINSON
ST. ANDREWS

(Canada Food Board License No. 10-1207)

DAVID R. FORGAN ON THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

In *The New York Evening Post* of December 31 appear the replies sent by a number of the leading financiers of the United States in answer to the following questions sent out by the *Evening Post*—

"(1.) In the larger view, do you look for continuing prosperity or for industrial reaction in the United States as a result of termination of the war? Will the immediate future differ from the longer future?"

"(2.) What is your expectation as to the course of prices in the commodity markets?"

"(3.) How far will disappearance of the war orders be offset by the filling of postponed commercial requirements for home consumers and neutral markets, and by demands for purposes of reconstruction in the damaged districts of Europe? How soon ought these to materialize? How far will they depend on prices, and, in the case of foreign orders, how far will they depend on our advances of credit to such markets?"

"(4.) Can wages be maintained at the present level? If they can, then how will the market for the products be affected? If not, what will be the labor situation?"

"(5.) Is there a prospect of reducing the present volume of bank loans and of Federal Reserve notes? Have we ahead of us easy money or high money?"

"(6.) What do you consider the most encouraging facts in the financial, economic, and political outlook for this country during the period which will follow peace? What are the chief dangers, and how may they best be avoided?"

Among the replies printed is that of David R. Forgan, President of the National City Bank, Chicago. Mr. Forgan is well known in St. Andrews, where he has one of the most attractive and sightly summer residences in the Shire Town. Mr. Forgan is a native of St. Andrews, Fifeshire, Scotland, and as would be expected in consequence, he is an ardent golfer.

The following is the reply of Mr. Forgan to the questions of the *Evening Post*—

"Attempting to answer your questions I would say:

"(1.) I am inclined to the view that there will be considerable reaction and confusion in general industry for the next six months while the adjustment between war and peace conditions is being made. After that period I look for a return of prosperity in quite a marked degree.

"(2.) The extremely high price of commodities is certainly due to the war, and as the world gradually recovers from the effects of the war and becomes established on a peace basis, I think there is only one course for commodity prices, and that is downward.

"(3.) I think the low quantity of stocks carried at the present high prices will produce a considerable demand for commodities, and this natural demand will be greatly increased by the demand from foreign countries during their reconstruction period. In the latter case I think the ordinary credit arrangements will soon be restored—that is, that nothing more than ordinary credit need be granted.

"(4.) I do not think wages can be maintained at the present level. If they could there would not be much falling off in the price of commodities, but I think it is better for wage-earners that wages be lower and commodities cheaper.

"(5.) There may be a little casting off in money now and again, but nothing of consequence in that direction during the year 1919. So long as the Federal Government needs as much as it is likely to require, I cannot see how money can be really easy.

"(6.) The most encouraging fact in the outlook is that we are in better position in this country than they are in any other of the leading nations, financially, economically, and industrially. The chief danger to be avoided is abrupt changes. So long as affairs are handled so that the reduction in prices and in wages will come gradually, we have little to fear in the future so far as I can see."

ARMY SPENT TWO MILLIONS IN MANY WAR ACTIVITIES

Among the organizations operating among the troops, both at home and abroad, to improve their social condition and ameliorate the hardships of war, the Salvation Army was the first in the field, and it is the last to make an appeal for public donations.

This organization, which operates in sixty-three countries and speaks forty languages, is launching a campaign to raise throughout the Dominion one million dollars to carry on the work among the troops and to help to get them back into civil employment. It has adopted the slogan "First to Aid—Last to Appeal," referring to the fact that the Salvation Army had its officers and soldiers in Belgium on the heels of Lord French's army, that is, on the 18th day of August, 1918, just eighteen days after the declaration of war, and has stayed with the game till the last without asking the public to make a special donation for the expenses of the campaign.

The Canadian public, which is to be asked to give a million dollars for the Salvation Army's war and reconstruction work, is entitled to know what claim the Salvation Army has for monetary assist-

ance. In the first place the Army has spent \$2,000,000 in war activities. Here is a summary of the operations of the Army directly connected with the war—

Forty rest rooms, equipped with papers, magazines, writing materials, etc. These are for the use of soldiers.

Forty-five motor ambulances in France, manned by Salvationists.

Ninety-six hostels for use of soldiers and sailors. These are located in France, England, and Canada. The Army plans a wide extension of its string of hostels in Canada.

One hundred and ninety-seven huts at soldiers' camps. These are used for religious and social gatherings, and at these huts the fighting men are able to buy what extras they require in the nature of "eats" at the very lowest rates.

Two hundred and ninety-eight war orphans cared for.

Seven hundred and sixty-one Salvation Army Officers and members devote their whole time to work at the front.

Twenty-one hundred war widows in the care of the Army.

Five thousand, three hundred and seventy beds in hostels close to the railway stations and port landings for the soldiers and sailors going to and returning from the front.

Fifty thousand Salvation Army Officers and members fighting with Allied armies.

One hundred thousand parcels of food and clothing distributed among soldiers and sailors.

One hundred thousand wounded soldiers taken from battle-fields in Salvation Army ambulances.

Three hundred thousand soldiers and sailors daily attend Salvation Army huts. These are but a few of the things that are seen and recorded. There are many other activities which count for the Salvation Army, but which cannot be put down in statistical form. For instance many soldiers can tell us of some favor, some blessing, some advice that they have received at the hands of the soldiers enlisted under the Blood-and-Fire Banner of the Army. It is a wonderful story of sacrifice and heroism. The boys have told us about it in their letters home. The deeds of the Salvation Army are well known and appreciated.

In getting the boys back to civil life the Salvation Army has much work to do. It will help many a discouraged man onward and upward in the struggle for existence, but to do the work that will be open to do, a vast amount of money will be required. One million dollars will not be too much.

LIFE COMPANIES ASSISTING

Some of the big insurance companies are co-operating heartily to popularize the Canadian War Savings Plan. The Prudential Life has organized its staff throughout the Peterborough district into a War Savings Society, in which every man in the district has agreed to purchase stamps under the plan outlined by the Dominion Government.

The Great West Life is printing on all its letterheads "BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS." As they send out an immense amount of literature this is a free advertisement of much value.

Make a "Saving" Resolution.

LYNCHING RECORD FOR 1918

To The Editor of *The Evening Post*:
Sir: I send you the following relative to lynchings for the year:

According to the records compiled by Monroe N. Work, in charge of records and research of the Tuskegee Institute there were 62 lynchings in 1918. This is 24 more than the number, 38, for the year 1917. Of those lynched, 58 were negroes and 4 were whites. Five of those put to death were women. Sixteen, or a little more than one-fourth of those put to death, were charged with rape or attempted rape.

The offences charged against the whites lynched were: Murder, 2; being disloyal, 2.

The offences charged against the negroes were: Alleged complicity in murder, 14; murder, 7; charged with threats to kill, 6; charged with rape, 10; charged with attempted rape; 6; alleged participation in fight about alleged hog stealing, 3; killing officer of the law, 2; being intimate with woman, 1; assisting man charged with murder to escape, 1; killing man in dispute about automobile repairs, 1; making unwise remarks, 1; making unruly remarks, 1; killing landlord in a dispute over a farm contract, 1; assault with intent to murder, 1; wounding another, 1; robbery and resisting arrest, 1.

The States in which lynchings occurred and the number in each State are as follows: Alabama, 3; Arkansas, 2; California, 1; Florida, 2; Georgia, 18; Illinois, 1; Kentucky, 1; Louisiana, 9; Mississippi, 6; North Carolina, 2; Oklahoma, 1; South Carolina, 1; Tennessee, 4; Texas, 9; Virginia, 1; Wyoming, 1.

ROBERT R. MOTON, Principal, Tuskegee, Ala., December 31.

—*The New York Evening Post*

Newlywed—"Have you never thought seriously about marriage?" Singleton—"Certainly not. No man ever thinks seriously about marriage until after it has happened."—*Life*.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

ROMANCE OF CHINA'S OVERLAND MAIL ROUTES

Kipling's "Overland Mail" might equally well be applied to the overland couriers of the Chinese post offices as to those of India:

In the name of the Empress of India, make way!
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
The woods are as still as the close of the day,
We exiles are waiting for letters from home.
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn tail—
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

Robbers, wild beasts, floods—these are the almost daily risks of the overland couriers of the Chinese post office, and not a few have lost their lives on their routes, while others have barely escaped with their lives—and their mail. Camels, yak, mules, ponies, rafts made of inflated hides—in short, all possible means are employed by the postal authorities of this vast country to safeguard the mail.

Residents of the large ocean ports are likely to think of the Chinese post office as similar to most foreign concerns of the kind, receiving and dispatching its mail by steamers and trains and other modern carriers. Though the steamer lines at the end of 1917 totalled 68,600 li (a li is about one-third of a mile), and the railway connections 19,500 li, the overland courier routes aggregated no less than 432,000 li.

It is in this overland service that the real romance of the Chinese postal service lies, relays of fast couriers travelling day and night to the farthest corners of the country. From Kwanyintang, the rail-end station of Honan, to Tihwatu in far-off Turkestan, the Chinese post office maintains a day and night service over more than 2,000 miles—probably the longest mail route in the world, writes H. H. Kinyon in the *Kansas City Star*.

On one occasion, when a mounted courier service was being experimented with from Urga to Kalgan, a foreign employee of the post office rode a distance of more than a thousand miles in nine days, despite heavy rains. He had relays of Government animals at his disposal, but the feat is none the less noteworthy. Another foreign employee, now closer to civilization in Manchuria, tested a new courier line by leaving Chengtu at five o'clock one afternoon and walking forty-five miles through the night without an escort, arriving at the terminus at six the next morning.

The couriers themselves do wonderful work. There are humble servants of the Chinese post office in Szechuan who cover on foot an average of nearly seventy miles a day throughout the year, and there are others in the same province who, carrying forty pounds of letter mail, do sixty miles at a stretch, without any rest except brief stops for food. Where bridges have been carried away and not replaced, the service maintains wire ropes from bank to bank of the torrents, and no losses are known to have occurred in such situations, except in the cases of a few unfortunates who lost all their clothes and were forced to travel many miles with only their mailbags as a covering.

REPORT LIKE ROMANCE

All these things are told in the annual report of the Chinese Post Office for 1917, which has just been issued. To those who knew the China of 1896, before the establishment of the then Imperial Post Office, the reports reads, indeed, not unlike romance. A few comparisons between the years 1905 and 1917 will give some of the main points which are the prosaic backbone of the romantic story involved.

In 1905 there were less than five hundred post offices and something over a thousand postal agencies handling 23,000,000 articles of mail matter and 300,000 parcels. In a dozen years the post offices tripled and the mail matter was increased to twelve times the original amount. Money orders increased from a million to more than 200,000,000, and in the last nine months of 1917 more than \$1,000,000 was sent through the post offices to the families of Chinese coolies in service in France. The British Emigration Bureau disbursed this money, the allotments reaching \$25,000.

The business man will ask how much profit the Chinese post office makes. Now, a post office is not instituted primarily for the purpose of making revenue. It was not until very recently that the United States post office showed a balance on the right side, and the post office of India, the development of which dates from 1860, did not meet expenses for thirty years later.

With a high illiteracy percentage, with means of communication in the interior still most primitive, and with political unrest and brigandage nearly everywhere, affecting particularly the parcel traffic, the Chinese post office ended the year 1917 with a surplus of receipts over expenditures of \$1,422,000—more than a million more than the previous year. The total of articles of mail posted by the Chinese post office is shown by the report for 1917 to have been considerably below one a year for each member of the population.

BRIGANDS HAMPER SERVICE

The insurance of parcels, formerly compulsory, is now optional, and the fee charged has been reduced by one half, in spite of the wreck of the steamer *Hongkong*, which cost the post office \$26,000 for indemnities. Parcel post arrangements with the United Kingdom and with

Russia were completed and came into effect in 1917. Parcels in Chinese Turkestan carried by couriers for two thousand miles were transmitted at a loss of about seven cents a pound. The rate, therefore, had to be revised. The parcel traffic inland has been much hampered by the prevalence of brigands, often involving the accumulation of parcels at a centre for weeks before it was considered safe to dispatch them.

A few extracts from the reports of the various postal commissioners give an insight into the difficulties under which the work is carried on.

Chihli—Inland, the couriers had to contend with great difficulties in crossing flooded areas, and, when the boats were not available, they had to swim across swift running currents with the mails on their heads. Several had narrow escapes, but no lives were lost. One unfortunate courier who lost his clothes but saved his mail, had to travel several miles to the nearest village before he could obtain a few rags with which to cover himself.

Shensi—The year has been a very bad one from the point of view of postal operations. Bands of robbers roamed the province, plundering and looting and rendering frequent suspension of the mail service necessary. Towards the end of the year revolting troops added to the chaos by capturing a convoy of camels with guns and ammunition for Szechuan, which they proceeded to use for an attack on Sianfu. Most of the fighting was in the neighbourhood of the Sianfu post office, making the position of the staff, most of whom were unable to return to their homes for two days, a most dangerous one. After leaving Sianfu the rebels fled west, leaving towns and villages en route. Many agencies lost practically all their postal balances and private effects.

Kwantung—Courier services had occasionally to be suspended, coast and river steam services were interrupted, commerce was at standstill, and the whole Swatow section remained until the close of the year in a chaotic condition. In April and August there were severe floods, courier lines in the east, west, and north river sections were interrupted, and the postmen had to deliver their mails by boat. There were brigandage and piracy, which resulted in loss of mails and postal property. Couriers were robbed of their own belongings, offices or the shops of agents and box-holders were pillaged, and in five cases similar establishments were destroyed by fire.

And yet the overland mail is the great arterial system of China, the pulse and heartbeat of a great empire.

Make 1919 a W. S. S. year.

CANADA'S PENSION BURDEN ESTIMATED

Ottawa, Jan. 2.—The Minister of Finance has furnished Sir Robert Borden with an estimate of the total amount of Canada's pension obligations. The pension commissioners are of opinion that the maximum of the pensions will not be reached for eighteen months or two years. They will probably remain at this maximum for five years and be gradually reduced until extermination.

A calculation estimates a total cost of \$440,000,000, calculated on a three per cent basis, or \$390,000,000 calculated on a four per cent basis, or \$345,000,000 on a five per cent basis.

These sums represent the amounts of money as of to-day which, at the rates of interest mentioned, should take care of Canada's pension obligations arising out of the war.

NORWAY'S SHIPPING LOSSES IN THE WAR

Christiania, Jan. 5.—Naval statistics show that the losses to Norway's commercial shipping through the war were 829 ships of a total gross tonnage of 1,240,000. The number of sailors who lost their lives were 1,155.

HENRY HAS LEFT

A notice from the Millerton post office informs us briefly that "Henry Holts has left." We may add that he left so hurriedly that he failed to remit to this office the balance due on his subscription.—*Chatham World*.

25c. Buys a Thrift Stamp.

CONCESSIONS TO ALL

One of the smartest replies ever made by a Parliamentary candidate was that credited to Lord Palmerston.

A heckler at one of his meetings had demanded of the statesman, "Will you, if returned, support such and such a measure?"

"Pam" thought for a moment, then said, "I will!"—"Hurray!" broke in the heckler and his pack. "Not," continued "Pam"—at which there were thunderous counter-cheers. "Tell you," he concluded. And the general laughter made him prime favorite at once.—*London Chronicle*.

Murphy was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said Finnegan, "O' hov seen some of yure family so high thot their fate couldn't touch th' ground."—*Boston Transcript*.

SMALL SUMS OF MONEY SAVED DAILY INCREASE RAPIDLY

The Canadian War Savings Plan, which makes saving both easy and profitable, is doing much to teach the public what can be done by putting away small sums of money.

On this subject the *Saturday Evening Post* says: "Take ten cents a day, which means a deposit of three dollars every month. In ten years you will have saved \$365, which will have earned \$80.36 interest making a total of \$445.36. This is the result of simply saving a single cent piece per day. As you increase the sum saved each day the value of the steady saving is only strongly impressed. Fifteen cents a day, or four dollars and a half saved each month and compounded, will amount to \$668.18 in ten years. Of this sum \$120.68 is interest earned. Twenty cents a day, or six dollars a month, will amount to \$890.99, of which \$160.99 is interest. These sums saved would scarcely be missed from the purse of the average man. If you are able to put aside twenty five cents a day or seven dollars and a half a month, at the end of ten years you will find \$1,113.75 to your credit. If you are able to make the daily saving thirty cents, or nine dollars a month, you will be worth \$1,336.59.

Forty cents a day, or twelve dollars a month, will roll up the tidy sum of \$1,782.16, of which \$322.16 is interest; while fifty cents a day, or fifteen dollars a month, will amount to \$2,277.73, of which \$402.73 is interest. Hence it is much to your profit to "despise not" the saving of small sums.

Now let us see what the systematic, rather progressive saving of one dollar a week can do. In one year the fifty-two dollars saved will earn, at four per cent, seventy-eight cents in interest, making a working principal of \$52.78 at the start of the second year. At the close of the second year you will have \$107.67; at the end of the fifth year \$285.86; at the close of the tenth year \$633.65. In fifteen years this steady saving of a dollar a week would show a total result of \$1,050.79. At four per cent this alone would yield a return of \$42.27. At the end of twenty years this kind of saving would total \$1,571.59, while the first quarter century would find you worth \$2,197.92. This sum, if you then stopped saving, at four per cent would earn \$87.91 a year. If you kept up the saving of a dollar each week for fifty years you would accumulate \$8,057.16.

War Savings Stamps Promote Thrift.

A Sentry On Duty!
that you can rely upon. A doctor's prescription that has safeguarded thousands of homes for more than 100 years. There are none "just like" — none "just as good" — none that have the remarkable record of the wonderful old

Johnson's ANODYNE Liniment
{ Prepared for internal as well as for external use }

Easily the richest in expensive elements that speedily conquer Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Grippe, Cramps, Strains, Chills, Sprains, Muscular Rheumatism and many other common troubles. A "friend in need" that has been splendidly successful for more than a century.

Costs more than any other to produce — yet the price to you is the same as you must pay for inferior preparations.

Soothes — Heals — Stops Suffering

McLAUGHLIN
McLAUGHLIN VALVE-IN-THE-HEAD CARS
Economy Power Durability
Now is the time to get ready for the 1919 season.
J. L. STRANGE
Agent for Charlotte County
Border Garage ST. STEPHEN

Follow Nature's Plan Paint in the Fall



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

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

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

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

Beautifully Situated
Conducted on
TH
TH
W. H. THORN
STATESMEN P
His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada, Prime Minister of the Dominion, and many other distinguished names, have contributed to the construction work of the Dominion, and have supported the Dominion War, for the sake of the Dominion.
The Duke of Devonshire for the success of your for \$1,000,000 for the and overseas work of the I hope this Drive will be reported by the people of
Sir Robert Borden: my best wishes for the endeavor of the Salvation Million Dollars for the and overseas work. Salvation Army in a purpose is worthy of the
Sir Wilfrid Laurier: acknowledge receipt of the special appeal for assistance Army. I can't work done for many years association, and I will bute my mite.
Sir Thomas White: the demobilization programme of the Salvation excellent work on the Allied fronts is greatly Government. In Canada assisted all other organizations and war campaigns and the floatation of our
N. W. Rowell: I witness in your demobilization million-dollar work of the Salvation serving of support of I heard nothing but when overseas.

Try a Beat For-R

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BETTER FO

KENNEDY'S HOTEL

St. Andrews, N. B. A. KENNEDY & SON, PROPRIETORS

Beautifully Situated on Water Front. Near Trains and Steamboats. Closed for the winter. Rates quoted on application.

THE ROYAL HOTEL

LEADING HOTEL AT ST. JOHN, N. B.

Conducted on European Plan in Most Modern and Approved Manner NEW GARDEN RESTAURANT 200 Rooms 75 With Bath

THE RAYMOND & DOHERTY CO., PROP.

EDISON'S SUBLIME GIFT TO MANKIND

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

The NEW EDISON

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

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

STATESMEN PRAISE S. A.

His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada; Sir Robert Borden, Prime Minister; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and many other leading citizens of the Dominion, heartily endorse the Salvation Army's campaign to raise one million dollars for demobilization and reconstruction work. Their letters promising support to the Drive and praising the work of the Salvation Army during the war, follow:—

The Duke of Devonshire: Best wishes for the success of your Red Shield Drive for \$1,000,000 for the Canadian home and overseas work of the Salvation Army. I hope this Drive will be generously supported by the people of Canada.

Sir Robert Borden: Very glad to send my best wishes for every success in the endeavor of the Salvation Army to raise a Million Dollars for its Canadian home and overseas work. The effort of the Salvation Army in aid of the national purpose is worthy of the highest appreciation.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your communication, informing me that you are making a special appeal for assistance to the Salvation Army. I can testify to the good work done for many years past by your association, and I will be happy to contribute my mite.

Sir Thomas White: Glad to learn of the demobilization and reconstruction programme of the Salvation Army. Its excellent work on the Canadian and all Allied fronts is greatly appreciated by the Government. In Canada the Army has assisted all other organizations in their war campaigns and materially aided in the flotation of our Victory Loan.

N. W. Rowell: I wish you every success in your demobilization and reconstruction million-dollar campaign. The war work of the Salvation Army is deserving of support of all good citizens. I heard nothing but appreciation of it when overseas.

Try a Beacon Ad For Results

The unexcelled facilities of our big mills are devoted to making

PURITY FLOUR

Government Standard

THE BEST FLOUR POSSIBLE TODAY MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD AND BETTER PASTRY

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO

SMOOTH OATS MAKES BETTER PORRIDGE

ORIGIN OF THE AIREDALE

The Airedale is a peculiar dog, and his origin is not easy to trace. In all probability he is the result of crosses between the old rough Scotch terrier, the bull-terrier, and the otter-hound. Certain characteristics of the latter breed are very prominent in the Airedale of to-day. About forty years ago the colliers of the Valley of the Aire enjoyed almost a monopoly of these dogs, which were highly prized for their fighting qualities, general ruggedness, keen intelligence and loyalty to their owners. The colliers were a rough, hardy set, ready for anything and their favorite dogs were bright disciples of the school of hard-knocks.

Those accustomed to associate the name terrier with a small dog are apt to be somewhat puzzled by the appearance of this latest addition to the recognized breeds, says All Outdoors. He, as a rule, is what may be termed a "big little dog," choice specimens sometimes weighing as much as sixty pounds, which means a dog as large as a heavy pointer.

The appearance of the Airedale at once reminds one of the Irish and Welsh terriers, in fact, the dog at first glance looks like a very large and somewhat coarse Irish terrier. A closer examination, however, will prove that he has no useless lumber, that he is all dog, and a very smart type of dog at that. To the otterhound he owes much of his bone, strength, and his peculiar hair. The mark of the hound, too, is apt to show in the ear and the narrowness of the skull. Careful breeding has about eliminated these undesirable features, and the V-shaped ear, larger, but of the same general type as that of the fox-terrier, has become a fixed characteristic.

The size and all the valuable qualities of the Airedale make him one of the best of dogs for the country, as they unfit him for life in a city. Being very powerful he requires plenty of exercise. He should have his freedom, for a couple of jaunts daily upon a chain are by no means sufficient for him, or for any other active dog. As companion during tramps about the country, or upon a farm, this dog is one of the most desirable of all the canine race.

He is game to the last gasp, as becomes one of his blended blood. From the Scotch and bull terriers he derives his keenness for vermin and his almost unrivalled fighting powers, while from the otter-hound he derives a marked hunting instinct and a readiness to work cheerfully in water, no matter how cold it may be. In his knowing-looking head is a rare good set of brains, and his nose is excellent. No dog is fonder of a rough frolic, and none is keener to tackle any wild creature, from rat to raccoon. But strong and ready as he is, he is blessed with a sweet disposition and a spaniel-like faithfulness. He will fight till he dies, for he does not understand what fear is, yet he is no bully. A generous friend and a fair foe, he asks no odds of any dog, and as he is a glutton to take punishment and an artist in administering it, he usually can give an excellent account of himself if attacked by a much larger dog.

About an American country home he is sure to prove useful and in every way reliable. He is one of the best of watch-dogs, and he is large enough to command the respect of unsavory intruders. As a vermin destroyer he has no superior, such large quarry as woodchucks and coon falling comparatively easy victims to his dashing method of attack.

THE NEW REPORTING

[A suggestion by one who feels that the conventional "Applause" and "Hear, Hear" convey an inadequate idea of the variety and color of the interjections at an average election meeting.]

GENTLEMEN, we are now, if I may say so—(disturbance in north-east corner of the hall, with shouts of "Oo are you a-shovin'?" and various inconsequent repartees)—we are now in the proud and fortunate position of having overthrown our enemies—("You didn't do much!" followed by a free fight under the platform)—and having established, let us hope—(piercing woman's voice: "Wot abah't my son Jack?")—once and for all—(small boy bursts into vociferous lamentation as his father explains to him the precise domestic programme for the evening if he doesn't sit still)—upon a sure and lasting foundation—(here Albert MacIsaacs, junior, gives his celebrated imitation of a donkey's "Hee-haw," which is received with prolonged applause and shouts of "Encore!")—those principles of justice and tolerance—(jumping cracker in the gallery)—equality and fair play—("The old 'un's drinking your glass of water, guv'nor!")—which have always been and, I trust, will always be the glory of the British Empire—(loud cheers from the two front rows, evidently stationed there for the purpose)—and which it is now our hope and desire—(bass voice from the back: "Wot abah't beer?" and murmurs of interest and approval)—to extend to the world at large. (Subdued cheers from the two front rows, who realize that their previous demonstration was premature.) These sentiments, gentlemen, are not my own—("Never thought they were")—they are the nation's—("Are you going to hang BILL KAISER?")—they are in the air—(shower of flour and pepper from the gallery)—they cry aloud in the streets—(sudden commotion as a small dog, violently kicked from behind, runs yelping

down the passage)—they will not be silenced—(concertina solo, with unauthorized variations as the instrument is swayed to and fro by rival factions)—they are shared by the humble Slav and the lowly Jugo—"Three cheers for the Jugos!"—as well as by that illustrious and far-seeing statesman—(great uproar, during which two Bolsheviks, one unimpeachable patriot, and one timid man who was between them are removed to hospital)—Professor MASARYK; and we may be as sure as we are that to-morrow's sun will rise—"Wait and see!" followed instantly by shrill cat-calls and a voice, "Where's poor old ASQUITH?"—that these principles will prevail—"Oo poached the bad egg?" and much laughter as a local joke runs in whispers round the hall)—and even in our own time—(diversion by an elector's baby, who shrieks for nourishment and is consoled amid a movement of sympathetic interest in the vicinity)—Truth and Right will take their place, supreme and unchallenged, upon the throne of the universe. (Dead silence, for the front benches are not going to be taken in this time.)—Punch.

OBITUARY

FREDERICK N. McLAUGHLIN

Private Frederick N. McLaughlin of 1 Maridia Way, Malden, Mass., a member of Co. G, 314th Infantry, was killed in action November 9. He left Malden for Camp Upton, N. Y., last May. After being there a few weeks he was transferred to Camp Meade, Md., from where he went overseas in June. He went into the trenches the latter part of September and participated in some of the heaviest fighting in which the Americans engaged, taking part in the Meuse-Argonne drive.

Private McLaughlin was the son of Mr. and Mrs. James L. McLaughlin, formerly of Campobello and Grand Manan. He was born in Charlestown, and was twenty-two years of age.

After leaving the West Grammar School he went to work for the John T. Connor Company. He rose steadily from one position to another until he was finally made manager of one of their Malden stores. From there he went to Simpson Bros., of Bradford, Mass., as manager. Later he was manager of the Atlantic & Pacific store in Malden for two years. He left this position to become manager of the Ginter Grocery store in Melrose, which position he held at the time of his entering the army. He had a very bright future, and his employers expressed their sorrow at losing one who was sure to be of great value to their company.

The last words that he spoke to his father were a promise always to defend the flag. As he was stepping on the train that would take him to camp, his father, taking a small silk American flag from his pocket, pressed it into his son's hand saying, "Take this little remembrance from me and carry it always with you to fight for and die for, if need be." How well he kept his promise his death in action tells.

McLaughlin had a faculty for making friends, and his host of friends in Malden and other cities were grieved to hear of his death. He was a member of the

First Baptist Church, the Middlesex Lodge of Odd Fellows, and also the Camp. He is survived by his parents and a sister, Norma G.

EX-PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT

New York, Jan. 6.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt, twice President of the United States, died in his sleep early to-day at his home at Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, L. I. His death was wholly unexpected, and was caused by an embolism—a blood clot which lodged either in his lungs or on his brain. Col. Roosevelt had been in poor health for many months; twice within a year he had been a patient at Roosevelt Hospital in this city. On Christmas Day he returned home after treatment for inflammatory rheumatism. Apparently, he had greatly improved in health, but on New Year's Day he suffered another serious attack and this probably was the indirect cause of his sudden collapse.

Yesterday Col. Roosevelt sat up several hours and did not retire until eleven o'clock last night. The time of Col. Roosevelt's death was 4 A. M., as nearly as can be determined, for there was no person at his bedside at the moment he passed away. A minute or two before, his attendant, James Amos, a colored man who had been in the employ of the Colonel ever since he left the White House, noticed that his patient was breathing heavily in his sleep and went to call a nurse. When he returned with her the former President was dead.

Following are some of the notable dates associated with the career of Col. Theodore Roosevelt:

Born in New York, October 27, 1858. Graduated from Harvard with A. B. degree, 1880. Served in New York State Legislature, 1882-4.

Spent two years, 1885-6, on ranch in North Dakota on account of his health. Candidate for Mayor of New York, 1886. United States Civil Service Commissioner, 1889-95.

President of the New York Police Board, 1895-7. Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1897-8. Resigned from Navy Department and organized "Rough Riders," 1898. Governor of New York State, 1899-1900. Elected Vice-President of United States November 4, 1900.

Succeeded to Presidency when President McKinley died on September 14, 1901. Elected President for term, 1905-9. Awarded Nobel Peace Prize for his work in connexion with the Russo-Japanese peace treaty, 1906.

Candidate of Progressive party in 1912 for Presidency. Discovered and explored "River of Doubt," in Brazil, February to April, 1914, which was named in his honor "Rio Teodoro" by the Brazilian Government. Declined Progressive nomination for Presidency and supported Charles E. Hughes, the Republican nominee, 1916. Offered to raise army division, after declaration of war with Germany, and to go with it to France.

Buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps.

TWO GREAT WAR AUXILIARIES WHICH ESCAPED CRITICISM

The Border Cities' Star, of Windsor, Ont., recently contained this striking and touching appeal from Mr. W. T. Gregory, of Lemington, who is described as "the godfather of the soldier boys of Essex County and super-patriot."—

While practically every auxiliary of the great war has been more or less criticized, there are two outstanding institutions which seem to have escaped the pointed darts of the chronic fault-finders.

These are the British Navy and the Salvation Army. While the British Navy, the savior of civilization, needs no encomium at my hands, there may be those who are not entirely familiar with the great war work of the Salvation Army. The nature of my work for the past four and one-half years has thrown me close up to a large number of soldiers. I have received, possibly, five thousand letters from over there. These have come from trench and camp and dugout and hospitals and rest billet and German prisons. Of hardship and famine there is no written word in any of them, but praise, unstinted praise, for the Salvation Army and their great and godly work for the boys at the front. One brave lad, who has since crossed over the River, says:—"The Salvation Army huts are within three hundred yards of our trenches, and tonight, when I came out cold and wet and hungry and penniless, they gave me hot coffee, fried cakes, and other comforts, without charge, and if I never come back, tell the people at home that I say, God bless the Salvation Army! They were the friends who followed us boys right up to where old Fitz was doing his damndest."

Pretty good testimonial isn't it? I believe this lad, who now sleeps beneath the lily-covered sod, would stretch his dead hands from the grave, if he could, to beckon us heed the Army's call for help. Fifty thousand others are buried over there, and I believe the poisoning shadows of their beckoning hands, now still in death, and the voices of the brave kids now marching with Currie's victorious army on German soil, are calling, Shadow and voice alike are calling to you—you, you! and their cry is: "Help those that helped us in our hour of need" Now, let us harken to this cry and show the boys somewhere in Germany, and to the world, that we can never forget the Salvation Army for the value of their services to Canadian soldiers, and which is beyond computation.

Like Caesar's wife, the great work of the Salvation Army is above criticism. The case is urgent, the need is imperative, and their appeal should be met with a heart full of gratitude for having helped make our loved ones' lives worth while living, while fighting the fight that has won the admiration of the world and made the Canadian union one to be respected and honored to the four corners of the earth.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Soldiers Home Coming Campaign

War Work and After-War Work of the SALVATION ARMY

"FIRST TO SERVE—LAST TO APPEAL"

The Salvation Army has for 53 years been organized on a military basis—insured to hardship, sacrifice, and service. It is always in action, day and night. It has maintained Military Huts, Hostels and Rest Rooms, providing food and rest for tens of thousands of soldiers each day. 1,200 uniformed workers and 45 ambulances have been in service at the front—in addition to taking care of the needs of soldiers' families here at home, assisting the widows and orphans, and relieving distress arising from the absence of the soldier head of the family.

Notwithstanding all the Government is planning to do, notwithstanding the pensions and the relief work of other organizations, hundreds of cases of urgent human need are constantly demanding the practical help the Salvation Army is trained and equipped to render.

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

January 19th to 25th

While it could do so, the Salvation Army has carried on without any general appeal. Now the crisis is arising with the return of the 300,000 soldiers. The budget for essential work during the coming year has been prepared. A million dollars must be raised to continue the after-the-war activities, which include:

Hostels for Soldiers

Salvation Army Hostels are vitally necessary for the protection and comfort of the soldier at the many stopping places between France and his home here in Canada. These Hostels—or military hotels—provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldier can afford to pay. If the boys did not have a Hostel to go to, WHERE would they go?

Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependents and Orphans of Soldiers

Scores and hundreds of cases could be cited where soldiers overseas have been comforted by the assurance that the Salvation Army has stepped in to relieve their families from dire need. As an instance, a mother with six children is located—no fuel, weather freezing, food and funds exhausted by sickness and other troubles. They are taken to Salvation Army Emergency Receiving Home. Winter and 300,000 soldiers returning increase the demands on the Salvation Army, whose

personal help alone is of avail. Consider, too, the vast and complex problems arising out of the care of soldiers' widows and orphans.

Keeping the Family Unit Intact

The women of the Salvation Army on their visiting rounds accomplish the apparently impossible. Is the discharged soldier out of a job? They find him one. Is the wife sick, the home-work piling up, the children neglected? They nurse the wife, mother the children, wash and scrub. Is there urgent need for food, fuel, clothes or medicine? They are supplied. It takes money, of course, but more important is the loving spirit of service in which the work is done.

When the Soldier Needs a Friend

The Salvation Army Lasses provides the boys with hot coffee, the pies, chocolate, magazines, writing materials, and the spiritual comfort which the boys in Khaki need. Until the last homeward-bound soldier is re-established in civilian life, will you not help the Salvation Army to combat the discomforts and evils that beset his path?

The service of the Salvation Army, founded on sacrifice, demonstrates the true spirit of the Master. It is directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and out for God.

It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves RESULTS. It co-operates with all—overlaps none. It recognizes neither color, race nor creed. It is always in action, day and night. No organization does greater work at less cost. To carry on its great work it must have financial help, and on its behalf members of the Dominion Government, business men and returned soldiers endorse this appeal for funds.

"LET YOUR GRATITUDE FIND EXPRESSION IN SERVICE"

THE SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE

Headquarters: 20 Albert St., Toronto



HARRIS WHO TRAMPED ABROAD

ETHER literary events and instances associated with our national life are vague and impalpable stuff to most of us, or the swift shutting pressure of international events has served to permit the passing of the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, with but a perfunctory paragraph or two—often erroneous as to facts involved in the career of this man whose friendship with Mark Twain may be regarded as the most loyal and enduring in the annals of American letters.

Indeed, so closely is the name of Twichell woven into the warp and woof of the life of one whom many regard as America's greatest literary figure, that no biography of the humorist and author could by any possibility be complete without frequent references to this Connecticut clergyman, who shared with William Dean Howells in an intimacy that is rich in allusiveness and redolent of picturesque fact.

The relations of Twichell and Clemens, so close that richness of comradeship which two men, keenly alive, sensitive to influences and impressions, can give one to the other, as well as those poignant periods when fate turns its bitter side and makes the human heart to know its own woe. It was Twichell who assisted in solemnizing the wedding of Clemens and Olivia Lewis Langdon at Elmira, February 2, 1860; it was Twichell who on April 23, 1860, at the Brick Church in this city delivered with broken voice a prayer over the body of the man whom he had loved and who had loved him for more than fifty years. Six years previously he had conducted funeral services for Mrs. Clemens, in record of which appears among Mark Twain's papers the following note: ("Elmira.) Funeral private at the house of Livy's young maidenhood. Where she stood as a bride thirty-four years ago, there her coffin rested and over it the same voice that made her a wife then, committed her departed spirit to God now."

It is not difficult to catch the little prayer of affection for the author of that voice which this pathetic note breathes, coming as it did out of that darkness such as there must be from time to time in the relations of intimate friends which cover any number of years. But there were lighter days, many of them; joyous days which cause those who read thereof delightedly to proceed from page to page marvelling at the ripe fullness of their understanding and the utter outgiving of their many affection.

When Clemens had a thought he hastened to share it with his friend, running into his home without the formality of announcement, or when away dashing it off in one of his inimitable "Dear old Joe" letters. Those letters covered the widest sort of range, from osteopathy to a new method of sharpening a razor. In one note he writes appreciatively of a section of a sermon of Twichell's which was so good that Clemens wished someone had "awakened me earlier so that I could have heard more of it." To one of Twichell's sermons in behalf of a charity, Thomas L. Maason, editor of *Life*, applies the story of Clemens's sympathy being aroused to the extent of determining to give a hundred dollars, reducing it by steady degrees as the sermon waxed long, until at the end he decided to give nothing at all—a warning against long discourses by which Twichell may have profited.

It would be impossible, loving Twichell as he did, that Mark Twain should not have employed him as literary material, and this he did immemorably in "A Tramp Abroad," where Twichell figures prominently as that earnest, sensitive, long-suffering soul, "Harris." The Clemens went to Germany in April, 1878, and it was arranged that Twichell should leave America later and join Clemens for a walking trip through Germany and Sweden. Twichell arrived at Baden-Baden in August, after the birth of his third son, and the two set out through the Black Forest "excursing out as it pleased them and having an idyllic good time."

And here is the letter which Clemens wrote to Twichell, after the walk was over and the friends had parted: "It is actually all over. I was so low spirited at the station yesterday, and this morning when I woke I couldn't seem to accept the dismal truth that you were really gone and the pleasant tramping and talking at an end. Ah, my boy, it has been such a rich holiday to me. . . . I am putting out of my mind all memory of the times when I misbehaved toward you and hurt you; I am resolved to consider it forgiven, and to store up and remember only the charming hours of the journeys and times when I was not unworthy to be with you and share a companionship which to me stands first after Livy's [Mrs. Clemens]."

This letter is taken from Mark Twain's Letters, edited by Albert Bigelow Paine, in which book appears also Clemens's appreciation of Twichell's service in caring for his daughter Susy in her last illness when Clemens and Mrs. Clemens were abroad.

William Dean Howells in "My Mark Twain" refers to Clemens's gradual withdrawal from registered religious beliefs, adding that this deprived him of hearing "Mr. Twichell's beautiful sermons" as often as in former days.

For the details of that wonderful journey the reader is referred to Albert Bigelow's splendid biography of Mark Twain. Suffice here to say that without the inspiration of that pedestrian trip "A Tramp Abroad" would have been a halting volume and might indeed never have been completed. Mark Twain admitted a great deal of this in his letter to Twichell under date of March 16, 1880, which I take from Paine's biography.

"My dear 'Harris'—No, I mean My dear Joe—Just imagine it for a moment: I was collecting material in Europe during fourteen months for a book, and now that the thing is printed I find that you, who were with me only a month and a half of the fourteen, are in actual presence (not imaginary) in 440 of the 531 pages the book contains. If you had stayed at home it would have taken me fourteen years to get the material. You have saved me an intolerable whole world of hated labor, and I'll not forget it, my boy."

"You'll find reminders of things, all along, that happened to us, and of others that didn't happen; but you'll remember the spot where they were invented. You'll see how the imaginary perilous trip up the Riffelberg is preposterously expanded. That horse student is on Page 192. The 'Fremersberg' is neighboring. Black Forest novel is on Page 211. I remember when and where we projected it; in the leafy glades with the mountain sublimes dozing in the blue haze beyond the gorge of Allerheiligen. There's the 'new member,' Page 213; the dentist yarn, 223; the true chamois, 242; Page 248 is a pretty long yarn, spun from a mighty brief text—meeting, for a moment, that pretty girl who knew me and whom I'd forgotten; at 281 is 'Harris,' and should have been so entitled, but Bliss has made a mistake and turned you into some other character; 305 brings back the whole Igi tramp to me at a glance. At 185 and 186 are specimens of my art and the frontispiece is the combination which I made by pasting one familiar picture over the lower half of an equally familiar one. . . . We had a mighty good time, Joe, and the six weeks I would dearly like to repeat any time; but the rest of my fourteen months—never."

Long before this was written and when much that Mr. Paine has laid bare was not public property, the writer, who had long debated whether or not "Harris" was a real or imaginary character, lay in wait for Mark Twain on Fifth Avenue at the corner of Tenth Street, hoping to meet the author in the course of the afternoon walk which was understood at that time to be his habit (Mr. Clemens was then living on Tenth Street, just west of the Avenue). He came along presently, carrying a large bunch of violets which he occasionally placed to his nose as he walked. "Mr. Clemens, you don't know me, but—" He smiled. "That may be altogether to my advantage, my boy." After which he chuckled and was altogether kind. "Who was 'Harris'?" he drawled. "Harris" was a friend of mine named Twichell, Joe Twichell, the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell—a very dear friend of mine. He is to-day—in spite of 'Harris'."

In the light of the discovery that "Harris" was real, was living, I'm afraid I recall but dimly some further words concerning his controversy with some board of foreign missions which was then occupying the attention of the press. It was when "Innocents Abroad," was going through the press of the American Publishing Company at Hartford that the women first met. Clemens lived with his publishers, the Blisses; they introduced him rather widely into the social life of the neighbourhood, whose residents were mainly members of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, which stood almost across the way from the Bliss home. The pastor of that church, which Twain called "the Church of the Holy Speculators," because of the well-to-do character of the congregation, was Twichell, who, as it happened, overheard Clemens at a reception, when he applied the irreverent designation to a picture of the church which hung upon the walls. But Twichell was a man who would be delighted, at a jeu d'esprit of this sort, and his introduction at that time was the beginning of a friendship that endured ever afterward.

Twichell was about Clemens's age, had swung a port oar in the waist of the Yale 1859 shell, and had left college to serve as chaplain in the Seventy-first New York Volunteers under "Dan" Sickles. For his services in the Civil War he had received a medal of honor, and, all in all, was an upstanding man, a devout Christian, handsome, athletic and endowed with a sense of humor and literary appreciation which fitted him peculiarly to be the friend, admirer, and counsellor of Mark Twain and to know him in every way for what he was.

It was Twichell who first suggested to Clemens the literary possibilities of his experiences as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi river, a suggestion which Mr. Howells, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, heartily seconded and printed in that magazine. Then when the Clemens family had moved from Buffalo, their first home, to Hartford, began years of

constant association with Joseph Twichell, whose beautiful wife, Harmony, fitted so well in the scheme of family friendship. Here is a note left by Mrs. Clemens:

"The atmosphere is very hazy and it makes the autumn tints ever more soft and beautiful than usual. Mr. Twichell came for Mr. Clemens to go walking with him; they returned at dinner time, heavily laden with autumn leaves."

"Twichell and Clemens," writes Paine, "took a good many walks these days long walks, for Twichell was an athlete and Clemens had not outgrown the habit of pedestrian wandering. . . . How many things they talked of in those walks. They discussed philosophies, religions and creeds, and all the range of human possibility and shortcoming and all the phases of literature and history and politics."

One beautiful November in 1874 they walked from Hartford to Boston, a trip of which the papers made much at the time. They got to North Ashford when Clemens's feet became sore and his legs stiff. He telegraphed thus to Redpath in Boston:

"We have made thirty-five miles in less than five days. This demonstrates the thing can be done. Shall now finish by rail. Did you have any bets on us?"

Thus their life went through the years that saw Mark Twain rise to national and then international stature, Twichell playing always the part of unobtrusive friend, guide, and mentor. Clemens was a dissenter, Twichell, of course, a minister of the gospel, but each had that broad-minded tolerance of viewpoint that served best to cement their relations. They went to Bermuda together in the spring of 1877, of which Clemens wrote to Twichell long afterwards:

"Not a headache anywhere, not a twinge of conscience. I often come to myself out of a reverie and detect an undertone of thought that had been thinking itself without volition of mind—viz.: that if we had only had ten days of those talks and walks instead of four."

The trip was the inspiration for that delightful little volume, "Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion."

There came the day when Clemens formed his friendship with the late Henry I. Rogers. Of course, Twichell later became the friend of this captain of industry, who, indeed, when the Twichells through their unceasing acts of charity had run themselves into debt, paid off the indebtedness, stipulating with Clemens, however, that he and not Rogers should stand as the benefactor. One may imagine how Mark Twain writhed under his friend's gratitude, who, however, under the seal of silence had to accept as much as he could out forestal.

In young manhood, in middle life, in age, the lamp of their friendship burned ever serene. And then at the end: "We took him [Mark Twain's body] to N. W. York to the Black Church," writes Paine, "and Dr. Henry van Dyke spoke only a few simple words and Joseph Twichell came from Hartford and delivered brokenly a prayer from a heart wrung with double grief, for Harmony, his wife, was nearing the journey's end, and a telegram that summoned him to her death-bed came before the services ended."

The very fullness of all their years together gave to the end but a more bitter touch of pathos.

—LAWRENCE PERRY, in *The New York Evening Post*.

WAR MEMORIALS

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR"]

SIR,—Limavady is to be congratulated on the form which its War Memorial is to take. There can surely be no more useful kind of commemoration than that of providing a community with an Institution which will cater, under a single roof, for a variety of much-felt local needs which are unlikely to be supplied in any other way. With the spirit of comradeship which the war has fostered there has come a desire, now very widespread, that every community should possess a building where—free from sectarian, party political, or class control—the men and women of the district can meet for social, recreative, educational, or utilitarian purposes, and in which the spirit of comradeship and co-operation can be fostered and find full and free expression.

Your correspondent Mr. Boyle invites suggestions respecting the architectural details to be considered in the provision of such a building. As one who, for many years past, has made a close study of this subject I may perhaps be allowed to state my experience; it may be of some use to him and to others who are also contemplating that the War Memorial to be set up in their midst should take the same eminently sensible form.

Institute buildings are usually of two types; (1) the dwelling-house type; or (2) the public-hall type. In the former the available space is divided up into various rooms (e.g., library or reading-room, billiard-room, games-room, refreshment bar or counter, committee-room, and the like.) All these apartments are more or less small and disconnected, and are designed to make the building serve the purposes of a social club. In the second type of building the main idea—which is kept steadily in view in the planning—is that of securing a large and well-proportioned room capable of holding a few score, or some hundreds, of people, as the case may be, and of adapting it for use not merely

for the primary purposes of a library and reading-room, but also for lectures, classes, debates, musical festivals, dramatic performances, to say nothing of concerts and social gatherings, public and committee meetings, and—not least of all—as a home and meeting-place for the local Friendly Societies and numerous other homeless agencies to be found in any community which have no town or town hall to seek refuge in the public-house.

By well-thought-out planning and by the use of movable glazed partitions this comprehensive object can be attained. So striking is the difference in utility which attends the adoption of the one type building as compared with the other that I feel that I cannot too strongly emphasize the very important part which careful planning, the outcome of practical experience in this field, and not merely of amateurish or even professional effort—must necessarily play in any scheme of social and educational development which may be attempted through the medium of a Village Institute. In my view there is little to be said in favor of the first of the above-mentioned types of building which cannot be urged in favor of the latter, whilst, on the other hand, the convertible public-hall type possesses features of superiority which make it unquestionably the one which is best adapted to its manifold purposes.

In an Institute situated in a lonely Welsh valley, and for the founding of which as a memorial to local poets I was largely responsible, it has been found possible to combine, in a single compact and inexpensive building, the provision which enables it to be used (though not, of course, at one and the same time) for the very varied purposes of a library, reading-room, smoking and games room, and café, besides serving such public uses as those of an occasional Petty Sessions Court-house, weekly bank, boardroom for the local District and Parish Councils, as well as of a public hall for meetings, concerts, lectures, and dramatic performances. For the latter we have contrived (out of what would otherwise be waste basement space) two retiring rooms for the performers, and not omitted such items as footlights, drop-curtains, and other stage accessories. In addition, the Institute possesses a good bathroom (with hot and cold water) for the use of the villagers and visitors, a five-roomed cottage for the caretaker, and an acetylene-gas installation.

I shall be glad (on receipt at my London address of a stamped and addressed envelope) to send to your correspondent and to other of your readers who may be interested in what I believe to be as useful a form of War Memorial as can be devised, a copy of the ground-plan and elevation of our little building, which, I may add, has well stood the test of nearly eight years' use, and, as an institution, has paid its way from the start.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ALFRED T. DAVIES,
President of the "Ceirion" Memorial Institute, Glyn, near Chirk, Denbighshire.
Reform Club, Pall Mall, S. W. 1.

[We may add that Sir Alfred Davies speaks with special authority concerning Village Institutes. He has been consulted on this subject by the Reconstruction Committee, and his memorandum, which we have seen, shows an intimate knowledge of what has been and what can be done in this direction.—Ed. *Spectator*.—*The Spectator*.]

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

FOR SALE—Desirable property, known as the Bradford property, situated on the harbor side of Water 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.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the GRAND MANAN TELEPHONE COMPANY, Limited, will be held at the office of George E. Dalzell, Castalia, in the Parish of Grand Manan, on Thursday, the Sixteenth day of January, A. D., 1919, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

W. A. FRASER,
President.

CAMPBELLO

FOR SALE—Eleven room dwelling house and outbuildings with nine acres of first class farm and garden, Herring Cove Road, Campbello. Commodious sheds, stable, and henery buildings, all in good condition; about three-quarters of a mile from Herring Cove Beach; well situated for permanent or summer occupation, and for summer boarders, market gardening; near telegraph and telephone, and ferry connections with Eastport and Lubec. For further particulars apply, F. H. GRIMMER, St. Andrews, N. B.

22-tf.

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

MINIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME
PHASES OF THE MOON

January					
New Moon, 2nd	4h. 24m., a.m.				
First Quarter, 9th	6h. 55m., a.m.				
Full Moon, 16th	4h. 44m., a.m.				
Last Quarter, 24th	0h. 22m., a.m.				
New Moon, 31st	7h. 7m., p.m.				

Day of Month	Day of Week	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	H. Water a.m.	H. Water p.m.	L. Water a.m.	L. Water p.m.
Jan.							
12 Sun		8:10	5:02	8:03	8:34	1:47	2:26
13 Mon		8:10	5:04	9:04	9:36	2:58	3:35
14 Tue		8:10	5:05	10:01	10:33	4:03	4:36
15 Wed		8:09	5:06	10:53	11:25	5:01	5:30
16 Thur		8:09	5:06	11:42	12:08	5:54	6:20
17 Fri		8:08	5:07	12:29	12:53	6:43	7:08
18 Sat		8:08	5:07	1:00	1:15	7:29	7:53

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:

	H.W.	L.W.
Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min.
Seal Cove, " 30 min.
Fish Head, " 11 min.
Welshpool Campo., 6 min.	8 min.	8 min.
Eastport, Me., 7 min.	13 min.	13 min.
L'Etang Harbor, 7 min.	13 min.	13 min.
Lepreau Bay, 9 min.	15 min.	15 min.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS, CUSTOMS

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

EXPORTS

H. D. Chaffey, Sub. Collector
W. Hazen Carson, Sub. Collector
Charles Dixon, Sub. Collector
L. I. Trearthen, Sub. Collector
D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer
J. A. Newman, Prev. Officer

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

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

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

R. A. STUART, HIGH SHERIFF
Time of Sittings of Courts in the County of Charlotte:—
CIRCUIT COURT: 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

SHIPPING NEWS

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Entered Foreign
Jan. 2 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.
2 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.
3 Mt. Schr. Fred & Norman Cheney, Eastport.
4 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.
8 Mt. Schr. Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.

Cleared Foreign
Jan. 2 Mt. Barge Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.
3 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.
4 Stmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.
8 Mt. Barge, Julia & Gertie, Calder, Eastport.

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 Campbello—Daily
Arrives: 12 m.
Closes: 1:30 p.m.
All Mails for Registration must be Posted half hour previous to the Closing of Ordinary Mail.

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS

Thursday, January 2nd
Send for Catalogue

S. Kerr, Principal

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S. S. Company
After June 1, and until further notice, the line will leave Grand Manan, Monday 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, Campbello, and Eastport.
Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a. m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a. m. Both ways via Campbello, Eastport, Cummings' Cove, and St. Andrews.
Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a. m., returning 1:30 p. m. Both ways via Campbello, Eastport, and Cummings' Cove.
Atlantic Daylight Time.
SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7:30 a. m., for Black Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.
Leaves Black Harbor Monday, two hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Lettice or Back Bay.
Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening of Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black Harbor.
Leaves Dipper Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Black Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor.
Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, a. m., Thursday.
Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehousing Co., Ltd., Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors.

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

CHURCH SERVICES

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. (7:30 a. 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 Ames, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7:30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

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

By the united alphabets, and inscriptions say positively, the Vondervotteimittis I origin, in precisely which it at present date of this origin, he I can only speak v indefinite definiteness cians are, at times, fo in certain algebraic I I may thus say, in n ness of its antiquity, any assignable quant Touching the deri Vondervotteimittis, I sorrow, equally at fa tude of opinions upo some acute, some lea ly the reverse, I am a which ought to be co Perhaps the idea of coincident with that to be cautiously pr "Vondervotteimittis— Votteimittis, quasi obol: pro Billion." say the truth, is st some traces of the e on the summit of the of the Town-Council however, to commit s such importance, a reader desirous of "Orainville de Robt Duvoygote. See, a "De Derivationibus." Gothic edit, Red at Catchword and No consult, also, margin graph of Stuffudpuf mentaries of Gruntau Notwithstanding thus envelops the d of Vondervotteimittis

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