

Lieut. Fenton And His Boys

Lieutenant Roger Fenton had a lump in his throat when he said good-bye to his boys. There they were in a bunch on the station platform, the ten cheery and wayward lads into whom he had sought to instill the fear of God on Tuesday evenings in winter, and with whom he had rambled and played cricket every Saturday afternoon in summer.

Boys of fourteen to seventeen are a tough proposition, and though Fenton would answer for their bowling and batting he wasn't over sanguine about their religion. They had filled a big place in his lonely life in the dull little country town, and now he had to leave them and lose them. For the great call had reached him, and he bore the King's commission, and in his heart of hearts he had the feeling that he would never come back.

Now the chaff and the parting words of good luck were over, and the train was panting to be off. "Boys," he cried suddenly. "I want you to do something for me, something hard."

"Anything you like, sir," they answered eagerly.

But their faces fell when they heard their teacher's word. "Look here, it's this: You'll meet in the old place every Tuesday evening for a few minutes, and pray for me that I may do my duty, and, if it please God, that I may come back to you all. And I'll pray for you at the same time, even if I'm in the thick of battle. Is it a bargain?"

I wish you had seen the dismay on those ten faces. It was any odds on their blurring out a shamefaced refusal, but Ted Harper, their acknowledged chief, pulled himself together just in time, and called out as the train began to move. "We'll do it, sir; I don't know how we'll manage it, but we'll do our best. We'll not go back on you."

As Fenton sank back into his corner he was aware of the mocking looks of his brother officers. "I say," said one of them, "you don't really think those chaps are going to hold a prayer meeting for you every week, and if they did you can't believe it would stop a German bullet or turn a German shell. It's all very well to be pious, but that's a bit too thick."

Fenton flushed, but he took it in good part. "Prayer's a big bit of our religion," he said, "and I've a notion these prayers will help me. Anyhow I'm sure

Notice of Sale

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the terms of a warrant issued by the Secretary of the Municipality of Carleton County and according to the provisions of Section Eighty five (85) of Chapter twenty one of the Acts of the Province of New Brunswick, entitled "An Act to Consolidate and Amend Chapter 170 of the Consolidated Statutes, 1903, respecting Rates and Taxes" the said warrant being dated the Fifteenth day of November, A. D. 1915, there will for default in the payment of School taxes be sold at public auction in front of the Court House in The Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton, on Saturday the Twenty fifth day of February A. D. 1916, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of the said day to the highest bidder (therefor so much of the Real Estate assessed in the name of The Sussex Boot & Shoe Company lying and being in the Parish of Aberdeen in the County of Carleton aforesaid, as will be sufficient to pay the sum of Twenty four Dollars and seventy seven cents being the amount assessed for County School taxes against the said The Sussex Boot & Shoe Company for the years 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 and 1912 together with the further sum of Ten Dollars and Forty five cents costs and expenses to the date of issue of said warrant and the further sum of fifty cents for the said warrant, making in all the sum of Thirty five Dollars and seventy two cents, now unpaid, and also for costs and charges attending this Notice and Sale hereunder and recovery of said assessment. The said real Estate assessed in the name of The Sussex Boot & Shoe Company to be sold as aforesaid, being described as follows.—All that certain lot of land situate in Glassville in the Parish of Aberdeen, County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick, viz: Beginning at a post standing on the North West corner of a lot number 169 granted to Samuel Foster Junior, thence South 72 degrees and 30 minutes east sixty six chains and seventy five links, thence north seventeen degrees and thirty minutes east fourteen chains and eighty seven links, thence north seventy two degrees and thirty minutes west seventy chains and fifty links to a post standing on the westerly side a roadway road, thence south ten degrees and thirty minutes west fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as lot number 130 in block four being same land deeded to The Sussex Boot and Shoe Company by Edward Foster and wife by deed registered in Book S Number two of records on page 786 and following pages.

Dated at Woodstock in the said County of Carleton this Twentieth day of November, A. D. 1915.

John R. Tompkins, Sheriff of the County of Carleton.

my lads will do their part. Where Ted Harper leads, they follow."

And sure enough, the boys did their part. It was fine to see them starting out in the wrong direction, and twisting and doubling through the crooked lanes till they worked round to the Mission Hill, and then in with a rush and a scuffle, that as few as possible might see.

The doings of the Fenton crowd, as they were known locally, were the talk of the town in those first days after Roger departed. Would they meet? Would they keep it up? Would they bear the ridicule of the other boys of their own age? And how in the world would they pray?

Time answered all these questions except the last. They met, they continued to meet, they faced ridicule like heroes. But how did they pray? That mystery was as deep and insoluble as before, for, whatever awful oath of secrecy bound them to silence, not a whisper of the doings of those Tuesday evenings was divulged to the outside world.

I was the only one who ever knew and I found out by chance. Ted Harper had borrowed "Fights for the Flag" from me, and when I got it back there was a soiled piece of paper in it with something written in Ted's ungainly hand. I thought he had been copying a passage, and, anxious to see what had struck him, I opened the sheet out and read these words:—

"O God, it's a hard business praying but Roger made me promise. And you know how decent he's been to me and the crowd. Listen to us now, and excuse the wrong words, and bring him back safe. And, O God, make him the bravest soldier that ever was, and give him the V. C. That's what we all want for him. And don't let the war be long, for Christ's sake. Amen."

I felt a good deal ashamed of myself when I came to the end of this artless prayer. I had got their secret. I could see them kneeling round the Mission forms, two or three with crumpled papers in their hands. They were unutterably shy of religious expression, and to read was their only chance. The boys on whom the fatal lot fell the previous Tuesday were bound to appear with their written devotions a week later.

This war has given us back the supernatural, but no miracle seems more wonderful to me than those ten lads

and their ill written prayers. And remember, that liturgical service lasted six months, and never a break in the Tuesday meeting. What a grand thing a boy's heart is when you capture its loyalty and its affection!

It was a black day when the new game. The local Territorials had advanced too far on the wing of a gro offensive and had been almost annihilated. The few survivors had dug themselves in and held on till that bitter Tuesday faded into darkness and night. When relief came, no man was left alive. He was wounded in four places but he was still loading and firing, and he wept when they picked him up and carried him away for first aid. The solitary hero, absolutely the only survivor of our local regiment, was Lieutenant Roger Fenton, V. C.

When his wounds were healed and the King had done the needful bit of decoration, we got him home. We did not make the fuss they did in some places. Our disaster was too awful and the pathos of that solitary survivor too piercing.

But some of us were at the station and there in the front row were the ten men of prayer. Poor Roger quite broke down when he saw them. And he could find no words to thank them. But he wrung their hands till they winced with the pain of that iron grip.

That night I got the chance of a talk with him alone. He was too modest to tell me anything of his own great exploit. But there was evidently something he wanted to say, and it was as if he did not know how to begin. At last he said:—

"I have a story to tell that not on in fifty would listen to. That Tuesday evening when I was left alone, and no given up all hope. I remembered it was the hour of the old meeting, and I kept my promise and prayed for the boys in my class. Then everything around me faded from my mind, and I saw the dear lads in the Mission Room at prayer. I don't mean that I went back in memory, I knew with an absolute certainty that I was there, invisible, in the night's meeting. Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot say, but there I was, watching and listening."

"How wonderful!" I said. "That's not all, there's something stranger still," he went on. "They were kneeling on the floor, and Ted Harper was reading a prayer, and when it was done they said 'Amen,' as with one voice. I counted to see if they were all there. I got to ten right enough, but I did not stop there. I counted again, and this is the odd thing. There were eleven of them."

In my dream, or vision, or trance, call it what you will, I was vaguely troubled by this unexpected number. I saw the ten troop out in their old familiar way, and I turned back to find the eleven, and to speak, to him, I felt his presence still, and was glad of it, for the trouble and perplexity were all gone, and in their place a great expectation.

"I seemed to know the very place where he had been kneeling, and I hurried forward. But there was nothing to be seen, nothing but the well remembered text staring down at me from the wall.—'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' I remembered no more. till I found myself in the Base Hospital. But of course I knew then how I had been saved, and what my boys had done for me."

NOTICE.

Will the people please take notice that I am prepared to FRAME and ENLARGE in both FLAT and OVAL style. Have the best stock of MOULDINGS, MIRRORS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES, TESTAMENTS and FRUIT PICTURES that I ever had. Also a nice stock of CHRISTMAS MOTTOES. Some new styles.

Henry J. Seelye, Somerville, Car. Co. N. B.

"It makes a man feel strange to have his life given back to him like that; it's as if God would expect a great deal in return. But there's a stronger feeling still in my heart. I believe the lads got their answer not for my sake but for their own. Think what it means to them. They've got their feet now on the rock of prayer. They know the truth of God, I'm not sure, but I don't think I'll tell them that I saw Christ in their midst. They know it in their own way, and perhaps their own way, is best."

And as he said it I saw that Lieutenant Roger Fenton was prouder of his boys than of his Victoria Cross.—"The Church of Scotland Magazine."

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British Blockade May Force The German Navy To Fight

New York, Jan. 15.—An official of the British Admiralty, who arrived yesterday with despatches from London, brought news that the German battleship fleet left its anchorage in the Kiel Canal, where it had been since the beginning of the war, and made three sorties on December, 15 16 and 17. The fleet did not succeed in finding the British North Sea fleet, because they went along the coast by the mouth of the Elbe and through the Bight of Heligoland, and did not venture outside the lines of mines that had been laid down by them.

The British battleships cannot go inside Heligoland, the official said, "because of mines and submarines and the shoals, which render navigation inside the Bight and along the shore very dangerous."

In explanation of the German manoeuvre, the official said: "The real food riots at Berlin and other cities in Germany early in December and the feeling among the people have grown so strong over the British blockade that the naval vessels were forced to leave the Kiel Canal and make a pretence of searching for our warships."

"The blockade is going to be drawn tighter than ever now in an endeavor to cut off the enemy's food supply and we expect that the Kaiser's fleet will be compelled to steam out past Heligoland into the North Sea. Then the biggest naval battle in the world's history will take place."

"Our North Sea fleet is keeping a bright lookout day and night for the Germans to come out. It has mother ships with eight and ten hydro-aeroplanes on board which are continuously making ascents to observations of the enemy's fleet."

"The battle for the supremacy of the seas will come without warning and may take place at any time. All preparations have been made along the east coast of England for taking care of the wounded and hospital ships are waiting ready to go out and bring the injured ashore."

The official went on to say that the recent Tautonic submarine activity in the Mediterranean would be taken off by the British alone and that effective protection would be given the merchant vessels. The trouble had been that the guarding of shipping against submarine attacks had been under dual control, certain sections under the French and other portions under the British. This had been all changed, he added, and the patrolling of the routes from Gibraltar to Alexandria, was under the British Admiralty.

The official asserted that it was well known in Paris and London that the large submarines, reported by merchant vessels in the Mediterranean, were German, because Austria had no submarines of such a size."

The Kaiser's Health.

(St. John Globe.) Commenting on the conflicting reports about the Kaiser's health, the Boston Globe humorist says:

The Kaiser was cheered as he rode through the streets; the Kaiser has summoned his children and his brother and sister to his bedside; the Kaiser lunched with several of the leading statesmen of Germany; the Kaiser is slowly dying of cancer and can hardly speak above a whisper; the Kaiser has just personally tested a new type of airship and pronounced it very satisfactory; the Kaiser—well, read the papers, they contain both London and Berlin despatches.

The writer failed to note that they also contain interesting despatches from neutral nations, and that these make as frequent references to the Kaiser's health as do those from either London or Berlin. What the truth is Germany has been at considerable pains

to suppress, but even the German censorship could not conceal from the world knowledge that the Kaiser has been ill. Twice at least, since the war started, he has been compelled to call in the aid of physicians. The first time an operation, of a nature never fully explained, was necessary. What was the treatment in his latest illness is even more carefully guarded, but it is possible by piecing together items of news to conclude that his illness was sufficient to compel the cancellation of his proposed visit to Constantinople and to force other changes in his plans. He may not be seriously ill, but he is far from well, and small wonder the war has lasted long enough to convince him it can have but one ending. That ending will not be a pleasant one for the man who started it.

FREDERICTON

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Berlin Landlords Out Five Millions Rent

WAR IS bringing ruin to Berlin landlords. At a meeting of their Mutual Protective Association just held it was announced that they have lost to date more than \$5,000,000 in unpaid rents, and in many cases can no longer meet the interest on the mortgages, which plaster all German improved property two and three times over. They resolved to petition the government to pass an emergency law, whereby it shall not be legal to fore-close a mortgage on tenanted property, for one or two years after the conclusion of peace. One speaker declared that the war had dealt landlords of Berlin's 42,000 rented buildings (mostly blocks of flats), such a blow that foreclosing ought to be prohibited until three or five years after the war.

Plan Real Air Raid

London, Jan. 12.—The "Daily Mail" says that this morning the British War Office was engaged by Squadron Commander Billing, who says he resigned his commission in the Naval Air Service for the purpose of advising more efficient defense of London against impending air raids.

The writer asserts that the Germans are actively preparing for a raid on a most extensive death-dealing scale, compared with which all the previous raids were child's play.

"Conary to the general belief," he says, "it is not Zeppelins alone that this country will have to meet. Germany is completing large numbers of bomb-dropping aeroplanes capable of carrying big loads of missiles enormous distances. These obviously are intended to be used against England and probably against London."

The writer asks: "Has the Government taken steps to meet this peril?" and answers his question by saying:

"The aerial defence of London has been neglected from the outset."