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'Phone 77; manager, Lewis Connors, Black's Harbor, N. B.
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The Beacon

VOL. 26 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1915 NO. 28

THE LITTLE PEOPLES

THE Pharaohs trampled on us in their day,
As slaves we trod the streets of Babylon,
The Roman Eagles found in us their prey,
Yet we remain, and all our lords are gone.

Innumerable as the starry host,
Or sand of the seashore, the Persian came;
We met him undismayed by threat and boast,
And flung him back to ruin and to shame.

Between the brimming sea and level land,
We learned the secret of the strong and free,
Not Philip's might, not Alva's ruthless hand,
Could rob us of our birthright — liberty.

And ye, O few in numbers, great of heart!
In you hath glowed once more the undying flame,
Loss, anguish, death itself, have been your part,
Loss could not daunt yon, death nor anguish tame.

In you the heroic past hath lived again,
Through you the days to come shall fairer be,
Nor one of all your brave have fallen in vain,
O little people of the Northern sea!

— Dr Paul Neuman in the *Spectator*.

A FISHERMAN

THE steamer scrunched against the pier, the gangway plank was drawn back slowly, and with as great an effort as it had weighed a ton, by the West Highland tweed-clad semi-sailors, semi-longshore men. The little groups of drovers separated, each following its fuglemen to the nearest public-house. The ropes were cast off from the belaying pins, and whisked like serpents over the slippery slime-covered boards: a collie dog holding on to one of them by its teeth was dragged to the very edge, amongst a shower of Gaelic oaths.

Then with a snort and plunge the "Islesman" met the south-west swell coming up past Pladda from the Mull. The wandering Willie, with his fiddle in a green baize bag, stripped off its cover, and got to work in the wild wind and drizzling rain, at reels, strathspeys, laments, and all the minor music which has from immemorial time been our delight in Scotland, although, no doubt, it is as terrifying to the Southern as when the bagpipes skirl. His dog beside him, a mere mongrel, looking like a dirty mop, and yet with something half pathetic, half ridiculous about him, sat holding round his neck a battered can for pence. The fiddler, bandy-legged and dressed in heather mixture tweed, which gave out fumes of peat reek, snuff, and stale whisky, stood by the forebits, and round him clustered all the heterogeneous "heids and thraws" of the population of the West Highlands, Glasgow and Greenock, and the other towns upon the Firth of Clyde. Gently the steamer glided through the Kyles of Bute, left Toward Point on her port bow, and headed for Dunoon. And as she steamed along, passing the varied scenery of mist-capped mountain, and of stormy loch, the peaks of Arran in the distance like a gigantic saddle hung outlined in the clouds. The passengers, for the most part, seemed to see nothing but each other's clothes and personal defects, after the fashion of so many travellers, who, with their shells of prejudice borne on their backs as they were snails, go out to criticise that which they could have seen to just as great advantage in their homes. Amongst them was a man dressed in a greasy "stan' o' black," who, at first sight, appeared to be what we in Scotland call a "goin' aboot body," and recognise as having quite a status in the land. His clothes, originally black, had borne the labour, whisky, and the rain of many a funeral. He did not seem a townsman, for he had that wizened, weather-beaten look which, once a sailor, never leaves a man this side the grave. At once you saw that he had made his bread in ships, or boats, or in some way upon that element on which those who go down to it in brigs "smell hell," as the old shellback said who heard the passage in the Bible on the wonders of the deep.

Hard bread it is; damned hard, as the old admiral told his sacred majesty, the fourth William, who asked him whether he had been bred up to the sea.

The nondescript, at least, cared not an atom for the others on the boat, but seemed to know each inlet, stone and islet on the coast. He carried a geranium cutting in a little pot, hedged round with half a newspaper to shield it from the wind, and as the sun fell on the hills of "Argyle's bowling-green," broke out into a rhapsody, half born of whisky and half of that perfervidness which is the heritage of every Scot.

"There shall be no more sea,' no a wise like saying of John, though he was sort o' doited in Patmos; what had the body got against the sea?"

"I followed it myself twal year. First in an auld rickle o' a boat, at Machrihanish, and syne wi' the herrin' fishers about Loch Fyne. Man, a gran' life the sea. Whiles I am sorry that I left; but aurl sacra fames, ye mind. Nae mair sea! Set John up. But the mountains, the mountains, will remain. Thank the Lord for the mountains."

No one responding to his remarks, he turned to me, observing that I looked an "eddicated man."

"Aye, ou aye, I mind I made a matter of five hundred pund at the herrin' fishin', and then, ye ken, I thocht I saw potentialities (gran' word, potentiality) of being rich, rich beyond the dreams of avrice, as that auld carle, Dr. Johnson, said. Johnson, ye ken, he that keepit a skule, and ca'ed it an academy, as auld Boswell said. A sort o' randy body yon Boswell, man, though he gied us a guid book. Many's the time I hae lauched over it. Puir, silly deevil, but with an eye untill him like a corbie for detail. Details, ye ken, are just the vertebræ of the world. Ye canna do without detail. What did I do? Losh me, I had most forgot. Will ye tak' an apple? It'll keep doun the drouth. Scotch apples are the best apples in the world, but I maun premise I like apples sour, as the auld leddie said.

"Na—weel, ye're maybe right, apples are sort o' wersh without speerits. Bonny wee islands, yon Cumbraes, the wee yin lik a dunter's heid, the big yin, a braw place for fishin'.

"Whitin' Bay, ye ken, just beyond where the monument for they puir midshipmen stands. An awfu' coast, I mind three laddies, some five and thirty year syne, from up aboot England gaein' oot in a lugsail boat from the Largs. Ane o' they easterly haars cam' on. They just come doon like a judgment of God on this coast—ye canna escape them, nor it. Aye weel, I'll no say no, a judgment, a special judgment o' divine providence, just fa's like a haar, fa's on the just and the unjust alike. Na, na, I'm no meanin' any disrespeck to providence, weel do I ken which side my hannock's buttered . . . The laddies, the easterly wind just drave them aff the coast, in a wee bit boatie, and had it no' been ane o' them was a sailor laddie, they would ne'er a' won back. Wondrous are His ways, whiles He saves those that never would be missed, and whiles. . . . Do I no believe in the efficacy o' prayer. Hoots aye, that is I'm no sure. Whiles a man just works his knees into horn wi' prayin' for what might profit him, that is, profit him in this world ye see, and providence doesna steer for a' his prayin'. Whiles a man just puts up a supplication for some speeritual matter, and the Lord just answers him before the man is sure he wants the object of his prayer.

"The Cumbraes, sort o' backlyin' islands, but the folk that live on them hae a guid conceit. Sort o' conceity, the bit prayer, the minister in Millport used to pit up for the adjawcent islands o' Great Britain and Ireland, ye'll mind it, ye that seem to be a sort o' eddicated man.

"Yer lookin' at the bit gerawnium, Sort of tragica) that gerawnium, if you regard the matter pheelosophically. I tell't you that I aince made a bit o, money at the herrin' fishin'. Shares in a boat or twa. Man, I was happy then, a rough life the fishin,' but vera satisfyin'. Just an element o' gambling aboot it that endears it to a man. Aye, ou aye, the sea, I ken it noo, I see why I lik't the life sae weel. I left it then though, just like a collie dog feels the hills, although he doesna ken it. I always fancy that collies look kind o' oot o' place in Glesca.

"A collie dog, ye ken, would rather hear a West Hielandman swear at him in Gaelic than an English leddy ca' him a' the pets in the world. It's no his fault, it's no the swearin' that he likes, but jest the tone o' voice. A gran' language the Gaelic, profanity in it just sounds like poetry in any other tongue.

"Weel, a fisherman is just like a collie dog, he'd rather hear the tackle run through the sheaves o' the blocks than a' the kists o' whistles in the Episcapalian churches up aboot Edinburgh. And then the sea, dam't I canna tell why I still ettle to get back to it. It took ma fayther, maist o' ma brithers, and the feak o' ma folk. It's maybe that it's the element o' uncertainty there again, but dam't I dinna right know what it is, except that when ye since get the salt doon into the soul ye ken, ye canna get it oot again. That is, no' on this side the grave. I wouldna have left it, had it not been ma mither, threep, threepin' on me . . . aye, and the auri sacra fames.

". . . Bonny the Largs looks, eh? Gin its no the view of Cuchullin, the hills of Arran frae the Largs is the brawest view in Scotland. That is for a man that likes the sea. But I see I'm wearyin' ye wi' ma clash. Ye'd maybe like to see the *Herald*. . . . I hae Bogatsky in my bawg; Bogatsky's 'Golden Treasury,' but maybe its no greatly read in your body. Fine old-fashioned book Bogatsky, nae taint o' latter-day Erastianism aboot it. Na, na, I'se warrant ye the man compiled Bogatsky gied his congregation mony a richt shake abuna the pit. Tophet, ye ken, the real old, what I might ca' the constitutional Tophet, before they hung thermometers aboot the walls, in case the temperature should gae ower high."

The steamer, after plunging uneasily beside the pier at Largs for sufficient time to let a knot of drovers, each with his dog led by a piece of twine, and holding in their hands hooked hazel sticks, reel off towards the town, and to allow the passengers (who did not mark it) space to view the beauties of the place, the little river brawling through the town, and the long bit of sea-swept grass on which goats pasture fixed to chains, and get a living on the scanty herbage, eked out with bottles, bones and sardine tins, turned eastward once again towards the Clyde.

She ran past Fairlie, with its cliffs all clothed in oak and hazel copse. The passengers by this time being "michtily refreshed," as was the chairman of the curling Club at Coupar-Angus, after his fifteenth tumbler, threw sandwich bags and bottles overboard, and took to dancing on the deck. The elders gathered into knots, talked politics, religion, or with much slapping of red hands upon their knees, enjoyed indecent tales, after the fashion of the Puritan, who though his creed enjoys a modest life, yet places no embargo on the speech. So it is said an Irishman in Lent, meeting a friend who remarked that he was drunk, rejoined, "Sure, God Almighty never set a fast upon the drink."

My philosophic friend and I watched the athletic sports, and when the lassies skirled as partners pinched them, or in the joy of life, which manifests itself in divers ways, and usually in some unseemly fashion when the two sexes meet, he wagged a moralising head, and freely poured out his philosophy.

"Man Rabbie, . . . ye'll hae Burns . . . Rabbie kenned his courtrymen Man, Rabbie kent us better than he kent himsel', I sometimes think. Aye, ou aye, ye canna mak' a saint o' Rabbie. Saints, ye ken, are weel enough in books, but sort o' weary bodies to live wi', they must hae been, the feck o' them. I didna tell ye though aboot the bit gerawnium. I hae it in the cabin, for fear they cattle micht sit doon on it; ye mind auld Walter Scott, the time he pouched the glass George IV. drank oot o', and then fair dang it into flinders on the road hame? Kind o' weak o' Scott, pouchin' yon glass; a bonny carle, yon George, to touch folk for the King's evil . . . but ou aye, the gerawnium, I mind it.

"Ye see a' my potentialities of growing rich werena just realised. I wrocht twa year in Glesca, ane in Edinburgh, syne sax in Brig o' Weir, whiles takin' a bit flutter on the Stock Exchange. Rogues they fellies on the Exchange, ettlin' to mak' their siller without honest toil. Na, na; I ken what ye're goin' to say—if I had won, I wouldna' hae misca'ed them. Pairfectly reasoned, sir; but then ye ken when a man loses, the chap that gets his siller is aye a rogue. Weel, weel, many's the time I wished masel back at Tobermory in the bit boat, wi' the bonny weetanned lug, fishin', like the Apostles. Weel, I ken why the Lord found His first followers amongst fishermen. Simple folk, ye see, and wi' the gamblin' element weel developed; no like yer hinds—slave, slavin' at the ground—but oot upon the lake, yon sea of Galilee, ye mind; a sort o' loch, just like Loch Fyne, as I hae thocht. When ye sit in the boat, keepin' her full and by, fechtin, the sea, your eye just glancin' on the waves, it kind o' maks ye gleg to risk a wee. Nae fears we'll get another preacher like the Lord; but if we did, there wouldna be a fisherman, from Tobermory doun to the Cruives o' Cree that wouldna follow him. I'se warrant them. Dour folk, the fishers, but venturesome; and a' the time I wrocht aboot thae stinkin' towns. I ettled to get back. I aye went ance a year to see our mither; she just stops aboot twa miles west of Tobermory, and I aye tak back ane of they gerawniums in a pot. Why do I no stop there when I win back, ye say? Aye, there's the mystery of it, the sort o' tragedy as I was tellin' ye when we cam through the Kyles.

"Ye see . . . spot yon lassie wi' the sunset hair, ane o' the lang backit, short-leggit West Highland kind, built like a kyloe, just gars me think upon yon woman of Samaria . . . I'm haverin' . . . weel, the fack is I canna stop at hame. Tak' a West Hielan' stirk, and put him in a park, doon aboot Falkirk, or in the Lothians, and maybe, at the first, he doesna' thrive, misses the Hielan' grass maybe, and the gran' wind that blaws across the sea. Syne, he gets habeetuated, and if ye take him back to the north, maybe he couldna bide. That's just ma ain case, sir.

"Weel do I mind the auld braw days; a herrin' never tastes sae weel as just fresh caught and brandered in the boat. I mind yon seinin' too, sic splores we had, aye and a feck o' things come back to me when I am in the toon. The peat reek, and a' the comfortable clarty ways we had; the winter nights, when the wind blew fit to tak' aff the flauchter feals o' the old cottage. I mind them a'. That is, I dinna care to mind."

And as we talked, the steamer slipped past Wemyss Bay, left the Cloch Lighthouse on the left hand, and passed by Inverkip, slid close by Gourock, and then opened up the valley of the Clyde. Greenock with all its smoky chimneys rose in view, sending a haze of fog into the air. The timber in the ponds upon the shore surged to and fro against the railings as the steamer's swell lifted it slowly, and then settled down again to season in the mud. Dumbarton Rock showed dimly, and the river narrowed; the fairway marks showing the channel like a green ribbon winding through mud banks, as the vessels drew towards the pier.

Gathering their packages and parcels, and smoothing out their clothes, the passengers passed down the gangway, laughing and pushing one another in their haste to get away.

The man with the geranium in the pot still lingered, looking back towards the sea. Then, gathering up his traps and tucking his umbrella underneath his arm, prepared to follow them.

"Good-bye," he said, "we hae had a pleasant crack, I'll just be off and daunder up the toon. Doddered and poor, and a wee thing addicted to strong drink, strong drink, ye ken, speerits, that maketh glad the heart o' man; neither a fisher nor a townsman, a sort o' failure, as ye may say, I am. Good-bye, ye seem a sort o' eddicated man. . . . Na, na, I will na drop it, never fear. I broacht it a' the way from Tobermory, and ye ken, sir, Greenock is no' a guid place for gerawniums after all."

He stumbled out along the gangway plank, his rusty "stan o' black" looking more storm-worn and ridiculous than ever in the evening sun. Holding his flower-pot in his hand, wrapped round with newspaper, he passed out of my sight amongst the crowd, and left we wondering if the flower in the pot would live, and he return, and die in Tobermory, by the sea.

From *Success*, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Duckworth & Co. 2s.6d., net.

LIVED 25 DAYS UNDER RUINS

Rome, Feb. 8—Red Cross workers in the earthquake ruins at Paterno yesterday heard faint moans, and on delving into debris excavated a man named Cairolo, who had been imprisoned there for twenty-five days. The man, who is thirty-three years old, had had nothing but some water during this time. He was uninjured, and when taken in an automobile to the nearest town was able to alight from the machine without assistance.

MYSTERY SURROUNDS DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN GILBERT

Mystery surrounds the disappearance of John Gilbert, a young man from the Old Country, who worked on Grand Manan over a year ago and was last heard of in Portland, Maine, and his mother Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, of 25 Benson, Mt. Pleasant, Liverpool, England, has been writing pathetic letters imploring assistance in trying to locate her son. She first wrote to the British Consul in New York who referred her to the Lieut. Governor of the province, who turned her letter over to Scott Guptill, M. L. A., of Grand Manan, where young Gilbert was working when he wrote his last letter home.

Mrs. Gilbert in her letter said she was a widow with six children, and that her son John, who is about 25 years of age, had been in the habit of writing home every month and sending her money. The last letter she received from him was a year ago last August, and he then spoke of leaving Grand Manan and looking for a chance to go to sea. While on Grand Manan young Gilbert worked with Louis Stanley and Frank Ingersoll, mostly fishing with them. Those who knew him when he was on the Island say he was a quiet, likable chap. He was rather boyish looking, with dark eyes and clean cut features.

When the mother's letter reached Scott Guptill he made inquiries, and learned young Gilbert had left the Island a year ago last September for Portland, but no further trace of him was obtainable. In her letter the mother expresses the fear that her son met with foul play, as she felt certain that if he was still living he would have written home, and that if he had shipped in a vessel which was subsequently lost at sea she would have been notified. — *Standard.*

MEETING OF TOWN COUNCIL

The February monthly meeting of the Town Council was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, 2nd instant. Present: The Mayor, G. King Greenlaw; Aldermen Douglas, Gardiner, Hibbard, Lowrey, McFarlane, O'Neill and Shaw. Absent: Alderman Keay.

Ald. Hibbard, Chairman of the Licence Committee read the following Report:

"The Licence Committee report as follows, viz. That H. W. Chase pay a licence fee of $3.00 per night for all entertainments held in the Andraeleo Hall (apart from the moving pictures) for the year ending Dec. 31, 1915, which is the minimum fee prescribed in Article 5 of the Bye-Laws relating to licence.

"That Ira Stinson pay a licence fee of $25.00 for conducting a Bowling Alley, for the year ending Dec. 31, 1915.

"That the licence fee for Pool and Billiard Rooms be $2.00 for each table, as heretofore, per year ending as above.

"Shooting Gallery, $2.00 for year ending as above.

"Employee engaged with Errol Stinson (Tailor) pay a licence fee of $3.00 per year ending Dec. 31, 1915.

(Signed) G. F. Hibbard
Goodwill Douglas
Albert Shaw
Licence Committee."

The application of James Stoop, Police Magistrate, for an increase of office rent, held over from meeting of Jan. 5, was taken up, and on motion of Ald. Hibbard, seconded by Ald. Douglas, it was agreed that the allowance be increased to $50.00 for the year 1915.

Messrs. Spencer Farmer, R. D. Rigby and Thos. T. Odell were appointed Assessors for the year.

On motion of Ald. Gardiner, seconded by Ald. Douglas, Aldermen A. B. O'Neill and A. C. Shaw were appointed revisors.

Ald. Douglas, delegate to the Charlotte County Council, reported that no action had been taken by the County Council in reference to the application from the Town for aid in extending the sewer of Frederick street to meet the requirements in connexion with the County property. Ald. Douglas stated further, that while a number of the Councillors were willing to agree to assist in the matter, there was strong opposition to granting any aid to the proposed work.

Ald. Lowrey referred to the desirability of an addition to the police force, for an all-night service, After some discussion the matter was held over for further inquiry and consideration.

On motion the following Bills were passed and ordered to be paid:—

Mrs. Jas. McCullough, care of child, Poor,	$ 6.66
Alex. Campbell, repair of Hall,	1.00
W. F. Craig, salary to Dec. 31, 1914,	16.66
	$24.32

E. S. Polleys, Town Clerk

SEVENTY BURGHERS IN SOUTH AFRICA TO BE COURT MARTIALLED

Pretoria, South Africa, Feb. 2 — Pieter Grobler, a member of the parliament of the Union of South Africa, and a grandson of Paul Kruger, has been committed for trial on a charge of treason.

An official announcement issued here sets forth that seventy-one burghers who declined to serve against the Germans in the southwest have been ordered court martialled, Five hundred others who professed willingness to join their commandoes but urged various reasons for exemption will be sent back to their home district, where local boards will inquire into the facts.

THE GERMAN DYNAMITER

Vanceboro, Maine, Feb. 4.—Pending a determination at Washington of his political status, the State to-day made sure of the custody of Werner Horne, the dynamiter, by causing him to be sentenced for thirty days in the county jail, at Machias. It is expected that before the expiration of this period he will be surrendered to the Federal authorities for a hearing on the applications for his extradition to Canada, filed by the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice.

TURKEY GIVES SATISFATCION TO ITALY

Paris, Feb. 7—The incident between Italy and Turkey growing out of the forcible seizure by the Turks of George Alexander Richardson, British Consul at Hodeida, Arabia, while he was a refugee in the Italian Consulate, Hodeida, probably was ended to-day, according to a dispatch to the Havas Agency.

Mr. Richardson was brought to-day before the Italian Consulate in Hodeida, says the dispatch. The Italian flag was flying over the building, and the Turkish authorities rendered honors to it. Mr. Richardson then left on the auxiliary cruiser Empress of India.

The correspondent adds that cordial relations now exist between the Italian Consulate and the local authorities of Hodeida.

FRENCH BOY HERO DECORATED

The *Journal Officiel*, Paris, published on Jan. 15, the notification of an award of a military medal to Francois Ratto, who is not yet 16 years old. At the outset of the campaign he left Mentone with the 27th Chasseurs Alpine, despite the fact that they would not let him enlist, and he has fought ever since, and has proved himself to be one of the bravest in the regiment.

Young Ratto was badly wounded on December 22, his foot having been shot away, but he is as gay as ever. He is the youngest recipient of a military medal since General Hoche in the Revolution of 1793.—*Exchange Telegraph Company.*

GRAND HARBOR

Feb. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Dakin, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Dakin and daughter Julia, who have been spending a few weeks in Boston, returned home last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Gheney are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy at their home.

The Knitting Club was held at Mrs Neil Guptill's last week.

Mrs. John Cronk, who has been on the sick list for some time, is much improved.

Miss Hazel Newton, who has been confined to the house for two weeks from the effects of a fall on the ice, is able to be out again.

Rev. James Mason made a trip to St. John last week, returning by Friday's boat.

CASTALIA

Feb. 8.

Mrs. Frank Griffin who has been visiting her father, Mr. John Zwicker, returned to her home in Lubec, Me., on Saturday.

We are glad to know that our druggist, Geo. E. Dalzell, who has been quite ill for a few days, is able to be out again.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Eastman Bass is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of Whithead, made a flying trip to Castalia this week.

Mr. Robert Middleton, who has been confined to the house for the past six months with rheumatism, has so much improved that he has been able to get out to church again.

CAMPOBELLO

Feb. 8.

A very large congregation was present at the North Road Baptist Church on Sunday afternoon and listened to a fine sermon delivered them by Rev. C. A. Bell, of Hoyts Station. The church for some months has been without a stationed pastor.

Prayer and social services are held Sunday morning and evening at the regular hours. Prayer service on Friday evening, also a young people's Endeavor society meets on Tuesday evening.

Miss Olive Mitchell a professional singer, rendered a beautiful solo "Softly and Tenderly" during the afternoon service, and was very much enjoyed.

Mr. Phillip Calder, who has been confined to the house with sore throat for a few days, is able to be around again.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Matthews and family have been the guests of Mr. Calvin Lank for a few days.

A Red Cross society has recently been organized, and weekly entertainments are being held to raise funds for its benefit. Much interest is being taken by the ladies in the work for the help of the soldiers.

Cherry Island, a small island between West Isles and Campobello, has for the first time in its existence become a settled place, Mr. Oliver Fountain and family having taken up their abode there, and attend the ringing of the bell placed there for the benefit of vessels and boats in bad weather.

WELSHPOOL

Feb. 8.

Miss Doris Calder, one of the most popular young ladies on the Island has gone to St. John for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Viola Parker and Austin Lank are on the sick list.

A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Calder assembled at their home on Saturday evening last, it being the 19th anniversary of their marriage.

The Misses Anna Mitchell and Laura Wilson, of St. Andrews, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Shephard Mitchell recently.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin arrived home from St. John on Saturday.

The Messrs. Norman Lank and Arthur Calder have gone to St. John for the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. James Johnston was called to Boston recently by the sudden illness of her mother.

The board of trade meet at Mr. John J. Alexander's on Friday evening last.

The Red Cross Society held a meeting on Wednesday evening last, also a supper.

The Government cruiser Curlew, has been in port here during the recent storm.

Mrs. Norman Lank, on arriving home from the Red Cross Society, was surprised to find her home occupied by about twenty of her friends. A very pleasant evening was spent in music and games.

Mrs. James Johnston entertained a few of her friends at the tea hour on Thursday last at her home,

One of the most important events of the past week was a surprise party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Allingham in honor of Mrs. Allingham's birthday. Dancing and music were the chief amusements of the evening, after which refreshments were served by the hostess. Those present were, Mr. and Mrs. John Farmer, Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Calder and Mrs. Ethel Byron.

Miss May Alexander gave a whist party at her home on Saturday evening. The prize, a pretty hand-painted cushion, was won by Miss Violet Vennel.

Miss Nina Mathews has been the guest of Mrs. Arthur Calder during the past week.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

WILSON'S BEACH

Feb. 8

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Mathews and baby boy are visiting Mrs. Mathews sister, Mrs. Arthur Calder at St. Andrews.

Doctors Ira and A. D. Dyas, of Eastport, Me., were called here on Wednesday last to attend Mrs. Harold Mathews who still continues very ill.

Mr. Reuben Rice, who has been visiting relatives in Boston, returned home on Thursday last.

Mr. Fred McLean, of St. John, made a business trip here on Saturday last.

Miss Daisy Richardson, of Deer Island, returned home on Saturday after a pleasant visit with her aunt, Mrs. Ernest Lank.

Rev. Mr. Bell, of Hoyt's Station, held services in the church here on Friday evening and on Sunday.

Mr. Mariner Calder made a business trip to St. John, on Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cline are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Vallis at Rothesay, N. B.

Messrs. Lockhart, Armstrong, Spear and Nugent, commercial men, were here during the week.

Mrs. Arthur Porter returned home on Saturday from Lubec, Me., where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. Card.

Private Norman Enos, Company 5, C. A. S. Corps, who was called here on account of the illness of his father, Mr. Paul Enos, returned to St. John on Monday.

Those on the sick list are Mrs. Minnie Newman, Mrs. Luther Brown, Miss Ida Outhouse, and Messrs. J. A. Newman, Edwin Brown, John Lank and Wilson Galley.

DEER ISLAND

Feb. 8.

We had a fall of 6 inches of snow last week, also a heavy rain on Saturday and foggy mild spell on Sunday, which has about denuded the ground of what would have made good hauling.

Flour and feed has taken another run upward and the end is not yet, we presume. Weir stuff and hay are following suit.

The ladies of the Red Cross Society are now knitting socks, having finished and shipped last week one hundred and forty pairs of mittens for the soldiers.

Nothing doing in boating circles except a few clams and lobsters; but speculation on the sardine prospects is very sanguine on account of the bare market here.

Dr. Gove, who has become a resident property owner at Lord's Cove, has a good practice, although a very healthy winter, generally; and a well-known medical man also residing in the same district, Very many who employed him when a resident of St. Andrews welcome him to the Island.

LORD'S COVE

Feb. 8.

Mrs. T. P. Lambert spent Saturday with relatives in Leonardville.

Miss Margaret McLaughlin, of St. George, was a week-end guest of Mrs. Andrew Stuart.

Mrs. Addie Lambert is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Bert Gray, of St. Andrews.

Mrs. Charles A. Brown fell from a chair while papering recently, striking her hand and arm, hurting herself severely.

All are pleased to learn that Rev. Charles A. Brown, who has had blood-poisoning in his face, is recovering.

Mrs. Andrew Stuart spent a few days at Fairhaven last week, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson.

CUMMINGS' COVE

Feb. 8.

Mrs. Fred Price and children, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beaney at Chocolate Cove, have returned to their home in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrr. Willie McNeill spent the week-end with relatives at Lubec, Me.

Miss Geneva Fountain is visiting relatives at Eastport, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fountain and little son, of Eastport, are spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cal. Lord and Mrs. Fremont McNeill visited relatives in Leonardville on Sunday last.

Mr. Albert Chaffey while hauling wood on Tuesday last, was taken suddenly ill. He was removed to the home of his sister. Mrs. Hubert Chaffey, at Chocolate Cove Dr. Murray was summoned and under his treatment he is steadily improving.

Miss Ruby Thompson of Fairhaven still continues very ill.

The young men of Chocolate and Cumming's Cove are preparing to give an entertainment in Moss Rose Hall in the near future, notice of which will be given later.

Mrs. Carrie Wentworth is visiting friends at Lord's Cove.

A number of the young people enjoyed a party on Monday evening last at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haney.

LAMBERTVILLE

Feb. 8.

Mrs. Carrie Wentworth, of Chocolate Cove, visited Mrs. Thos. Barker this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Pendleton and children spent Sunday the guest of Mrs. Frank Lambert.

Mrs. E. B. Lambert spent a few days at Richardson this week, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Simpson, the former being very sick with pneumonia.

The many friends of Miss Ruby Thompson are very glad to hear she is improving under the care of Dr. Dyas, of Eastport.

A party of young people gathered at the home of Miss Myrtle Stuart on Thursday evening. Games and music were the order of the evening, after which refreshments were served. The party broke up at midnight, thanking Miss Stuart for so pleasant an evening.

Master Raymond Greenlaw is very sick with tonsilitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Pendleton spent Sunday with Mrs. J. G. Stuart.

LEONARDVILLE

Feb. 8.

Miss Daisy Richardson returned home Saturday, from St. John, where she has been visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Roscoe Poland spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. Warren Richardson, of Richardson.

Mrs. Clarence Richardson and son Sherman, are visiting friends here.

Vernon Rogerson has been very sick, but is slowly recovering. Dr. Murray has been in attendance.

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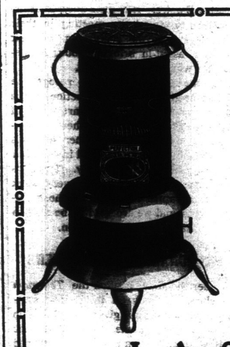
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ROLLINGDAM

Feb. 8.

Miss Edna Wrigley, of St. Andrews, has been making a short visit at her home here.

McCann Brothers have received a carload of corn and a car-load of flour and feed.

Earle McGuire is hauling lumber to his mill for the spring sawing.

Small Brothers are doing an extensive business at pulpwood.

Mrs. Neill MacDermott, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Frank Anderson, in St. Stephen, has returned home.

John Giddens has moved his goods into his new store and is doing a thriving business.

Willis A. Johnson, foreman for David Johnson at North Brook, was down river recently and reports good work being done in the lumber woods.

Mrs. Stanley MacDermott is visiting friends in Saint Stephen.

Joseph Wrigley, with his team, has gone to the lumber woods for Gregory Waters on the Magaguadavic.

Robert McGowan is employed hauling logs for Patrick Grant at Pennfield.

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