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ST. ANDREWS BEACON

VOL. 26 — SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1914 — NO. 9

AN EXILE'S SONG

BY PATRICK MAGGILL

I'll go back again to my father's house
And live on my father's land;
For my father's house is by Rosses' shore
That slopes to Dooran strand,
And the wild mountains of Donegal
Rise up on either hand.

I've been out of sight of Donegal
For seven years and a day,
And true enough it's a long, long while
For a wanderer to stay,
But the hills of home are aye in my heart
And never are far away.

The long white road leads over the hill
From Fanad to Kilcar,
And circles past Gweebara Bay
Where the deep sea-waters are.
Where the long, grey boats go out by night
To fish beyond the bar.

I'll lie by the beach the livelong day
Where the foreshore dips to the sea,
Where the sun is red on the golden gorse
As once it used to be;
And oh! but it's many a happy thought
Will come up in the heart of me.

The friends of my youth will gather round,
The friends that I knew of old;
The olden songs will be sung to me
And the old, old stories told
Beside the fire of my father's house
When the nights are long and cold.

'Tis there that I'll pass my years away
Back in my native land,
In my father's house on Rosses' shore
That lies by Dooran strand,
Where the hills of ancient Donegal
Rise up on either hand.

—"The Odd Volume," 1914.

A SAILOR'S YARN

ONCE upon a time there was a clipper ship called the *Mary*, and she was lying in Panama waiting for a freight. It was hot, and it was calm, and it was hazy, and the men aboard her were dead sick of the sight of her. They had been lying there all the summer, having nothing to do but to wash her down, and scrape the royal masts with glass, and make the chain cables bright. And aboard of her was a big A. B. from Liverpool, with a tattooed chest on him and an arm like a spar. And this man's name was Bill.

"Now, one day, while the captain of this clipper was sunning in the club, there came a merchant to him offering him a fine freight home and a 'despatch' in loading. So the old man went aboard that evening in a merry temper, and bade the mates rastle the hands aft. He told them that they could go ashore the next morning for a 'liberty-day' of four-and-twenty hours, with twenty dollars pay to blue, and no questions asked if they came aboard drunk. So forward goes all hands merrily, to rout out their go-ashore things, their red handkerchiefs, and 'sombre-airers,' for to astonish the Dons. And ashore they goes the next morning, after breakfast, with their silver dollars in their fists, and the jolly-boat to take them. And ashore they step, and 'So long' they says to the fellows in the boat, and so up the Mole to the beautiful town of Panama.

"Now the next morning that fellow Bill I told you of was tacking down the city to the boat, singing some song or another. And when he got near to the jetty he went fumbling in his pocket for his pipe, and what should he find but a silver dollar that had slipped away and been saved. So he thinks, 'If I go aboard with this dollar, why the hands'll laugh at me; besides, it's a wasting of it not to spend it.' So he cast about for some place where he could blue it in.

"Now close by where he stood there was a sort of a great store, kept by a Johnny Dago. And if I were to tell you of the things they had in it, I would need nine tongues and an oiled hinge to each of them. But Billy walked into this store, into the space inside, into like the 'tween decks, for to have a look about him before buying. And there were great bunches of bananas a-ripening against the wall. And sacks of dried raisins, and bags of dried figs, and melon seeds, and pomegranates enough to sink you. Then there were cotton bales, and calico, and silk of Persia. And rum in puncheons, and bottled ale. And all manner of sweets, and a power of a lot of chemicals. And anchors gone rusty, fished up from the bay after the ships were gone. And spare cables, all ranged for letting go. And ropes, and sails, and balls of marline stuff. Then there was blocks of all kinds, wood and iron. Dunnage there was, and scantling, likewise sea-chests with pictures on them. And casks of beef and pork, and paint, and peas, and peterolium. But for not one of these things did Billy care a handful of bilge.

"Then there were medical comforts, such as ginger and calavances. And plug tobacco, and coil tobacco, and tobacco leaf, and tobacco clippings. And such a power of a lot of bulls' hides as you never saw. Likewise there was tinned things like cocoa, and boxed things like China tea. And any quantity of blankets, and rugs, and donkeys' breakfasts. And oil-skins there was, and rubber sea-boots, and shore shoes, and Crimee shirts. Also Dungarees, and soap, and matches, so many as you never heard tell. But no, not one of these things was Bill going for to bargain.

"Then there were lamps and candles, and knives and nutmeg-graters, and things made of bright tin and saucers of red clay, and rolls of coloured cloth, made in the hills by the Indians. Bowls there were, painted with twisty-whirls by the folk of old time. And flutes from the tombs (of the Incas), and whistles that looked like flower-pots. Also fiddles and beautiful melodeons. Then there were paper roses for ornament, and false white flowers for graves; also paint-brushes and coir-brooms. There were cages full of parrots, both green and grey, and white cockatoos on perches a-nodding their red crests, and Java lovebirds a-billing, and parrakeets a-screaming, and little kittens for the ships with rats. And at the last of all there was a little monkey, chained to a sack of jib-hanks, who sat upon his tail a-grinning.

"Now Bill he sees this monkey, and he thinks he never see a cuter little beast, not never. And then he thinks of something, and he pipes up to the old Johnny Dago, and he says, pointing to the monkey:

"'Hey-a Johnny! How much-a-take-a little munk?'

"So the old Johnny Dago looks like at Bill a spell, and then says:

"'I take-a five-a doll' that-a little munk.'

"So Billy planks down his silver dollar, and says:

"'I give-a one doll', you cross-eyed Dago.'

"Then the old man unchained the monkey, and handed him to Bill without another word. And away the pair of them went, down the Mole to where the boats lay, where a lanchero took them off to the *Mary*.

"Now when they got aboard all hands came around Bill, saying: 'Why, Bill, whatever are you going to do with that there little monkey?'

"And Bill, he said: 'You shut your heads about that there little monkey. I'm going to teach that little monkey how to speak. And when he can speak I'm going to sell him to a museum. And then I'll buy a farm. I won't come to sea any more.' So they just laugh at Bill, and by and by the *Mary* loaded, and got her hatches on, and sailed south-away, on the road home to Liverpool.

"Well, every evening, in the dog-watch, after supper, while the decks were drying from the washing-down, Bill used to take the monkey on to the fo'c's'le head, and set him on the capstan. 'Well, ye little divvle,' he used to say, 'will ye speak? Are ye going to speak, hey?' and the monkey would just grin and chatter back at Billy, but never no Christian speech came in front of them teeth of his. And this game went on until they were up with the Horn, in bitter cold weather, running east like a stag, with a great sea piling up astern. And then one night, at eight bells, Billy came on deck for the first watch, bringing the monkey with him." It was blowing like sin, stiff and cold, and the *Mary* was butting through, and dipping her fo'c's'le under. So Bill takes the monkey, and lashes him down good and snug on the drum of the capstan, on the fo'c's'le head. 'Now, you little divvle,' he said, will you speak? Will you speak, eh?' But the monkey just grinned at him.

"At the end of the first hour he came again. 'Are ye going to speak, ye little beggar?' he says, and the monkey sits and shivers, but never a word does the little beggar say. And it was the same at four bells, when the look-out man was relieved. But at six bells Billy came again, and the monkey looked mighty cold, and it was a wet perch where he was roosting, and his teeth chattered; yet he didn't speak, not so much as a cat. So just before eight bells, when the watch was nearly out, Billy went forward for the last time. 'If he don't speak now,' says Billy, 'overboard he goes for a dumb animal.'

"Well, the cold green seas had pretty nearly drowned that little monkey. And the sprays had frozen over him like a jacket of ice, and right blue his lips were, and an icicle was a-dangling from his chin, and he was shivering like he had an ague. 'Well, ye little divvle,' says Billy, 'for the last time, will ye speak? Are ye going to speak, hey?' And the monkey spoke. '*Speak* is it? *Speak* is it?' he says. 'It's so cold it's enough to make a little fellow *swear*.'

"It's the solemn gospel truth that story is."

***. From "A Mainsail Haul" by John Masefield. London: Elkin Mathews, 5s. 6d. net.*

SPLENDID SPIRIT IN THE FIGHTING LINE

AN EYE-WITNESS'S TRIBUTE

A Belgian Correspondent in "The Times."

By the most wonderful chance I happened to be in the British lines in Belgium just when the great battle of Charleroi began, a fight that will remain inscribed in letters af blood on the scroll of History. I was the only War Correspondent present at the actual theatre of war at the time, and I shall always bless my good fortune in being a witness of this gigantic combat if only because it established for ever the renown of the British Army and afforded me the opportunity of seeing with wondering admiration the British soldier under fire.

It was at Mons, on Saturday, August 22. The first outpost engagements were beginning, and the British troops, who had only arrived on the scene the same morning, immediately entered the battle without even a moment's rest. In a few hours Mons was put in a state of defence, and you should have seen those fellows working. Trenches were dug and the bridges barricaded by eager hands. In sight of such willingness and such irresistable gaiety, you would never have thought that these men were on the eve of a terrible battle. Personally I could not help feeling that I was only watching a manœuvre scene, for the phlegm and the nonchalance of these soldiers would never have permitted one to suppose that the enemy were only a few miles away.

Gallant soldiers! What immense confidence they inspired! At the sight of them, so calm and so resolute, the people of Mons, panic stricken only a few hours before, suddenly seemed to gain a fresh store of courage and almost a sense of security.

DESPERATE CALVARY CHARGES

The battle went on for four days and throughout this period the British Army, as I am proud to declare, performed prodigies of heroism to check the German advance. On the Sunday, August 23, the Germans, who were infinitely superior in numbers, made vigorous efforts to prevent the British from retiring in good order, and tried to drive them back on Maubeuge. The firmness and skill with which the British retreat was conducted foiled this attempt, and considerable losses far higher than ours, were inflicted on the enemy, whose compact and enormous masses, hurled at the British troops, were repeatedly driven back.

The fighting on the 26th, near Cambrai was dour and desperate. There, again, the British troops made the most splendid resistance in a position in which they had to make up for their inferiority in nnmbers by the rapidity of their movements. Several regiments charged six times running. Nevertheless, they extricated themselves from their dangerous situation, and eventually fell back in good order, though with heavy losses from the most terrible artillery fire I have ever seen.

During this memorable day, on which I learnt to appreciate at their full worth the admirable qualities of the British soldier, one incident which may be cited among hundreds of others is the charge of the German Cavalry Division of the Guards against the 12th British Infantry Brigade. It was a terrible charge. After a desperate bout of hand to hand fighting, men and horses mixed up together in a seething, compact mass, the German Cavalry was repulsed and fled in utter disorder, the lads of the 12th Brigade giving them the bayonet in the back.

Then there was that brilliant fight put up by the 5th British Calvary Brigade, commanded by General Chetwode, against the German Cavalry. The 12th Lancers and the Royal Scots Greys particularly distinguished themselves, routing the Germans, thanks to prodigies of valor worthy of ancient history, and making a large number of prisoners after a brilliant pursuit.

These are but a few notable instances of what was done almost all along the battle front during these engagements. Dearly the Germans paid for their advance.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS LOST PIPE

What impressed me above all were the coolness and dash of the British soldier. His utter indifference to danger, and his general air of "Don't care," simply carried me away. At moments of critical danger I have seen him worrying as to when he was to get his cup of tea from his little travelling kitchen.

I shall never forget the admirable reply given by an English soldier, wounded in the hand, whom I found sitting by the roadside outside Mons wearing an air of consternation. I began to talk to him and asked him if his arm was hurting him. "It's not that," he said, with a doleful shake of his head, but I'm blessed if I haven't been and lost my pipe in that last charge." I gave him mine and he was instantly comforted.

I asked another what he thought of the Germans and he said:—"They are like flies; the more you kill, the more there seems to be." That was the extent of the impressions he had received during that awful fight, and he gave me his answer with a merry laugh and showing a glint of very white teeth. I saw others going under fire with a football attached to their knapsacks.

There is another thing which struck me enormously, and that is the humanity of the British soldier when the fighting is done. In battle he is superb. He puts into the fight all his energy, all his indomitable pluck, and he deals terrible blows at the enemy. But when the battle is over, his first thought is of humanity. The British do not exult over the enemy's losses. They try to snatch from death as many of their enemies as possible. After the battle, the men with whom they have just crossed the blades are no longer enemies. They are, in their eyes, just poor wounded fellows. This solicitude, great-hearted as it is, after hard fighting, will always redound to the honour of the British Army.

ZEPPELIN DROPS BOMBS IN OSTEND

Ostend, Sept. 25—A Zeppelin airship, coming from direction of Thourout (12 miles southwest of Bruges, Belgium), dropped three bombs yesterday. One of them struck the avenue P de Smet de Nayer bridge, on the outskirts of the town, another fell in the harbor and another on the premises of a wholesale fish dealer in the fish market, partly wrecking the building. No casualties. The explosion here made a great cavity in the ground and badly damaged all surrounding houses, extinguished street lamps, destroyed electric wires and created a panic. The Zeppelin rcturned in the direction of Thielt, 12 miles northeast of Courtrai.

SECURES LARGE SUM FOR PATRIOTIC FUND

Mrs. George W. Daniel of St. Stephen has opened the doors of her bungalow to the public, and the result of her handiwork in the form of a beautifully attractive skating rink with miniature skaters actually gliding about the glassy surface has netted the handsome sum of nearly forty dollars for the Patriotic Fund and the Red Cross Society. The skaters are dressed in Canadian, English, French, Belgian and Russian costumes, and they glide along to the national airs of these nations.—Standard.

MORE TROUBLE IN MEXICO

Washington, Sept. 23—Gen. Villa has telegraphed Gen. Carranza disavowing the latter as first chief of the Constitutionalist army in charge of the executive power in Mexico. This was announced in a telegram from Gen. Carranza tonight to the Constitionalist agency here.

Gen. Villa at the same time announced that neither he nor his delegates would participate in the national convention called for October 1 at Mexico City to designate a provincial president.

The exchange of telegrams resulted from Gen. Carranza's order to suspend railroad communication between Aguascalientes and Torreon until he could learn whether or not Gen. Obregon, commander of the division of the northeast, was held under arrest by Villa.

BRIGADE COMMANDERS OF CANADIAN FORCES

(Special to The Telegraph.)

Valcartier, Sept. 25.—The final list of brigade commanders of the Canadian expeditionary force was announced today, the previous list announced some weeks ago having been provisional. The officers who go in command of the force are as follows:

Officers Commanding Infantry Brigades.

Lt.-Col. R. E. W. Turner, V. C., D. S. O., of Quebec, a veteran of the South African war, mentioned in despatches for especially gallant service.

Lt.-Col. S. M. Mercer, of Toronto, commanding officer of the Queen's Own Rifles.

Lt.-Col. A. W. Currie, of Victoria, commanding officer of the 50th Fusiliers.

Lt.-Col. J. E. Coboe, of St. Catharines, commanding officer of the 5th Militia Infantry Brigade.

Officers Commanding Artillery Brigades.

Lt.-Col. H. E. Burstall, of Quebec, of artillery headquarters staff.

Officer in command of the Strathcona Horse, Lt.-Col. A. C. MacDonnell, D. S. O., of Winnipeg, a South African veteran.

Officer in command of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Lt.-Gol. C. M. Nelles, of Toronto, inspector of cavalry for militia headquarters.

The commanding officer of the whole army division will not be announced until the troops arrive in England. He will be selected by war office and will almost certainly be one of the British generals.

It is understood that the Canadian troops will land in the south of England and march through London to training quarters at Aldershot and Salisbury Plains. The infantry will probably go to Aldershot and the artillery to Salisbury Plains where they will take several weeks of training under active service conditions before going to the firing line.

BRITAIN WANTS MORE OFFICERS

London, Sept. 25.—The military correspondent of the Times writes to-day as follows:

"An army cannot be improvised at a moment's notice, and instances in which improvisation has been attempted in the past have been lamentable failures. Experienced officers are dubious concerning the armies which England is now raising at home, because they do not think they will be ready to fight in the field for eighteen months and then only if they have been trained by professional officers, the numbers of which are being constantly decreased by losses in action.

"The question of officers is a serious one. An examination of our casualties shows we have lost already over eleven hundred officers, in killed, wounded and missing. This is two out of everyfive among those at the front.

"More officers is the constant cry from the front, and several hundred have been sent, but obviously this cannot be kept up forever, and each officer sent is one less instructor for new troops. We must not allow ourselves to become megalomaniacs and place in the field regiments which are unfit to defend the honour of our armies."

BRITISH CAPTURE GERMAN VESSELS

London, Sept. 22.—The Hamburg-American line steamer Spreewald has been captured by the British cruiser Berwick in the North Atlantic Ocean. It was stated also that two colliers had been captured. The Spreewald was fitted out as an armed cruiser. The two colliers carried 2,600 tons of coal and 10 tons of provisions for the German cruisers in Atlantic waters.

The German steamer Professor Woermann, with 300 German reservists on board, has been taken captive and taken into Sierra Leone.

The total number of German vessels which, according to latest reports, have been captured by British vessels at sea, or by British port authorities, is ninety-two. Ninety-five German vessels were detained in British ports at the outbreak of the war. Seventy British vessels were held in German ports at the commencement of hostilities, and since then twelve British sea-going vessels, out of the upwards of 4,000 carrying on oversea trade, have been captured and sunk at sea.

BOMBS DROPPED ON STEAMER'S DECK

London, Sept. 25.—The Belgian mail steamer Leopold II., which arrived at Folkestone today from Ostend, according to the Central News, reports that she narrowly escaped damage by a bomb dropped from the Zeppelin which yesterday flew over Ostend.

Fragments of a bomb fell on the steamer's deck.

RAFTING AT THE DOUGLAS BOOMS

Fredericton, Sept. 25.—Rafting operations for the season at the Douglas boom were finished yesterday. The total amount rafted would not be known until some time next week, but between fifty and sixty million feet is a good estimate. —St. John Globe.

300 CAPTURED ON STEAMER

Loddon, Sept. 22—The German steamer Professor Woermann, of the Woermann line, with 300 German reservists on board, has been taken captive and brought into Sierra Leone, on the west coast of Africa, according to information which has reached London.

ANOTHER TRAWLER SUNK BY MINE

London, Sept. 23.—The Grimsby trawler Kilmarnock was sunk by a mine in the North Sea yesterday. Only three members of her crew were saved.

ASQUITH RECEIVES OVATION IN DUBLIN

(Canadian Press Dispatch.)

Dublin, via London, Sept. 25—Premier Asquith appeared at the Mansion House here tonight for the purpose, as he expressed it in the opening of his speech, "as head of the King's government to summon loyal and patriotic Ireland to take her place in defence of our common cause."

The prime minister received a tremendous welcome when he appeared at the Mansion House, with John E. Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, and the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his opening words aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

He went on to say that there had been ware with regard to which there was a diversity of opinion, but that was not the case today. Today, he declared, throughout the empire, without distinction of creed, party or race, climate or class or sect, the people were united in defending the principle of maintaining interests which were vital, not only to the British empire but to all that was worth having in our common civilization and the future progress of mankind, whether Great Britain succeeded or failed.

"But," exclaimed the premier, "we are not going to fail."

There could not be any higher cause, said the premier, than the vindication of international good faith and protection of the weak against the violence of the strong, and those who preached a practical religion of force.

Germany was the real responsible factor in this war. There was nothing in the quarrel, such as it was between Austria and Servia, that could not be settled by peaceful means, but for the fact that in the judgement of those guiding and controlling the German policy that the hour had come to strike the blow which had been long deliberately prepared.

In their hands, declared Mr. Asquith, lay the choice between peace and war, and their election was for war.

Great crowds gathered in the streets of Dublin and cheered the Nationalist volunteers, who, armed with rifles and bayonets, acted as a guard of honor.

VISCOUNT BRYCE CONGRATULATES MR. JOHN REDMOND

London. Sept. 24.—Viscount James Bryce, ex-ambassador to the United States, has written a letter of congratulation to John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalist Party, on the enactment of the Home Rule Bill. Viscount Bryce writes:

"Let me congratulate you with all my heart for this triumphant issue for Ireland. Let me say how largely it is due to your wisdom, tact and eloquence. I have been admiring for the last month the admirable combination of firmness and prudence that has enabled you to surmount successfully one crisis after another and bring the ship safely into port. You have done more than secure the passing of the Home Rule act. You have completed the work begun by Gladstone when he determined to try to create good relations between the two islands. You have laid the foundation for a better understanding and co-operation between the peoples than has ever existed before. May what you have to do in Ireland prosper, as well as what you have done in these years at Westminster.

"Very sincerely yours.

"BRYCE."

PREMIER BOTHA TO TAKE THE FIELD

Pretoria, September 23.—The decision of General Botha, premier of the Union of South Africa, to take the field personally in command against the forces of Germany, has aroused much enthusiasm here.

The Governmeet, in its announcement, says it is aware that many citizens are anxious to serve with the British forces on the continent, but the Imperial Government considers that priority should be given to the South African military requirements.

Natal and the Orange Free State will contribute their quotas to General Botha's army.

General Botha, when interviewed and asked why he was eager to fight for England in the present way, replied simply: "Because it is my duty."

General Botha retains the premiership, and will not supersede any officer now in the field. It is unofficially reported that he is in supreme command here, at present, owing to the resignation of Mr. Beyers.

BELGIAN KING NEARLY CAPTURED

Paris, Sept. 22.—King Albert of the Belgians escaped capture by the Germans recently only by shooting the chauffeur who was driving toward the German lines, according to the newspaper "Progress Du Nord," published in Lille. Describing the narrow escape to the King, the paper declares the incident occured while His Majesty was making a tour of inspection of the Belgian forts. He noticed that his chauffeur was taking him near the German lines, and ordered him to stop. Instead, the chauffeur put on full speed and headed for the enemy. King Albert drew his revolver and shot the chauffeur dead. Papers were found on his body showing that the Germans had promised him $200,000 if he was successful in delivering the King into their hands.

AUSTRALIAN NAVY ACTIVE

London, Sept. 22.—The Australian government has informed the home government that the Australian navy has captured the island of Nauru, thus destroying the last German wireless station in the Pacific.

SIR JAS. WHITNEY DEAD

Toronto, Sept. 25.—Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, died suddenly at 12 o'clock to-day, at his home. Lady Whitney, and Miss Whitney were the only persons at the bedside.

Sir James' death was due to cerebral hemorrhage, caused by hardening of the arteries. He had been confined to his home through illness since August 1st. Since that time he had spent days in bed, while on different occasions he was able to sit up.

[Sir James Whitney was a native of Ontario, and was 71 years of age. A lawyer, he was elected to the Legislature in 1886, and when the Liberals were defeated in 1905 became Premier and Attorney General. Sir James was a man of ability and a tower of strength to his party. He was a member ot the Church of England, and leaves a wife and three children. For some time he has been suffering from heart disease.]

PLANS FOR THE CANADIAN CORPS

Ottawa, Sept. 23.—The troubles at Valcartier have been settled. The men, guns and horses sail for England as soon as the cruiser convoy is sent by the admiralty. Once in England the Canadian force will pass to the control of the war office. Col. Sam Hughes will remain in Canada. It is not expected that an effort will be made to raise another division of twenty-one thousand men. Instead, smaller bodies of men probably will be raised at the divisional headquarters in various parts of the country. After being fitted out with uniforms and rifles and given some training they will be sent to the Canadian camp in England to be finally made into regular soldiers, capable of taking their places beside British and continental troops. The 31,000 men who are to be shipped from Valcartier in the near future will be given some further training in England before they are sent to the front. The Canadian camp in England is likely to be maintained as a training depot until the close of the war.

SCHOONER BURNED AND THEN SANK

St. John, Sept. 25.—Yesterday morning about 5.30 o'clock one of the crew of the schooner Susie Pearl, lying in the Market Slip, is said to have walked too close to a gasoline tank, while holding a lantern, with the result that the schooner caught fire. An alarm was sent in from box 7, and when the firemen arrived the fire was burning up one side of the cabin. The fire was quickly quenched, but not before considerable damage had been done.

At that hour it was quite noticeable that the vessel was leaking, and it was only a short time after when she filled and was waterlogged. The captain and crew managed to get their clothing from the cabin before it filled with water, and it is expected that when the cargo of laths is discharged that the leak will be repaired.—The Standard.

MADRAS SHELLED BY GERMAN CRUISER

London. September 24.—A despatch received here this morning from Calcutta states that an armored cruiser, the Emden, of the German navy, appeared on Tuesday night last off Madras and fired several shells on the oil tanks belonging to the Burma Oil Company, situated near the harbour there. Two of the tanks immediately became ignited, while two other oil containers were considerably damaged. Guns from the fort were quickly trained on the warship, whereupon she extinguished all her lights and hurriedly steamed away. The whole affair did not last more than fifteen minutes, but during that time two native Indians and a boy were killed. The telegraph office was slightly damaged.

DOUBLE HANGING IN ALBERTA

MacLeod, Alberta, Sept. 22—Promptly at seven o'clock this morning, A. Faney Sokoloff and Joseph Smith, two Calgary Russians, paid the full penalty of their crime for the murder of Paymaster Wilson, of Exshaw cement works.

They walked with a firm step to the scaffold unassisted. On reaching the scaffold Sokoloff said: "Cannot you postpone execution, I did not do it."

But on being informed that the proceedings could not be stopped he said: "Good bye, Smith."

The black cap was adjusted and within two minutes after mounting the scaffold the lever was pulled. In both cases death was instantaneous.

BRITISH AVIATORS MAKE BOLD RAID

Antwerp, Sept. 23.—A succesful raid was made by five English aviators on the German aviation camp at Bickendorf, near Cologne. The Britishers, from a height of 1,500 feet, dropped bombs that set fire to the hangars. Four of the aviators returned to the point of their departure, while the fifth was obliged to descend owing to engine trouble. He succeeded, however, in landing in Belgium.

ONE SURVIVER OUT OF TWENTY MEN

London, Sept. 23—A despatch to Reuter's Telegram Company from Rotterdam says it is said that the missing Dutch steamer Automaat, bound from Grimsby for Rotterdam, foundered. A Swedish steamer has landed at Gothenburg the sole surviver of the Automaat's crew of wenty men.

The Automaat was a vessel of 1,107 tons and was built in 1904.

LOYAL INDIA

London, Sept. 23.—Offers of assistance from the many states of India continue to pour in. The viceroy reports that contingents of the Imperial service troops have already been accepted from fifteen states, and that similar offers from ten other states will be accepted if the need arises. The joint offer of four other states, the Viceroy adds, is under consideration.

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