

THE KINGS COUNTY RECORD

C. R. DAVIS, Manager
Record Building, Sussex, N. B.

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Correspondence is earnestly solicited from every part of this and adjoining counties, and must be sent in not later than Tuesday.

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BEAU GESTE

(Continued from page 7)

politesse," murmured Lawrence.

"As we rode out of the gate of my fort, I gathered from the still-dying gourd, on the still-dying camel, that a couple of days before, a large force of Touaregs had been sighted from the look-out platform of Zinderneuf fort. Promptly the wise sous-officier, in charge and command since the lamented death of Captain Renout, had turned the gourd loose on his fast mehari camel, with strict orders not to be caught by the Touaregs, if they investigated the fort, but to clear out and trek with all speed for help—as it appeared to be a case of too heavy odds. If the Touaregs were only playful, and passed the fort by, after a little sporting pot-shooting, he was to follow them. I suppose, see them safe off the premises for a day or two, and discover what they were out for.

Well, away went the gourd, stood afar off on a sand-hill, saw the Touaregs skirmish up to the oasis, park their camels among the palms, and seriously set about investing the place. He thought it was time for him to go when they had surrounded the fort, were lining the sand-hills, making nice little trenches in the sand, climbing the palm trees, and pouring in a very heavy fire. He estimated them at ten thousand rifles, so I feared that there must be at least five hundred of the cruel fiends. Anyhow, round wheeled Gourd and rode hell-for-leather, night and day, for help.

Like how we brought the good news from Aiz to Ghent, and Paul Revere's Ride and all. I christened the gourd, Paul Revere, straight away, when I heard his tale, and promised him all sorts of good things, including a good hiding if I found he had not exceeded the speed limit all the way from Aix to Ghent. Certainly his Roland looked as if its radiator had boiled all right. And, Nom d'un d'nom de bon Dieu de sort! but I made a forced march of it, my friend—and when we of the Nineteenth African Division do that, even on mules and camels, you can hardly see us go."

"Oh, come now! I am sure your progress is perceptible," said Lawrence politely. "Specially on camels, and all that. . . . You're too modest," he added.

"I mean you can hardly see us go for dust and small stones, by reason of our swiftness. Any more than you can see

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a bullet, witty one," rebuked de Beaujolais.

"Oh, quite, quite," murmured the Englishman.

"Anyhow, I was away with the advance party on swift mehari camels, a mule-squadron was following, and a company of Senegalese would do fifty kilometers a day on foot till they reached Zinderneuf. Yes, and in what I flatter myself is the unbreakable record time between Tokotu and Zinderneuf, we arrived—and, riding far on in advance of my men, I listened for the sound of firing or of bugle calls.

I heard no sound whatever, and suddenly topping a ridge I came in sight of the fort—there below me on the desert plain near the tiny oasis.

There was no fighting, no sign of Touaregs, no trace of battle or siege. No blackened ruins strewn with mutilated corpses here. The Tri-Couleur flew merrily from the flag-staff, and the fort looked absolutely normal—a square grey block of high, thick mud walls, flat castellated roof, flanking towers, and lofty look-out platform. All was well! The honour of the Flag of France had been well defended. I waved my kepi above my head and shouted aloud in my glee.

Perhaps I had begun composing my Report when and there, doing modest justice to the readiness, promptitude, and dispatch of my little force, which had maintained the glorious traditions of the Nineteenth African Division; giving due praise to the sous-officier commanding Zinderneuf, and not forgetting Paul Revere and his Roland. Meanwhile, they should know that the Touaregs near or be they far, the danger was over and the Flag safe. I, Henri de Beaujolais of the Spahis, had brought relief. I fired my revolver half a dozen times in the air. And then I was aware of a small but remarkable fact. The high look-out platform at the top of its long ladder was empty.

Strange! Very strange! Incredibly strange, at the very moment when great marauding bands of Touaregs were known to be about—and one of them had only just been beaten off, and might attack again at any moment. I must offer the sous-officier my congratulations upon the excellence of his look-out, as soon as I had embraced and commended him! New as he might be to independent command, this should never have happened. One would have thought he could as soon have forgotten his boots as his sentry on the look-out platform.

A pretty state of affairs, bon Dieu, in time of actual war! Here was I approaching the fort in broad light of day, firing my revolver—and not the slightest notice taken! I might have been the entire Touareg nation or the whole German army.

No, there must be something wrong, in spite of the peaceful look of things and the safety of the Flag—and I pulled out by field-glasses to see if they would reveal anything missed by the naked eye.

As I halted and waited for my camel to steady himself, that I might bring the glasses to bear, I wondered if it

were possible that this was an ambush.

Could the Arabs have captured the place, put the defenders to the sword, put on their uniforms, cleaned up the mess, closed the gates, left the Flag flying, and now be waiting for a relieving force to ride, in trustful innocence and close formation, up to the muzzles of their rifles? Possible—but quite unlike brother Touareg! You know what his way is, when he has rushed a post or broken a square. A dirty fighter, if ever there was one! And as I focussed my glasses on the walls, I rejected the idea.

Moreover, yes, there were the good European faces of the men at the embrasures, bronzed and bearded, but unmistakably not Arab.

And yet, that again was strange. At every embrasure of the breast-high parapet round the flat roof stood a soldier, staring out across the desert, and most of them staring along their levelled rifles too; some of them straight at me. Why? There was no enemy about. Why were they not sleeping the sleep of tired victors, below on their cots in the caserne, while double sentries watched from the high look-out platform? Why no man up there, and yet a man at every embrasure that I could see from where I sat on my camel, a thousand metres distant?

And why did no man move; no man turn to call out to a sergeant that a French officer approached; no man walk to the door leading down from the roof, to inform the Commandant of the fort?

Anyhow, the little force had been extraordinarily lucky, or the shooting of the Arabs extraordinarily bad, that they should still be numerous enough to man the walls in that fashion—all present and correct, as you say in your army—and able to stand to arms thus, after two or three days of it, more or less.

As I lowered my glasses and urged my camel forward, I came to the conclusion that I was expected, and that the officer was indulging in a little natural and excusable fantasia, showing off—what you call 'putting on the dog,' eh?

He was going to let me find everything as the Arabs found it when they made their foolish attack—every man at his post and everything kilm-bim. Yes, that must be it. . . . Ah, it was! Even as I watched, a couple of shots were fired from the wall. They had seen me. . . . The fellow, in his joy, was almost shooting at me, in fact!

And yet—nobody on the look-out platform. How I would prick that good fellow's little bubble of swank! And I smiled to myself as I rode under the trees of the oasis to approach the gates of the fort.

It was the last time I smiled for quite a little while.

Among the palm trees were little pools of dried and blackened blood where men had fallen, or wounded men had lain, showing that, however intact the garrison of the fort might be, their assailants had paid toll to the good Lebel rifles of the Spahis.

And then I rode out from the shade of the oasis and up to the gate.

Here half a dozen or so kept watch, looking out over the wall above, as they lean in the embrasures of the parapet. The nearest was a huge fellow, with a great bushy moustache, from beneath which protruded a short wooden pipe. His kepi was cocked rakishly over one eye, as he stared hard at me with the other; half closed and leering, while he kept his rifle pointed straight at my head.

I was glad to feel certain that he at least was no Arab, but a tough old legionary, a typical vieille moustache, and rough soldier of fortune. But I thought his joke a poor one and overpersonal, as I looked up into the muzzle of his unwavering rifle.

"Congratulations, my children," I cried. "France and I are proud to salute you," and raised my kepi in homage to their courage and their victory.

Not one of them saluted. Not one

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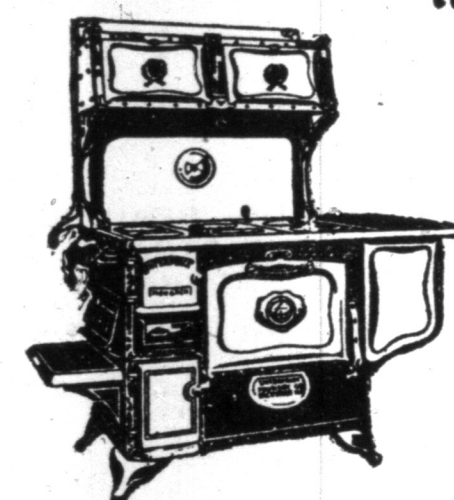
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of them answered. Not one of them stirred. Neither a finger nor an eyelid moved. I was annoyed. If this was "making fantasia," as they call it in the Legion, it was making it at the wrong moment and in the wrong manner.

"Have you of the Foreign Legion no manners?" I shouted. "Go, one of you, at once, and call your officer." Not a finger nor an eyelid moved.

I then addressed myself particularly to old Grey-Moustache. "You," I said, pointing up straight at his face, "go at once and tell your Commandant that Major de Beaujolais of the Spahis has arrived from Tokotu with a relieving force—and take that pipe out of your face and step smartly, do you hear?"

And then, my friend, I grew a little uncomfortable, though the impossible truth did not dawn upon me. Why did the fellow remain like a graven image, silent, motionless, remote—like an Egyptian god on a temple wall, looking with stony and unseeing eye into my puny human face?

Why were they all like stone statues? Why was the fort so utterly and horribly silent? Why did nothing move, there in the fierce sunlight of the dawn? Why this tomb-like, charnel-house, inhuman silence and immobility?

Where were the usual sounds and stir of an occupied post? Why had no sentry seen me from afar and cried the news aloud? Why had there been no clang and clatter at the gate? Why had the gate not been opened? Why no voice, no footstep in all the place? Why did these men ignore me as though I were a beetle on the sand? Where was their officer?

Was this a nightmare in which I seemed for ever doomed to ride voiceless and invisible, round endless walls, trying to attract the attention of those who could never be aware of me?

When, as in a dream, I rode right round the place and beheld more forms, with their fixed, unwinking eyes, I clearly saw that one of them, whose kepi had fallen from his head, had a hole in the centre of his forehead and was dead—although at his post, with his chest and elbows leaning on the parapet, and looking as though about to fire his rifle!

I am rather near-sighted, as you know, but then the truth dawned upon me—they were all dead!

"Why were they not sleeping the sleep of tired victors?" I had asked myself a few minutes before. They were.

Yes, all of them. Mort sur le champ d'honneur!

My friend, I rode back to where Grey-Moustache kept his last watch, and, bearing my head, I made my apologies to him, and the tears came into my eyes. Yes, and I, Henri de Beaujolais of the Spahis, admit it without shame.

I said, "Forgive me, my friend."

What would you, an Englishman, have said?

"What about a spot of tea?" quoth Mr. George Lawrence, reaching beneath the seat for his tiffin-basket.

(To be continued)

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much-prized compliment paid to the housewife who cooks with the ENTERPRISE MONARCH STEEL RANGE.

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Barber: "Your hair needs cutting badly, sir."

Customer: "Well, I don't know of anyone who can cut it worse than you."

NOTICE OF SALE

TO: SAMUEL J. FRAZEE of the Parish of Studholm in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer, and EMMA A. FRAZEE, his wife, GEORGE B. JONES and WILLIAM JONES, both of Apohaqui in the County of Kings aforesaid, Merchants, and to all other persons whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Eighth day of November, A. D. 1924, made between Samuel J. Frazee of the Parish of Studholm in the County of Kings aforesaid, Farmer, and Emma A. Frazee, his wife, of the first part, and H. Lorne Steeves of the Parish of Coverdale in the County of Albert and Province aforesaid, of the second part, and duly recorded in the Kings County Records in Libro No. 10, at pages 196 and 197 on the 13th day of November, A. D. 1924, as No. 80969, there will for the purpose of satisfying the monies secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof contrary to the provisions of the said Indenture of Mortgage, be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION in front of the Post Office in the Town of Sussex, in the County of Kings, on WEDNESDAY the FIFTEENTH day of SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1926, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage, as follows:—

All that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Studholm in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows: Beginning at a birch tree standing on the northern angle of lot A southeast of Studholm Millstream and granted to Samuel Carson; thence south twenty chains along the line of the said tract to a post; thence south sixty-nine degrees and thirty minutes east seven chains and eighty-three links to a post standing on a maple tree; thence north twenty-three degrees and thirty minutes west twelve minutes west, twenty-four chains and fifty links to a post; thence south forty-six degrees and thirty minutes west thirty-six chains to the place of beginning, containing two hundred and twenty acres more or less and distinguished as lot number eighteen in grant to Joseph Frazee dated November the twenty-fourth, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

TOGETHER with all and singular the trees and improvements thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances to said lands and premises belonging.

DATED at the City of Moncton in the County of Westmorland, this 22nd day of May, A. D. 1926.

H. LORNE STEEVES, Mortgagee.

T. T. GOODWIN, Solicitor.

NOTICE OF SALE

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Dominion Building (so called) in the Town of Sussex, in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, on Monday the Eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1926 at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Stephen O'Shaughnessy in and to

the following described lands and premises, namely:

FIRST LOT—"Beginning at the northwest angle of Lot number fourteen in Block B, thence running by the magnet south fifty chains, thence west twenty chains, thence north fifty chains, and thence east twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing

All those two lots of land and premises situate in the Parish of Havelock in the County of Kings and Province of New Brunswick, bounded and described as follows:—

one hundred acres more or less, distinguished as Lot number thirteen in the Block above mentioned.

SECOND LOT—"Beginning at a post standing at the southeast angle of the south half of Lot number twelve in Block B granted to Manus Rogers, thence running by the magnet north fifty chains, thence east twenty chains, thence south fifty chains to a post, and thence west twenty chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less."

The above sale is held pursuant to the provisions of "The Rates and Taxes Act, 1924, and under and by virtue of a warrant to me directed dated the 10th day of July, A. D. 1926, issued by the Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipality of Kings County for School Rates and Taxes against the said Stephen O'Shaughnessy.

Dated this 13th day of July, A. D. 1926.

(Sgd.) ISAAC CAMPBELL, High Sheriff of Kings County.

NOTICE OF SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that there will be sold at public auction at or near elleisle Station, on the Central Railway, in the Parish of Springfield, County of Kings, New Brunswick, on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August, A. D. 1926, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a certain Decretal Order for Partition and Sale made in the Supreme Court, Chancery Division, on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1926, in an action, wherein Joseph H. Henderson is Plaintiff and John Henderson and others are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Master of the Supreme Court and pursuant to the provisions of the Judicature Act, 1909, and all amendments thereof, all the right, title and interest of the said parties to the said cause in and to the lands and premises described in the Statement of Claim herein and in said Decree for Partition and Sale as:

"ALL that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Springfield, in the County of Kings, being parts of Lots number Ten and Eleven in the second division of Michean's survey granted to the late James Crawford and being that portion of land devised by the late Isaac Crawford to Mary Ann Crawford and James H. Crawford and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the centre of the Belleisle Creek Road where the said road joins the road leading to Norton, thence northerly parallel to the side line of land formerly owned by the late Mary Crawford, thence easterly along the said last mentioned land to land formerly owned by C. F. McLeod, thence southerly along McLeod's land to the Belleisle Creek Road, thence easterly along said road to the Central Railway, thence southerly along said Railway to land owned by Jesse Hughes, thence westerly along said Hughes' land and the Church of England Burying Ground to the Norton Road, thence northerly along said Norton Road to the place of beginning, saved reserved and excepted from the above bounded piece of land sold to George G. Scovill, a piece of land sold to the Church of England Corporation and a piece of land eight feet wide east and west and equal length of the land sold to the Church of England Corporation and lying on the eastern side of the said Church Corporation land, the land now deeded or intended so to be is estimated to contain fifty acres be the same more or less," the said property being described as above in the decree there of from one William Gillies to one Arthur A. Lewin dated the thirteenth day of March, A. D. 1897, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the County of Kings, in Book K, Number 5, of the records folios 23, 24, 25, saving and excepting out of the tract of land above described the portion thereof of the opposite side of the main Belleisle Creek Road from the house on the said land hereby conveyed lately occupied by the said Grantors, said excepted portion having been sold and conveyed to one G. G. Scovill; and also saving and excepting out of the above described land a lot of land conveyed by the said Sarah C. Henderson to Trinity Church Corporation by Deed bearing date January twelfth 1905, of about a quarter of one acre, and also land conveyed by the said Sarah C. Henderson to Frank E. Shanklin by Deed bearing date April twenty-ninth, 1912, the land now remaining to the estate of the said Sarah C. Henderson being more particularly described as a lot of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Springfield, in the County of Kings and the Province of New Brunswick, bounded on the westerly side by the Belleisle Creek Road, on the northerly side by the Central Railway, so called, on the easterly side by lands of Jesse Hughes and the cemetery, and on the southerly side by lands of Frank E. Shanklin and the Church of England Corporation, and being or intended to be all the lands and premises conveyed by Arthur A. Lewin and wife to Sarah C. Henderson by the Deed aforesaid, saving and excepting therefrom land conveyed by the said Sarah C. Henderson to the Church of England Corporation and to Frank E. Shanklin by the Deeds above referred to."

For further particulars apply to the undersigned Master or to the Solicitors representing the parties to the cause, namely, Mr. H. F. Puddington, Mr. J. H. A. L. Fairweather, and Mr. E. P. Raymond, K.C., all of the City of Saint John, N. B.

DATED the sixteenth day of June, A. D. 1926.

GEO. H. V. BELYEA,

Master of the Supreme Court for the County of the City and County of Saint John.

Auctioneer.

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