

## JOURNALISTS PROCEEDING OVERSEAS

An Atlantic Port, July 11.—Newspaper men of the overseas dominions of Great Britain, from one side of the globe to the other, are now headed toward the Mother country, where as guests of the British ministry of information, headed by Lord Northcliffe and Lord Beaverbrook, they will be assembled and taken direct to the battlefronts of France for a "close-up" view of the war.

Six of these newspaper men, New Zealanders, arrived here yesterday. They will spend a short time in Washington and among the army and navy men and will proceed to London.

A similar party of Canadian newspapermen left here some time ago for the other side.

## PIGEONS DREAD THE AIRPLANES

London.—The pigeons of St. Pauls are not as fat as they used to be. War rations and air raids have affected them materially.

Visitors to London's famous cathedral are not as numerous as they were in pre-war days and even those persons who do feed the pigeons now days don't care to pay 25 cents a pint for peanuts just to see the big birds peck. It's a violation of the Defense of the Real Act to feed bread to birds so the pigeons have to content themselves principally with scanty leavings from the cab horses' dinner bags.

The pigeons of St. Pauls, and of all London, too, dread the buzz of an air plane propeller overhead and even during the daytime when an observing Allied aviator appears in the sky and this is almost daily—the pigeons flutter about and fret considerably until he is out of sight.

And at night when the Boches have come, dropping bombs and things, the pigeons are out in a jiffy from their roost in the belfry wherein is hung Great Paul of 17 tons, St. Paul's largest bell, never returning until daylight. They spend the remainder of the night on adjoining buildings, or wherever they happen to alight when the air raid is at its height.

"One could feed those pigeons all the peanuts and wheat they could eat said a policeman, whose station is near St. Paul's Cathedral, recently, "but they'll never take on any flesh so long as there are aviators about. Bombs and the hum of the airplanes worry them nearly out of their feathers."

## OLD TIME BEAR STORY FROM CHARLOTTE COUNTY

### Mail Driver Attacked on a Lonely Road-- Bruin Sprang Into the Wagon But Got Out Quickly When the Driver Poked a Tobacco Pipe Into His Nostrils --- Was Afterwards Shot With a Queen Anne Musket

From the St. Croix Courier of July 12, 1888.

One day last week the Bocabec mail carrier arrived at the Shiretown perspiring at every pore, with spattered boots, strapped waist, and a blood-curdling story of a desperate encounter with a large bear near the forks of the St. John and Glenelg roads, about seven miles from town. He stated that he was driving quietly along the highway smoking his pipe and chuckling to himself at the joke he had lately got off on the "genial proprietor" about the hen and a half, when suddenly his horse stopped short—ran backwards, turned the vehicle in the mud and started to run towards home in spite of all his efforts to control him. He cast his eyes around to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct on the part of his generally level-headed steed, when suddenly a huge bear sprang into the back end of his wagon laid both paws roughly upon his shoulder and glowered into his face, his long red tongue protruding from his mouth fully six inches, and his hot breath fanning the pallid cheeks of the mail driver. Quick as thought he turned round, blew a whiff of tobacco smoke into the bear's face grasped the pipe by the bowl like a pistol and thrust the stem full length into one of the bears nostrils. Bruin, with a roar of rage and pain rolled off the wagon backwards, extracted the pipe from his nose with both paws as he lay on his back in the road, then recovered himself and suddenly took to the woods in the direction of Chamcook mountains and the driver saw him no more. He told how the same bear, (he was known by a white spot on his breast), had last summer killed and eaten a fine fat wether, the property of Michael Riordan of Bocabec, who was reserving it for the western market, and how he had destroyed the apple trees of Samuel Wrack and James McCullough, of the same locality, the bear

climbing them for their fruit, and had confiscated and carried off a number of fine pumpkins and squash belonging to John Henry Johnson, of Digdeguash; and had last spring, killed a cow for John Bell of the latter place and had pursued a herd of very fine Jersey cattle belonging to Robert Densmore round the base of Chamcook mountain, and only left the chase when the cattle ran into the barn and a large mastiff barred his way at the door. When the "genial proprietor" had listened attentively to this tale, delivered hurriedly and evidently with much warmth and perhaps a shade of coloring, he went into his chamber returned with an instrument resembling in shape and appearance an old rusty crowbar sat in a wooden handle, but which upon inspection, proved to be an old Queen Anne musket. He said it had been an heirloom in the family for over fifty years, and he cherished it very highly as such, and valued it for its good shooting qualities, which he had proved on several important occasions. Equipped with this weapon and accompanied by Squire Densmore, who chanced to be in town that day, he stepped into a buggy and started for Chamcook mountain without delay.

When they arrived at the residence of Squire Densmore, which is shaded from the rays of the evening sun by the towering heights of Chamcook mountain, they halted and hitched, and then made tracks through the squire's potato patch towards the foot of the mountain. Scarcely had they gained the margin of the wood that skirts the foothills and within full view of Chamcook village, when they suddenly came upon bruin quietly devouring a young lamb beneath the shade of a large maple tree. The old rusty flint lock was brought to bear instantly, a dull report reverberated among the cliffs of Chamcook, a puff of white smoke curled up its sides and the bear laid dead at the

## AN IMPOSING FUNERAL FOR MAJOR MITCHEL

(Canadian Press direct wire.)

New York, July 11.—The body of Major John Purroy Mitchel, in flag-draped casket, on which rested the cap he wore as an aviation officer, was borne through the streets of New York today while tens of thousands watched in silent tribute. New York has seen other military funerals for heroes of the nation, but those who witnessed the solemn procession which escorted the former mayor's body from the city hall to St. Patrick's Cathedral today, felt that none could have been more impressive.

All along the route, a distance of approximately four miles, people stood with bared and bowed heads.

The bell in the city hall tolled as the casket was borne from the rotunda, where it had lain in state throughout the night, and placed on an artillery caisson drawn by four horses, which conveyed it to the Cathedral and from there to Woodlawn Cemetery.

## CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Childhood constipation can be quickly banished through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and in this way relieve all the minor ills of little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Eugene Couture, Knox Bridge, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been marvellous in the case of my baby. She was constipated and feverish but the Tablets soon regulated her bowels and made her well." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## MILITARY MEN MAY BE JAILED

Quebec, July 11.—Col. Rogers, commanding officer of Valcartier Camp, and Major T. Paquet, commanding officer of the Laval C. O. T. C., will be jailed on July 17 if they have not produced in court one Edward Durand, of Loretteville, Que., on a writ of habeas corpus.

This was the ruling of Justice Dorian, in the Superior Court yesterday afternoon. Armand Lavergne appears for Durand in a case of a writ of habeas corpus issued in favor of Durand.

## EX-CZAR'S SON IS NO MORE.

Report That He Has Been Killed by a Bolshevik Bomb.

London, July 11.—Swedish newspapers publish a statement by a Swede just returned from Moscow that Alexis Romanoff, son of Nicholas Romanoff, former Russian emperor, has been killed by a Bolshevik soldier with a bomb, says an Exchange Telegraph despatch from Copenhagen.

## LEFT BEHIND

Footprints in the sands of time!  
Splendid dope!  
But the notion is sublime  
Gives us hope.

While we are, in life's grim plan,  
Mostly hacks  
Now and then a railroad man  
Does leave tracks.

feet of its slayer. The "genial proprietor" pulled out a pair of spectacles, carefully wiped them with his handkerchief and adjusting them upon his nose. Then, kneeling upon one knee, he proceeded minutely to examine the bear's feet one by one.

"What are you examining the bear's feet so critically for?" enquired Squire Densmore.

The "genial proprietor" slowly turned his head cast a withering glance upon the squire, and replied, "Bunions you darned fool, bunions."

The fair poetess of Chamcook has immortalized the event in the following lines:

The 'taters waved upon the hill,  
The scare crow still stood there,  
The corn stalks nodded in the breeze  
When Angus shot the bear.  
A steady aim the ball directs,  
It crashes through his head,  
His quivering body silent lies;  
Alas! poor bruin's dead.  
No more he'll roam the woods at will  
He lies a mournful wreck.  
The sheep may now securely graze  
On the shores of Bocabec.  
The apple tree can have a rest,  
The pumpkin and the squash  
May grow in safety side by side,  
On the banks of Digdeguash.  
The Jersey stock may feed in peace,  
Beside the pearly brook,  
That drinks its waters from the streams  
That trickle through Chamcook.



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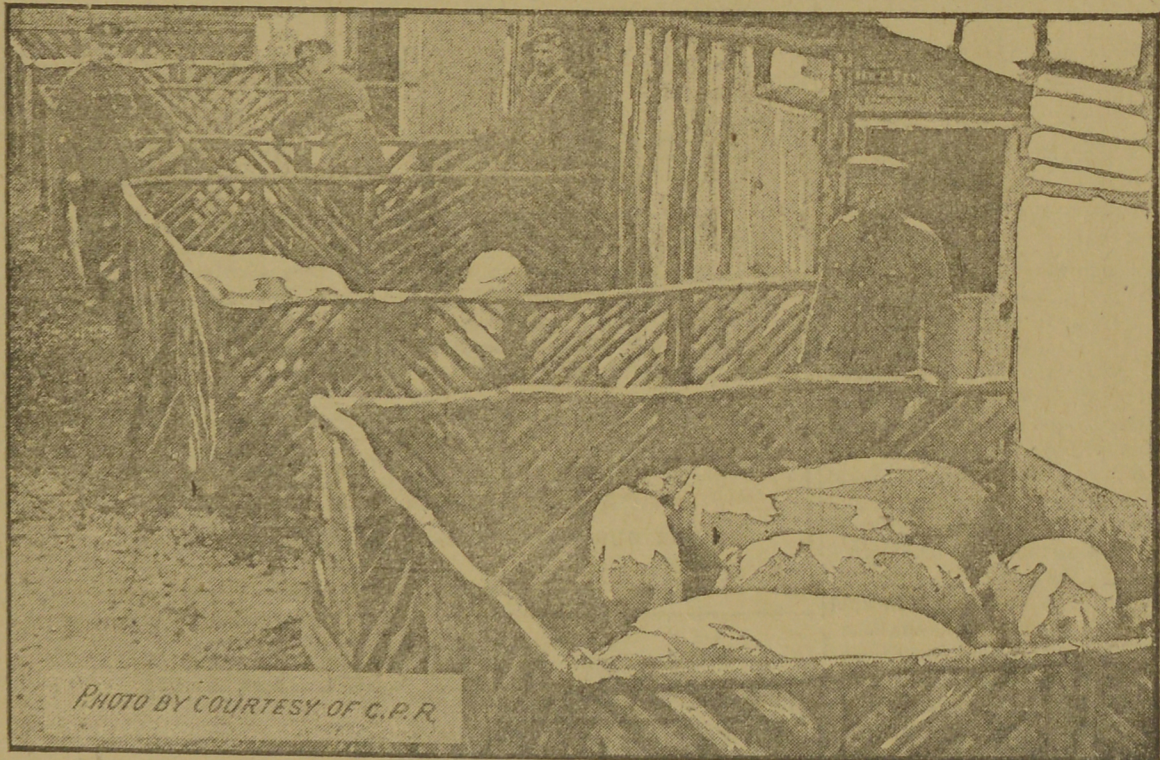
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