- NEWSY NOTES -

By AGRICOLA

Bywell

About twelve miles to the west of Newcastle, in one of the most romantic stretches of the lovely Tyne valley stands what remains of the ancient village of Bywell. It was in all likelihood never a very large village, though very ancient: for here it was (at Biguell), on the 11th of June 803, that Egbert, the twelfth Bishop of Landisfarne, was consecrated by Archbishop Eanbald. So writes Simeon of Durham, historian of those early times, and we may take it that there was then a church, possibly of wood, in which the ceremony was carried out. The village may have been much older, for the Romans had constructed a bridge across the river here, and its ruined piers still remained in the centre of the river till about sixty years ago, when they were wantonly blown up and destroyed.

When Bywell next appears under the spotlight of history the character of its surroundings had taken a decided change for the worse. The Roya. Commissioners, who in 1570, made a survey after "The Rising in the North," reported that "The town of Bywell is builded in length all of one street upon the river or water of Tyne, on the north and west part of the same; and is divided into two separate parishes, and inhabited with handicraftsmen, whose trade is all in ironwork for the horsemen and Borderers of that country, as in making bits, stirrups, buckles, and such others, wherein they are very expert and cunning and are subject to the incursions of the thieves of Tynedale, and compelled summer and winter to bring all their cattle and sheep into the street in the night season, and watch both ends of the street; and when the enemy approacheth, to raise hue and cry, whereupon all the town prepareth for rescue of their goods; which is very populous by reason of their trade, and stout and hardy by continual practice against the enemy." We can with a little imagination see the flocks and herds, penned between the river and the street and hear the watchers calling to one another as the night drags slowly on; the windows feebly illuminated by the glow of rushlights: where every man slept with his bow, arrows, and spear ready to his hand and his iron jack (or jerkin) and cap, ready for instant use.

Another hundred years, and the King's law comes to Bywell. In 1676 Chief Justice North, then on the Northern Circuit, passed through the parish on his way from Newcastle to Carlisle, then the great "hanging centres" of the North. Such was still the state of the country that the law obliged the tenants of all villages and baronies to guard the judges through their precincts; and, says North, "out of it they would not go—no, not to save the souls of them." His description of the Bywellites is worth recording: "They were a comical sort of people, riding upon nags (nags) as they called their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broad swords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and everyone in his turn, with his short cloak and other equipage, came up cheek-by-jowl and talked with "my lord judge." I was very well pleased with their discourse, for they were great antiquarians in their own bounds." The present writer can vouch that the Northumbrians are still great "antiquarians" as Judge North terms them.

Two hundred more years had passed when I visited Bywell (about 1880 A.D.) and the street was gone. The trade in accoutrements for the thievish Borderers had long disappeared, and but two houses remained, one being Bywell House (once the village inn) and the other the Vicarage attached to St. Peter's (Anglican) Church. I visited this lovely spot in company with my grandfather's brother, that is to say, my great-uncle, an "old bachelor" who might well have been the prototype of Monkbarns, in Sir Walter Scott's story of "the Antiquary." But unlike Monkbarns he was never led astray by any spurious relics of antiquity! He was equally at home with the Latin of Horace and the Norman-French of Froissart, and could translate either into a racy English that was a joy to hear. Although there was at the least fifty years difference in our ages, we were close friends till his death and I think no man had more influence in forming my antiquarian tastes than my "uncle James." A staunch defender of the English Church, I never knew him to enter its edifices except for antiquarian purposes; yet towards the end of his career he travelled to Rome to see and hear the Easter celebration. He was greatly impressed with its splendor, and in an "Epistle from the Romans" he wrote "Man, B—, I shall never look on the like again." Being a stranger, and alone, he palled up with an Italian monk, and as neither spoke the other's language, they talked in Latin! It must have been amusing, for uncle James spoke the old "English" style of Latin, which differs in sound from both the German and the Italian. (For instance what uncle James called Sisero (Cicero) the German pronounces Kickero and the Italian, Chichero!

Quite a long digression, so we will get back to Bywell. A peculiar feature of the place is the presence of two Anglican Churches, on opposite sides of the highway. Tradition has it that two sisters, co-heiresses, quarrelled for precedency, so each of them built a church of her own, over which she exercised patronage to the exclusion of the other. This explanation is not altogether satisfactory, since there are several other places in England which have churches built side by side

It has been suggested that the ladies having adjoining estates, built the churches near each other for the sake of society for their respective chaplains. The people in the locality still call them the Black and White Churches, no doubt because they were respectively served in pre-Reformation days by the Benedictine or Black Monks, and the White Canons. Tradition dies slowly in the North.

St. Andrew's is the "White Church," which stands on the site of the old church in which the consecration of Egbert took place as already narrated. The tower is undoubtedly Saxon, but little original work is left in the body of the church. One noticeable feature was a "squint" window, piercing the wall at an angle, to allow lepers, outside the church, to see the priest at the altar.

St. Peter's, the "Black Church," is in the early Norman style of architecture. It has a low, squat tower, rising no higher than the roof of the church. We examined the two ancient bells in this tower, one of which has an inscription in Latin, translated thus: "I call the hours, and summon the lle-abeds, that the people may rise." The other has the simple inscription "Tu Es Petrus" followed by the letters of the alphabet. This church had also a leper window through which the sacrament was administered to lepers or sick persons in time of plague.

The sexton, who carried the keys and showed us round, told us how the village disappeared. It seems that in 1771 the Tyne rose in a great flood and swept away the street of ten houses while six persons perished. Both churches suffered much damage from the flood, the churchyards being more or less destroyed. Some valuable horses were got into the Black Church, and only saved themselves from being drowned by clinging to the top of the pews: a mare escaped the rising waters by mounting the altar. The people who survived abandoned the site, but as far as our informant knew, the Tyne had never been in serious flood since that date

Worms in Turnips

It was fortunate that I wrote the short note with the above title (July 13), or I'd have missed some very valuable information. I have since been privileged to read a letter, addressed to a young farmer, by Prof. F. M. Cannon, Officer-in-charge of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Charlottetown. It reads in part as follows:—

"I have been doing some work on control of this insect for several years. At first I tried different solutions around the plants to kill the eggs and young maggots but this did not prove satisfactory. Last year I studied the problem from a different angle, that of applying sweetened poison sprays to the plants to kill the adult flies before they laid their eggs. The results obtained were satisfactory, the severe injury was reduced from 25 per cent to 1.5 per cent. I am trying out this method again this year and if it continues to be useful I will probably make recommendations for its use later."

This ingenious plan will be received with appreciation by farmers generally as the outlay cannot be great, and the results will extend to the following year's "crop of flies." I am not so sure of my own case, because I have recently invested in a couple of hives of bees: would they be in danger from the sweetened spray?

In the note of July 13, I mentioned that I placed moth-balls on the line of radishes, to deter the flies by means of the smell. The balls were about a foot apart. Well, no radishes were wormy; that was all to the good, but the radishes nearest to the balls had a faint taste of the napthalene, which could just be detected by a sensitive tongue! However, the general result was so good that I shall try the plan again, D. V

A Pointed Paragraph

A paragraph in the "Editorial Notes" of July 19th commences "The main trouble with the cooperative movement in this province is that it is not cooperative but bureaucratic." In a loose way, any distributive system may be called cooperative, since it includes the producer, the buyer, and we may add the consumer. But if it does not better the lot of the first and last of the parties concerned, it is not the plan which the Rochdale pioneers had in mind. The test question is, are our Canadian cooperatives run by all for the good of all? There are, I believe, some hundreds of concerns in Canada, all of which label themselves as cooperative; but some of which in their workings approximate closely to private enterprises: and such enterprises, we know, are not run in the interests of the producer.

Those who desire to study the democratic principles of true Cooperatives cannot do better than procure the little pamphlet on "Cooperation, The Plan for Tomorrow which works Today," by H. H. Hannam. It is published by the United Farmers of Ontario, Duke and George Sts., Toronto. For the fishermen: read "Producer's Cooperation," by G. Richardson, B.A., (published as a pamphlet by Long Bros., printers, St. John's, Newfoundland). Most comprehensive of all is the U. S. Bulletin No. 598, "Organization and Management of Consumers' Cooperative Associations and Clubs (with model bylaws)." This is sold by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., for ten cents.

"No country," says this Bulletin, "has ever had so many fraudulent and dangerous schemes, masquerading as cooperatives, as America."

NOTES ON ISLAND PLANTS
The Araliaceae

There are three species of Aralia and one of Panax found here, all truly native to this continent. They have aromatic and reputedly medicinal qualities. The Spikenard (**A. racemosa**), says Bain, is a shrub four feet high, with very large ternate or quinate leaves and numerous umbels of flowers. It is herbaceous, that is to say, its stem dies down every year; the large spicy-aromatic root persists in the ground. Perhaps this species is not common I have seen it but once when it was sent in for identification by Miss Maude M. Jones of Pownal.

Fairly abundant in suitable localities, rocky or sandy places, is the Bristly Sarsaparilla, or as it is called in some places the "Wild Elder" (**A. hispida**). Who has not gathered its berries to make sarsaparilla wine, or for market? The stem stands about two feet high topped off with several umbels of flowers, and is bristly. Of course it has no relation to our Canadian elders, nor is it the officinal Sarsparilla which is a Smilax belonging to a different family altogether. Here is another instance of the misleading popular names, which is my excuse for thrusting the scientific names upon my readers. The wine already mentioned is understood to be "good for you", but I have not yet found anybody competent to explain how.

Then we have the Wild Sarsaparilla (**A. nudicaulis**) found in moist shady woodlands, where it forms a fairly thick undergrowth. It is nearly stemless, with a short smooth stalk scarcely rising out of the ground, bearing one large tri-quinate leaf and an umbel of black berries. Bain notes that "the root is highly esteemed in medicine."

To Mr. F. S. Blanchard, Architect, of Charlottetown, I am indebted for a specimen of the Dwarf Ginseng or Ground Nut, (**Porax trifolium**). It was found in King's Copnty, but I am not certain whether rare or abundant. The root or tuber is globular and the herbaceous stem short, and bearing a solitary whorl of three to five palmate leaves. This plant has been assigned to the genus Aralia by some botanists. It is closely allied to the Ginseng so highly valued by the Chinese.

HOWARD McINNIS

MID SUMMER

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CAVENDISH CHARGE. — On Sunday, July 28th worship in North Rustico at 11 A. M. In Stanley Bridge Major Olive Hiscott will speak to the Orange Association at 7.30 P. M. Geo. W. Tilley, Minister. L-29-7-27-1i.

HORSEMEN—Entries for horse races in connection with Old Home Week close this Saturday—July 27th. If you have not an entry blank call 1164 and one will be sent you at once. J. W. Boulter, Secretary. L-775-7-25-3i.

Personals

Corpl. J. Alfred MacEachern returned to Halifax Friday morning after spending a short furlough with his parents in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Biggar and daughter of Montreal, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Steen Lingley at Westfield, have left for Stanhope Beach, P.E.I., where they will spend some time. —St. John Telegraph Journal.

Mr. Russell Mumford, of the Canadian National Railway staff, Winnipeg who has been visiting his relatives, Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Mabon, Fitzroy Street left for Nova Scotia this morning, and will continue visiting relatives and friends there.

WEEKLY LIVESTOCK MARKET REPORT

SUMMARY

The cattle market uncovered a dull trading session during the past week. There were too many of the lower grades of grass cattle on hand for the trade to absorb at steady prices and, as a consequence, rates were pared a little at nearly all markets. Cows and stocker cattle, as a rule, worked about 25c to 50c lower. The better grades of butcher cattle and especially dry-feds, however, held firm under an active demand. Calves held steady in the west but Toronto lost 50c during the week. Hogs again showed further strength, moving up slightly at Toronto and Montreal and on Alberta markets. On Thursday afternoon the Bacon Board authorized an increase in the price of export bacon to a basis of $17.70 for A grade No. 1 sizeable Wiltshires for put down commencing with the week of July 22nd. Lambs were steady to firmer with Winnipeg and Calgary recording substantial gains.

Eastern Cattle Markets

Weighty steers and stockers were again the poorest sellers at TORONTO with the former losing 25c and replacement cattle dropping 25c to 50c. Other kinds, however, held about steady. Good butcher cattle sold readily at $8.25 to $8.50 and some up to $8.75 but weighty steers were slow up to $8.50, with an early top of $8.75. The average quality of the cattle offered at MONTREAL was lower and so was the price. Steers sold generally up to $8.50, with one sale of 1500 lb. steers at $8.75. Good cows sold from $5.50 up to $6. Dressed beef sales have been slow in the MARITIMES due to warmer weather and there was a consequent general decline of 25c in cattle prices. Good to choice steers brought $8 to $8.50 and others down to $5.

Western Cattle Markets

Cattle receipts were quite heavy at WINNIPEG and unfortunately the bulk of the offering consisted of medium grass slaughter cattle and stockers. Dry-feds were scarce and sold about steady but any heavy steers not eligible to grade sufficiently high to produce Red or Blue Brand Beef sold 50c lower between $5.25 and $8. Butcher females were lower with only a few good heifers offered at $6 to $7.50. Stockers were plentiful and Eastern orders absorbed some good ones at a reduction of 25c, while common and medium kinds were as much as 50c down. CALGARY was 25c off on cows but other grades held steady with good to choice grass steers selling up to $7 and dry-feds as high as $8. Similar conditions prevailed throughout other Western markets, cows and stocker cattle proving a draggy product, while other cattle held to about last week's rates. Top steers at EDMONTON made $8.25, MOOSE JAW $7.25, SASKATOON $8.25, REGINA $6.75 and VANCOUVER $7.50.

United States Market

There were no Canadian cattle sold at Buffalo but St. Paul quoted common Canadian cows at $5.25 and some medium quality bulls from $5.75 to $6.15.

Exports to the south for the week consisted of 1,812 beef cattle, 444 dairy, and 2,980 calves placing the totals to date this year at 61,526 beef cattle, 6,898 dairy and 47,293 calves, as against 106,653 beef cattle, 6,658 dairy and 56,809 calves in the same period last year. Exports under the third quarterly quota from July 1st to July 18th were 4,190 beef cattle, as against 18,496 in the same period of 1939. During the week 39 hogs passed through a British Columbia port for immediate slaughter at Spokane.

Calves Mostly Steady

The only calf market to show any material change was Toronto, where veals closed 50c lower with tops at $9.50. Montreal had a very heavy offering and only a few were good enough to sell above $8. The extreme top was $9. The supply was plentiful at Winnipeg but heavy shipments to the south held prices firm and top veals made $7.50. Elsewhere the trade held steady with Prince Albert reporting a top of $6.50 and all other western markets having a high of $7.

Hogs Steady to Stronger

The Toronto hog market marked up a gain of 15c, bacons closing at $8.90 off trucks and $11.75 dressed. Montreal was 15c to 25c higher with bacons at $9 f & w., and mostly $12 dressed. Winnipeg held steady with bacons at $8 f & w., while Calgary and Emonton made substantial gains, Calgary closing at $7.85 off trucks and Edmonton at $8. Other markets held steady, Prince Albert and Saskatoon paying $7.60 for bacons off trucks and Moose Jaw and Regina $7.75. Vancouver was stronger with slaughter hogs up to $8.50.

Lamb Market Steady to Higher

Lambs showed no change at Toronto, good ewes and wethers selling firm at $12. Montreal paid $11 to $11.50, while Winnipeg was firm with top quality at $9.25 to $9.50. Calgary closed higher with top lambs at $8.75. The high at Edmonton was $8.25, Prince Albert and Regina $8, Moose Jaw $8.25, Saskatoon $7.75 and Vancouver had a few up to $9.50.

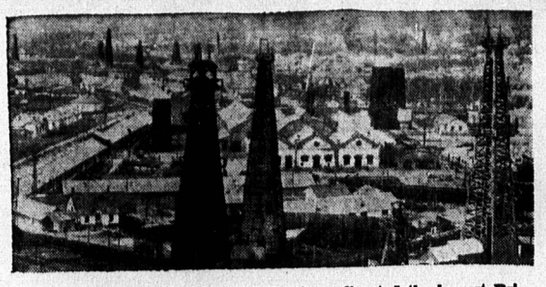
ISOLATED WOMEN GET THE DOCTOR

DARWIN, Australia, July 26 — (CP) — Mothers living hundreds of miles apart in the sparsely populated northern parts of Australia have regular discussions on their babies' diets, health, and whooping cough.

The master of ceremonies at this wireless conference, held once a week, is Dr. Keith Sweetman, of the Australian Aerial Medical Service at Wyndham. The service is believed to be unique.

By arranging a special schedule he enables mothers to discuss with him their problems and the health of their children, while mothers in the neighbourhood, sometimes 300 miles away, listen in and compare notes.

More than 100 medical flights have been made from the Wyndham base, and 35,000 miles have been travelled since the inauguration of the service in April 1938.



The Rumanian government, July 24, confiscated the largest British oil company in Rumania. The confiscated concern was the Astra-Romane Oil Co., which is jointly owned by British and Dutch interests. Oil Commissar Gheron Netta appointed one of his deputies to run it for the government. A government order asserted that the concern, a subsidiary of the Royal Dutch Shell, had failed to supply "information on production" as required by Rumanian law. Rumanian oil wells are shown here.

Black Horizon

(Continued from page 2)

The native lay as Rand had left him. It was not the injured man that held Rand in paralytic watchfulness. He saw a figure—a man on his hands and knees — creeping slowly toward the sick man. There was no mistaking that figure. It was big and bearded and sinister—Jacques LaBlanc.

LaBlanc crept slowly, silently, over the sand. His gaze was on Balu. He was close, very close to the native so close that had Balu been merely sleeping his furtive presence would have awakened the sleeper. But Balu was sick, feverish, his mind dulled.

LaBlanc was beside the man now; had raised to his knees. He held something in his hands. Rand saw what it was with sudden horror. LaBlanc had removed his shirt. He had rolled it into a ball and was about to clap it over Balu's face t o suffocate him!

Rand tried to cry out. Horror was so intense it paralyzed his vocal chords. Nor could he move. Yet all the while he knew that LaBlanc ment to kill Balu and rob him of the pearls in his sarong.

Then past Rand moved a slim, straight figure. Sonya.

LaBlanc did not see her until she stood opposite him with Balu's inert form between them. He leaped to his feet then, his bearded face savage, his eyes blazing.

"Quiet!" he ordered, hoarsely. "Quiet, or I'll choke you!"

Sonya faced him boldly. Her voice was quite calm and reached Rand as he got to his feet unseen.

"Well, why don't you choke me?" Sonya said. "I've come to stop you from murdering Balu."

LaBlanc made a throat sound that was like a dull rattle. His jaws worked viciously. He tried to talk, but no word come. He glared at Sonya for a moment, then seemed to go to pieces. He flung away his balled shirt and moved away from Balu. Only then did he see Rand.

"That woman is a devil!" he said, but for once he was not blustering.

Rand slipped his good arm about Sonya's face. She was suddenly limp and sagged in his embrace. He held her to him, unable to speak.

Maya Jack Cannaghan strode up to them. "What's the matter?" he asked. "What have you been up to, LaBlanc?"

No one answered immediately. It was Kelly Burk who did reply.

"I saw it all, Maya," said Kelly Burk, in an awed voice. "I saw it all! It was another of her miracles, I tell you. LaBlanc was going to kill Balu and she stopped him. Stopped him—by talking to him!"

Maya Jack looked emotionally upset. He ran his fingers through his short-clipped blond hair. He raised his eyes to Sonya, met her gaze for a moment steadily, then dropped his glance. He turned and walked slowly back to his tarpaulin.

Morning found Balu's fever down. He was conscious, but looked as though he had been many days ill instead of one. Rand was satisfied with his condition.

Sonya and Rand walked along the beach that morning. Sonya was gathering tiny pink shells washed in by the night's tide.

"Sonya," Rand said, half humorously, half seriously, "you are the most amazing creature I have ever known."

"Why, Rand?" she asked, smiling at him.

"Because of what you accomplished with Pete Barker. Why, you've made a new man of him! Look at him now. He actually swaggers! And LaBlanc last night. No man could have done that——"

"They are like children, Rand. Big, overgrown children. I suppose it is a maternal streak in me that makes me understand them."

"What miracle are you going to perform next? Whom else are you going to rehabilitate out of these wrecks who were once men? Me? Maya Jack? Or Kelly Burk?"

Sonya's tone was bantering. "Not you. Nor Maya Jack," she said. "You two are not children. You—you are men. The strongest willed men I have ever known. No woman could bend either of you to her will."

"But Kelly Burk?"

Sonya turned and looked along the beach. Rand followed her glance. Kelly Burk was shuffling through the loose sand toward them. He had been drinking from his metal flask; it was in his hand now.

"Call Kelly Burk," said Sonya to Rand.

Rand called to the pudgy-figured man. Kelly Burk looked up, but not at Rand. His bloodshot gaze sought Sonya's face.

Rand suddenly knew that Kelly Burk was already conditioned to be bent to Sonya's will. He was still profoundly impressed by what Sonya had accomplished with Pete Barker and LaBlanc. He came shuffling up to her.

(To be Continued)

Effect $8,600 Savings In Fisheries Dept.

OTTAWA, July 25 —(CP) —Recent changes in staff at head office effected an annual saving of $8,600, Fisheries Minister Michaud told the House of Commons tonight during consideration of his departmental estimates. These changes included appointment of a new deputy minister who continues that position with chairmanship of the Salt Fish Board and receives no remuneration for the latter position.

Conservative Leader Hanson criticised the retention of a director of publicity and said the position was created in the first instance to reward a man "for writing political editorials." It ought to be abolished, he said.

The Conservative Leader then turned to the new deputy minister, Dr. D. B. Finn, a former biological station head, and first chairman of the recently organized Salt Fish Board.

"Why was the present incumbent chosen as deputy minister?" he asked. "What qualifications did he have as an administrator? He is a scientist."

Mr. Michaud gave a biographical sketch of Dr. Finn's career which brought him to chairmanship of the Salt Fish Board, just before his selection as deputy minister last spring.

Mr. Hanson questioned the value of what had been accomplished by the Salt Fish Board to date.

Mr. Michaud said $495,000 had been distributed in efficiency payments to those engaged in the salt fish industry, and the board had done much to bring hope and encouragement to a depressed industry.

Mr. Hanson declared the fisherman had been "the forgotten man" in Canada not only under this government but under the Conservative government of which he had been a supporter and one-time member.

Nothing had been done for them through the depression. He welcomed anything that was designed to help this class of industry.

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Ladies White Handbags imitation leathers. Price — — — — 59c

Shopping Bags in rattan, weave light or dark shades price only — — — — 39c

Summer Voiles with polka dot or flowered patterns, lace trimmed with swing skirts. Sizes 14 - 20. Price — — — $1.00

Ladies Silk Panties. Colors white and T. Rose. Sizes small, medium and large. Price — — 29c Pr.

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Men's Fancy Polo Shirts. Sizes small, medium and large. To clear — — — 39c

Men's Sport Shirts. Short sleeve and assorted patterns — — — 79c

Men's Rayon Hose. Assorted patterns 25c

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