



The Beacon



VOL. XXIX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1917

NO. 18

THE BATTLEFIELD

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Oh! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of fitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering
wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who mingled in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not!

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn,
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth be pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM COLLEGE BRYANT.
(Born November 3, 1794; died, 1878.)

THE MUD LARKS

NOBODY out here seems exactly in-
fatuated with the politicians nowa-
days. The Front Trenches have about as
much use for the Front Benches as a big
game hunter for mosquitoes. The bayonet
professor indicates his row of
dummies and says to his lads, "Just im-
age they are Cabinet Ministers—go!" and
in a clock-tick the heavens are raining
shreds of cackling and perches of straw.
The demon bomber fancies some promi-
nent Parliamentary is lurking in the
opposite sap, grins his teeth, and gets an
extra five yards into his bowling.

But I am not entirely of the vulgar
opinion. The finished politician may not
be a subject for odes, but a political edu-
cation is a great asset to any man. Our
Mess President, William, once assisted a
friend to lose a parliamentary election,
and his experience has been invaluable to
us. The moment we are tired of fighting
and want billets, the Squadron sits down
where it is and the Skipper passes the
word along for William. William dusts
his boots, adjusts his tie and heads for the
most prepossessing farm in sight. Arriv-
ing there he takes off his hat to the dog,
pats the pig, asks the cow after the calf,
salutes the farmer, curtsies to the farm-
er's wife, then turning to the inevitable but-
ter, exclaims in the language of the country,
"Mong Jew, keli jolly onfong!" (Gosh,
what a topping kid!), and bending rever-
ently over it imprudently lingers 'till upon
its indurubber features and wins the free-
dom of the farm. The Mess may make
use of the kitchen; the spare bed is at
the Skipper's disposal; the cow will move
up and make room for the First Mate; the
pig will be only too happy to welcome the
Subaltern to its modest abode.

Ordinary billeting officers stand no
chance against our William and his politi-
cal education. "That fellow," I heard
one disgruntled competitor remark of
him, "would hug the Devil for a knob of
cider." Once only did he meet his match,
and a battle of Titans resulted.

In pursuit of his business he entered a
certain farm-house, to find the baby al-
ready in possession of another officer's
heavy red creature with a monocle, who
was rocking the infant's cradle seven-
five revolutions per minute and making
duet noises on a moustache comb.

William's heart felt to his field boots;
he recognised the red creature's markings
immediately. This was another politician;
no bloodless victory would be his; he
would fly first, powder burn—Wow!

The red person must have tumbled to
William as well, for he increased the
revolutions to one hundred and forty per
minute and broke into a shrill lullaby of
his own impromptu composition.

Go to sleep, Mummy's little Did-ums;
Go to sleep, Daddy's little Thing-me-je;
Go to sleep, Mummy's little Did-ums;
Go to sleep, Daddy's little Thing-me-je.

Nevertheless this did not suffice
him; he recognised the red creature's markings
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Why does Canada Raise Money by Selling Bonds?

BONDS are issued payable in ten or twenty years, as the case may be.

It means that repayment of the money will be spread over ten or twenty years instead of being raised by taxation to meet current expenditures.

To raise by taxation all the money as fast as it is needed to carry on Canada's share in winning the war, would be an unbearable burden upon the people.

It would mean that more than a million dollars a day would have to be raised right now.

But to raise money by selling Canada's
Victory Bonds means that those of the
next generation who will benefit by the
sacrifices this generation is making;
—who will share in the freedom this
generation is fighting for and largely paying
for—will also pay their share.

And when you buy Canada's Victory
Bonds you make a first-class business in-
vestment in a security that is absolutely
safe, likely to enhance in value after the
war, and bearing a good rate of interest.
You help the country by keeping open
the British market for Canadian products
and this helps the general welfare in which
you share.

And again, every Canadian who buys
a Victory Bond becomes a financial partner
or backer of Canada in the war.
When you buy a Canada Victory Bond

you give a personal pledge that you are
going to help to win the war.

Every man and woman in Canada can
help to win the war by buying Canada's
Victory Bonds. And Canada wants the
personal, individual interest and co-opera-
tion of every man and woman in the
country.

The buying of Victory Bonds by the
whole people unites them in a determination
to win the war.

Every purchase of Canada's Victory
Bonds is a blow for freedom against the
tyranny of German Kultur.

Every bond sold is a new guarantee
that Canada is in the war to the finish,
until victory is with the Allies and the
world has been made safe to live in.

Every bond you buy is a new pledge
that Canada will remain true to herself, the
Allies, the Allies and to freedom's cause.

So it is both patriotic and good busi-
ness to

Buy Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

NEW JERSEY MAY TAKE OVER FISHING INDUSTRY

Trenton, N. J., October 25.—Gov. Edge
is expected to recommend to the 1918
Legislature that New Jersey undertake
State operation of the fishing industry off
its coast, and the distribution and sale of
fish in cities, towns, and communities.
This move would be one of the most ad-
vanced steps toward paternalistic govern-
ment, and is contemplated because of the
food crisis due to war conditions.

Early this year the Governor recom-
mended in a message to the Legislature
State-owned fish warehouses, to be main-
tained along shore. A High Cost of Liv-
ing Commission is expected to make a
report on the possibilities of a State op-
erated fish industry, together with distribu-
tion of the catch, and to report on the
success or non-success of such govern-
mental activities in various parts of the
world. When Governor Edge puts his
new plans before the next Legislature, it
is expected that he will become known
throughout the nation as the originator of
a new plan for communal feeding.

For some years now the increasing price
of fish has been a matter of surprise and
distress to the New Jersey housewife.
Pamphlets urging the use of fish as a
meat substitute have been issued by
Federal, State, and municipal commis-
sions, but the perplexed housewife found
that the cost of fish had become as great
as meat itself. She realized that her
patriotic duty might be to eat fish, but the
strain on her pocket-book has been as
tense in buying mackerel as mutton.

New Jersey's opportunities for more
than pampering about fish are great.
Her proportionately large coast line is
lined with fishermen, and her large cities
are within a few hours' haul of the coast.
But the fact remains that fresh fish cannot
be bought, even in the near-by communi-
ties, at reasonable prices. A great deal
of the fish offered for sale is frozen, in-
dicating that it has been taken to New York,
the distributing centre, and then shipped
back to New Jersey.

Whether the high price of fish is the
fault of the retailer or of the middleman,
or whether the trouble is at the source of
supply, the State Commission has not
made known. But the fact that the ad-
ministration is now advocating State
ownership of the fish industry would
seem to indicate that the problem can be
solved. The State owns the waters three
miles out from its coast, and theoretically
speaking all the fish that swim therein,
just as the State owns the game in the
wild lands and marshes of the common-
wealth.—New York Evening Post.

HEAVY GALE SWEEPS ALL BEFORE IT

One of the worst storms on record swept
through this locality on Tuesday after-
noon and night, doing a tremendous
amount of damage. The morning was
intermittently rainy, and a stiff breeze
was blowing the force of which gradually
increased towards the afternoon till be-
tween 11 and 12 o'clock at night, when it
was blowing a gale. The velocity of the
wind was well over 60 miles an hour be-
tween 11 and 12 o'clock, and began to
abate after midnight with the receding of
the tide. A 12 o'clock high tide is
always a full one, but the fury of the wind
on Tuesday brought the water to a very
high level, sending it dashing over the
lower wharves of the harbor and up to
the roadway where the bridge crosses the
brook that drains from the property of
Mr. Bowser. The rain ceased before 12,
and the raging waters were wildly beauti-
ful as they tossed their spray to the tops
of the buildings along the waterfront.
Towards Wednesday morning the wind
slackened to a breeze, and by the after-
noon an almost dead calm prevailed.

Damage was done to all the weirs in the
neighbourhood, and some of them were
so badly smashed as to be almost a total
loss to their owners. Many boats and
sailor reels were completely destroyed,
and many went adrift and have not been
recovered. The telephone and telegraph
systems were disorganized. A great many
trees were blown over, three of Lady
Tilley's fine old fir trees which border her
property on the north side amongst them.
Two of the fir trees in the direction of
Mr. M. V. Cockburn's residence, missing
by a few feet, and the other fell across
Prince of Wales Street. The large flag-
staff near Mr. J. J. Odell's residence was
broken; the roof of Mr. Howard Rigby's
boathouse was carried away; the wind-
mill on the Van Horne estate was com-
pletely destroyed; and one of the chim-
neys of Kennedy's Hotel was blown into
the alleyway between the Hotel and the
store adjoining. Hardly any property in
town escaped without at least some minor
damage. The violence of the storm has
only been surpassed by the famous Sandy
Gale, and one very strange feature of it
was that as the force of the wind increased
there was a rise of temperature. It is
safe to say that the actual cost of the
damage done in this locality can be re-
covered in thousands of dollars.

SHIPBUILDING AT QUEBEC

Quebec, October 25.—The first wooden
ship of its kind built here since the old
days of the sailing vessels, when the ship-
building industry flourished in Quebec,
was launched yesterday at St. Laurent,
Island of Orleans. The vessel is a four-
masted one, with auxiliary power and its
length over all is 333 feet, 42 feet beam
and the depth of hold is 20 feet. Its ton-
nage is figured at about 1,350, while dead
weight will be about 2,100 tons.

ANOTHER LOAN TO ENGLAND

Washington, October 25.—Another ad-
vance of \$25,000,000 was made to-day by
the Government to Great Britain, bring-
ing the total loaned that country thus far
up to \$1,400,000,000, and the total to all
the Allies \$2,825,400,000.

Advances to other Allies now total as
follows: France, \$810,000,000; Italy,
\$285,000,000; Russia, \$322,000,000; Bel-
gium, \$58,400,000; Serbia, \$3,000,000.

"Could you lend me five dollars?" "No,
I'm going to be married; but I'll see to it
that you don't get an invitation—so you'll
save at least ten dollars by that!"—Life.

"Sometimes," said the patient woman,
"I think my husband is getting to be a
Socialist." "What are the symptoms?"
"He wants to do all the talking and none
of the work."—Washington Star.

"I made a move at our club the other
night." "She—" "Oh, can't you make an-
other now."—Baltimore American.

"So your wife wants alimony," we re-
marked to our Chinese laundryman.
"Yes," said John, "alimony money me got-
tee."—Boston Transcript.

"I suppose only a limited amount of
this stock is being offered—the old
whore." "No, we're offering an unlimited
amount of it," said the promoter truth-
fully. "We'll continue to print it as long
as we have any sale for it."—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

"Why are you so sure this man isn't
her husband?" "Because," replied Miss
Cayenne, "he referred to her bathing suit
as 'stunning.'" "If he was her husband
he'd have said 'stunning.'"—Washington
Star.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Christiania, Oct. 25.—The Norwe-
gian steamer *Lander*, 2,998 tons, has
been sunk by a German submarine. One
man on board was killed.

The Norwegian steamer *Ramfos*, 3,726
tons, is stranded on the Norwegian coast,
a total wreck. She had a cargo of 6,000
tons of corn for the Belgian relief com-
mission.

—London, Oct. 25.—The American
sailing ship *Tamie Prescott*, 404 gross
tons, has been attacked by a submarine.
She was taken in tow by the submarine,
after being abandoned by the crew.

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scholar *North Star*, Captain Moreau,
was lost in a storm on the 24th inst., off
the Pointe St. Bar, North Shore.
The crew escaped but had a trying time.

She—"No, it's the time to ask 'papa.'"
"He's with you, isn't he?" "Why, now?"
"The cook talk of leaving because our
family is too large. Pa'll do anything to
induce her to stay."—Boston Transcript.

—Miss Givron.—"Nearly all my admirers
think I should be able to get this from
you on the market." "Givron—" "Encour-
age them in the idea, my dear. It won't
be long before I'll be ready to unload the
stock I'm carrying."—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. Knicker.—"As a patriotic duty we
should eat the perishable things." Mrs.
Knicker—"Everything is perishable when
Jack sits down at the table."—Life.

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begins, "Jer p-p-povay explyquay tut-
ut—rut—rut—tut—sh-sh-shits—" says he,
loosening his stammer at rapid fire, non-
ping and hissing, rushing and hissing like
a red-hot machine-run with a siphon
attachment. In five minutes the farmer
is white in the face and imploring the
Babe to let by-gones be by-gones. "No,
not a bit of it, old top," says the Babe,
"Jer p-p-povay exp-p-plyquay b-b-bob-
bub-bub—" and away it goes again like a
combined steam-riveter and shower-bath,
like the water coming down at Lodore.
No farmer however hardy has been known
to stand more than twenty minutes of
this. A quarter-of-an-hour usually sees
him bolting and barring himself into the
cellar, with the Babe howling his kisses
of fond farewell through the keyhole.

We are billeted on a farm at the present
moment. The Skipper occupies the best
bed; the rest of us are doing the *al fresco*
touch-in-tents-and-bivouacs scattered
about the surrounding landscape. We
are on very intimate terms with the gen-
tlemen-farmers. Every morning I awake
to find half-a-dozen hens and their gen-
tleman-friend, roosting along my anatomy.

One of the hens laid an egg in my ear
this morning. William says she mistook
it for her nest, but I take it the hen, as an
honest bird, was merely paying rent for
the roost.

The Babe turned up at breakfast this
morning wearing only half a moustache.
He said a goat had blown it off the other
half while he slept. The poor beast, has
been having fits of giggles ever since—a
moustache must be very ticklish to digest.

Yesterday MacTavish, while engaged in
taking his tub in the open, noticed that
his bath-water was mysteriously sinking
lower and lower. Turning round to in-
vestigate the cause of the phenomenon he
beheld a gentle milch privily sucking it
up behind his back. There was a strong
flavor of Cold Tar soap in the *caff au lait*
to-day.

This morning at dawn I was aroused by
a cold foot pawing at my face. Blinking
awake, I observed Albert Edward in rosy
pyjamas cowering beside my bed. "Show

me a leg, quick," he whispered. "Rouse out
and Uncle will show bowwow pretty pic-
ture."

Brushing aside the coverlet of fowl I
followed him tip-toe across the dewy
meadow to the t-p-p-pain which he said Mac-
Tavish call "thorns."

Albert Edward lifted a flap and signed
me to peep within. It was, as he had prom-
ised, a pretty picture.

At the foot of our MacTavish's mat-
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that warrior in his sleep, lay a large pink
pig. Both were occupied in peaceful and
stertorous repose.

"Heads of Angels, by Sir JOSHUA REY-
NOLDS," breathed Albert Edward in my ear.
PATLANDER.—Punch.

—Christiania, Oct. 25.—The Norwe-
gian steamer *Lander*, 2,998 tons, has
been sunk by a German submarine. One
man on board was killed.

The Norwegian steamer *Ramfos*, 3,726
tons, is stranded on the Norwegian coast,
a total wreck. She had a cargo of 6,000
tons of corn for the Belgian relief com-
mission.

—London, Oct. 25.—The American
sailing ship *Tamie Prescott*, 404 gross
tons, has been attacked by a submarine.
She was taken in tow by the submarine,
after being abandoned by the crew.

—Quebec, Oct. 25.—The Quebec
scholar *North Star*, Captain Moreau,
was lost in a storm on the 24th inst., off
the Pointe St. Bar, North Shore.
The crew escaped but had a trying time.

She—"No, it's the time to ask 'papa.'"
"He's with you, isn't he?" "Why, now?"
"The cook talk of leaving because our
family is too large. Pa'll do anything to
induce her to stay."—Boston Transcript.

—Miss Givron.—"Nearly all my admirers
think I should be able to get this from
you on the market." "Givron—" "Encour-
age them in the idea, my dear. It won't
be long before I'll be ready to unload the
stock I'm carrying."—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. Knicker.—"As a patriotic duty we
should eat the perishable things." Mrs.
Knicker—"Everything is perishable when
Jack sits down at the table."—Life.

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No farmer however hardy has been known
to stand more than twenty minutes of
this. A quarter-of-an-hour usually sees
him bolting and barring himself into the
cellar, with the Babe howling his kisses
of fond farewell through the keyhole.

We are billeted on a farm at the present
moment. The Skipper occupies the best
bed; the rest of us are doing the *al fresco*
touch-in-tents-and-bivouacs scattered
about the surrounding landscape. We
are on very intimate terms with the gen-
tlemen-farmers. Every morning I awake
to find half-a-dozen hens and their gen-
tleman-friend, roosting along my anatomy.

One of the hens laid an egg in my ear
this morning. William says she mistook
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vestigate the cause of the phenomenon he
beheld a gentle milch privily sucking it
up behind his back. There was a strong
flavor of Cold Tar soap in the *caff au lait*
to-day.

This morning at dawn I was aroused by
a cold foot pawing at my face. Blinking
awake, I observed Albert Edward in rosy
pyjamas cowering beside my bed. "Show

me a leg, quick," he whispered. "Rouse out
and Uncle will show bowwow pretty pic-
ture."

Brushing aside the coverlet of fowl I
followed him tip-toe across the dewy
meadow to the t-p-p-pain which