

The Beacon

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917

NO. 29

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S.S. Company

Oct. 1 and until further notice
Grand Manan leaves Grand Manan
7:30 a.m. for St. John, returning
St. John Wednesdays 7:30 a.m.
ways via Campbell, Eastport and
St. John.

Grand Manan Thursdays 7:30
for St. John, returning Friday
St. John via Campbell, Eastport and
St. John.

Grand Manan Saturdays 7:30
round trip St. Andrews, returning
St. Andrews via Campbell and
St. John.

Scott D. Guphill, Mar.

TIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.

March 3 and until further notice
S.S. Connors, will run as
St. John, N.B.

St. John, N.B. Thorne Wharf
Warehouse Co., on Saturday, 7:30 a.m.
for St. Andrews, returning at 7:30 p.m.
St. Andrews via Campbell, Eastport and
St. John.

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CHURCH SERVICES

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH—Rev. W. M.

St. Andrews, N.B. Services Holy
Communion Sundays 8:00 a.m. and
11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday
School, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday
School, 2:30 p.m. Prayer Service, Fri-
day evening at 7:30.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—Rev. R. W. Woodall

St. John, N.B. Services on Sunday at 11
a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 12:00
p.m. Prayer Service, Friday evening at 7:30.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE.

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

Office hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Money Orders and Savings Bank Busi-
ness transacted during office hours.
Letters within the Dominion and to the
United States and Mexico, Great Britain
and all parts of the British Empire,
cents per ounce or fraction thereof.
In addition to the postage necessary, each
letter must have affixed a one-cent
"War Tax" stamp. To other countries, 5
cents for the first ounce, and 3 cents for
each additional ounce. Letters to which
a 5-cent rate applies do not require the
"War Tax" stamp.

Post Cards one cent each to any address
Canada, United States and Mexico.
Post cards must have a one-cent
"War Tax" stamp, or a two-cent card
in use. Post cards two cents each
to other countries. The two-cent card
does not require the "War Tax" stamp.
Newspapers and periodicals to any ad-
dress in Canada, United States and
Mexico, one cent per four ounces.

ADVERTISE: 12.00 p.m. CLOSURE: 5.05 p.m.
No letter for registration sent to post
office in the case of delivery.

ST. ANDREWS OFFICE, ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

R. A. STUART, High Sheriff

Time of Sittings of Courts in the County
of Charlotte:

Circuit Court: Tuesday, May 8,
1917. Chief Justice, R. D. Ross. Re-
cess, October 2, 1917. Justice Chan-
dler.

County Court: First Tuesday in Feb-
ruary and June, and the Fourth Tuesday
in October in each year.
Justice Carleton.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY REGISTRY OF DEEDS.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

George P. Hibbard, Registrar

Office hours 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., daily.
Sundays and Holidays excepted.

Advertise in the Beacon

H. O'NEILL

UP-TO-DATE MARKET

Dealer in Meats, Groceries,
Provisions, Vegetables,
Fruits, Etc.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

VOL. XXVII

ON A TROOPSHIP, 1915

FAREWELL! the village leaning to the hill,
And all the cawing rooks that homeward fly;
The bees; the drowsy anthem of the mill;
And winding pollards, where the plover cry;
We watch the breakers crashing on the bow
And those far flashes in the Eastern sky.
The fields and friends, that were, are fainter now
Than whispering of ancient water-ways.
Now England sits, as a dreamer would
In immemorial slumber; lids apart.
Soon will the roses her glass limbs attend
To the old music hidden at her heart.
Farewell! the little men! their mental cries
Are distant as the sparrows' chattering;
She rises in her circuit of the skies.
An eagle with the dawn upon her wings.
We come to harbor in the breath of war;
Welcome again the land of our forefells!
In this strange ruin open to the stars
We find the haven, where her spirit dwells:
Where the near guns boom; and the stricken towns are rolled
Skyward under their trail of gold.

A DEAL OF CARDS

A COMPANY of seamen sat round a
cabin table, and dined each other
in a brew of punch. They sat upon
locker tops, on cushions of green velvet
gave rusty at the seams. The stern ports
were open at their backs, for it was hot,
and the room between decks was foul
with the reek of their tobacco. You
could tell the ship was under way by
glancing astern at the dull track, like a
great snail's track, which she had drawn
upon the blue water as she dragged in the
light with. She rolled slightly now and
again, making a creaking in her gear, and
trembling the silver lamp upon the cabin
bulkhead. She was an old ship, you
could see by the rot upon the beams.
She was foul with a long passage, and the
cabin reeked of bilge. The blue brass on
the cabin door was worn with use.
The parqueting in her deck was dirty with
the marks of sea-boots. It was heaped
here and there with a sort of rot, such as
clothes with lace upon them, and small
arms, cheap jewelry, buckles, and the
like, for the cruise had been lucky in a
way. Two of the seamen at the rum
were dicing each other, for some uncut
stones in a packet from the mines of
Borneo.

The drinkers were silent for the most
part, puffing out their tobacco like a gang
of Spaniards, only speaking to call for a
health, such as, "A fair start," or "Dol-
lars," or to mark the throw of the dice.
They were a rough set of fellows, some of
them branded in the cheeks. Most of
them had scars about their faces, and not
one of them carried arms—pistols, or a
dick, or a seaman's hanger—in a belt,
or a colored revolver, placed by the door
of the room, and the head in a bag,
and swore thickly from time to time, as
though his wound were painful. He had
been hurt with a knife by a mate that
morning, since when he had been at
rum. His head was ringing like a kettle,
what with the cut, the drink, and the
heat of the between decks. His name
was Joe; he was a runaway from a king's
ship, once a sailor trading out of Bristol.

Perhaps he was a little touched with
fever, for a sudden, he rose up, and
pampered and drank it dry. He rose un-
steadily, clutching at the table, and at the
shirts of his companions. He leaned his
head through the window, flinging his
empty can far astern into the still, blue
sea.

"A rot on all salt water," he shouted.
Then he collapsed over a Newgate man,
who had long been smoking in the India
Blood was trickling from under his hair,
for the wound was broken out again. A
little blood came from between his lips,
he seemed in a bad way. He had had
some sort of stroke.

"Joe's got the shakes," said the New-
gate man. "Help us hold him, Bill; lay
him among them prettin' ones."

He pointed to the lot on the deck.
One of the drawers took hold of Joe's foot,
and dragged him clear of the table. They
dropped him roughly among the clutter,
with his head on some lace. The New-
gate man went through his pockets.
There were only two copper chinks.
Some tobacco pipe, a steel for striking a
light, and a ball of twine.

"He died it all," said Bill, "that time
we stuck him with the Greeks."

"I'll throw you for the plug," replied
the Newgate man. "He'll do now. He's
only in some sort of a fit."

They then returned to the rum.
When Joe fell across the convict his
eyes were burning in a mist of blood,
which seemed to shoot and shake in front
of him. His ears were drumming, as
though a host were beating his head with
wings, and he felt that he was dropping
from a height into some deep, empty well.
In a little time the red mist cleared away,
the drumming hushed; the feeling of
dropping changed. He was in a little
dark room, before a fire of embers, which
made a red glow upon the chimney bricks.
It was a lonely little room, darker than
the night, but for the coals, and so still it
might have been below the ground, but
the graves even, beneath the dead with
their glazed eyes. So utterly silent it
was, he was glad to hear his heart beat.
It beat steadily, like a menace, like the
continual tapping of a drum. It was
beating, not like a heart, but like a clock.
Like some clock in hell ticking to the
souls among the fire. It was ticking like
the march of time through the dim roads
of eternity. It was a thing horrible, inex-
orable, that continual ticking. In the
blackness, the unrelenting, that beating
music became terrible. It seemed to fill
the room. It seemed to roar about his
body like a crowd of spirits about a
corpse. He tried to shake himself, but
could not stir. He tried to cry aloud, but
could not speak. He tried to arrest his
heart, to stop that ticking. But it beat
on, rhythmical, steady, terrible. It seemed
that the darkness, the noise, the glowing
coals, were laughing at him.

And then, with a great burst, the
clock ceased and the room became quiet.
Light—so light, he thought, as a summer

been taken with so great a horror of the
ship, since the vision of the hag that his
muddled brain had planned suicide, or a
life in the scrub among the blacks, rather
than another day between decks. The
words of Willy Crackers lit up his brain.
They showed him the ease, the grandeur
of the life of nigger driver. The joyful
rights over the juries; the English ship;
the thorough quays of Bristol. He took
the offer with a curse.

"Bilby," he said, "I'll be meet and
drink to me. I ain't been feeling good
these last days. Going to see ain't right
for me. It's the air or something. A
spoil-shore is what I want; just what I
want—that, and sleep. I'll get my chest
getting under the cutter comes in for the
casks to-morrow."

"Why, right then," said his friend,
"you look pretty green in the gills with it.
And now let's liquor on it."

He poured out two more noggins from
the pan, and the two drank to each other.
"There's a son of a b—," said Joe.
"I'll sing it to you."

He began to sing in a voice a little
muffled with the rum. He dwelt upon
each word, singing it with gusto.

O, the bold Lollolais, go gallant and free,
He sailed from Saint James in the Jane
chase-marre.

Oh, there's rum and there's wine
And tobacco so fine
For all the bold sailors what sails on the
sea.

He sang the refrain twice over, ham-
mering on the table with his can. He
was reaching out for another tot of rum
when he fell forward gasping. His head
fell from the table and rolled away
among the gear. Willy blinked at him
for a moment, beating out the chorus with
his pipe. He thought his mate was merely
overcome with the spirit. He made a
childish attempt to reach the rum for
another taste, and fell asleep in his chair.
His pipe's ash spilling sparks upon the
table. The lamp flared up a moment to
show the couple to the night, and then
guttered out, leaving them to their quest.

It seemed to Joe that he was hooted
upon the rim of a whirlpool of flame.
He was being spun about a vortex, help-
less as a straw; gradually the spinning
became swifter, as though he had been
whirled nearer to the centre. Then tiny
hands seemed to pluck him down into a
pit of utter silence, a light broke upon
him, and there, in front of him, was the
malevolent woman of the cards. She
looked at him with her brilliant teeth,
and held out two cards—one black and
other crimson. Soon she began to shuffle
with them, tossing them from one hand
to the other, throwing them from her victim,
then snatching them away. At last she
caught them, whirled them round her
bowed very low, and held them forward,
sneering downwards, watching him intently
with a malignant smile.

"No," he gasped: "No, I will not
choose."

Instantly she screamed in her high,
mocking laugh. She tossed the cards from
her hand, and they whirled away, crying
like gulls. The whirlpool spun him round
hard, flinging him upon a sea alive with
sharks. He leaped from them, screaming,
running violently upon the air; but they
rose after him, flapping their fins, gnash-
ing their teeth, and he was smothered by
them like dogs snapping at his very feet.
Then he fell, fell, till he was as a
dead of water gaped at by all the damned
among the fire.

He awoke upon the hut floor, in plain
day, the blood beating on his brain, the
surf roaring. A boat was pulling in from
the ship, the oars keeping time to an old
haunting tune. Willy Crackers was no-
where in his chair, and after trying to rouse
him, Joe helped himself to about a pint of
rum and staggered out upon the beach.
The terror of his sleep was strong upon
him. The palm leaves, dangling green
and heavy, were a horror to him. The
surt testified him. In every crevice of
the jungle he saw the eyes of the natives
with the cards. Not for a sick minute
would he have stayed in that place. So
when the boat made the landing he tumbled
into it, and fell asleep.

A drunkard's dose, among the breakers in
the open beach. He was a broken man,
where he lay until rough hands beat him
out of the boat. For the boat was along-
side the ship, dragging to a tackle, and the
ship was under a jib and topmast, forging
slowly forward, while the breeze was
singing at the bows, heaving in the cable.
They were under way.

He scrambled aboard, and went below
to his hammock. He swung there that
day, hot with a violent fever, and now
again an Indian brought him drink. He
slept forward of where he lay, two fiddlers
made music between the guns, and men
sang and danced there till they were too
drunk to stir. The ship picked up her
consort that afternoon. They cruised to-
gether till sunset, when they made the
Gabone River. They anchored at about
ten that night in the anchorage by Parrot
Island.

In the morning of the second day, Joe
sat between two cannon on a heaped sea
chest, which had his initials, J. P., burn-
ed deeply upon the lid. He had a canvas
bag in front of him, for he was busy
packing and he had been dicing for the
lost due to him ever since his morning
drunkenness. He had made up his mind
that way of life, and he was going to the
island. There were folk living on the
island—a sort of traders. He could stay
with them, he thought, till a home-bound
ship happened into the river. He had
money enough. And, once in England,
there was always work for a live one.
Ever since he had had these visions, a
terror of the sea and the ships had made
his life a burden. Drink, even, had not
comforted him; for, from the hatch-
ways from the dark places behind the
guns, from the loud where the casks lay,
he would see peering that black-gear
of the tarot. So he had gathered his gear
together, and was going ashore in ten
minutes' time to live among the traders
all his life.

There was a pause for a moment, while
Joe's heart leaped with pleasure. He had

It was no use going on drinking when one
saw this.

"You give me that knife, Jake Dawes,"
he said, "and I'll throw you in a quart of
lard."

Joe tossed the knife to him, a long
Spanish dirk, with a handle of twisted
silver, like those you buy in Panama.
There was a noise on deck, a confused
tumble of cries and clankings.

"Who'll be there, they, Jake?" he
asked.

A man in a red shirt, a leather apron
and sea boots made of cow-hide, came
past them with a bucketful of water.
"There's a fat merchant on the coast,"
he said, "we're going out for them. They're
getting under way. The *Fortuna's* men
are giving us a tow."

"I'm off ashore," said Joe. "To blast
with this dirk. Give us a lift there,
Bilby, with these two."

"Oh, that beasted, Joe," said Jake,
as he knocked off the neck of a bottle
and drank to him.

The mate grinned at him and hand-
ed him the dirk; Joe took a large swig
of the better, Jake, he said; "have
you got a good one?"

They spent the next twenty minutes
dousing in the hot and chewing mediocri-
ty upon the deck. The ship was under
way, with the topsails set, dropping slowly
down the stream. The *Fortuna's* men,
very drunk, had cast the ropes off and
gone splashing back to moorings.
Through an open gun-jort Joe caught a
glimpse of moving palms.

"Hell!" he cried, "I'm off ashore.
We're moving, Jakey."

"The boats are gone by this," said the
mate. "It's a damned swimming."
"But Joe sprang to his feet, 'I'll swim
it," he cried, as he made a rush for the
hatchway. As he passed the midship
cannon, his foot caught in a ring bolt,
and he fell forward, his hands and
crashed heavily over the
ranged port cable. He had been "over-
taken," as the saying is. A man in a fine
red coat, with laced cuffs, and buttons of
gold pieces, came along the gun deck
carrying a cane, and the smoke of a
man brandishing a pistol.

"Get to your guns there, you swine!"
the two were shouting. "Cast loose
them lower deck cannon! What corpse
is this? What in hell corpse is this?"
The mate roared at the smoke of a
gun. "We're going out for some yellow boys!"

They kicked at Joe's body below in
pass and passed over him to the groups of drunk-
ards further forward. Away at a gang
of white had cast loose a gun and were
carrying it to the mainmast. On deck a seaman,
bawling an obscene song, was running up
the banner of the trade—a black banner,
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crimson figures roughly sewn upon its
face. The chase was under full sail, and
the mate roared at the smoke of a
gun. "We're going out for some yellow boys!"

They kicked at Joe's body below in
pass and passed over him to the groups of drunk-
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of white had cast loose a gun and were
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