



The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1918

NO. 24

MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the tips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine.

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands than ours are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the verities sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
(Born December 17, 1807; died September 7, 1882.)

SIR WILLIAM PETTY

IN the small town of Romsey or Rumsey, in Hampshire, William Petty, the son of a humble tradesman, was born in 1623. Like Franklin, the boy took great delight in watching artificers working at their various occupations, and when little more than twelve years of age, he acquired a facility and dexterity in handling tools, which proved of great advantage to him in after-life. At the age of fifteen, having mastered all the education afforded by the grammar-school of Romsey, Petty proceeded to the college of Caen, in Normandy. An orphan, without patrimony or patron, the young student took a small venture of English goods with him to France, and during the four years he remained at college there, he supported himself by engaging in trade. Josiah Wedgwood used to say, that there was no pleasanter occupation than making money by honorable industry; and Petty always alleged that making money was the very best kind of employment to keep a man out of mischief. Having acquired French, mathematics, astronomy, and navigation, Petty returned to England and entered the sea-service; but being reproved for not reporting a certain landmark he was ordered to look out for, he discovered, for the first time, that he was near-sighted, and, in consequence, determined to abandon the sea. In the very curious autobiographical preamble Petty attached to his will, we learn that when he gave up the sea-service, his whole fortune consisted of sixty pounds. Having chosen medicine as his future profession, he went and studied at Leyden, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and Paris. At the last place he devoted his attention particularly to anatomy, the subsequently celebrated

Hobbes being his class-fellow. Petty, during this sojourn on the continent, supported and educated a younger brother named Anthony, and was sometimes so reduced, that in Paris he is said to have lived for two weeks on three penny-worth of walnuts. His ingenuity and industry extricated him from such difficulties, and he very probably exercised his favorite method of keeping out of mischief; for when he and his brother returned to England, after a three years' absence, and all charges of travel, subsistence, and education, for two persons had been paid, Petty's sixty pounds, instead of being diminished, had increased to seventy.

He then invented an instrument for double writing, which seems to have been merely a copying-machine. Four years afterwards, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine. His seventy pounds were then reduced to twenty-eight; but being appointed to the professorship of anatomy at Oxford, and the Readership of Gresham College, in two more years he was worth four hundred pounds. And then, being appointed physician to the army in Ireland, with an outfit of one hundred pounds, he went to that country with five hundred pounds at his command, and a salary of one pound per day, in addition to which he soon acquired a practice of four hundred pounds per annum.

The tide which bore him to fortune, was the appointment of physician to the army in Ireland. This, however, was no mere lucky accident. Petty, by hard industry, rigid economy, and great ingenuity, had prepared himself to take advantage of such a flood, to swim and direct his course upon it at pleasure, not to be swept away by it. His reputation as a man of great ability obtained the appointment. A contemporary writer tells us, that 'the war being nearly ended in Ireland, many endeavors were used to regulate, replant, and reduce that country to its former flourishing condition, as a place most wanting such contrivances as tended to the above-mentioned ends, and for which Dr. Petty had gained some reputation in the world.'

The state of Petty's money-affairs, previous to and on his arrival in Ireland in 1652, as above detailed, are taken from his will, and we find, from the same document, that by undertaking contracts, speculating in mines, ships, and timber, 'making advantageous bargains,' and 'living within his income,' in the course of thirty-five years, he had increased his store to a fortune of £15,000 per annum.

Petty is best known by his admirable survey of Ireland. Soon after his arrival in that country, observing that the admeasurement and division of the forfeited estates, granted to the Cromwellian soldiery, was very much mismanaged, he applied and obtained a contract for the execution of this important work, which he performed not more for his own advantage than that of the public. The maps of this survey, comprising a large proportion of the kingdom, were all drawn by Petty, and entitled by him the 'Down Survey,' from the trivial, though in one sense important, reason, that all was laid down on paper. And, considering the time and circumstances in which these maps were executed, their accuracy is surprising, and they continue to be referred to as trustworthy evidence in courts of law even at the present day.

The changes of governments and parties, appeared rather to have contributed to the success in life, than to the discomfiture of this remarkable man. He was secretary to Henry Cromwell, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and sat in Richard Cromwell's parliament, as member for West Looe, in Cornwall; yet, at the Restoration, he received the honor of knighthood from Charles II. That model of an English gentleman, Evelyn, who knew Petty well, thus speaks of him: 'The map of Ireland, made by Sir William Petty, is believed to be the most exact that ever yet was made of any country. There is not a better Latin poet living, when he gives himself that diversion; nor is his excellence less in council and prudent matters of state; but he is so exceeding nice in sifting and examining all possible contingencies, that he adventures at nothing that is not demonstration. There were not in the whole world his equal, for a superintendent of manufacture and improvement of trade, or to govern a plantation. If I were a prince, I should make him my second councillor at least. He was, with all this, facetious and of easy conversation, friendly and courteous, and had such a faculty of imitating others, that he would take a text and preach, now like a grave orthodox divine, then falling into the Presbyterian way, then to the fanatical, the Quaker, the monk, the friar, the popish priest, with such admirable action, and alteration of voice and tone, as if it were not possible to abstain from wonder; and one would swear to hear several persons, or forsooth to think he was not in good earnest an enthusiast, and almost beside himself; then he would fall out of it into

a serious discourse; but it was very rarely he would be prevailed on to oblige the company with this faculty, and that only amongst intimate friends.'

Petty invented a double-bottomed ship, and patented inventions for the improvement of carriages, cannon, and pumps. During all those occupations, he found time to write treatises on statistics and political economy, being one of the first to elevate the latter study to the rank of a science. His *Political Anatomy of Ireland* gives the first authentic account of the population of that country, and affords valuable information of its state towards the close of the seventeenth century. He clearly foresaw the great advantages of a union between England and Ireland, and of a free commercial intercourse between the two kingdoms. His treatise on *Taxes and Contributions* is far in advance of his time, and in this work is first demonstrated the now universally recognized doctrine, that the labor required for the production of commodities alone determines their value. In his *Quantulumcumque* (a treatise on money), he condemns laws regulating the rate of interest, observing that there might just as well be laws to regulate the rate of exchange; and he exposes the then prevailing fallacy, that a country might be drained of cash by an unfavorable balance of trade.

Petty, in that remarkable document, his will, shows that he well understood the true principles of political economy, as respects mortuary charities; clearly foreseeing the many evils that have since arisen from injudicious bequests.

'As for legacies to the poor, I am at a stand; as for beggars by trade and election, I give them nothing; as for impostors by the hand of God, the public ought to maintain them; as for those who have no calling nor estate, they should be put upon their kindred; as for those who can get no work, the magistrates should cause them to be employed, which may be well done in Ireland, where in fifteen acres of improvable land for every head, prisoners for crimes, by the king; for debts, by their prosecutors; as for those who compassionate the sufferings of any object, let them relieve themselves by relieving such sufferers: that is give them alms, *pro re nata*, and for God's sake, let several species above mentioned, if the above-mentioned obligations fail in their duties. Wherefore, I am contented that I have assisted all my poor relations, and put many in a way of getting their own bread, and have labored in public works, and by inventions have sought out real objects of charity; and I do hereby conjure all who partake of my estate, from time to time to do the same at their peril. Nevertheless, to answer custom, and to take the sure side, I give £20 to the most wanting of the parish, in which I may die.'

He further concludes his will with the following profession of his religious opinions: 'I die in the profession of that faith, and in the practice of such worship, as I find established by the laws of my country; not being able to believe what I myself please, nor to worship God better than by doing as I would be done unto, and observing the laws of my country, and expressing my love and honor of Almighty God by such signs and tokens as are understood to be such by the people with whom I live, God knowing my heart, even without any aid; and thus begging the Divine Majesty to make me what he would have me to be, both as to faith and good works, I willingly resign my soul into his hands, relying only on His infinite mercy, and the merits of my Saviour, for my happiness after this life, where I expect to know and see God more clearly than by the study of the Scriptures, and of his works, I have hitherto been able to do. Grant me, O Lord, an easy passage to thyself, that as I have lived in thy fear, I may be known to die in thy favor, Amen.'

Petty died on the 16th of December 1687, and was interred beside his humble parents at Rumsey: a flat stone in the church pavement, cut by an illiterate workman, records—

'HERE LAYES
SIR WILLIAM
PETTY.'

He left three children; his eldest son, Charles, was created Baron Shelburne by William III, and, dying without issue, was succeeded by his younger brother, Henry, created Viscount Dunkerton, and Earl of Shelburne. Henry was succeeded by a sister's son, who adopted his name and arms, and the noble family of Lansdowne, seemingly inheriting the talents with the estates, have ever proved themselves worthy namesakes and representatives of Sir William Petty.—*Chambers' Book of Days.*

'So you forgot to bring home those things from the grocer's, Tommie! I was afraid I couldn't trust you.' 'I'm all right, mother, but the grocer said it was father that he couldn't trust.'—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BAND INSTRUMENTS

The Band has been requested to publish a list of the instruments owned by the town, their value, and the custodian of each. As some of the early records of the Band have never been in the hands of the present secretary, the values in some cases have been approximated by discussion among the members.

Instr.	Cost	Present Value	Custodian
Circ. Bass	\$30	nil	E. Cummings
Eb Bass	40	\$20	S. Deacon
Bb Bass	20	20	D. Hanson
Baritone	80	80	J. F. Worrell
Eb Alto	13.50	5	W. Holt
Eb Alto	13.50	nil	
Clarinet	15.00	5	H. McQuoid
2 Clarinets	15.00 each	nil	

The above list of instruments was purchased immediately after the organization of the band in 1909. The following additional were purchased subsequently from time to time.

Instr.	Cost	Present Value	Custodian
Eb Bass	\$120	\$120	R. D. Rigby
Eb Bass	110	110	E. Cummings
Eb Alto	65	65	E. Stinson
Eb Alto	61	61	H. McQuoid
Circ. Alto	40	25	R. Graham
Cornet	60	60	C. Newton

Total original expenditure \$698.00. Towards this amount the citizens contributed \$56.50 by subscription, the balance being raised entirely by the efforts of the Band. Each member not buying an instrument of his own had to pay a membership fee of \$5.

It might be well to explain just how these instruments became the property of the town, as the above figures would indicate that they had a very serious claim on them. There had been a number of bands in St. Andrews in former times, and the instruments, whether purchased by individuals or not, were claimed as their own, and were carried away in case of the member leaving town, or were sold in case of the band being disorganized. As each new generation came forward to organize a band the same programme of expenditure had to be undertaken. It was to prevent the recurrence of this state of affairs that the Band of 1909 asked the Council to accept these instruments as town property.

The Band would take this occasion to thank the Town Council for the support they have offered by voting the sum of \$200 towards our expenses for the coming year; also to thank the citizens for \$100 which has been turned over to us by the celebration committee. We feel that the citizens and the council have done nobly by us, and we shall do our best to prove ourselves worthy. We have engaged Mr. Frank Lane, of Calais, who has devoted his whole life to music, to instruct us, and he will take charge of the Band after the New Year. We hope to be able to support an instructor the year round, and feel confident that in two years time we shall have as fine a band as can be heard down East.

J. F. WORRELL,
Sec'y St. Andrews Band.

CAD'S HEART IS TOUCHED

The sensitive strings of Magistrate Kingsford's heart were touched this morning when a white-faced little lad of 'just sixteen,' appeared on a charge of stealing a necktie from a departmental store. The youngster, Marco Scoffiovitich, dropped a silent tear on the spot where the new tie was to go and shuffled uneasily at the rail.

'Have you enquired into this?' the magistrate asked Assistant Crown Attorney McFadden.

The Crown had done so. 'Does he plead guilty?' He did.

'It's a very small matter. He is a mere child. I don't like to register a conviction, but if the charge cannot be withdrawn, I suppose I must do so.'

Then the Court gazed long and eloquently at the Crown, and the Crown gazed just as long and just as eloquently at the Court. Onlookers held their breath. Mental telepathy was at work and none could tap the wires. Presently the silence was broken. The Crown's eyes went to his brief.

The Court's eyes to the calendar.

'I'll take the responsibility of withdrawing the charge,' said Mr. McFadden.

The Court heaved a sigh of relief.

So did the white-faced ladie.

HE ROBBED SOLDIER BOYS.

A mountain of military equipment, such as belts, razors, boots, puttees, rubbers, towels, gloves, swagger sticks, khaki handkerchiefs and shirts frowned accusingly in court this morning at Pte. Harry Phillips, the sanitary man at the R. A. F. quarters at the students' residence, Toronto University. Harry was charged with stealing the mountain, and positively blushed with embarrassment. In addition, he was accused of stealing the purse of Lily G. Brown, one of the

women employed to clean up. The purse contained \$55 cash, a cheque for \$18.50 and a bankbook. The lady had left it out for a brief moment.

'I meant giving it back to her the next day. I was just bluffing,' explained the sanitary man.

'A strange sense of humor,' remarked Crown Attorney Corley.

'Very funny,' added the Colonel.

In the mountain of stuff stolen from soldier laddies were no less than twenty-two razors.

'I don't know what on earth one man would need with twenty-two razors,' said the Crown.

'Oh, he's no doubt very scrupulous about keeping his chin clean,' opined the Colonel.

Then the sanitary man hastened to explain, between blushes, that he had picked up the articles at various times and had merely taken them home for safe-keeping.

'You see,' he said, 'when I found anything, I'd ask if anybody had lost it, then I'd take it home for safe-keeping in case the owner turned up.'

'A guileless missionary might believe that,' remarked Mr. Corley.

'Yes, or the Marines,' added the beak. Phillips was committed to the Jail Farm for four months in each case, the terms to run concurrently.

A SAMARITAN

A sunny-faced lad, with his mammy's apron-strings sticking all over him, appeared in the dock on a charge of drunkenness, and pleaded guilty in a choir boy treble. He had fallen as the result of a kindly act.

'I had been to get my newspapers,' piped the child, 'and on my way from the office I met a drunken man, who had fallen down. I picked him up and helped him along. He had a bottle in his pocket, and gave me a drink.'

Some poor mother will welcome back her wandering boy to-night.

WIELDED A BAYONET

The timely arrival of Plainclothes-men Forbes and Dunn prevented Thomas Brown from massacring the entire German army. They found Tommy in the backyard of his Niagara domicile, spearing imaginary Huns with a military bayonet. As each Boche rolled over, Tommy emitted a yell of delight. He was in the act of sticking his millionth victim when the officers dropped in and stopped the slaughter.

Brown was fined \$20 and costs for the disorder.

SPLENDOR SHORT-LIVED

Musing on the general outlook, said musing taking place before a mirror, Leo Traynor came to the conclusion that all he needed to make a proper impression upon the world was a new \$40 overcoat and a suit of clothes. It was because he got what he wanted that the ambitious Leo appeared before Magistrate Denison this morning. The Yonge street stores of D. A. Brash and Hickey, Limited, had the coveted things. All that Leo lacked was the cash. But Leo was a lion of resourcefulness, and after spotting the overcoat and clothes he needed, sat down himself and wrote out cheques for their value. The fact that the cheques and the money to meet them were entire strangers didn't faze Leo. But his newly-found splendor was short-lived. The police came along and twisted Leo, the lion's tail, and this morning Leo was put into a cage for 30 days.

'NOT MINE! NOT MINE!'

Ludicrous were the efforts made by Stefan Byznick to convince Plainclothes-men Marshall and Sullivan that the six gallons of alcohol he brought up from Montreal didn't belong to him. He danced about it, sang about it, wept about it, and swore about it. Then, to show how deadly in earnest he was, he took the liquor to a woman's house, but was promptly turned away.

'Oh, vat me do? Oh, vat me do? Not mine, not mine!' cried the desperate Byznick.

Finally he dumped it in a lane and emitted a triumphant sigh of relief. 'Dere dat's vat I think of it. Not mine, not mine!' he cried. When the Colonel fined him \$300 and costs or three months, Byznick must have thought the magistrate frightfully sceptical.

CIRCLES

When Plainclothesmen Marshall and Sullivan were enjoying their afternoon stroll through that sylvan dell, York street, they saw Rose Goldcup and her beautiful shopping bag. The bag seemed to carry a lot of ballast. The constables strolled up to the lady, doffed their chaplains like crutiers of Louis XIV period. 'Pardon us, Madam,' said they, 'but do you mind permitting us to examine the contents of your pouch?' Of course she objected, and putting the bag behind her, began to go round in circles. The plainclothesmen, 'being strong on geometry and the Ontario Temperance Act, followed the circles for a time until it occurred to one of them to round in an opposite direction. The inevitable collision occurred, the bag was opened and out popped a gallon crock of alcohol. Hence the fine of \$200 and costs or three months. Police Court News in [the Evening Telegram, Toronto.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, Dec. 6.—An Admiralty statement issued to-night states:

'The British warship *Cassandra* struck a mine in the Baltic just before midnight Wednesday and sank at 1 a. m., Thursday. Eleven men are missing. Presumably they were killed by the explosion. The remainder of the officers and crew were saved by our destroyers.'

—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 9.—The schooner *Emma Bellevean*, Captain Nichols, from St. John's, Nfld., for Prince Edward Island, was wrecked to-day at Cape Laroque on the Cape Breton coast, and three of the crew drowned. The vessel struck during a blinding snowstorm.

The captain and five men took to a boat, but before it reached the shore three of the men fearing that it would be capsized in the surf jumped over-board and perished. The others stood by the boat and reached shore in safety. The vessel and cargo of molasses will probably be a total loss.

—London, Dec. 10.—The Swedish steamship *Texas*, from Halifax, Nov. 20 for Gothenburg, is ashore near Lister Light House, off the northwest coast of Germany, according to advices from Stavanger. The forepeak of the ship is full of water, the report said.

—New York, Dec. 11.—Four days overdue, the United States transport *Calamaries*, carrying fourteen officers and 1,472 men, all navy personnel, reached quarantine here early to-day. Heavy weather delayed the arrival of the vessel, which had been expected to enter port last Saturday.

—Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 11.—A letter, received to-day by a relative in this city, contained the distressing information that Captain Joseph A. Read, of Fredericton, understood to be the oldest active navigator of Canada, had the misfortune to lose his vessel, the tern schooner *Silver Leaf*, which ran aground while en route to Barbadoes from equatorial waters for repairs. Her cargo of lumber, consigned to Capetown, S. A., was salvaged.

The *Silver Leaf*, called from St. John's September 11. It was the intention of her owners, New York parties, that the schooner should load hides at a West African port for New York. Before reaching Bridgetown bar, she encountered heavy gales and made water rapidly, being kept afloat only by her gasoline pumps. Later she was becalmed and her bottom was fouled with barnacles. Unable to make headway, Captain Read decided to return to Bridgetown, but in the attempt the *Silver Leaf* went ashore.

Captain Read is an Albert county man. Prior to taking the *Silver Leaf* he had been ashore for two years. Early in the war he commanded a schooner which sailed through submarine zones without accident, and on his last command took chances with Hun U-boats operating along the Atlantic coast.

ILLUSTRATING THE WOUNDED SOLDIER'S RETURN TO INDEPENDENT LIFE

LANTERN SLIDES FREE

Sets of Lantern Slides, illustrating the various steps in the invalided soldier's climb back from 'down and out' to 'up and in again,' proved very popular last winter all over Canada, as well as on ship-board among the returning soldiers themselves.

We are informed by the Editorial Branch of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment that the slides have been thoroughly overhauled and many new pictures have been added, while new and up-to-date lecture material has been written.

The new sets are now being sent out, free of charge, on loan to ministers and other responsible speakers who realize the vital need of spreading information on this great national enterprise among all classes of the people.

Posters to announce the lecture are supplied in advance.

Applications should be made as early as possible to one of the following addresses, according to the Province where the slides are to be shown:—

Nova Scotia.—Secretary, Returned Soldier Commission, 197, Hollis St., Halifax.

New Brunswick.—Secretary, Returned Soldier Commission, 49 Canterbury St., St. John.

Prince Edward Island.—Secretary, Returned Soldier Commission, Parliament Building, Charlottetown.

Every applicant should state (1) his own position, (2) the nature of the occasion on which the slides are to be shown, (3) the date—or better still alternative dates, and (4) the route by which the slides are to be sent.