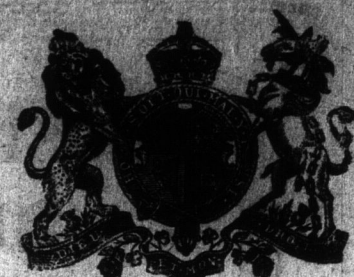




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SWEET REMEMBRANCES

LET Fate do her worst; there are
"relics of joy."
Bright dreams of the past, which she can-
not destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow
and care,
And bring back the features that joy used
to wear;
Long, long be my heart with such mem-
ories filled;
Like the vase in which roses have once
been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase,
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang
round it still.

THOMAS MOORE.
(1779-1852.)

AT SIXTY-TWO

JUST sixty-two? Then train thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
And lacks some hours of sunset yet.

At sixty-two—
Be strong and true,
Scour off thy rust and shine anew.

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A ripper, more transcendent youth.

A wedge of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun,
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swiftly as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty one.

At ninety-five
Should you arrive,
Still wait on God, and work, and thrive.

Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,
And freely let thy graces flow;
For life well spent is ever new,
And years anointed younger grow.

So work away,
Be young for aye,
From sunset, breaking unto day.

Anonymous.
—The Advance.

THE MASCOT'S DOWNFALL

"SPEAKIN' about dogs as mascots,"
said the Corporal-drummer, "we
had a fair clinker in our battalion at home.

She belonged till the Sargeant-Major. A
great big brute she was, mair like a Shet-
land pony than a dog, wif as muckle ill-
nature and pride tae the square inch as a
Prooshian Junk. But for a' that she was
a bonny beast an' wif a fair ornament tae
the regiment, especially on Church parades,
which, bein' a female, she attendit wif the
utmost regularity.

"Noo Maggie—that's the dog—had pecu-
liar tastes in dress. If ye wore the kilt ye
were richt as rain; if ye wore troosers ye
wad pass as long as ye had on the
glengairy. But Heaven help ye if ye
wore a flat kep; ye were fair fur it.

"At this time we had an auld Brigadier,
a terrible haun' for stalkin' roon' about
the camp efter lights out, seekin' whin he
nicht devour. Oor tent was awa at the
fit o' the lines; an' the auld man used tae
come past oor way, which meant us daein'
some quick-change acts wif the candle
whites.

"Ae nicht we heard him an' his Brigade-
Major come up an' then stop.

"Whit's yon?" said the Brigadier.
"A dog," said the Brigade-Major.
"He wis richt. Maggie had gotten aff
her chain an' wis on the randan.

"Grr," says she.
"Guld dog," says the Brigadier.
"Grr," says Maggie, no likin' their flat
keps name.

"Weel, matters had got tae whit the
papers ca' a diplomatic impasse when
wee Georgie Barr, the drummer, wha
could imitate the Sargeant-Major tae the
life, whispered, 'See 'em aff, Maggie.'

"Efter that it wis jist like the pictures.
Round the tents went the twa o' them, wif
Maggie abint them, growlin' tae fair pit
the wind up ye; then, across the parade
grun' slap bang intae the officers' mess.

"Of course whin happened then we
couldna see, but yin o' the Mess waiters
tell' us next day that the Brigadier and
his Brigade-Major had tae stand on the
Mess table wif the battalion officers
haudin' on tae Maggie till the Sargeant-
Major cam' across tae call her off.

"Needless tae say Maggie's popularity
rose tae unprecedented hichts, for moon-
light raids by the Staff wis at a discon-
t for some time tae come. The band a'
said that mair than half the glory belongit
t' wee Georgie Barr for his prompt an'
soldier-like action; but Georgie himsel'
dina seem tae anxious tae claim it.

"A fortnicht efter there wis a Brigade
Church parade tae be held in the open-
air. Of course Maggie wis present,

glancin' around an' pullin' at the lead, jist
bung fu' o' pride an' vanity.

"Efter we were drawn up the Brigadier
entered wif the customary flourish o'
trumpets.

"A' at yince he saw Maggie standin' in
front o' the battalion wif her tongue out,
lauchin' like.

"The auld man edged round aint the
drums an' took up a strategic poseetion
aside the Padre.

"Kindly have that dog removed," says
he tae oor Colonel in his best orderly-room
manner.

"Weel, d'ye ken, as sune's he spoke,
Maggie stopped lauchin' and looked at
him peectiously. Then aff the parade-
grun' she waded wif her head down an'
her tail atween her legs, as if she wis
ashamed o' a' the folk seein' her doonfa'.

"A week efter she wis found deid.
Some o' the lads blamet the Doctor for
pisenin' her, him bein' aye in the danger
zone so tae speak, through wearin' a flat
kep. But maist o' us is sure tae this day
that she perished o' a broken heart.

"Ay, an' there's a moral tae that story.
Niver fecht the heid yins in the Army
yersel'; get some ither body tae dae't in-
stead."—Punch.

WITH THE AUXILIARY PATROL

THE SURGEON-PROBATIONER
THE Surgeon-Probationer was very
young indeed, and our trawler was
his first ship; but if he lacked the sagacity
of experience he fully made up for it by
his great enthusiasm. He had an eager
look.

"I don't like it," said the Second En-
gineer. "I'd feel ever so much happier if
that case o' knives and forks be makes
such a fuss about was washed overboard
some night. I should sleep easier."

It so chanced that just at this time there
was an unprecedented epidemic of good
health among the trawler crews in our
area. In the course of a fortnight we had
only one call for medical assistance—a
suspected outbreak of measles; but even
this they had succeeded in checking at its
source before we arrived on the scene.

The ship's dog had been getting into bad
company ashore, but a timely application
of insecticide prevented any further spread
of infection. It almost seemed as though
people refrained from going sick on pur-
pose.

All this was a bitter disappointment to
the Surgeon-Probationer. He would scan
our faces anxiously each morning, but we
couldn't summon up a symptom between us.

When the third hand hit his thumb
with a handspike the Lieutenant and the
Skipper had to exercise considerable tact
to prevent the S.P. from amputating it
on the spot; but Joe was let off finally
with an antiseptic bandage and a stiff dose
of quinine.

The real trouble began when old Bill,
the Mate, refused a third helping of the
steward's plumduff at Sunday dinner-time.
I remember seeing the look that came
over the gunner's face one day when a
German submarine came to the surface
within a hundred yards of us. The S.P.'s
expression reminded me of it somehow.

"Are you feeling unwell, Bill?" he asked
sharply.

"Eh, me? Bless you, Sir, I'm champion,"
replied Bill hastily. "Ere, steward, pass
me over the rest o' that duff, quick."

"Wait," commanded the S.P. He re-
garded Bill earnestly and leaned across
the table to press down the under-lid of
his left eye.

"You're looking pale; sure you feel
quite yourself—no lassitude or disinclina-
tion to work?"

Bill, a stalwart sailorman bearded well
over sixteen stones and weighing like a
pard, passed his hand nervously over his
anatomy.

"No, Sir, I think I'm all right," he said.
"Let me look at your tongue," ordered
the S.P.

Bill a little shyly exhibited the member
in request.

"Oh, wot an' 'orrible sight!" exclaimed
the Second.

"Very interesting," observed the Sur-
geon-Probationer critically.

"Put it away at once, Bill," said the
Second, "before someone slips on it and
hurts himself."

"You 'old yer row," snapped Bill savage-
ly.

But he was obviously disquieted. All
the afternoon he wore a worried look and
several times I observed him trying to
feel his pulse. By reastime he was
thoroughly ill and refused the steward's
most tempting delicacies. The S.P. began
to get quite excited about it.

"I feel mighty queer, Sir," Bill confessed;
"I seem as though something was a goin'
to happen to me."

"Ah," breathed the S.P. "I feared as
much. Where does it seem to catch you
the most?"

"Can't say exactly, Sir," replied Bill

THEN AGIN

JIM BOWKER

And a big

And the least

He'd filled the

And climb the

ay have been so

I dunno:

so it might be,

Then agin—

But he had fatal luck—everything went agin him.

The arrears of nature they allus had agin him.

So he didn't get no chance to show off what was in him.

Jim Bowker, he said.

Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,

An' the feats he'd a-done, an' the heights he'd a-clumb—

It may have been so:

I dunno:

Jest so it might be.

Then agin—

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less—

Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,

An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.

As Jim Bowker, he said.

Ef it hadn't been for luck an' misfortune an' sich,

We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.

It might be jest so:

I dunno:

Jest so it might be.

Then agin—

THE STORY OF THE "RESOLUTE"

PERHAPS the most remarkable voyage
on record, was that of the Arctic ex-
ploring ship *Resolute*. Abandoned by her
officers and crew to anticipated destruc-
tion, she, as if instinct with life, made a
voyage of a thousand miles alone, back to
regions of civilization—as if in indignant
protest against her abandonment.

In April 1852, Sir Edward Belcher, with
the ships *Assistance*, *Pioneer*, *Resolute*,
Intrepid, and *North Star*, left England to
search for Sir John Franklin and his com-
panions. Captain McClure, in the *Investi-
gator*, was at that time struggling against
appalling difficulties in the ice-bound seas
north of the American continent. On the
5th of April 1853, Captain McClure and
Lieutenant Pim had their memorial meet-
ing on the ice; the former having come
from the Pacific, the latter from the At-
lantic. Lieutenant Pim belonged to Cap-
tain Kellett's ship *Resolute*, part of Bel-
cher's squadron. The *Investigator*, the
ship with which McClure had practically
solved the problem of the North-west
Passage, was abandoned in the ice, and
her commander and the remainder of the
crew were received on board the *Resolute*.

With the exception of this single fact of
rescuing McClure, Belcher was singularly
unfortunate; achieving little or nothing
in other ways. On the 15th of May 1854,
at his express command, but sorely against
their will, Captain Kellett and Commander
M'Chintock finally abandoned the *Resolute*
and *Intrepid*, looked in ice off the shores
of Melville Island. On the 24th of August,
in the same year, again at the express
command of Belcher, Commander Sherard
Osborn abandoned the *Pioneer*, while Bel-
cher himself abandoned the *Assistance*,
both ships being ice-bound in Wellington
Channel. The officers and crews of no
less than five abandoned ships reached
England before the close of the year.

It was one of these five deserted ships
which, we may almost say, came to life
again many months afterwards; to the
astonishment of every one conversant
with the Arctic region. Late in the year
1855, Captain Buddington, in the Ameri-
can whaler *George Henry*, was sailing
about in Davis's Strait, when, on the 17th
of September, about forty miles from
Cape Mercy, he described a ship present-
ing unusual appearances; no signals were
put out or answered; and, when he
approached, no crew were visible. It was
the *Resolute*, as sound and hearty as ever,
with the exception of a little water which
had got into the hold, and the spoiling of
some of the perishable articles inside.

Anyone with a map of the Arctic regions
before him, will see what a lengthened
voyage the good old ship must have made
from Melville Island, through Barrow
Strait, Lancaster Sound, and Baffin's Bay,
during the period of 474 days which inter-
vened between her abandonment and her
recovery. The probable track is marked
in a map attached to Mr. McDougall's
Eventful Voyage of the Resolute. It is sup-
posed that ice, loosened during the short
summers of 1854 and 1855, drifted with
the current into Davis's Strait, and carried
along with it the ship.

The gift of the adventurous old ship by
America to England was gracefully

managed. The United States Congress,
on the 28th of August 1856, passed the
following resolution: "Whereas it has be-
come known to Congress, that the ship
Resolute, late of the navy of Her Majesty
the Queen of the United Kingdom of
Great Britain and Ireland, on service in
the Arctic Seas in search of Sir John
Franklin and the survivors of the expedi-
tion under his command, was rescued and
recovered in those seas by the officers and
crew of the American whaler-ship, the
George Henry, after the *Resolute* had been
necessarily abandoned in the ice by her
officers and crew, and after drifting still
in the ice for more than one thousand
miles from the place where so abandoned—
and that the said ship *Resolute*, having
been brought to the United States by the
salvors at great risk and peril, had been
generously relinquished by them to Her
Majesty's government. Now, in token of
the deep interest felt in the United States
for the service in which Her Majesty's
said ship was engaged when thus neces-
sarily abandoned, and of the sense enter-
tained by Congress of the act of Her
Majesty's government in surrendering
said ship to the salvors: Be it resolved, by
the Senate and House of Representatives
of the United States of America in Con-
gress assembled, That the President of
the United States be, and he is hereby
requested to cause the said ship *Resolute*,
with all her armament, equipment, and
property on board when she arrived in the
United States, and which has been
preserved in good condition, to be pur-
chased of her present owners, and that he
send the said ship with everything per-
taining to her as aforesaid, after being
fully repaired and equipped at one of the
navy-yards of the United States, back to
England under control of the secretary of
the navy, with a request to Her Majesty's
government, that the United States may
be allowed to restore the said ship *Reso-
lute*, to Her Majesty's service—and for the
purchase of said ship and appurtenances,
as aforesaid, the sum of forty thousand
dollars, or so much thereof as may be re-
quired, is hereby appropriated, to be paid
out of any money in the treasury not
otherwise appropriated."

The final incident in the story was the
formal presentation of the ship to the
Queen of England, on the part of the
government of the United States. This
presentation was delayed no less than
469 days after the discovery or recovery
of the ship by Captain Buddington, owing
to various causes, some avoidable and
others unavoidable. On the 13th of
November 1856, the *Resolute*, in excellent
trim, after her repairs, set sail, and arrived
near Cowes on December the 12th, under
the care of Captain Hartstein of the United
States navy. Sir George Seymour, naval
commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, made
arrangements for a royal visit to the re-
covered ship. The Queen, the Prince
Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess
Royal, and Princess Alice, left Osborne
House, and steamed out to the old ship,
which was decked out in colors, with the
English and American flags flying at the
peak. Captain Hartstein and the officers,
in full uniform, received the royal party,
to whom they were severally introduced.

Captain Hartstein then said to the Queen:
"Allow me to welcome your Majesty on
board the *Resolute*, and, in obedience to
the will of my countrymen and of the
President of the United States, to restore
her to you, not only as an evidence of
friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but
as a token of love, admiration, and respect
to your Majesty personally." The Queen
made a short but kindly recognition of
this address. The royal party then went
over the ship, and examined it with great
interest. Captain Hartstein, with a map
spread out before him, traced the course
which the deserted ship had followed, and
the relation which that course bore to
Arctic voyages generally. Captain Hart-
stein, in reply to a question from the
Prince Consort, expressed a belief that Sir
John Franklin, or some of his companions,
might still be alive, among the Esquimaux
—a belief which many persons entertained
at that time, but which gradually gave way
to hopelessness. After the departure of
the royal visitors, a *dejeuner* was given in
the ward-room, during which one "toast"
was, "The future success of the *Resolute*,
and may she be again employed in pro-
secuting the search for Sir John Frank-
lin and his comrades."

The Americans had done their self-
imposed work well and gracefully. With
such care had the repairs and re-equip-
ment been performed, that not only had
the ship's stores—even to flags—been re-
placed, but the officers' libraries, pictures,
musical-boxes, &c., had been preserved
and with excellent taste had all been re-
stored to their original positions. The
royal family were touched at the sight of
these little memorials, as they went from
cabin to cabin of the ship. Captain Hart-
stein was invited to visit the Queen at
Osborne that evening. On the following
day the *Resolute* was brought into Port-
smouth harbor, amid great rejoicings, and
complimentary salutes to the American
flag. Many banquets were given to Cap-

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 22.—With one
of her crew dead from exposure, and all
the others badly frost-bitten, the yawl-
rigged French schooner *Quo Vadis*, from
Martinique for St. Pierre, Miq., with sail,
was picked up on Brown's Bank yester-
day by the Gloucestershire schooner *Catharine*,
Captain Arch. McLeod, and towed into
Liverpool, N. S. For days the schooner
battled with gales off the coast and the
crew were rendered helpless by the cold,
the men having no warm wearing appar-
el. Charles Luce, aged seventeen years,
died on December 18, after intense suffer-
ing.

When the *Catharine* sighted the help-
less craft all the sails were down, and
when Captain McLeod boarded her he
found all the men in their bunks with no
means of keeping themselves alive. Four
days ago they had given up all hopes of
being rescued. The distressed seamen
are being well cared for.

During the trip to Liverpool, William
Barnes, one of the crew of the *Catharine*,
had his leg broken.

The *Quo Vadis* was built three years
ago at St. Malo, France.

—New York, Dec. 30.—The British
schooner *Pauline Martin*, leaking and
rudderless, floundered for weeks in ter-
rific gales in the mid-Atlantic before her
crew was rescued, according to the story
of her skipper, Captain Wayne, and his
six seamen, who arrived here to-day
aboard the Swedish steamship *Elizabeth*.

The *Pauline Martin* sailed from Cadiz,
Spain, for St. John's, Nfld., Nov. 8, with a
cargo of salt. Encountering heavy
weather the ship was soon reduced to
helplessness and her company was about
ready to take to the boats when the
Elizabeth hove in sight.

Captain Wayne burned his vessel, a
craft of 298 tons, to prevent her becoming
a derelict.

tain Hartstein and his officers on subse-
quent days: the chief of which, for
grandeur and importance, was given by
the mayor and corporation of Portsmouth.
A deputation from the Shipowners' As-
sociation of Liverpool came to Port-
smouth, with an invitation for the Ameri-
can officers; which, however, their limited
time prevented them from accepting.

The prime minister entertained Captain
Hartstein at his seat in Hampshire; the
government gave a dinner to the Ameri-
can sailors on Christmas-day; and Lady
Franklin invited all the officers to an
entertainment provided by her for them
at Brighton.

At length, on the 30th of December, the
formal transfer of the interesting old ship
took place. Captain George Seymour, of
the *Victory*, with two subordinate officers,
and small parties of seamen and marines,
went on board the *Resolute*. Precisely at
one o'clock, the *Victory* hoisted the Ameri-
can flag at her main, and fired a salute of
twenty-one guns; while Captain Hartstein
hailed down the American colors from
the *Resolute*, and substituted the British,
and the American crew manned the yards
to give three cheers to the *Victory*. Cap-
tain Hartstein, with his officers around
him, then addressed Captain Seymour:

"Sir, the closing scene of my most pleasant
and important mission has now to be
performed. And permit me to hope that,
long after every timber in her sturdy
frame shall have perished, the remem-
brance of the old *Resolute* will be cherished
by the people of the respective nations.
I now, with a pride totally at variance with
our professional ideas, strike my flag, and
to you, sir, give up the ship." Captain
Seymour made a suitable reply; and soon
afterwards the whole of the Ameri-
can officers and seamen were conveyed
board the United States' mail steam-
ship *Washington*, in which they return
their own country. The British gov-
ernment offered to convey them in the
steamer *Retribution*, in friendly con-
ment to the American government; ar-
rangements previously made inter-
fere with this plan.

The issue of this affair was after all, no
a pleasant one. The Admiralty, with
decorous haste, ordered the brave old
ship to be dismantled and reduced to the
state of an unsightly hulk. This was a
bit of paltry economy, which asserted ill
with extravagance in other matters. It
was injudicious in many ways; for the
old ship would have formed a memento
of Arctic expeditions; it would have afford-
ed testimony concerning the currents and
drift-ice of those regions; it would have
been a pleasant object for Englishmen to
visit, side by side with Nelson's famous
ship in Portsmouth harbor; and it would
have been gratifying to Americans visiting
England, to see that the liberality of their
government had been appreciated.—
Chambers' Book of Days.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows