



# The Beacon



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NO. 1

## A SONG OF GREAT BRITAIN

**SING you a song of our Islands?**  
First tune your note to the sea,  
Deepen the tone of its roaring,  
Snatch its wild minstrelsy,  
Melody, rhapsody, pouring  
Echoing up to the sky—  
Then, perchance try.

**Sing you a song of our Islands?**  
Next you must capture the breeze  
Rioting over the heather,  
Soughing down dale through the trees,  
Buffet or kiss as the weather  
Changes, from whisper to cry—  
Then you could try.

**Sing you a song of our Islands?**  
Find you a pen that will paint  
Sunshine that glints through the  
Luminous shadows which faint  
Into grey distances that reaches  
Round the blue of the sky—  
Then you might try.

**Sing you a song of our Islands?**  
See that you lose not the scent,  
Flowers that grow by the wayside,  
Hedges with blossom down bent,  
Lasting from earliest springtime  
Till with the winter they die—  
Then you may try.

**Sing you a song of our Islands?**  
Then you must seek for a voice  
Worthy of wonder-wide spaces,  
Moors that, unfettered, rejoice  
Sunbathed with Nature's free graces,  
While the long ages roll by—  
Then, you must try!

—D. H. Moutray Read, in *United Empire*.

## LIFE'S PURPOSE

WHY should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should make as soon as an apple-tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be shipwrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

There was an artist in the city of Kouroo who was disposed to strive after perfection. One day it came into his mind to make a staff. Having considered that in an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into a perfect work time does not enter, he said to himself. It shall be perfect in all respects, though I should do nothing else in my life. He proceeded instantly to the forest for wood, being resolved that it should not be made of unsuitable material; and he searched for and rejected stick after stick, his friends gradually deserted him, for he grew old in their works and died, but he grew old by a moment. His singleness of purpose and resolution, and his elevated piety, endowed him, without his knowledge, with perennial youth. As he made no compromise with Time, Time kept out of his way, and only sighed at a distance because he could not overcome him. Before he had found a stick in all respects suitable the city of Kouroo was a hoary ruin, and he sat on one of its mounds to peel the stick. Before he had given it the proper shape the dynasty of the Candahars was at an end, and with the point of the stick he wrote the name of the last race in the sand, and then resumed his work. By the time he had smoothed and polished the staff Kouroo was no longer the pole-star; and ere he had put on the ferule and the head adorned with precious stones, Brahma had awoke and slumbered many times. But why do I stay to mention these things? When the finishing stroke was put to his work, it suddenly expanded before the eyes of the astonished artist into the fairest of all the creations of Brahma. He had made a new system in making a staff, a world with full and fair proportions; in which, though the old cities and dynasties had passed away, fairer and more glorious ones had taken their places. And now he saw by the heap of shavings still fresh at his feet, that, for him and his work, the former lapse of time had been an illusion, and that no more time had elapsed than is required for a single scintillation from the brain of Brahma to fall on and inflame the tinder of a mortal brain. The material was pure, and his art was pure; how could the result be other than wonderful?

No face which we can give to a matter will stand us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Through an infirmity of our natures, we suppose a case and put ourselves into it, and hence are in two cases at the same time, and it is doubly difficult

to get out. In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," said he. "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch." His companion's prayer is forgotten.

However mean your life is, meet it and live; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finders will find fault in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town; but it often happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. This philosopher said: "From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought." Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on; it is all dissipation. Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, and lo! creation widens to our view. We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Croesus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

—From "Walden," by HENRY DAVID THOREAU. (Born July 12, 1817; died May 6, 1862.)

## ON BOOKS

"EVERY time I pick up me mornin' paper to see how th' scrap come out at Bathry D," said Mr. Dooley, "th' first thing I r-run across is somethin' like this: 'A hot an' handsome gift fr Christmas is Lucy Ann Patzoon's,' Jims iv Englewood Thought"; or "If ye wud delight th' hear-tiv yer child, ye'll give him Dr. Harper's monymental history iv th' Jewish tribes fr'm Moses to Dhryfuss"; or "Ivrybody is r-readin' Roodyard Kiplin's 'Busy Pomes fr Busy People.' Th' idee iv givin' books fr Christmas prsints whin th' stores are full iv th' hor-rs an' dhurms an' boxin' gloves an' choo-choo ca-rars! People must be crazy."

"They ar-r," said Mr. Hennessy. "My house is so full iv books ye cudden't turn around without stumblin' over them. I found th' life iv an ex-convict, th' 'Prisoner iv Zinders,' in me high hat th' other day, where Mary Ann was hidin' it fr'm her sister. Instead iv th' chidher fightin' an' skylarkin' in th' evenin', they're settin' around th' table with their noses glued into books. Th' ol' woman doesn't read, but she picks up what's goin' on. 'Tis 'Honoria, did Lo-rd What's-his-name marry th' fair Aminta?' or 'But that Lady Jane was a case.' An' so it goes. There's no injymint in th' house, an' they're usin' me cravats fr bookmarks."

"Dis all wrong," said Mr. Dooley. "They're on'y three books in the wuruld worth readin'—Shakespeare, th' Bible, an' Mike Ahearn's history iv Chicago. I have Shakespeare on trust. Father Kelly r-reads th' Bible fr me, an' I didn't buy Mike Ahearn's history because I seen more th'n he cud put into it. Books is th' roon iv people, specially novels. Whin I was a young man th' parish priest used to preach again thim; but nobody knowed what he meant. At that time William Joyce had th' on'y library in th' Sixth Ward. Th' mayor give him th' bound volumes iv th' council proceedings, an' they was a very handsome set. Th' on'y books I seen was th' kind that has th' life

iv th' pope on th' outside an' a set iv dominos on th' inside. They're good readin'." Nawthin' cud be better fr a man whin he's tired out after a day's wurruk th'n go to his library an' take down war iv th' gr-r-rurruks iv lithrathoor an' play a game iv dominos fr th' dhurks out iv it. Any other kind iv r-readin', barrin' th' newspaper, which will never hurt anny onedy-cated man, is destructive iv morals.

"I had it out with Father Kelly th' other day in this very matter. He was comin' up fr'm down town with an armful iv books fr prizes at th' school. 'Have ye th' Key to Heaven there?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'th' chidher that'll get these books don't need no key. They go in under th' furnstle,' he says, laughin'. 'Have ye th' Lives iv th' Saints, or th' Christian Dooty, or th' Story iv Saint Rose iv Lima?' I says. 'I have not,' says he. 'I have some good story books. I'd rather th' kids'd r-read Charles Dickens than anny iv th' tales iv thim holy men that was burned in a pot or di-gisted be a line,' he says. 'It does no good in these degin'rate days to prove that th' best that can come to a man fr behavin' himself is to be cooked in a pot or di-gisted be a line,' he says. 'Ye're wrong,' says I. 'Beggins ye'r riv'rince's pardon, ye're wrong,' I says. 'What ar-r ye goin' to do with thim young wans? Ye're goin' to make thim near-sighted an' round-shouldered,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to have thim believe that, if they behave thimself an' lead a virtuous life, they'll marry rich an' go to Congress. They'll wade up some day, an' find out that gettin' money an' behavin' ye'rself don't always go together,' I says. 'Some iv th' wickedest men in th' wur-ruud have married rich,' I says. 'Ye're goin' to teach thim that a man doesn't have to use an ax to get along in th' wur-ruud. Ye're goin' to teach thim that a la-ad with a curlin' black mustache an' smokin' a cigareet is always a villian, whin he's more often a barber with a lar-rge family. Life, says ye! There's no life in a book. If ye want to show thim what life is, tell thim to look around thim. There's more life in a Saturday night in the Ar-rchy Road th'n in all th' books fr'm Shakespeare to th' rapport iv th' drainage trustees. No man,' I says, 'iver wrote a book if he had

## LIEUTENANT SHELLBACK, R. N. R.

HE has learnt the ways of the ships at sea. In most of the sorts of ships there be. In most of the kinds of deep-sea craft. Steam and square-sail and fore-and-aft. A Liverpool crack and a London barque. As bluff as a barge and as old as the Ark. A tramp, a tanker, a Yankee schooner. He's served in all of 'em later or sooner.

And there isn't a build and there isn't a rig. Be it fast or slow or little or big. From Chapman Light to the Bay of Bengal. But Lieutenant Shellback knows 'em all.

He has learnt the ways of the seas that roll. Broad and narrow and deep and shoal. Gulf and channel and bight and strait. From the Barrier Reef to the Golden Gate. He has learnt the ways of the winds that blow. Off palm and coral and Polar snow. The typhoon sweeping the China seas. And the Trades and the stormy westerlies.

And there isn't a port the wide world round. From London River to Puget Sound. From Sand Heads Light to Valparaiso Bay. But Lieutenant Shellback's passed that way.

And some he learnt from an old-style skipper. That once cracked on in a China clipper. And a blue-nose mate like a live cyclone. All fist and boot, and muscle, and bone. To reef, and furl, and hand, and steer. He knew full well by his seventeenth year. To lift a chanter and patch and darn. And carve a model and spin a yarn.

And there wasn't so much those old salts knew. "Sails" and "bo'sun, skipper and crew. From trimming yards to a fancy knot. But Lieutenant Shellback learnt the lot.

But he learnt the most, when all's been told. Where his fathers learnt the same of old. In the sun and storm, in the wind and rain. Twice round the world and home again. He learnt it here and he learnt it there. He learnt it foul and he learnt it fair. Both inside out and upside down. 'Tween the Tail o' the Bank and Frisco town.

And there isn't a death that sailors dare. From Carrick Roads to the Straits of Le Maire. Nor a kind of a risk that seamen run. But Lieutenant Shellback's faced each one.

That's what has made him tried and true. Hardened and tested and proved him too. Born and bred to the sailor's trade. Hemp to the core and cable-laid. Like the nine-strand stuff that a seaman knows. Will hold and hold till the last strand goes. And whether he's fighting or sweeping or towing. And whether it's raining or hailing or blowing. Whether he's out on the U-boat trail. Or saving a crew in a North Sea gale. There isn't a job that he finds to do. But Lieutenant Shellback carries it through.

MISS CICELEY FOX-SMITH, in *Punch*.

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—London July 1.—An official statement issued to-day by the British Admiralty says:

"On Thursday evening four of our destroyers, which were patrolling off the Belgian coast, sighted eight enemy torpedo boat destroyers. Our destroyers proceeded on an easterly course at full speed, engaged the enemy at long range.

"After the action had lasted a quarter of an hour the enemy was joined by three more torpedo boat destroyers, whereupon our force fell back upon their supports. The enemy did not follow, and the action was then broken off. No damage was sustained by any of our vessels."

—An Atlantic Port, June 27.—The Canadian Pacific steamships *Pomeranian* and *Medora* have been sunk by German submarines, according to information brought here by the captain of a vessel arriving from England. The sinkings occurred only a few miles west of the British Isles. The both ships were bound for American ports.

The mariner said the destruction of the *Pomeranian* is a mystery in British shipping circles. Only the second engineer of a crew of sixty was saved, he declared. He asserted that no trace ever was found of the other members of the crew after the vessel, following a muffled explosion in the hold, settled in shallow water. The engineer climbed into the rigging after the ship righted herself on the bottom, and was picked up by a patrol boat.

The crew of the *Medora* took to the boats when their ship was torpedoed. The U-boat commander is said to have made the captain, wireless operator and chief gunner prisoners.

—Rio Janeiro, June 27.—The loss of the American bark, *James Paulo*, is reported. She sank just outside the harbor here during a heavy gale, with the loss of several lives, the captain's daughter being among those missing. Ten members of the crew, all of them injured, have been rescued.

—Shelburne, N. S., June 28.—Twenty-four members of the crew of the troopship *Dwinsk*, under charter to the American Government, which was torpedoed without warning by a German submarine June 18, reached here to-day, aboard a Gloucester fishing schooner. The men, exhausted by exposure and lack of food, were picked up on the morning of June 26, after being adrift eight days, and with only a day's provisions in stock.

—New York, June 28.—The landing of twenty-four survivors from the steamship *Dwinsk* at Shelburne, N. S., to-day definitely accounts for all but two boatloads of the crew. Three boatloads containing sixty-seven survivors had been previously reported missing. Seven boats in all left the vessel when she was torpedoed. Two were picked up by a steamship which brought their occupants here, another boatload was rescued and brought to Hampton Roads, Va., and a fourth to Bermuda by a sailing vessel.

A report was received yesterday of the landing of seventeen survivors of a torpedoed steamship at Bermuda, but the message did not give the name of the ship. Whether they came from the *Dwinsk*, and, if so, whether they were the same as previously reported landed there, or additional survivors, was a matter of conjecture.

The *Dwinsk* was a troopship returning to the United States. She had no soldiers aboard.

—Watch Hill, R. I., June 29.—The Clyde Line freighter *Onondaga*, Boston for Charleston and Jacksonville, lost her way in a heavy fog off Watch Hill last night, struck a reef, and sank in a shallow water after her crew of thirty-five had been taken off. Life savers from the Watch Hill station, responding to a call for help, succeeded in taking all hands to shore.

How the vessel happened to land on the reef was not explained by naval authorities, who obtained first reports from the coast guard station. The channel at the point where the ship struck has long been regarded as dangerous in foggy weather.

Observers on shore reported that the *Onondaga* was not entirely submerged, as her masts were sticking out of the water. After coming ashore Capt. Goggin endeavored to communicate with agents of the line, and it was said here that he and his men, would be taken to New London, Conn.

The *Onondaga*, a vessel of 2,696 tons gross, was built at Philadelphia in 1905 and had been in the Boston service for a number of years.

—Amsterdam, July 1.—A Russian dreadnought named by the Bolshevik government *Syobodnaya Russia*, formerly, *Empress Ekaterina II*, was sunk by a destroyer, and also several destroyers were sunk in an engagement among Russian ships in the Black Sea, according

to semi-official Berlin reports. In the course of the fighting the sailors of the fleet changed their state of allegiance several times. The entire Russian Black Sea fleet, these reports add, now is at Sebastopol under German control and fit for war purposes.

—London, July 1.—A Teuton submarine sank the British hospital ship *Llandovery Castle*, 116 miles southwest of Fastnet, on June 27, the British Admiralty announced to-day.

The *Llandovery Castle* was homeward bound from Canada. She carried 258 persons. This total included 80 Canadian army Medical Corps men and 14 female nurses.

One boat, containing 24 survivors, so far has reached port. The *Llandovery Castle* was of 11,423 tons gross and was built at Glasgow in 1914, for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Service. The vessel was 500 feet long, 63 feet beam, and 37 feet deep.

—An Atlantic Port, July 2.—The steamer *Seneca*, bound to this port with 3,060 tons of coal, ran aground in a heavy fog to-day. She was leaking seriously forward, but a wreckage tug sent to her aid to-night, expected to get her off safely.

The *Seneca*, formerly a lake steamer, was recently converted into a bulk cargo carrier, and was making her first trip here. She was built in Cleveland in 1880.

—An Atlantic Port, July 2.—The Associated Press carries the following:

"The Danish steamship *Indien* was attacked and sunk by a German submarine with a loss of twenty-nine members of the steamship's crew off the Azores on March 31. It was learned with the arrival here of nine survivors from the *Indien*.

"The vessel, bound from France to an American port, was sunk by shell fire after the crew had taken to four lifeboats. Three of these boats were lost in a storm. The men who perished included Captain Keurland."

—Washington, July 2.—The Belgian steamer *Chilier*, 2,966 gross tons, has been torpedoed. The steamer was sunk 1,400 miles off the Atlantic coast on June 21. Twenty-five survivors were picked up by a sailing vessel on June 27.

The *Chilier* was sent down in mid-ocean three days after the British transport *Dwinsk* was torpedoed seven hundred miles from the American coast. It is thought probable here that both vessels were victims of a German submarine or submarines returning to base after raiding off the United States. No evidence of submarine activities near the shores of America has been reported since the steamer *Henrik Lund* was sunk 120 miles east of Cape Hatteras on June 10.

Advices to the navy about the *Chilier* were brief and did not say how many if any of the ship's company were missing.

## KENNEDY'S HOTEL

The following guests have registered at Kennedy's Hotel this week up to noon on Thursday:—

Toronto:—H. S. Roadhouse, L. T. Gillispie, C. W. Spear.  
Houlton, Me.:—M. L. Pearson.  
St. John:—Miss Baxter, H. H. MacMichael, W. T. McLeod, A. H. Skinner, H. C. Gay, C. B. Wetmore, C. A. Warren, Frank Ferguson, M. D. Call, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. F. O. Allison, W. J. Gleason, J. E. Beardon and wife, W. Jones, Miss Long, Miss Hammond, P. G. Tayte, R. E. Armstrong, A. B. Burns, H. W. Wood.  
St. George:—H. H. McLean, F. S. McLean.

Kingston, Ont.:—V. C. Green, Mrs. Carleton.

Millenocket, Me.:—I. J. Dowd.  
Bridgewater, Me.:—E. Fitzpatrick.  
Calais, Me.:—Miss McCoy, G. Petit.  
Deer Island:—E. A. McNeill.  
Eastport, Me.:—Miss M. Holmes.

New York:—W. B. Mackintosh.  
Montreal:—Thos. Lewis, F. D. Rivers, J. S. Christie and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hanley, W. B. Bishop, Miss Cowell, Mrs. M. Young, R. Lee, W. K. Gillispie and wife, John Hall, Miss Hall.

Fredericton:—J. R. Armstrong.  
Philadelphia:—Mr. and Mrs. Whidden.  
Boston, Mass.:—J. M. James and wife, Mrs. W. Taylor, M. A. Taylor.

Augusta, Me.:—Mr. and Mrs. Stone.  
Milltown, N. B.:—Miss R. Osborne, Miss F. Osborne, Miss A. Ryan, Dr. C. H. Patton.

St. Stephen:—J. S. Lord, John Shaughnessy.

Rothsay, N. B.:—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davidson.  
Calgary, Alberta:—E. G. Leonard, Miss B. E. Leonard.

Wilson's Beach:—H. G. Small.

Aroostook, N. B.:—N. C. Turner and wife, Detroit, Mich.:—Miss E. Whitehead.

Flatbush:—Anything showed up in your garden yet? Bensonhurst:—Sure! Two hens and a duck. —*Yonkers Statesman*.