



The Beacon



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JIM BLUDSO

WALL, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the *Prairie Belle*?
He weren't no saint, — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife at Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike;
A keertless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.
And this was all the religion he had, —
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if the *Prairie Belle* took fire, —
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.
All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last,
The *Monstar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she wouldn't be passed.
And so she came tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.
The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim
Yelled out,
Over all that infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."
Through the hot, black breath of the
burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.
He weren't no saint, — but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.
— From "Pike County Ballad," by
COL. JOHN HAY.
(Born October 8, 1833; died 1905.)

FAREWELL TO THE "MALABAR" TROOPER

The *Malabar*'s in 'arbor with the *Junmer*
at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired waitin' of 'is orders
for to sail.

SO wrote Kipling. The trooper *Malabar*, a relic of Victorian days, now lies, a prey for ship wreckers, in the harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda. Although almost forgotten, she has one friend left, and he is Sir James Willcocks, Commander-in-Chief and Governor of Bermuda, and the man who led the Indian troops in France in the early days of the war. Gen. Willcocks is not only an old Indian soldier, but an author and poet of distinction, and recently he visited the trooper, to renew her acquaintance and say farewell. His reminiscences of the *Malabar* have been published by the *Bermuda Royal Gazette*, and are given here in part:

"It was with recollections of many years ago that I recently paid a visit to the old *Malabar*, lying off Front Street. I had voyaged in her as a young subaltern from Bombay to Portsmouth, I will not say how many years ago; and being of a peculiarly sentimental nature, I reverently saluted as I entered by the once familiar gangway. What a change in the good old trooper! My heart sank as I looked on the shattered woodwork, the decks deserted by all save scraps of brass, iron, and timbers; the dismantled cabins, and empty mess-room. I paused for a few minutes to ponder on the mutability of life, and I rejoiced to think I was alone. What memories welled up; what scenes came back to me. In a moment I was forty years younger. Ah, one! would it were so, but why ask for the impossible, better as it is. Give the younger ones their chance; if they avail themselves of it as fortunately as I did they will not have much to regret.

The first ship I saw as I entered Bermuda waters more than a year ago was this same *Malabar* as she lay off the dockyard. It appeared a good sign to me, and at once connected me with my new home, so far across the Atlantic from the Indian Ocean.

The five old Indian troopships were named *Junma*, *Crocodile*, *Malabar*, *Enphrates*, and *Serapis*. They were espe-

cially built for the Indian Government, and had been running for some years when I got my first commission. They were well known to every British officer whose fate took him to the East, and there is probably not one senior officer serving in the regular army in any theatre of the great war to-day who has not either voyaged in or been in some way connected with one or other of them. The *Serapis* was the ship selected by the Admiralty to convey King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, when he paid his memorable visit to India, some years before I joined the army.

"These ships, though used almost exclusively for transporting British troops to India and bringing home relieved corps during the cold weather months, say from October to April, were also occasionally employed on other duties, and I am not sure that on one occasion one of these did not visit Bermuda. I know the trooper *Himalaya* did so, but without inquiry I cannot answer for the others. They were in those days manned by officers and crews from the Royal Navy, and the discipline and duties were such as to imbue us young landmen with a very wholesome respect for the senior service.

Indeed, it was a very different life to that now led by army officers and men who travel (or did before this war) in such luxury and comfort as the soldiers of those times never dreamed of. Not that we minded, we knew no better; but we were a very contented crowd, and considered ourselves no small beer as with uniforms of immaculate cut and very tightly-strapped about the boots we marched on board for our first voyage as soldiers of the Queen. Visions of glory floated before us; we were proud that we, too, were starting on life's journey to try and add our small quota to the history of our great Empire.

"The very masts and rigging were a portent that we were on a Queen's ship, than which none finer floated on the waters. It had been the boast of the Indian troopship service that, although over a million officers and men had journeyed between England and India over a space of many years, no serious accident had ever befallen one of these fine old transports.

"Heaven's light our Guide," their motto, so boldly blazoned round their wreathes in gold, had not been an idle boast. But this day I looked only on the shell; 'Sic transit gloria mundi' had taken its place. The old *Malabar* was now being shattered; her lofty sides, instead of giving shelter to a thousand men or so, were in the hands of the iconoclast; and the hammer, saw, and other mundane instruments of wreck were hard at it to destroy her beauty and wring from her as many almighty dollars as she was still capable of yielding.

"I stood on the scene of the captain's bridge—the 'Holy of Holies'; I almost still feared to ascend to so lofty an eminence and unconsciously touched my cap. I gazed at the now sad masts and rigging—what a sight! drooping and limp! There was a time when privileged subalterns swarmed up in the consciousness that many admiring eyes were fixed on them. Yes! the ladies played their part in the lives of the old troopships as they do to-day in the lives of us all, and God bless them! ever will do. It will be dull were it otherwise.

"And so I wandered about. The size of the ship astonished me. As I knew her there was not a square inch that was not utilized for something, and to-day it looked like Pompeii, deserted and sad. I strolled through the quarters which were assigned to the soldiers' wives, and in imagination they were once more tenanted. I ducked more than once to avoid the bare toes of some sleeping beauty, as they protruded beyond her hammock, for it was one of our most important duties to pass through and report that the women's quarters were in order and all was well.

"I moved towards the quarter-deck, and as I picked my way through clumps of brass and iron, plate glass, and bits of teak, I could hear my foot-steps rescho on the warning: 'Tell them in Bermuda I am listening to all they are saying. They are not so badly off after all. Salt junk and potatoes. Ye gods! we looked on them as luxuries. What more do you need when the times are out of joint. But I was yet to revisit my old quarters. Down one flight of steps and I was on the deck reserved for such high officials as majors and captains and the ladies of the cabins of the latter! In hot climates sometimes even ladies are in very *deshabillé*. I mechanically closed mine, and very nearly fell through a recently cut opening. Perhaps the iconoclast had known I was going to pay them a visit. Perhaps it was mere chance.

"Down another flight of steps and I was in the particular part of the trooper which served for subalterns. Its official name was 'Pandemonium,' more commonly known as 'Pandy,' and it was no

THRIFT HALLMARKS A NATION

Saving the almighty dollar in order to gratify one's desires in the matter of personal purchases has been a working force in society for all time. To save for the sake of hoarding the golden ducats is a form of insanity that has afflicted the misers of all time. To save in order to make another stronger is the highest form of thrift known. And in exercising this, time of laying aside extra dollars from our present surpluses, for the better living of society when times may not be so generous, we carry in us the marks of the true Canadian patriot.

He who loves his country is no waster. He knows his savings form the capital that makes business go. The dollar soon doubles itself, and total savings of a thrifty people mark out the nation as a really great one. Love of our Canadian home land demands of every resident from the Yukon to Cape Breton, that he save his surplus dollars against a possible rainy day. The thrifty man is one of Canada's big patriots.

MOROCCO DAYS

THE SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE

EXCEPT for the writer's house, half hidden in its gardens and woods, the valley was uninhabited. True that to east and west, on the crown of the hills, lie two Arab villages of thatch huts, with their nests perched on their ridge-poles, and half hidden in thick hedges of cactus. But in the valley itself the only inhabited dwelling was the house until the Spaniards, Antonia and her husband and her adopted son, came to the deserted cottage in an abandoned garden half a mile farther up the valley. It had evidently been an irrigated grove at one time, for the remains of its distorted olive trees, cruelly lopped for firewood, still stood gaunt and grotesque, and here and there was the trunk of an almost dead orange tree. The hedges of brambles and cactus had grown out of all shape and form, and cattle had broken great openings where they had passed through to graze on the more fertile land within. In front lies the sea, edged with yellow sands that stretch unbroken, except for the outlet of the little river that flows down the valley, to the town of Tangier over three miles away to the west.

The cottage was the mere wreck of a hut. The door no longer boasted hinges, and there was no glass left in the windows. Many of the tiles of the roof had been blown off by the gales, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more inhospitable and sad.

ANTONIA'S STORY

In a few days the family were installed with their miserably inadequate goods and chattels, and already the writer's native servants had been across to offer to help, and the ice had been broken. The reports were not very favorable. The man drank, and his wife Antonia—it was the only name they had discovered—evidently lived in terror of him. The adopted son was a deaf mute, and apparently wanting in the most ordinary intelligence. Their poverty was extreme. But the men, one and all, praised Antonia, her goodness, her cheerfulness, and her patience. They had found out that she could sew, and the next day they brought her across to see the writer—a middle-aged, tired-looking woman, who had evidently known better days. Yes, she could sew. She had been lady's maid to a great Spanish lady before she married, and she would be pleased to come over and work in the mornings. So every morning she came and sat with the Arab servants in the kitchen and won their hearts. She told them of her marriage, of her childlessness, and of how she had found her adopted son, a tiny baby, by the roadside and had brought him home—and of how he had grown up deaf and dumb. Of her husband's cruelty, of his drunkenness, she said nothing, but the Arabs had heard her cries, as in his fury he had beaten her, or, what pained her still more, beaten the boy. They had found out that he had taken the little money she earned, and that had it not been for what she ate at the writer's house, and what she took back for the youth, they would have starved.

The Arabs, in pity for her, waylaid her husband and threatened him, and for a time his behavior was better, but only for a little while. The cloths that had been given to the boy he took and sold, and the fowls and pigs went one by one, and he seemed perpetually drunk; and then one day Antonia sent to say that he had forbidden her to come again. He accused her of having told the story of her miseries, and what she suffered at his hands. It was not true, but she dared not come, so the Arabs took her food, and went and talked to her when the drunken

husband was away. Even then she did not complain, but bore with him. Then he began to attack the boy—he was useless; now that there were no pigs and fowls for him to look after he ate their food, and he was accused of God—a deaf mute and idiot; but to her he was all the world, with his strange, plaintive face and dark eyes, well behaved and retiring, but without intelligence, except that he seemed to realize Antonia's love for him.

The writer was sorely troubled, for he feared for Antonia and the boy, so one day the great lady with whom she had been in service came to his house and Antonia was sent for and came. She was much changed, her look was pitiful and scared, her clothes were almost in rags, but clean and neat as they could possibly be made to look. The great lady kissed her, and Antonia wept; and she told her she must come back to her, and live in her service again, and leave the man who ill-treated her. She should have protection against him; there was nought to fear. To Antonia the gate of heaven was opened. She closed it. In tears she spoke of the boy, she could not leave him. The writer said he would take him into his service to work in the garden—he could sleep with the grooms in the stable and would want for nothing. But still she refused. She was happy with her husband—and she tried to smile through her tears—yes, he drank, but so did so many men, and if he beat her probably she deserved it; women were often unconsciously very annoying. The great lady expostulated; she urged; she commanded, but with no effect. Antonia was obstinate. Then she took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said to her, 'Antonia, you must tell me. Why will you not accept happiness for yourself and the boy?' For a moment they stood silent facing one another. Then Antonia shuddered a little, tried to speak and failed, and then whispered, 'The sacrament of marriage!'

Argument was of no avail—Antonia closed the door of happiness. The recollection of the accumulated misery of all those years of married life, in fear of death always, beaten and bruised, her spirit broken, victim of abuse and cruelty—the sacrament of marriage overruled everything.

And Antonia returned to her hut. At sunrise she came across, carrying a bundle of clothing. She was pale but quite calm, and a strange, indefinable beauty illumined her face.

"I have brought you back the things that remain of what you gave me," she said, and she opened the bundle—a towel or two, an old blanket, some clothes, pitiful sad things, but neatly folded.

"Why?"
"Because," she replied, "we have no need of them. The boy is dead. My husband came back from town last night. He had been drinking, and asked for money. He beat me because of the boy, because he had to be fed. Then he called the boy outside into the stable, and there he shot him. He is there now lying dead."

See was so calm, so gentle. "It is better so," she went on, "but I loved him with all my heart—and he is dead. Your men were so kind to me always—they let me have these few things. It is so little, but it is all I have."

"And your husband?"
"I no not know. He did not come back into the house. He was drunk. Probably he went back into the town."

"And you, Antonia?"
"I," she asked, as if surprised; "I can die now. I could not die before, you know, because of the boy."

We went over to the hut. The boy lay face down, dead upon the stable floor, with a terrible gunshot wound in his chest. The Spanish authorities were notified, but it was long before they came to take the body away, and when the writer got back to his house he found Antonia unconscious, talking a little to herself at times, but quite happily.

They took her to the Spanish hospital on a stretcher, and the Arabs walked beside her along the yellow sands. In the night she died. The great lady who had been warned, went to see her, and told the writer afterwards that just before she died she seemed to regain consciousness, and said, "You see, I could not leave him—the sacrament of marriage."—*The Times*, London.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Customs returns for September, 1918:
Duties collected \$7684.22
Value free goods imported \$1195.89
" dutiable goods imported \$82922.99
" goods exported \$75727.63

She—"I trust, Jack, dear, that our marriage will not be against your father's will." He—"I'm sure I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it."—*Boston Transcript*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Paris, Sept. 29.—The French submarine *Circé*, was sunk by an Austrian undersea boat on September 20, according to an official statement issued to-night. The second officer was the only survivor. The *Circé* was built at Toulon in 1907 and its gross tonnage was 490. Its peace time complement was twenty-three men.

—Washington, Oct. 1.—Naval submarine chaser No. 60 was sunk early to-day in a collision with the oil steamer *S. W. Walker*, off the coast of New Jersey. Two men from the chaser are missing, but the other members of the crew were rescued.

—Copenhagen, Oct. 2.—Four German torpedo boats, whose crews mutinied and attempted to take them out of harbor during August, were pursued by cruisers and sunk, according to information received here to-day. The occurrence is said to have been confirmed by the washing ashore of 160 bodies.

Thirty-six German sailors were executed at Kiel recently as the result of a mutiny against submarine duty, it is reported.

—An Atlantic Port, Oct. 2.—The master of the Nova Scotia fishing schooner *Jellicoe*, got a bad scare this morning when his vessel was a few miles off shore. Without warning, the roar of a gun was heard, and a cannon shot passed the bow of his schooner. He turned thinking to see a Hun submarine near at hand. Instead, he discovered the shot had come from a patrol boat, which had sent the shot across to attract his attention and to have the schooner come close for a message. When within hearing distance, the captain of the patrol boat told him that he had sighted a submarine off Cape Sable and apparently headed in the direction of Halifax.

He also advised the master of the *Jellicoe* to make for the shore with all possible speed, saying that the patrol would be engaged in warning other fishing craft in the waters. In port, the master of the *Jellicoe*, which arrived safely, said that no vessels were reported as having been sunk by the Hun submarine.

ADVICE TO MERCHANTS

Those who had the privilege of hearing Frank Stockdale in the board of trade rooms last evening carried away with them many new ideas, which will be of benefit to them in getting the best results from their employees. The basic idea as emphasized by Mr. Stockdale was co-operation between the merchant and his sales force. "A man who isn't trying to lift up his help shouldn't be in business," he said, and on the other hand "An employee should be willing to uplift his employer."

"The customer comes before the clerk though it is hard to make some people believe this. The customer runs all merchants' stores. In other words the merchants carry what the customer needs or wants," said Mr. Stockdale; and he went on to say that the way to bring this before the people was to study their needs from past experience and to keep them posted through the medium of advertising from time to time as to what they could produce to meet their wishes.

The clerk could be of the greatest assistance only in knowing the goods and where to find them readily. This meant proper classification and intelligent display.

Mr. Stockdale advised the merchants to cater to the needs of the people, and his point was well illustrated by suggesting that at this time druggists should advertise special preventions for Spanish influenza and should have a list prepared of the best remedies. Yesterday after a special round-table talk for the druggists was given by Mr. Stockdale in the association rooms, Germain street. *St. John Telegraph*.

DISILLUSIONMENT

"when you see a dull puff-bell rise up and pick at dem crinkly side whiskers o' his'n and smooove down dat fancy vest you am amazed at de ponderosity o' de spectacle," said old Brother Buckaroo. "But when you listens to his transplavication you finds dat when ye behill dem whisker and dpt vest you seed it all. Ain't dat 'bout so, Brudder Jurden?"—*Kansas City Star*.

Miss Passay—"Children nowadays do not pay the proper amount of respect to old age." Miss Pert—"And I suppose, that annoys you a great deal."—*Boston Transcript*.

"What are your reasons for wanting to get out of public life?" "Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "this is the era of brand-new talent. I thought maybe it might be a good idea for me to retire for awhile and see if I can't get a reputation for inexperience."—*Washington Star*.