



The Beacon



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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1919

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THE ISLAND

I KNOW an island in a lake,
Green upon waters grey;
It has a strange enchanted air,
I hear the fairies singing there
When I go by that way.

One night, one summer night, I know
Suddenly I shall wake
And very softly hasten down
And out beyond the sleeping town
To find my fairy lake.

I shall not need to seek a boat
It will be moored, I think,
Within a tiny pebbled bay
Where meadow-sweet and mallow sway
Close to the water's brink.

The moon from shadowy shore to shore
Will make a shining trail,
And I shall sing to fair song
As joyfully I float along—
I shall not need to sail.

And, peering through a starlit haze,
I presently shall see,
Where swift the waiting reeds unclose,
The fairies all in rows and rows
Waiting to welcome me.

—ROSE FYLEMAN, in *Punch*.

LATER THOUGHTS

IT is my destiny to buy in the dearest
markets and to sell—in the cheapest. Usually,
indeed, having tired of a picture or decorative
article, I have positively to give it away;
almost to make its acceptance a personal
favor to me. But the other day was marked
by an exception to this rule so striking
that I have been wondering if perhaps the
luck has not changed and I am, after all,
destined to be that most desirable thing,
a successful dealer.

It happened thus. In drifting about the
old curiosity shops of a cathedral city I
came upon a portfolio of water-color
drawings, among which was one that to
my eye would have been a possible TURNER.
Even if an earlier owner had not shared
that opinion of hope, and set the magic
name with all its initials (so often placed
in the wrong order) beneath it.

"How much is this?" I asked scornfully.
"Well," said the dealer, "if it were a
genuine TURNER it would be worth any
thing. But let's say ten shillings. You
can have it for that; but I don't mind if
you don't, because I'm going to London
next week and should take it with me to
get an opinion."

I pondered.
"Mind you, I don't guarantee it," he
added.

I gave him the ten shillings.
By what incredible means I found a
purchaser for the drawing at fifty pounds
there is no need to tell, for the point of
this narrative resides not in bargaining
with collectors, but in bargaining with my
own soul. The astonishing fact remains
that I achieved a profit of forty-nine
pounds ten and was duly elated. I then
began to think.

The dealer (so my thoughts ran) in
that little street by the cathedral west
door, he ought to participate in this. He
behaved very well to me and I ought to
behave well to him. It would be only fair
to give him half.

Thereupon I sat down and wrote a little
note saying that the potential TURNER
drawing, which no doubt he recollected,
had turned out to be authentic, and I had
great pleasure in enclosing him half of
the proceeds, as I considered that the
only just and decent course.

Having no stamps and the hour being
late I did not post this and went to bed.
At about 3.30 A. M. I woke widely up
and, according to custom, began to review
my life's errors, which are in no danger of
ever complaining of loneliness. From
these I reached, by way of mitigation, my
recent successful piece of chaffering, and
put the letter to the dealer under both
examination and cross-examination. Why
(so my thoughts ran) give him half?

Why be Quixotic? This is no world for
Quixotry. It was my eye that detected
the probability of the drawing, not his.
He had indeed failed; did not know his
own business. Why put a premium on
ineptitude? No, a present of say ten
pounds at the most would more than ade-
quately meet the case.

Sleep still refusing to oblige me, I took
a book of short stories and read one.
Then I closed my eyes again, and again
began to think about the dealer. Why
(so my thoughts ran) send him ten
pounds? It will only give him a wrong
idea of his customers, none other of whom
would be so fair, so sporting, as I. He
will expect similar letters every day and
be disappointed, and then he will become
embittered and go down the vale of tears
a miserable creature. He looked a nice
old man too; a pity, nay a crime, to injure
such a nature. No, ten pounds is absurd.
Five would be plenty. Ten would put
him above himself.

While I was dressing the next morning

I thought about the dealer again. Why
should I (so my thoughts ran), directly I
had for the first time in my life brought
off a financial coup, spoil it by giving a
large part of the profit away? Was not
that flying in the face of the Goddess of
Business, whoever she may be? Was it
not asking her to disregard me—only a
day or so after we had at last got on
terms? There is no fury like a woman
scorned; it would probably be the end of
me. City magnates are successful prob-
ably just because they don't do these
foolish impulsive things. Impulse is the
negation of magnificence. If I am to make
any kind of figure in this new rôle of fine
art speculator (so my thoughts continued)
I must control my feelings. No, five
pounds is absurd. A *douceur* of one
pound will meet the case. It will be
nothing to me—or, at any rate, nothing
serious—yet a real gift of quail and manna
from a clear sky to the dealer, without,
however, doing him any harm. A pound
will be ample, accompanied by a brief
note.

The note was to the effect that I had
sold the drawing at a profit which en-
abled me to make him a present, because
it was an old belief of mine that one
should do this kind of thing; good luck
should be shared.

I had the envelope in my pocket, con-
taining the note and the cheque when I
reached the club for lunch. That after-
noon I played at bridge so disastrously
that I was glad I had not posted it.
After all (so my thoughts ran, as I
destroyed the envelope and contents)
such bargains are all part of the game.
Buying and selling are perfectly straight-
forward matters between dealer and
customer. The dealer asks as much as
he thinks he can extort, the customer,
having paid it, is under no obligations
whatever to the dealer. The incident is
closed. —*Punch*.

JOHN AND MARY

PERHAPS when the sixteenth century
spread its spacious pictures the two
houses were one lordly seat, now, a strip
of road divided them, and it was a pretty
question which of the two was the true
manor-house of the tiny hamlet. In the
beautiful homestead that looked up the
valley Mary lived with her venerable
father, and in the low house of lovely
times that faced the south John passed his
days with his ancient housekeeper, Mrs. Tee.
When, at rare intervals, John suggested
that Mary should cross the road and
bring her father with her, Mary merely
replied that at his age the old man
mustn't be disturbed, and John hardly
liked to point out that he could play
Mahomet and move to the mountain
which was his dear Mary. Mary herself
was so happy in this twilight shade of
life that night and morning she entreated
very fervently that God would save for
many a long day yet her father and Mrs.
Tee who created such peaceful circum-
stances. So John spent his days walking
over the acres of his forefathers, acquir-
ing the newest rose for the garden, walled
in by an Elizabethan wall of exquisite
building, which came next to Mary in his
heart, and in driving two or three times a
week to market to keep in touch with the
great world of which he was vaguely
afraid. He had never been to London.
"Fancy being in a narrow street crowded
with folks when I can be in my own fields
and not a creature about!" was his scornful
way of refusing any invitation.

Every evening he sat in the great arm-
chair opposite Mary and her father until
the little grandmother clock in the corner
struck nine. Then the old man would say
"Now, my dear, I'm ready." Tryst,
even among brown spaniels a great lover
of the human kind, got up and rubbed his
beautiful head against his old master's
legs, Mary fetched the candle and the
stout stick and crooked her arm, and the
little procession moved up the wide stair-
case, whose steps sloped with age, to the
great bedchamber overhead. There the
old man sat down on the lovely Chippendale
chair at the end of the vast bed,
Mary knelt, and prayers were said. The
old man liked prayers that were "compre-
hensive," and in remembering every
country and all the special circumstances
recorded in the morning paper time
galloped withal. So Tryst would recall
his old master to place and hour by a
disyllabic growl that said perfectly
"Amen." When, at last, Mary went down-
stairs, John came and sat beside her on
the sofa, and they made a little conver-
sation of how Mrs. Tee had heard thunder
but was surely mistaken, or how Peggy,
Mary's wonderful white hen, must really
stop laying soon. Outside in the court-
yard they differed a little as to whether
tomorrow would be fine or wet, and then
kissed one another gently under the stars.

From his many friends at market, John
had always the same greeting. "Well,
John, you're not married yet?" "Not yet,
but it's coming." "You must let us know
in good time to get the present ready."

CASUALTIES IN CANADIAN FORCES REPORTED TO DECEMBER 31, 1918

	Officers	Other Ranks	Total
Killed in action	1,842	33,824	35,666
Died of wounds	614	11,806	12,420
Died of disease	220	5,185	5,405
Wounded	7,130	148,669	155,799
*Prisoners of war			3,575
Presumed dead	142	4,529	4,671
Missing	41	384	425
Deaths in Canada			2,221
Total		204,397	220,182
Total deaths			63,383

*2,508 prisoners have been repatriated, escaped, or died whilst prisoners of war.

John looked as inexorable as the Fates.
"Nobody will know anything about it till
it's over," he said, but even as he spoke
there was a little fear in his heart.
Would life be able to manage that?

On his ninety-third birthday Mary's
father died, and a niece came to live with
Mary. John waited a little before saying,
"We shall be getting married now, shall we?"
and Mary answered, trembling:
"You must give me a year, John; I owe
that to dear father." Mary loved John
dearly, but of marriage she was afraid, as
every ageing woman fears adventure.
The year went by, and John felt at last
that he would have to take stern meas-
ures. So for many days he waited in the
market-place at Layston with his gaze on
the Archdeacon's gate, ready to slip in
when the coast was clear and no deducing
eye was upon him. When at last he
accomplished it, and the matter of the
licence was put in train, he led the poor
Archdeacon a pretty dance in getting him
out again undiscovered. A few nights
later he took the document out of his
pocket. "What's that, John?" asked
Mary, in quick alarm. "It's our marriage
licence, my dear. It expires on the
twenty-fifth of September. I shan't say
another word about it. You just tell me
when you're ready, that's all. You know
I've worn out two suits which should have
been my wedding clothes. Mary felt
herself caught in a net. Why couldn't
they go as they were? Marriage was for
young people who could fit themselves
to anything, not for middle-aged folk who
had long ago outgrown newness. On the
evening of the twenty-fourth of Septem-
ber, when John was holding up the *Daily
Telegraph* and not seeing a word, there
entered a very trembling Mary. "I'll be
married to-morrow, John," she said with
tears in her eyes. John hid his delight in
a matter-of-fact attitude. "Oh dear! just
when I'd taken off my boots. Now I shall
have to put them on again and get up to
Tretton to see the Rector. I can't have a
horse taken out at this time of night!"
Mary sat down, weeping, on the sofa, and
John stooped to comfort her. "It's just
no more than nothing at all," he said,
soothingly. "It's more than that, John,"
said Mary with deep conviction.

John stole up the shrubbery to the
Rectory, wondering how he should explain
his errand. But no explanation was
needed. "I've been expecting you for
twenty years, John," said the Rector at
once. "What's the twenty years?" asked
John scornfully. "I want to be married
at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and
if you breathe a word about it to a single
soul I'll keep you waiting the full three
months for your time." At the dreadful
threat the Rector held up his hands in
horror. At half-past seven the next
morning Mary walked up to Tretton with
a market-basket on her arm. If people
saw her so equipped they would easily
conclude that she had come for some
butter, and perhaps a fowl. Stealing into
the church by the little door which the
Rector had left open all night, she found
John had not yet arrived. So she put
down her basket in the darkest pew and
waited in tears for the coming of her
bridegroom. The Rector, who was as
nervous as a Guy Fawkes conspirator,
had decided that one minute to eight was
time enough to tell the sexton and his
wife, who was to give the bride away.
And as the most misleading device he
could think of, he told the sexton's wife
to go into the church in her apron, carry-
ing a bucket and her big mop.

John crept up by fields that had no foot-
paths. Once he had to dodge a bull;
once, catching sight of William Badley,
he made a clean jump through a hedge,
and came out the most unkempt John in
the four kingdoms. Safely in the church,
he was brushed down a little, and then
the Rector took them both, hand in hand,
to the chancel steps. Before the cere-
mony was quite completed, John turned
right about and started off down the aisle.
"Come back, John," cried the Rector, a
little agast. "I haven't finished with you
yet." "I'm just going to see who's out-
side," John explained. "I shouldn't like it
if some one came peeping round the door
before it's all over." The Rector resigned

himself, while John made a cautious
crack and inserted into it one eye. All
he saw was William Badley running as
hard as he could up the Rectory Hill.
He returned to his place with deep relief.
"I should think old Mrs. Badley's taken
ill by the way William's running," he said.
"Perhaps that isn't it at all," said the
Rector, with inward alarm. He never
had believed that two people could be
married at eight o'clock in the morning
and not a single member of his curious
flock know anything about it. At last the
register was signed and John almost
shook the rafters. "We've done them all,"
he cried in ecstasy. "We've been mar-
ried as quiet as a mouse, and now every-
body can roar at us like a lion for what I
care." They opened the door. There
stood William Badley with as many
villagers as he could muster. Somehow
or other word had passed, and John had
seen him tearing up the hill to the tiny
shop to buy up every available grain of
rice. John received them radiantly. He
had dreaded a whisper; now he welcomed
a shout.

When presently they were walking
home, he made a proposition that
filled Mary with dismay. "We won't go
away, my dear, we'll stop quietly at home.
Perhaps they'll give us a peal to-night,
and it's hard on a man not to hear his
own wedding bells coming to him across
the valley." "On John, it's not
Poor Mary breathed the word upon the
morning air, John took it up in
shouting scorn. "If we're not respect-
able, neither is the Archbishop of Can-
terbury," he cried in exultation. Mary laid
her hand upon his arm. "I'll run and
fetch the bags, John. You shall come
back in a day or two, but we must go now.
It's only right and proper." John gave
way unwillingly. He leaned against a
gate, and looking over his little estate,
thought that it had never seemed so
appealing as in this first moment of his
marriage. And to leave it to be cooped,
for opinion's sake, in these early golden
hours, in a strange hotel with people who,
if the truth were known about them, per-
haps didn't even "own their umbrellas!"
John was the greatest respecter of prop-
erty.

Mary found marriage the most beau-
tiful institution in the world. Every day
they walked together in the sweet fields
of their own, and at the last turned
always from the richness of their valley-
land to the richness of their new life. "I
was afraid of marriage," said Mary soft-
ly; "now I am afraid of death." John
answered her with a little sigh. "You
left it too late, my dear—you left it sadly
too late." —*The Spectator*, London.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY COUNCIL

(Report of Meeting by H. M. Webber,
Official Reporter.)

The Charlotte County Council conven-
ed in annual session on Tuesday, but
owing to the late arrival of the train it
was 3.30 in the afternoon when Warden
John A. Grant took the chair and opened
the session.

The following councillors responded to
roll call:

Campobello: Alex. Calder, J. W. Matthews,
Clarendon: Arthur Popple, Dr. Robt. Wil-
son.

Dufferin: Ernest W. Donald, Francis P.
Hunter.

Dumbarton: Henry Emmerson, Maurice
McLean.

Grand Manan: Colin Ingersoll, Norman
McLean.

Lepreau: Thos. W. Stinson.

Pennfield: A. B. Haykins, E. J. Connors.

St. Andrews: J. D. Grimmer.

St. Croix: Wm. B. Simpson, John Russell.

St. David: C. R. Pollard, Herman Morrell.

St. George: W. H. Maxwell, Geo. McVicar.

St. James: A. B. Getchell, D. M. Sinclair.

St. Patrick: Jas. McMillan, Jas. E. Monahan.

St. Stephen: Warden Grant, W. D. Babcock.

West Isles: E. A. McNeill, F. W. Richard-
son.

Town St. Stephen: D. A. Nesbitt.

Town St. Andrews: G. Douglas.

Town St. George: Chas. Johnson.

Town Milltown: Harrison McAllister.

Couns. R. G. Mawhinney, of Lepreau, and
R. O'Brien, of St. Andrews, were absent.

During the year, death had removed
three members of the council, Saml. Mc-
Farlane, of St. Croix, who was drowned in
Chamcook Lake; J. Campbell McLeod,
of St. James; and James Marraty, of St.
Stephen. John Russell had been elected
to fill the first vacancy, D. M. Sinclair
the second, while the vacancy in St.
Stephen parish had not been filled.

When the oath of allegiance had been
administered to the members, Warden
Grant expressed the pleasure that it was
to him to welcome the new members and
the old members to the board again, and
the sorrow that all felt in the loss the
board had sustained by death during the
year, paying a tribute to the worth of the
departed members. They had reason to
rejoice because of the blessings of the
year, and most of all for the blessing of
a successful peace accomplished. They had
enjoyed a fairly successful harvest, and
most of the members had been spared to
meet again in good health. He asked the
indulgence and the assistance of the
council, such as had always been accord-
ed him, in the conduct of the business to
come before this session.

The minutes of the last session were
confirmed as written, and the secretary
read an invitation from the Women's
Canadian Club for the members to attend
a lecture to be given Thursday evening
by W. F. Hatheway, of St. John, which
was accepted.

Coun. Douglas expressed regret at the
loss that the council had sustained in the
death of three members who had given
faithful service to the county and who
were esteemed as friends. On his motion,
seconded by Coun. Babcock, the secretary
was instructed to convey to the members
of the sorrowing families the sympathy of
the council.

H. M. Webber was appointed official
reporter, at the same salary as last year.
Secretary Grimmer reported a tele-
phone conversation he had had with Hon.
Dr. Roberts, Minister of Health for the
province, who had urged that the council,
in its early session, appoint three mem-
bers of a district board of health, to act
with two members to be appointed by the
government, so that the board could then
meet and present its estimates for the
year, that they might be ordered at the
present session. Unless this was done,
an extra session of the council would
have to be called, at considerable expense
to the county.

Dr. Wade, who has been appointed
health officer for this district, was heard,
and gave a very clear, concise, and illu-
minating address on the various features
of the new Health Act. The government
had already appointed Dr. McAulay, of
Grand Manan, and Dr. Dunton, of St.
Stephen its members of the board, and it
was desirable that the council appoint its
members without delay. These men are
all to serve without pay, the positions be-
ing purely honorary. Any officers that
this board may appoint are to be paid
stated salaries for the year.

On motion of Couns. McNeill and Pol-
lard, the warden appointed a committee
of seven, Couns. McNeill, McLean, Haw-
kins, Maxwell, Getchell, Pollard, and Mc-
Cann, to nominate the three desired mem-
bers of the board.

They subsequently reported, recom-
mending F. W. Richardson, of Deer Island,
W. H. Maxwell of St. George and Maurice
McCann, of Dumbarton, and their nomi-
nations were confirmed. The gentlemen
are all members of the council, so that no
additional expenses will be incurred in
getting the board together during this
session.

Standing committees were appointed as
follows:

Finance: The whole council, with Coun.
Hunter chairman.

Apportionment and Assessment: Couns.
Richardson, Wilby, and Morrell.

Printing: Couns. Babcock, Sinclair, and
Pollard.

County Property: Couns. Grimmer,
Matthews, and McMillan.

Frank Mallory, who was elected county
auditor at the last session, to succeed M.
N. Cockburn, K. C., resigned, presented
his first official report, giving an exhaus-
tive account of each of the various ac-
counts of the county, and showing the
financial affairs of the county to be in
sound condition and every dollar properly
accounted for. It was an excellent report,
and will receive the careful attention of
council in committee Wednesday morn-
ing.

Council then adjourned, to meet at 9.30
Wednesday morning. The session promis-
es to be one of considerable interest.

The members are all comfortably housed
in boarding houses and some in private
houses, and a pleasant as well as profitable
session is expected.

When council resumed Wednesday

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Cardiff, Jan. 17.—The American
steamer *Lake Erie*, outward bound, was
to-day in collision with the British steam-
er *Hazelbranch*, inward bound, at the an-
chorage in Cardiff Roads. All the mem-
bers of the crew were saved.

The *Lake Erie* was a vessel of 1,187 net
tons register, and was operating in the
United States naval overseas transporta-
tion service.

—Rome, Jan. 17.—When the French
steamer *Chaonia* struck a mine in the
Straits of Messina, 430 of the 690 passen-
gers and crew on board were lost.

The steamer was on its way from
Piraeus to Constantinople, and sank in
four minutes after striking the mine.

Many of the 230 survivors were injured
by the explosion and were removed to
hospitals in Messina.

The *Chaonia* was formerly the steamer
Koenigin Wilhelmina.

—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 20.—United States
shipping board officials stated to-day
it was their belief that the former lake
steamer *Castalia* abandoned off Sable Is-
land a week ago to-day had gone down.
The United States tug *Troquois* returned
to port yesterday reporting that she had
been unable to find any trace of the
Castalia.

Stockholm, Jan. 22.—Five men of the
crew of the American lake boat steamer
Castalia, wrecked off Sable Island Jan. 11,
and who were picked up by the Nor-
wegian-American liner *Bergensford*, died
from exposure. The *Bergensford* saved
forty-seven men from the *Castalia*.

CANADA FOOD BOARD

Dr. G. C. Creelman, Commissioner of
Agriculture for the province of Ontario,
Agricultural College, Guelph, addressing
the Agricultural Club of Ottawa at the
University Club Rooms here, repeated a
message to the farmers of Canada from
Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, Secretary of
State for Agriculture, Great Britain.

"I asked him for a message to the
farmers of Canada," said Dr. Creelman,
"and he told me that they wanted our
chilled beef and that Canada should
develop the chilled beef trade right away
in preference to the live cattle trade. He
urged that there should be no delay. He
also said that after the war Great Britain
would not devote so much effort to raising
hogs, because they could be fed cheaper
on this side of the Atlantic and as long as
she can get pork products from the con-
tinent she would be satisfied to do so."

Dr. Creelman, remarking on the present
hold-up in the bacon purchases, said that
while he had no direct information he re-
garded it as merely a temporary con-
gestion.

morning, Coun. O'Brien, who was absent
Tuesday, was in attendance.

Secretary Grimmer called attention
to the need of action in reference to the
dog tax law, for the protection of sheep,
ordered to be enforced at the last session
of council. A fund of nearly \$300 had
accumulated during the year, which
could not be used for any other purpose
while claims for twenty-eight sheep and
lambs killed by dogs were on file in his
office. The law was not clear in the
matter of the payment of these claims,
and he suggested that a committee be
appointed to deal with the matter and re-
port to this session of council. Coun-
cillors Grimmer, McMillan, Russell, Max-
well, and Morrell were appointed such
committee.

Most of the morning was spent in fi-
nance committee, where Coun. Hunter's
experience in the chair assured that
matters moved hastily.

Some developments were that the sup-
ply of hard coal for the county buildings
had been purchased at \$10.25 per ton,
through the vigilance of the county se-
cretary in securing a car load that had
been shipped to a summer cottage and was
not needed; That the indexing of the
records in the registry office, now being
done by Geo. M. Byron under appoint-
ment of the provincial government, is
quite likely to cost the county \$6000, ex-
tending over several years, the cost for
the present year being estimated at \$2300
for salary and supplies, and that the esti-
mated cost of the county valuation is
\$2000, for which one half will be assessed
this year.

Applications were made for increases
in the salary of the Sheriff, and the Jail-
er, and these were referred to a committee
consisting of Couns. McAllister, Johnson,
McCann, Pollard, and Calder.

The grant was made to Chipman
Memorial Hospital of \$600, the same as
last year.

The assessment for schools was placed
at \$7,000, the same as before, and for
contingencies at \$8,800, an increase of
about \$3,000.