



# The Beacon



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## WAR TIME

YOU that have faith to look with fearless eyes,  
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
And trust that out of night and death shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life.  
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,  
That God has given you for a priceless dower,  
To live in these great times and have your part  
In Freedom's crowning hour.  
That you may tell your sons who see the light  
High in the heaven, their heritage to take:  
I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!  
I saw the morning break."—Punch.

## ON THE MOROCCAN FRONT

### AN OUTPOST OF FRANCE

#### TANGIER

ONE of those great, straight, wide roads—of which the French, in such a short period of time, and notwithstanding the war, have constructed so many in Morocco—stretches away south from the old city of Meknes, with its ruined palaces and splendid gates, towards the unknown Central Atlas. Ultimately it will cross the range, and passing by Taflet, link up Central Morocco with Southern Algeria, bisecting the whole country. Through the territory of the Beni Mgild, only recently occupied by the French, our little line of motor-cars passes in absolute security. There is no guard by the roadside, and the military posts are from 15 to 20 miles apart.

A brief visit to the post of Ito, and a longer one to Ain Leuh, with its charming Berber village half in trees, and the last stage of our journey is reached. We set out once more to cover the comparatively few miles that separate us from Ain-Hammam, the most recently occupied of all French outposts, and the farthest point reached in that direction. Although it was only eight days previously that this strong position had been occupied, after a tough skirmish with the "disident" tribesmen, the track from Ain Leuh had already been constructed on its total length of nearly 20 miles. But here the country is not yet secure. Marauders hang about the brushwood-covered hills and snipe the convoys—and from time to time above the road we catch glimpses of the troops stationed on the hillsides to protect our passage. Here it is a handful of Moroccan tirailleurs; there of red-cloaked Spahis; and here again soldiers of the Foreign Legion, or black Senegalese, or Frenchmen of the *Bataillon d'Afrique*.

Below the high hill on which the new post of Ain Hammam is being constructed our motor cars stop and horses are mounted for the steep climb up through the trees and brushwood that clothe the mountain side. It is a scene of constant activity, for the crest of the hill is being transformed. Stone walls are springing up in every direction. Steep inclines are being levelled; tracks and roads are being constructed; huts erected, with lime kilns and brickfields and all that is necessary for the improvisation of a strongly defended position. Right and left trees are being felled, and this wild, untouched, primeval spot, never till eight days before trodden by European foot, and seen only at a distance by European eyes, is being called upon to play its part in the stirring history of the age—and become an outpost of the Great War.

#### INSIDE THE FORT

With the arrival of General Lyautey, Resident-General and Commander-in-Chief in Morocco, all work ceases. Trumpets sound, guards of honor are formed, and for a few minutes all is pomp and circumstance. Then the horses in turn are left behind, and we clamber on foot to the narrow summit, where a fort is constructed, the walls of which, of solid stone, have already risen a yard from the ground. On the small level space within the enclosure are troops—Moroccan tirailleurs, freshly returned from France, bearing the coveted "fourragère" and many medals. In the centre is a little line of officers and men, drawn up to receive from the hands of the Representatives of the French Republic in Morocco the reward of good service. On the breast of each General Lyautey pins the coveted Cross or the well-worn medal. To one and all he speaks a few words of congratulation. Above waves the tricolor flag of France, visible for miles round from the cedar-clad mountain tops.

The work of the day has ceased. The men of many races lie resting in the cool of the afternoon, fatigued with their labors. The still air is broken by the

hum of the camp—a little burst of laughter, the verse of a song—and the horses and mules munching their barley. In an open space General Lyautey is addressing his officers and non-commissioned officers—talking to them in full confidence—telling them what France wants done in Morocco—that great programme of peace and prosperity in collaboration with the people of the country. It is no prepared speech—merely the utterance of the masterful and deep thoughts of a man whose mind is a subtle combination of practical common sense and lofty idealism. He speaks of the German enemy, present even here in Morocco, of the arms and money which reach the tribes who inhabit those very mountains. Then of the fact that they are all so far away from France in her hour of great need. Then again he talks of the front in France; of the French soldiers who are fighting there, and of the British troops who side by side with them share the glories of the war—and of death; of all that England has done for France, and of the Americans who are coming over in their hundreds of thousands to fight alongside of the French and British in this last victorious period of the war. Around their chief the crowd of silent men stand enrapt.

It is the supreme moment of the day. The toil of moving earth and of building, of digging ditches, and of felling trees, is all over. The labor is forgotten and the heat of the day has passed. The camp, clustering on the hillside, the valley far below; the forest-clad mountains and the broken, rugged ranges to the south—all are swathed in a wonderful luminous haze of golden yellow. The smoke of the camp fires curls into the air in columns of pale, transparent mauve. In war there is peace.

#### SALUTING THE FLAG

A blast of trumpets and every man stands to the salute, all eyes fixed upon one point, where slowly descending inch by inch the glorious flag of France is being lowered from the high flagstaff on which it has flown all day; for it is sunset. A little above us stand a group of Moroccan tirailleurs, recently returned from France, outlined like statues of bronze against the sulphur sky. They had seen the French flag flying at Verdun, these men. The "Joyeux" from the disciplinary "Bataillon d'Afrique" are here too. The clouds that drove them to abandon France for Africa are left far behind to-day, and their sins are forgotten and forgiven. The Senegalese, too, black as the blackest night—and the Legion, with its exiled Germans and others, and yet others still. Of different races, of different religions, they stand, here singly, there in groups, saluting the flag of the country they all so admirably serve. Morning after morning—many for long years—they and their companions of the past have seen it unfurled, and evening after evening have seen it lowered—except such as between morning and evening have given their lives for it—and even those it covers with its folds till the earth receives them—and death is very near in the outposts of Morocco.

For those few minutes—so short and yet so vital—all personal things are forgotten, and the dusky negro, and bronzed Moroccan, and the pale northerner, bound by a tie that is all-absorbing, are united in a spirit of emotion and devoted loyalty to the wonderful flag of France and all it stands for in the world to-day.—WALTER HARRIS, in *The Times*, London.

## ST. ANDREWS WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The sixth annual meeting of the Women's Canadian Club was held in Memorial Hall, on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 3rd, the president in the chair. Meeting opened by singing, "O Canada."

The Treasurer then gave a report of the finances for the year, which is printed in full in this paper. This report was accepted.

Mrs. Andrews then gave her presidential address. In this she spoke of the great struggle in which our country is engaged, and of the need of continued earnest work in the Canadian Club. We should not look for pleasure, and should consider any sacrifice, that we are called upon to make, small compared with what our boys are doing for us.

The election of officers then took place, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Hon. Pres., Mrs. R. A. Stuart.  
Pres., Mrs. Fred Andrews.  
1st Vice Pres., Mrs. C. S. Everett.  
2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. Thos. Coughy.  
3rd Vice Pres., Mrs. Amos.

Treasurer, Miss A. L. Richardson.  
Corresponding Secty., Mrs. P. G. Hanson.

Recording Secty., Mrs. R. D. Rigby.

Additional members of the executive committee:—Mrs. Horsnell, Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Mrs. Keay, Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Chas. Mallory, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs.

## JUDGEMENT

NOW that death fills the granaries with grain,  
And endless files of valiant dead men go  
To their immortal seats among the slain—  
What part have we to this great weal and woe?

If, while the line of battle swings and sways  
And nations drink of victory and defeat,  
If one should keep his feet in shameful ways,  
Can any triumph deem itself complete?

Empty the boasting written on our sword—  
Which was in such a quarrel nobly drawn—  
If at the end of night the Thing abhorred  
Still rear its mighty self at the dawn!

A new and sterner Rhadamanthus stands  
Holding our doom or splendid destiny,  
Our shame or glory, in its awful hands  
Before the judgement bar of Liberty.

There are the balances and there the voice  
By whose decree each man of us is judged!  
There sentence sharp and swift upon our choice  
Whose doubt is known and every coin begrudged!

Let none, then, think his service little worth  
In this high hour, beneath the iron rod  
Are broken all the craven souls of earth  
Before the indignation of their God!

THEODORE MAYNARD

(Written for the New York Liberty Loan Committee.)

## HANS DANS AN' ME

HANS Dans an' me was shipmates once an' shared the wind an' weather,  
An' many a job o' work in them old days we done together;  
I've stood my trick with Hans afloat an' drunk with him ashore,  
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, Lord love you, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, we couldn't 'elp but be,  
E'd shov'ed 'is bloom'ing nose in every ship as sailed the sea;  
For Hans'd sign for three pun' ten when union-rates was four,  
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, you bet yer, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once, an' 'e'd fought us clean,  
Why, shipmates still when war was done might Hans an' me 'ave been;  
The truest pals a man can have are them 'e's fought before,  
But—never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, d'ye get me, never no more!

Hans Dans an' me was shipmates once—but long's I sail the sea  
There'll be no foe's 'e big enough to 'old Hans Dans an' me,  
An' all the seas an' all the years 'on't wipe out Hans's score  
Nor drive away the dirty words 'e's once an' called it war.

No, never no more, Hans Dans, my lad, so 'elp me, never no more!

CICELY FOX-SMITH, in *Punch*.

Thrift is the surest rudder in  
this time of national peril

**SAVE COAL  
LIGHT  
GASOLINE  
MONEY**

Fuel Saved is Fuel Made  
"Save until it Hurts"

Elliot, Miss K. O'Neill, Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Carrie Rigby, Mrs. Stickney, Mrs. Theodore Holmes, Mrs. Stevenson, Miss Bessie Thompson, Miss Alice Anderson, and Miss Bessie Wren.

Mrs. Andrews then spoke of the waste paper scheme. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Coughy, a great amount has been collected during the summer, and she hopes soon to have a cartload ready to ship.

The matter of registration was taken up. Any organization, in order to collect money for patriotic work, must be registered. The matter was left until further information could be secured.

A number of Food Board books had been revised, to be placed in the homes of the town. These were distributed.

Mrs. Andrews stated that Mr. Hayter Reed had donated the vegetables from his garden to the Club. These are to be sold and the money used for patriotic work. Moved by Mrs. Lamb, seconded by Mrs. B. Hanson, that the thanks of the Club be extended to Mr. Reed for his kindness. Carried.

An offer had been received for the cards left from the "Yard of Pennies" scheme. It was moved by Mrs. Hanson, seconded by Mrs. Odell, that these be sold. Carried.

It was moved by Mrs. Odell, seconded by Mrs. Keay, that the Club send \$100 to the Field Comforts Association. Carried. Moved by Miss Wren, seconded by Mrs. Odell, that this money be used for lonely soldiers. Carried.

The President then spoke of Mrs. Van der Flier who is to give an interesting

lecture in St. John at an early date. It was moved by Miss Richardson, and seconded by Mrs. Hanson, that the Club engage this lady to lecture in St. Andrews.

A vote of thanks and appreciation was tendered Mrs. Andrews and Miss Richardson, for their untiring efforts in behalf of the Club.

The sympathy of the meeting was extended to the former Secretary, Miss Wren, for the loss she had sustained in the death of her mother. Also, to Mrs. Rowland, and Mrs. J. D. Grimmer, for their great loss.

The executive committee was requested to meet at the Anchorage on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 8th, at 3.30 o'clock. Meeting adjourned.

LOTTIE E. RIGBY, Recording Secty.

Oct. 8th, 1918.

The Executive Committee of the Women's Canadian Club met at the Anchorage.

A letter was read by the President containing suggestions for soldier's boxes.

A letter was also read from Mrs. Kuhring of St. John, stating that Miss Van der Flier could lecture for the Canadian Club at St. Andrews at an early date. It was necessary to refuse this offer on account of the restrictions at present placed on public gatherings.

The following committees were then

Minnard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

appointed, the conveners being named first.

Lecture:—Mrs. Mallory, Miss Anderson, Miss Bessie Thompson.

Music:—Mrs. E. A. Cockburn, Miss Bessie Grimmer, Miss Carol Hibbard.

Educational:—Miss Richardson, Mrs. Odell, Mrs. Rigby.

Hall:—Miss Dorothy Lamb, Miss Elsie Finigan, Miss Viola McDowell.

It was decided to sell the "Yard of Pennies" cards at \$4.00 per hundred. Meeting adjourned.

Lottie E. Rigby, Recording Secretary

Treasurer's Report, for the Year Oct. 3, 1917—Oct. 3, 1918.

#### Receipts

Cash carried over from year 1917-1918	\$30.39
Membership and visitors' fees	66.00
Sales of Vegetables and Food per Mrs. Andrew	13.00
Professor Southwick's Entertainment	56.25
Rev. Mr. Kuhring's Evening	17.00
Gift of members Charlotte Co. Chorus Club Entertainment	25.30
Sale of Tags Navy League Fund	400.56
"Yards of Pennies" cards	214.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$833.55</b>

#### Expenditures

For General Expenses of Club	
Rest of Memorial for Professor Southwick's Evening	\$8.00
Professor Southwick for Entertaining	40.00
Rev. Mr. Kuhring's Expenses	4.80
Making Coffee for season	5.00
Rent of Paul's Hall for season's meetings	21.00
Canada Food Board Receipt books	5.60
"Beacon" Co. for Penny cards	45.90
Postage	.14
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$130.44</b>

For Patriotic Work	
Christmas Dinners for 26th New Brunswick Reg.	\$25.00
National Young Women's Christian Association	50.55
Mrs. Mallory Study Y. M. C. A. Fund for Town	50.00
Navy League Fund per Mrs. E. A. Smith	400.00
<b>Total for Patriotic Work</b>	<b>\$525.55</b>
<b>Total for General Expenses</b>	<b>130.44</b>
<b>Total Expenditure</b>	<b>\$655.99</b>
<b>Cash on Hand</b>	<b>177.56</b>
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$833.55</b>

Annie L. Richardson, Treasurer

## VISION

I'VE seen her, I've seen her  
Beneath an apple tree;  
The minute that I saw her there  
With stars and dewdrops in her hair  
I knew it must be she.  
She's sitting on a dragon-fly  
All shining green and gold;  
The dragon-fly goes circling round  
A little way above the ground—  
She isn't taking hold.

I've seen her, I've seen her,  
I never, never knew  
That anything could be so sweet;  
She has the tiniest hands and feet,  
Her wings are very blue.  
She holds her little head like this  
Because she is a queen;  
(I can't describe it all in words)  
She's throwing kisses to the birds  
And laughing in between.

I've seen her, I've seen her—  
I simply ran and ran;  
Put down your sewing quickly, please,  
Let's hurry to the orchard trees  
As softly as we can.  
I had to go and leave her there,  
I felt I couldn't stay,  
I wanted you to see her too—  
But oh, whatever shall we do  
If she has flown away?  
—ROSE FYLERMAN, in *Punch*.

## THE RED CROSS SOCIETY

The President gratefully acknowledges gifts as follows:—from Mrs. John Peacock, \$3.00; from two friends, \$6.00.

Are you saving for Victory Bonds?

It was a portly but very polite person who sat next to Jones in a railway station. "Pardon me," said he to Jones, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?" "Suppose you sit on it and then ask me," sarcastically suggested Jones. "I did," said the portly person, imperturbably.—*Judge*.

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—WASHINGTON Oct. 8th.—The Cargo vessel *Lake City* sank yesterday off Key West, following a collision. No lives were lost.

—WASHINGTON Oct. 8th.—Sinking of the Italian steamship *Alberto Treves* an enemy submarine, 300 miles off American coast on October 3rd, was reported to-day to the Navy Department. Thirteen survivors in a boat were picked up by the steamer *Oriaba*, but two other boats containing twenty-one men were escaped when the *Treves* was sunk; are still to be accounted for.

—WASHINGTON, Oct. 3rd.—The American steamer *Westgate*, of the naval overseas transportation service, has been sunk at sea with the loss of six members of her crew, in collision with the steamer *American*. The *American* picked up the survivors and is proceeding to port.

A dispatch to the Navy Department to-day reporting the sinking, said it occurred about 500 miles off the Atlantic Coast, but did not give the time. The *Westgate* was a cargo carrier of 5,300 gross tons.

—WASHINGTON, Oct. 3rd.—The United States steamer *Tampa*, a former coast-guard cutter in naval service, was lost off the English coast September 26th, with all on board, while on convoy duty. Ten officers and 102 enlisted men of the crew, one British officer and five civilian employees, lost their lives.

A Navy Department statement to-day announcing the disaster, says the ship was sunk at night in the Bristol Channel and that reports indicate that she was struck by a torpedo while escorting a convoy.

—Washington, Oct. 4th.—The American steamer *Herman Frasch*, a small cargo-carrier, manned by a navy crew and in the overseas supply service, has been sunk in collision at sea with a loss of probably fifty of her crew. The vessel collided at night with the American tank steamship *George G. Henry*, about 150 miles southeast of the Nova Scotia coast, and went down in seven minutes. She carried a crew of about 13 officers and 76 men, and survivors reported number only 11.

The *Henry*, with a hole stove in her bow above the water-line, picked up the survivors and stood by all night hunting for others. When daylight came she abandoned the search and resumed her voyage.

There were few details, in a brief dispatch upon which the Navy Department to-day based an announcement of the disaster, and the date was not given.

The American steamship *Herman Frasch* was owned by the Union Sulphur Company and formerly plied between New York and Freeport, Tex. The tanker *George G. Henry*, with which she collided, is owned by the Petroleum Transport Company.

—Madrid, Oct. 4th.—The Spanish steamer *Franconi* has been torpedoed by a German submarine, according to an announcement made by the Minister of Marine. The *Franconi* was an iron steamer of 1,241 tons. She was built in 1865 and was 236 feet long. Her home port was Barcelona.

—Madrid, Oct. 5th.—Dispatches received here say that 25 survivors from the torpedoed Spanish steamer *Franconi* have been landed at Alicante. The survivors told the Maritime Perfect that the submarine emerged and began shelling the *Franconi* without warning. The crew succeeded in leaving the steamer on a raft.

A few minutes later a French convoy appeared and the submarine directed its fire against the French boats. These vessels replied vigorously, whereupon the submarine rapidly disappeared.

## BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

Oct. 9.  
Mr. Harry Simpson, of Lord's Cove, was a visitor here on Tuesday last.

Miss Irene Treccarten visited her aunt, Mrs. McDowell, of Penfield, on Sunday.

The stork arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Whittier on Tuesday last and left a baby boy.

Carroll Barker narrowly escaped fatal injuries on Friday, being caught in the engine at No. 2 factory, fortunately no bones were broken but he received a bad shaking up.

A large number are on the sick-list here at present.

The school has closed here as a preventive measure against the spread of influenza.

Some people are leaving the village for their several homes as the cold weather approaches.

The moving pictures have closed down until further notice.