



The Beacon



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THE BUNS OF EXILE

"To me the Zoo is one of the saddest sights in the world."—*John Galsworthy.*

It gave me a distinct shock when I read it. I have always enjoyed my Sunday afternoons at the Zoo, always taken at its face value the air of nourished ease that sits so well upon the more popular of its denizens. My own favorites had never received me with anything but friendly if expectant smiles. How was I to know that tragedies of pent-up longing, unfulfilled desire, corroding nostalgia lay beneath the mask of friendship, indifference or contempt? I mention indifference and contempt because it would be idle to pretend that I am accorded the same warmth of greeting in all quarters of the gardens. The wart-hog, for example, plainly regards me as a mere cipher. He does not like buns, and an earnest attempt to propitiate him with a pair of nice ripe swill merely led to a misunderstanding with the officials of the Underground Railway.

The Egyptian cat, again, has never been ordinarily pleasant with me. Indeed this irascible personality, I am informed, has only once been known to smile, and that was when a bibulous bus-driver called him "pretty pussy" and tried to tickle his neck. The keeper declares it was what the bus-driver said that made the cat smile. For myself, after my initial failure to arouse his interest with a clockwork mouse on a string, I have simply passed by on the other side where the mongooses live.

But these surly or indifferent ones had always seemed to me the exception. In the main I had always found my friends, furred, feathered, or scaled, to be possessed of a generous share of cheery philosophy, sparkling wit, and even of undisguised but never ill-bred levity. Were their lives, then, mere tragedies of existence, tragedies of prison yard and cell, an endless beating against bars of tortured spirits crying to be free? I should never have supposed it, and yet Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY assures me it is so, and on such subjects as prison bars, wife-beating navies, unjust judges, defaulting solicitors' clerks, and other symbols of oppression he has always been to my simple mind an authority from which appeal seemed superfluous. How could he be mistaken about it? And yet—

I took the first train to Regent's Park. On the way I thought out a plan of campaign. My friends—biped, quadruped, and multiplied—should hide nothing from me in the goodness of their hearts. Their painful secret, if it existed, I would compel them to share with me at all costs.

I decided to begin on James, the dromedary. Our friendship has been more or less one-sided, and, while his dry humor appeals to me, it has always seemed to me to savor unnecessarily of the mordant.

"Well, James," I began, "I suppose you have seen it?" James eats the paper every day, being interested, or so he says, in some relatives who are fighting in Mesopotamia. James is inclined to swank about the War, and likes to pretend that he is waiting to be called to the colors. The fact is he is well over military age and would never be categorized higher than B.3.

"Of course I saw it," replied James somewhat testily. "Rather a lot of bilge, between you and me," he added, carefully measuring the distance between the lapel of my coat and the top of the railing.

"Are you sad?" I asked, gently disentangling the brim of my hat from James's upper lip. (His length is as good as ever but his direction isn't what it used to be.)

"Personally, I am never sad," he replied. "There is so much of interest within our grasp if we only keep our outlook unimpaired. But you must not expect me to speak for these wild animals. Of their crude emotions I know nothing."

James, who has eaten more keepers than anyone else in the menagerie, rather overdoes, in my poor opinion, this affectation of being tame. But his remark gave me to think. After all, his race has been injured to the sway of man for countless generations, though the man does not live that can become injured to the sway of James and his kind. I must seek my information elsewhere. I bade James farewell.

"What, not one?" he demanded disgustedly. I explained that no buns were to be had, but finally compromised on an old tobacco pouch which I had intended to throw away. James expressed a grudging satisfaction.

I passed on to the abode of an old and tried friend, Grumpy, the venerable bison, whose shaggy exterior and repellent demeanor hide a heart of gold. Grumpy is never subject to moods. This is partly because his rations have not been curtailed by the War. Buns he never cared for, but the occasional lump of kitchen salt that I bestow on him suffices to keep us on terms of closest intimacy. On the other hand no one has ever suspected Grumpy of being sly or Laodicean.

"Will you please give me your views, your real views, on captivity?" I asked

him when the customary greetings had been exchanged. Grumpy snorted. There is only one person in the world who can snort like Grumpy, and that is an elderly Conservative M. P. whom I sometimes meet at the club. He snorts just like that when anyone mentions Dis-establishment.

"As a matter of fact," replied Grumpy, "I was born in captivity, old as I am. But my father used to tell me of the old days before he was—er—civilized."

"Did he miss them much?" I asked. "I mean the 'far-rolling' and all that?"

"He never said so," replied Grumpy. "He used to boast of all the fights he had won; but between you and me I think they—er—brought him into the fold just in time. He had been badly mauled the week before by a big young bull, and it's almost certain the coyotes would have got him."

"But the 'thunder of a million hooves, and so forth?' I murmured, faintly mindful of my MAYNE REID and FENIMORE COOPER. "Oh, that," said Grumpy shortly, "that's all moonshine. Father said they only ran when Indians were after them or there was a fire. What he liked was to sit all day in the mud."

I derived much satisfaction from my brief chat with Grumpy. But after all his impressions were only second-hand. I determined to speak to Isabella, the hippopotamus. But Isabella was peevish because her bath was insufficiently warm. Besides, we are not particular friends. Giving Isabella a bun is like handing a ten-shilling note to a War Bond Tank. Nothing less than a myriad such contributions makes enough impression on her to earn a collective grunt of appreciation. For myself, I like my buns to produce what the patent medicines call "instant relief" in the face of the donee.

With Fiji Shimpo, the Japanese ape, I was scarcely more successful. "Fleas are fleas," said Fiji brusquely, "whether captured on the heights of Fuji-yama or in Regent's Park." "Banzai," he added, which I take to be the Japanese for "Got him!"

Lastly I took my questions to Tom, the piping crow. He of all the denizens of the Zoo is most truly my guide, philosopher, and friend. He combines wit with discernment, wide faculties of observation with fluent powers of expression. I unearthed from my pocket a twist of paper, containing four sultanas and a tarpid cockroach. I had stood in a queue exactly three hours for the sultanas. The cockroach I had come by more easily. Tom listened sympathetically while I unfolded my troubles. His replies were a masterpiece of considered logic.

"We animals," he observed, "have been rightly described by a French philosopher as 'happy little stomachs.' All our other emotions are transitory, but hunger is with us always. When not actually asleep we are either eating or looking for something to eat (thank you). Hunger is the mainspring of all our actions. In the next cage but one to this you will find a godwit, a very decent fellow, by the way, who used to travel every year from Greenland to Patagonia and back in search of food. He tells me that they went in flocks, and the chance of surviving the journey was less than that of a soldier going over the top in Flanders (thank you).

"You ask," he went on, "if we are happy in captivity. Once we realize that we are not to be hurt and that food is to be had for the asking, we are happy provided we are not sick. Mark you, I do not say that all captivity is pleasant. Even here there is room for improvement. Insufficient variety of diet (thank you), too close confinement, the subjection to improper temperature, the proximity of unpleasant neighbours—all these drawbacks occur more or less. But they are remediable. Confinement as such, if accompanied by plenty of food, opportunities for exercise, companionship and self-development is not objectionable. After all," he added, "your respectable business man, who spends his life between his villa and his office, is as much a captive (thank you) as we are. His idea that he is free is an illusion. Man," concluded my friend—a little maliciously, it seemed to me—"is at least consistent. He shackles himself with habits and conventions and needs and encumbrances as much as he imprisons us with bars and wire-netting."

Tom paused expectantly. There was only the cockroach left.

"One more question, I said, and I am done. How is it that you never strike that last note of 'Pop' goes the weasel' right?"

He looked at me thoughtfully.

"You humans," he said, "hanker after perfection. That is why you know so little about happiness (thank you)."

CYRIL BETHERTON, in Punch.

"You must be crazy, Isabel. I've asked you repeatedly to be economical, and yet you go and order the most expensive fur coat in the shop." "Well I don't mind being economical, but I do object to looking economical."—*Life*.

THE TOWER OF MEMORY

WHEN we are slow in effort, weak in will,
Querulous in the lesser strains of war
Or craven in the greater, when the hill
Of Destiny seems higher than her star,
When from the clay that bears their impress still
Depart the dreams that were, the ghosts that are—
When this befalls—if ever this might be—
England, seek thou the Tower of Memory.

When babbling fools, for Russian follies ripe,
And chitinous knaves, more full of words than wit,
Ply on the hills of Hell their oaten pipe
And sing of sweet, sweet things, unless pit
When the long sword is posed in Honor's gripe
By the cold fingers of the hypocrite,
And faint forebodings frustrate her decree,
England, climb thou the Tower of Memory.

Walk there awhile, before the day is done,
Beneath the banner and the battered casque
Where carven heraldry in bronze and stone,
With lily and with cross and leopard's mask,
Spandrels the arch. Thou shalt not walk alone:
There dead men live again and dead lips ask,
"What of the isles of England and her sea?"
Till whispers fill the Tower of Memory.

From brows burnt dark by Syrian sun and wind
Flash the blue eyes that awed the Saracen;
Souls long since given to God in utmost Ind,
Walk once again in images of men;
Lords of the world and masters of the mind,
Who sailed beyond the sea-mark of their ken,
And for their England dreamed all things save three—
Dishonor, ruin, and darkened memory.

Stand in the Tower of Memory till the West
Breaks round the dropping sun in splintered flame;
There is a chronicle deciphered best
By crimson light—the ineradicable shame
Of traitor foeman and, far bitterest,
Of alien hearts clad in a kindly name;
Know who are bondsmen, know that thou art free
While thou canst hold the Tower of Memory.

Across the epic arras curves the trace
Of fading vows in counterfeited gold;
There hangs the cast of every traitor face,
With every cunning line and evil fold.
Look long, O England, for that very race
Peers o'er thy foaming frontiers grey and cold;
Look long, for who shall blind or baffle thee
If thou but hold the Tower of Memory?

—Punch.

COUNTRY RIDES

AFTER living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall and the abbey church, and the bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus; the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1890, after an absence from the country parts of it for sixteen years, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so pitifully small! I had to cross in my postchaise the long and dreary road to take the scene of my childhood, for I had heard of Bagshot. Then at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill: and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood, for I had learned before of the death of father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first subject that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy, going down a hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill, where I had begun my garden-work. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tenderhearted, and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at the secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England) I resolved never to bend before them.

WILLIAM CORBETT
(Born March 9, 1762; died June 18, 1835)

NEWS OF THE SEA

Rome, Feb. 28.—Italian shipping was immune from German submarines and mines in the week ending February 23. One steamer attacked beat off a submarine.

Paris, Feb. 28.—No French vessels of more than 1,600 tons were sunk by enemy mines or submarines during the week ending February 23. One vessel under that tonnage was lost, but no fishermen were sunk. Four merchantmen fought off submarine attacks. Entries into French ports aggregated 916 and departures 901.

Madrid, Feb. 28.—The Spanish press announces, to-day, without official confirmation, the torpedoing of the Spanish ship *Sarniero*. Efforts to obtain official confirmation elicited this comment: "U-boats obtained better results against Spanish shipping than against Italian and French tonnage last week."

Yesterday it was reported that the Spanish steamer *Neguri* had been torpedoed. She was the fifth Spanish vessel to be sunk by submarines in as many weeks.

Stockholm, March 1.—It is reported from Allen Island that the Finnish steamer *Mariogvar*, with guards aboard, struck a mine off that coast. Latest information is to the effect that the vessel was in a sinking condition.

New York, Mar. 1.—The British merchant steamship *Tiberia*, of 4,880 tons, gross, owned by the Anchor Line, was sunk by a German submarine about Feb. 27, while bound for this port, according to information received in shipping circles to-day. The crew was rescued.

An Atlantic Port, March 1.—A British steamer, which called for help early in the week, was brought here today by a Government vessel which picked her up off the Nova Scotia coast. On the way in the tow line parted four times, and in each case crews battled against high seas in making the rope fast again.

Naval authorities are awaiting a report from a patrol boat sent out Tuesday to the assistance of another steamer in distress, and from which no later advices had been received.

Paris, March 2.—A Spanish ship, which had been chartered by Switzerland and was conveying 3,000 tons of wheat from America to Europe, has been torpedoed and sunk, according to a dispatch from Berne, to the *Petit Parisien*. The sinking, the Berne advices say, was contrary to the solemn undertakings entered into by Germany. The news has had a strong effect on political circles in Berne.

Five Spanish vessels were sunk by Teuton submarines in the last five weeks. A dispatch from Madrid on February 27, said that the Spanish newspapers an-

nounced that the Spanish ship *Sarniero* had been torpedoed and sunk. The sinking could not be confirmed in official circles. The *Sarniero* may be the ship referred to in the *Petit Parisien*'s dispatch from Berne.

Amsterdam, March 2.—A British convoy has been attacked by German aircraft within Dutch territorial waters off the Hook of Holland pier where the German aircraft had been waiting for hours. The aircraft descended to 506 feet above the British vessels, which they missed. This violation of Dutch neutral rights is contrasted here with Von Hertling's latest references to Germany's appreciation of the attitude of nations which still observe neutrality.

Baltimore, Mrrch 2.—Captain Dudley of a steamer which arrived in port here to-day reported having received S. O. S. calls from the steamer *Edmonton* which reported that she was filling with water. He replied that he would immediately seek her, although forty miles away. On February 25, he found the *Edmonton* in latitude 39.10 north and longitude 52.20 west. During his progress to the *Edmonton* he received a radio that a steamer was speeding from the eastward to the rescue, recognizing the danger of the *Edmonton*, proceeded until he reached her. The *Crown of Seville* had reached there first and proposed to tow the steamer into Halifax. The *Edmonton* was heavily loaded and in deep water with a leakage caused by the heavy weather. Captain Dudley says when he left the *Edmonton*, she was very low in the water with seas breaking over her.

London, March 3.—An Amsterdam dispatch to the *Daily Mail* says that at one o'clock on Friday morning a German torpedo boat and two German mine-sweepers ran into mines off Vlieland Islands and were blown up. A German vessel, which was in the vicinity lowered a boat to save the crews but the high seas made it impossible to reach the crews of the wrecked vessels and the boat drifted to the island. The dispatch says it is learned from Ymuiden that a Dutch fishing boat also struck a mine, all on board being lost.

New London, Conn., March 4.—Anxiety regarding the safety of the Chilean transport *Angamos* was dispelled with the arrival of the vessel here yesterday. It developed to-day that the *Angamos* was not at any time in danger of being wrecked, having found shelter on the south side of Long Island during a gale early last week.

Washington, March 4.—Norway continues to suffer heavily from German submarine operations and other war losses. Twelve vessels, aggregating 16,238 tons, and valued at about \$3,000,000, were sunk during February, and nineteen sea men lost their lives, while twenty men are missing, according to a cablegram to the Norwegian legation to-day.

London, March 6.—Eighteen British merchantmen were sunk by mine or submarine in the past week, according to the Admiralty report issued to-night. Of these, twelve were vessels of 1,600 tons or more, six being under that tonnage. No fishing craft were sunk.

Arrivals of British merchantmen at ports in the United Kingdom numbered 2,015; sailings 2,209.

Merchantmen unsuccessfully attacked, 6.

The losses to British shipping in the last week were the same as in the previous week with respect to the number of merchantmen sunk. In the previous week, however, fourteen of the eighteen vessels destroyed were of more than 1,600 tons.

London, March 6.—Official announcement was made by the Admiralty to-day that the British armed mercantile cruiser *Calgarian* was torpedoed and sunk on March 1. Two officers and 46 men were lost. There were 610 persons on board when the vessel was struck. The attack took place off the Irish Coast. Five hundred of the survivors were landed at an Irish port.

The Allan liner *Calgarian* was a vessel of 17,515 tons gross, 598 feet long and 70 feet of beam. She was built in Glasgow in 1914.

A most unusual circumstance in connection with the sinking of the *Calgarian* is the fact that she was struck by four torpedoes.

The *Calgarian* was a sister ship of the *Alsation* and was built for the Allan Company service between Montreal and Liverpool. But for various reasons of navigation the ships were never brought above Quebec.

When the war broke out the vessel was requisitioned for service and has been on war duty ever since. For months she was in the South Seas where commerce raiders were out. Then she returned to duty from an Atlantic port.

Montreal, March 6.—The *Calgarian* has been on cruiser duty on the North Atlantic steamship routes since the war began. She has also made several trips from Halifax to England with distinguished passengers. On one occasion carrying Sir Robert Borden. She carried the Duke of Connaught across after his tenure of office, and brought the Duke of Devonshire to Canada.

The *Calgarian*'s navigating officer was Captain Kendall, who identified the mur-

derer Crippen on the C. P. R. steamer *Montrose*, and was in command of the *Empress of Ireland*, sunk after collision with the *Storstad*, a collier, in the St. Lawrence in 1914.

An Atlantic Port, March 6.—The American steamer *Armenia*, formerly a German merchantman, lies beached and badly damaged on the British coast, after being torpedoed by a German submarine. The crew have arrived here. The attack took place on Feb. 9. She was previously torpedoed in the English Channel on Dec. 5, was beached and temporarily repaired.

London, March 5.—The Norwegian steamer *Hanna*, of 1,150 tons gross, has been torpedoed without warning. She sank in less than one minute. The crew of eighteen had no time to launch a boat and jumped into the sea. The captain and five survivors were landed Monday night. The captain of the *Hanna* fears that the remainder of the crew were drowned.

TOWN COUNCIL

Town Hall, Tuesday, March 5 1918

The monthly meeting of the Town Council was this day held in Chambers at 8 o'clock, p. m.

Present, The Mayor, G. King Greenlaw, and Aldermen Caughey, Douglas, Denley, Finigan, Gilman, Malpas, McFarlane, McLaren.

Minutes of monthly meeting of February 5th read and confirmed.

Communication from the Food Controller's Office in re Fish Consumption was submitted.

Moved by Aldn. Douglas, seconded by Aldn. Malpas, that the communication be received and referred to the Fish Committee, (Aldn. Caughey and Denley). Carried.

The Annual Report for the year 1917 from F. H. Grimmer, Town Treasurer, and the Auditor, F. L. Mallory's Report on the same were submitted.

Moved by Aldn. Douglas, seconded by Aldn. Finigan and Malpas, that the reports be received for publication. Carried.

Aldn. Finigan, Chairman of the Poor Committee, reported that Mrs. P. Parker would continue in the position, if allowed four (4) dollars per week for each inmate, to date from February the 4th ult.

Moved by Aldn. McLaren seconded by Aldn. Douglas, that the terms submitted be accepted when certified by the Poor Committee, Aldn. (Finigan, Caughey and Gilman). Carried.

Aldn. McLaren, Chairman of Committee appointed to ascertain the probable cost of a suitable team and accessories for town work, reported that the Committee was not prepared to report at the present time.

The Mayor submitted several communications received in answer to his inquiries for prices of horses and equipment. After some discussion it was moved by Aldn. McLaren seconded by Aldn. Caughey that the matter be left for further investigation at a special meeting to be called by the Mayor at an early date. Carried.

An application from Wm. H. Sennett, Marshal, for the situation of caretaker and driver of the proposed team, was submitted.

Moved by Aldn. Douglas seconded by Aldn. McLaren, that the applications of W. H. Sennett be taken up at the special meeting to be called by the Mayor. Carried.

Moved by Aldn. Douglas seconded by Aldn. Malpas, that Eber S. Polley be appointed Returning Officer at the election of a Mayor and Aldermen to be held on Tuesday, April 16th prox. Also that the Voter's List be posted at the Drug Store of Cockburn Bros. Carried.

On motion seconded and carried the following bills were passed—

G. B. Finigan, supplies, Poor,	\$2.25
do do " Mrs. Wm.	do
Reid, Poor,	6.65
Mrs. P. Parker, board, etc., Poor,	48.00
John Dougherty, labor, Street,	3.00
B. Cross,	5.50
Ed. Somers,	2.00
L. T. Stinson,	8.75
F. L. Mallory, Auditor, Con.,	20.00
W. J. McQuoid, teams, snow, Street,	60.62
J. G. Handy, gasoline, Hall, Con.,	1.60
F. H. Grimmer, R'way, Jane	
McEachran, 1917, Con.,	2.50
Arthur Thurber, Board of Health,	44.00
W. H. Sennett, acct. Salary,	65.24
	\$270.11
E. S. POLLEY,	
Town Clerk.	

HON. JOHN OLIVER NEW PREMIER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Victoria, B. C., March 6.—At a fully attended caucus meeting of Liberal members of the Legislature held last evening, the Hon. John Oliver was chosen as Government leader to succeed the late Hon. H. C. Brewster.

There will be no changes in the personnel of the administration. The Hon. Mr. Oliver will remain Minister of Agriculture and also Minister of Railways, in addition to being Premier, and no by-election will be necessary, owing to the new leadership.

The vacancy arising in Victoria, through the death of Premier H. C. Brewster, will not be filled during the present session.