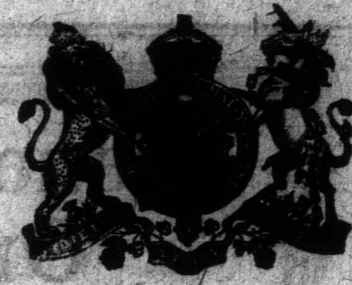




The Beacon



VOL. XXX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1918

NO. 14

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 Natches-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 Mississip,
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 'y'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-goin 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 harbor with the *Junmer*
at her tail,
An' the time-expired's 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, Command-
er-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 ship,
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 fami-
liar 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! I 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 Ber-
mudian 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*, *En-
phrates*, and *Serapis*. They were espec-

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,
two Arab villages of thatch huts, with
storks' 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 Span-
iards, 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 in-
hospitable 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 appar-
ently 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 clothes that had
been given to the boy he took and sold,
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 use-
less; 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 seem-
ed 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 hus-
band—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 uncon-
sciously very annoying. The great lady
expostulated; she urged; she command-
ed, but with no effect. Antonia was
obedient. 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.
You men were so kind to me always—
let them 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 be-
side her along the yellow sands. In the
night she died. The great lady who had
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 mar-
riage will not be against your father's
will." He—"Y'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 sub-
marine *Circus*, 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 *Circus* was built at Toulon in 1907
and its gross tonnage was 490. Its peace
time complement was twenty-three men.

—Washington, Oct. 1—Naval sub-
marine chaser No. 60 was sunk early to-
day in a collision with the oil steamer *S. W. Walter*, 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 re-
ceived here to-day. The occurrence is
said to have been confirmed by the wash-
ing ashore of 160 bodies.

Thirty-six German sailors were execut-
ed at Kiel recently as the result of a
mutiny against submarine duty, it is re-
ported.

—An Atlantic Port, Oct. 2—The mas-
ter of the Nova Scotia fishing schooner
Jellicoe, got a bad scare this morning when
his vessel was a few miles off shore. With-
out 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 sight-
ed a submarine off Cape Sable and appar-
ently headed in the direction of Halifax.

He also advised the master of the *Jel-
licoe* to make for the shore with all pos-
sible 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 be-
lieve this. The customer runs all mer-
chants' stores. In other words the mer-
chants 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 pro-
vide for their wishes.

The clerk could be of the greatest as-
sistance only in knowing the goods and
where to find them readily. This meant
proper classification and intelligent dis-
play.

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

DISILLUSIONMENT

"when yo' seess acullud puf-fessah rise
up and pick at dem crinkly side whiskers
o' his'n and smooove down dat fancy vest
yo' am amazed at de ponderosity o' de
spectacle," said old Brother Buckaroo.
"But when yo' listens to his transpliva-
tion yo' finds dat when ye behitt dem
whisker and dpt vest yo' seed it all. Ain't
dat 'bout so, Brudder Jurdan?"—*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*.