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SEA-GULLS OF MANHATTAN

LONG-WINGED, tireless roamers and adventurers, Fearless breasters of the wind and sea; In the far-off, solitary places, I have seen you floating wild and free.

Here the high-built cities rise around you, Here the cliffs that tower east and west, Honeycombed with human habitations, Have no hiding for the sea-bird's nest.

Toil and Tumult, conflict and confusion, Clank and clamor of the vast machine Human hands have built for human bondage—

Yet amid it all you float serene—

Circling, soaring, sailing, swooping lightly Down to glean your harvest from the wave;

In your heritage of air and water, You have kept the freedom Nature gave.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

POLLYBAGLAN

ALONE it stood, outside the world remote and desolate, washed by a sea of heather, just where the sluggish Forth, meandering slowly like a stream of oil through Flanders Moss, had formed a grassy link, but not of those which, as the saying went, were worth a knight's fee in the north.

In times gone by, the moss, which in most places marches with the Forth, leaving a narrow ribbon of green turf, had been drained off and floated down the stream, exposing in its place some acres of stiff clay and a dull, whitish scum. In these the steading stood like some lacustrine dwelling on the river's edge, shut from the world by moss. Moss, moss, and still more moss, which rose piled like a snow-wreath to the west, and south, and east, whilst on the north the high clay bank sank steep into the flood.

The drumly water flowed between banks of peat, through which at intervals a whitish clay peeped out, like strata in a mine. Slowly it flowed in many windings towards the sea, cutting the Flanders Moss across, receiving as it went the streams which gurgled deep below the surface of the ground, forming canyons in miniature, and issuing out to join the river through a dense growth of bulrushes, rank-growing coltsfoot, and low alder bushes. The deep black pools, on which the foam brought by the current slowly whirled round and round before it took its course down stream, were menacing in their intensity of gloom. Rarely the sun fell right upon them, and when it did its light never appeared to pierce the water, which seemed to turn it back again, as if the bottom held some mystery down in its amber depths. Perhaps in ages past some Celtic fishers, paddling their coracles, had chosen out the place to build their cottary, remote from all mankind and inaccessible. But having chosen, with the instinct of their race, they gave a name to it, which, strange and incoherent to the Saxon ear, to them was typical of the chief feature of the place. Stream of the ragweed it was dubbed by the rude settlers, perhaps when all Moss Flanders was a forest, stretching to the sea. And still the ragweed grew luxuriantly in the stiff soil, commemorating the keen eyes of the first settlers, although the meaning of the name had been long lost and twisted by the Anglo-Saxon tongue past recognition by the Celt.

The road, which wound about in the white clayey soil between the banks of moss which shut out the horizon, was laid on faggots, and in places drew so near the river's bank that a cart's body passing seemed to overhang the stream. Such as it was, this track was the sole link with the quiet world which had its being on the far side of the great moss. But that the quiet of the mossland farm should not too easily be broken by swift contact with mankind, the path ran up and down to every house upon the moss, making strange zigzags and parabolas, till it emerged at last on the high road. Carts in the winter time sunk to their axles, whilst in summer horses' feet stuck in the cracks formed in the sun-baked earth.

But though the road was bad, to make communication still more difficult, at intervals rough farm gates barred the way. Hung loosely, and secured by rusty back-band chains of carts, or formed of barked and crooked oak poles stuck into horseshoes in a ragged post, they either forced you to dismount and pull laboriously each bar from its confining horseshoe, or tempted you to open them on horse-back, when their schauching hinges and bad balance usually drove them on your horse's hocks as you essayed to pass.

When all the obstacles were overcome and you had reached your goal and slithered through the clay which formed the fields between the river and the moss, the world seemed leagues away. That is, the ancient world in which men plough and

reap and sow, watching the weather as a fisherman watches the shaking of his sail, possessed one, and real things resumed their sway, whilst agitation and politics, with arts and sciences, fell to their proper value in the great scheme of life. The scanty crop of oats, growing like rice, in water which seemed to lie eternally in the depressions of the clay, although the dwellers in the farm averred that it "seeped bonnily awa' at the back en," became as all-important as the Stock Exchange. The meagre turnips and potatoes, drooping and blackening with disease, between whose furrows persicaria and fumitory grew, moved one's compassion, and excited admiration for the men who, in the fight with Nature, wrung a livelihood from such unfruitful soil. Fences there naturally were none, but piles of brushwood fastened with rusty wire to crooked posts did duty for them, whilst broken ploughs and carts which had seen weary service on the clayey roads, stood in the gaps and did as well as gates.

Some scattered drain-pipes lying in the fields looked like the relics of a battlefield of agriculture, in which the forces of the modern world had been defeated in the contest with the moss.

But road and drain-pipes, thatched farmhouse and broken fences, the stunted crop and wind-hacked ash tree growing by the farm, were but the outward signs, whilst the interior significance lay in the billowing moss, the sluggish river, and in the background of the lumpy hills, which from the steading seemed to rise sheer from the heathy sea.

Vaguely the steading and the cultivated land stood out for progress; the broken carts and twisted ploughs seemed to stretch out their hands to Charing Cross; but moss and mountain, river flowing deep, the equisetum growing on its banks, and the sweet-gale, its leaves all wet with mist reminded one that the forgotten past still lived in spite of us.

Deep in the southing of the wind, waving the heath with furrows and shaking out its dry brown seeds on the black soil, came the sighs of a race whose joys were tinged with melancholy, and in the mists which crept along the faces of the hills its spirit seemed to brood, making the dwellers in the land appear as out of place as a poor Indian, dressed in a torn frock coat and with an eagle's feather stuck in a hard felt hat, looks in a frontier town.

The tussocks of the heather were not made for boots to tread upon, nor the few acres of poor soil, redeemed at many times their worth fee-simple, to be sown in a fourfold rotation, or to have top dressing and bone manure shot from an agricultural machine upon their clay. A pair of Highland garrons ought to have scratched the surface of the ground, yoked to some pristine plough by ropes which cut into their chests, or harrowed with a thorn bush, and the broken implements which lay about but seemed to accentuate the undying presence of an older world. But as the place in which a man is set to live always proves stronger than his race or creed, the dweller in the farm, though not a Highlander, had put on all the exterior and not a few of the interior graces of the Celt.

Tall and shock-headed, and freckled on the red patches of the skin which a rough crop of beard and whiskers left exposed, his eyes looked out upon the world as if he had a sort of second sight begot of whisky and of loneliness. His monstrous hands hung almost to his knees, which in their turn stuck forward in the way a horse's hock sticks back; but for all that he crossed the moss as lightly as a mountain hare springs through the snow before a collie dog. Although his feet, encased in heavy boots looked more adapted for the muddy roads which wound through his domain than for the heather, he seemed to have become, during his lifelong sojourn in the place, as light of foot as any clansman on whose feet in the old times the dun deer's hide was tied to form a moccasin. The country people said that he was "awfu' soople for his years," which may have been some five-and-forty, or, on the other hand, threescore, for nothing told his age, and that he was a "lightsome traveller"—not that his travels ever carried him more than ten miles from Pollybaglan; but then with us to travel is to walk. Withal a swimmer, an unusual thing amongst the older generation in Menteith.

"Ye ken, man laird, whiles I just dive richt to the bottom o' a linn, and set doon there; ye'd think it was the inside o' the Faisy Hill. Trooties, ye ken, and saumon, and they awfu' pike, a' comin' round ye, and they bits o' water weeds, wagging about like lairch trees in the blast. I mind ae time I stoppit doon nigh about half an hour. Maybe no just see much, ye ken, but time gaes awfu' quick when ye're at the bottom o' a linn."

These talents and his skill in walking on the moss, together with his love of broken carts for gates, did not perhaps go far towards making him an agriculturist such as a landlord loves; but looking

THE FRENCH FARMERS SAVED THE DAY

The saving farmer is a national asset. Canadian progress to-day in all lines attests magnificently to the splendid qualities of thrift that have marked the farmers in all the provinces. The total returns from field crops and animal produce have been only possible because of the disposition to make use in an economical way of all the wonderful gifts of Providence in this good land of ours.

The same was abundantly true after 1870 in France when the frugal, thrifty farmers of that fair land made it possible for the Republic to pay off that hated German war indemnity of two billion francs levied against them—the same spirit of national thrift built up France for the extreme test to-day—a test that is being tried by fire.

Thanks be, French heroism is proving true. The line is holding. The blood of the farmers is flowing equally as well through the veins of France's daughters of the soil and so the national strength bends but does not break.

Canada is reaping her harvests of increased returns and money is being made as never before. Our farmers are earning the gratitude of all in their splendid efforts at production. That they carry into their savings an equal foresight in conserving their surpluses against the future days of darkness and lower prices will be equally praiseworthy. He is well advised who saves his extra dollar until he sees which way the winds of to-morrow will blow. Adversity blows a chill blast where there is no dollar in the savings.

THE ARMY HUTS

Charles A. Owens, organizer in the Knights of Columbus Army Huts' campaign, was asked last evening to say something explaining the purpose of the big drive which is to be opened next Monday. He replied:

"The association is operating under a Dominion charter. As a body corporate the Catholic Army Huts has powers and rights to erect, equip, and conduct army huts for Catholic soldiers, which shall serve the two-fold purpose of chapels for Catholic soldiers and recreation huts for all soldiers, irrespective of creed. The work is under the direction of the military chaplain service."

"There are no paid officers of the association. Not a cent of profit has been made on any transaction. The books of the association are regularly audited. The work overseas has been in operation slightly more than a year, when funds were first available and the chaplain service regularly organized. The aim of the association is to keep Canadian soldiers clean in soul and body. The huts are for the use of any and every soldier. All are welcome. These huts provide a place where men in Khaki, regardless of creed, may assemble for wholesome recreation."—*St. John Telegraph*.

WHITE HEAD, G. M.

There has been much sickness on the Island the past week. John F. Morse is quite ill, and contemplates going to the Chipman Memorial Hospital in St. Stephen.

Albert Cossaboom met with an most fatal accident, and his condition is serious. He went to the mainland to have his hand treated for blood-poisoning, and when leaving Woodward's Cove on his return home in throwing out some stone ballast he fell overboard. His uncle, C. J. Wilson, and wife, and wife's sister were on the boat, but all Mr. Wilson could do was to disconnect the wire from the batteries and stop the boat, but not being familiar with the engine he could not start it out again. The boat having got a long distance from Mr. Cossaboom, the people on board could render no assistance, but a small boy put out in a dory, and before Mr. Cossaboom went down for the last time, caught him by the hair and held him until Nelson Ingersoll came in another boat and rescued him. Though his condition has been very serious, he is now able to sit up, and his complete recovery is expected.

Mrs. Scott Robinson and her friend, Mrs. Cunningham, have returned to Boston. Mrs. Clement Wilson and her little son, Everett, have returned home. Mrs. Archie Treccartin has gone to Eastport, where she has employment for some time. Miss Olive Morang, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. B. A. Cheney, has returned to Lubec. School has reopened for the fall term under the charge of Miss Cora Flagg, of North Head.

Mr. Golden Frankland has returned from Nova Scotia, where he has been since early in the spring. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Graham are visiting here.

A chronic kicker is of no assistance in an uplift movement.—*Life*.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Washington, September 6.—The Navy Department was informed to-day that the American steamship *Lake Owens* had been sunk by a submarine. Five members of the civilian crew are reported lost.

The steamship, an army cargo carrier, of 2,308 tons, was sent down by gunfire in foreign waters, September 3. All members of the Naval Guard were saved, and one, chief boatswain's mate, H. W. Lincoln, is reported slightly injured. Except for the five missing, all members of the crew have been landed. Six are seriously wounded and six slightly wounded. The names of these were not given in the dispatch.

—Halifax, Sept. 7.—The schooner *G. Donald Duff*, of Lunenburg, on her way from the Barbados to Halifax with a cargo of molasses, lost her rudder in the gale last Friday off the coast of Nova Scotia. She was carried into Liverpool by an American cruiser. The rudder will be repaired either at Liverpool or the schooner will be towed into Halifax for repairs.

—Amsterdam, September 8.—One of a squadron of German warships cruising off the coast of the Island of Meland Friday evening ran on a mine or was torpedoed, according to reports received here. The ship was seen suddenly to heel over and disappear.

—Plymouth, Eng., Sept. 8.—The American army cargo steamship *Lake Owens*, of 3,308 tons, which was destroyed by a German submarine on Sept. 3, while returning to the United States in ballast, is described by the vessel's crew as having sunk within a few minutes. The submarine is reported to have been equipped with a six inch gun. Five of her crew were drowned.

—London, Sept. 10.—The American steamship *Dava*, formerly under the Austrian flag, was torpedoed and sunk on Sept. 4, approximately 400 miles off France, as the result of attack on a cargo convoy. The crew was saved.

—Montreal, Sept. 11.—The news of the loss of the *Missanobie*, was confirmed this afternoon by the Canadian Pacific Ocean Steamships Co. The steamer sailed from a British port on Sept. 8th with 59 soldiers and a number of passengers. She was torpedoed on Sept. 9. It is believed that none of the passengers were lost.

The *Missanobie* was a fine twin-screw steamship, built at Glasgow in 1914 for the one-class cabin and third-class passenger trade of the Canadian Pacific steamship lines between London and Montreal and had been taken by the Admiralty for carrying American troops to England. She was 12,460 gross tonnage, 500 feet long, 64 feet beam, 38 feet depth of hold, and had an average speed under favorable conditions of 17 knots.

—London, Sept. 11.—A troopship with 2,800 American soldiers on board has been torpedoed. All hands were saved. The troopship was beached.

In order to save time, instead of launching the boats, the men clambered down ropes to destroyers, which swarmed around the stricken vessel, and came close alongside. This operation was greatly facilitated by the fact that the sea was not rough. The troopship was a member of a large convoy approaching the English coast. The vessel was torpedoed 200 miles from shore at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon.

The transfer of the American soldiers from the stricken vessel to escorting British and American torpedo boat destroyers was quickly made without injury to anyone. The soldiers escaped injury when the torpedo exploded and they were soon on their way to a British port. There was no sign of a panic on board and the admirable behavior of the men was especially gratifying to the officers.

Many of the troops came from Chicago and Cleveland, and a large percentage of them were factory hands of foreign extraction. Their behavior proved the fine soldiering spirit of the American soldier.

Several soldiers told the Associated Press that they saw the German submarine lifted completely out of the water after one of the depth bombs exploded and then entirely disappeared. Something had gone wrong with the troopship's engines, which compelled her for a time to lag behind the rest of the convoy, but the trouble had been patched up and she was fast catching up with the other transports when a torpedo hit her just forward of the engine room.

The vessel at once began to sink by the bow. Many of the soldiers at the time were taking their baths. They did not wait to dress, but made for the deck with what little clothing they could hastily lay their hands on. The water was rushing in at such a rate that it was thought the steamship would quickly founder. To the surprise of most of the soldiers the

troopship did not sink. Some men were apparently found to check the inrush of the water and she got near enough to the shore to be beached. It is hoped that the vessel ultimately can be salvaged.

—New York, Sept. 11.—The transport torpedoed off the English coast on September 6 with American troops on board, as reported in London dispatches to-day was the British steamship *Persie*, of the White Star Line, a vessel of 12,042 tons gross, according to reliable information received in marine circles to-day.

—Vineyard Haven, Mass., Sept. 11.—The four-masted schooner *Governor Powers*, was abandoned off the southern Massachusetts coast after collision with an unidentified steamer early to-day. The steamer is supposed to have taken off the crew, although it is not definitely known that all hands were saved.

—Bridgetown, N. S., Sept. 11.—When last night's gale was at its worst with a terrible sea running in the tidal waters near the head of the Bay of Fundy, the little schooner *Lea D.*, while endeavoring to seek a shelter at Margaretsville breakwater, went ashore in the surf just east of the new schooner on the stocks being built by J. A. Balcom & Co. It was feared at one time that it would hit the new schooner and much damage would result. However, she stuck at the only place in which the crew would be saved. This occurred at midnight, and it was impossible to get the men off until 5:30 this morning, the natives of the village rendering every assistance possible. Soon after the vessel struck the spars went by the board and the whole vessel is a total loss with no insurance. She was loaded with a general cargo from St. John for Parrsboro, a small part of which will be saved in a damaged condition. The cargo was insured.

The crew consisted of Captain Elmer Sabeau, William H. Seabean, of Port Lorne, and Fred Neaves, of St. John. The *Lea D.* was built at Waterboro in 1891, is 48 tons register, hails from St. John N. B., and was at one time owned by J. H. Gorham, of Greenwich, N. B.—*Telegraph*.

NOTICE TO MARINERS

NOVA SCOTIA

(157) West coast—Cape St. Mary—Change in character of light.

Previous notices.—Nos. 78 (204) of 1909 and 56 (154) of 1910.

Position.—On Cape St. Mary. Lat. N. 44° 5' 8", Long. W. 66° 12' 40". Date of alteration.—About 15th September, 1918.

Alteration.—The alternating red and white light will, without further notice, be replaced by a flashing white catoptric light, showing two flashes, with an interval of 6 seconds between them, every twenty-four seconds, thus:

Flash; 6 seconds interval; flash; 18 seconds interval.

For half the time of revolution, or 12 seconds, the light will be totally eclipsed; for the other half a light of 500 candle-power will be visible, through which the stronger flashes will show.

Power.—Naked light 500 candles; flashes 50,000 candles.

Illuminant.—Petroleum vapor, burned under an incandescent mantle.

Lantern.—The tower will be surmounted by a new octagonal iron lantern, painted red.

Temporary light.—While the alterations are being made to the light, from about 15th August to about 15th September, 1918, a temporary fixed white light will be shown from an anchor lens lantern.

NOVA SCOTIA

(158) Bay of Fundy—Lurcher shoal lightship—Change in character of lights.

Change in characteristic of lights.—In the latter part of October, 1918, the characteristic of the light shown at each mast head of the Lurcher shoal lightship off Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, will, without further notice, be changed from occulting white to fixed white.

BLACK'S HARBOR, N. B.

Sept. 11. Miss Hattie Treccartin returned to her home at White Head after spending a pleasant month with her sister, Miss Irene Treccartin.

A number of people from Welchpool sailed over to Black's Harbor and spent the day on Wednesday last.

Miss Rena Thompson entertained a number of young folks at her home on Friday evening.

Mrs. Barney Justason and Children spent last week very pleasantly with friends in Pennfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Holland, of Back Bay, visited Mr. and Mrs. Theriault on Sunday.