



# The Beacon



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## LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

(August 29, 1782.)  
**T**OLL for the brave—  
 The brave that are no more!  
 All sunk beneath the wave,  
 Fast by their native shore!  
 Eight hundred of the brave,  
 Whose courage well was tried,  
 Had made the vessel heel  
 And laid her on her side;  
 A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
 And she was overset;  
 Down went the Royal George,  
 With all her crew complete.  
 Toll for the brave!  
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His last sea-fight is fought,  
 His work of glory done,  
 It was not in the battle,  
 No tempest gave the shock,  
 She sprang no fatal leak,  
 She ran upon no rock;  
 His sword was in the sheath,  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down,  
 With twice four hundred men.  
 Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreading by our foes!  
 And mingle with your cup  
 The tears that England owes;  
 Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main:  
 But Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.  
 WILLIAM COWPER,  
 (1731-1800.)

## WHY NOT TAKE OVER THE TIDES?

"YOU don't consider it at all probable," he said wistfully, "that the Government will be taking over control of the tides before Labor Day, do you?"  
 "That depends," I replied smartly. "I understand that Mr. McAdoo is usually disengaged between 7:17 and 7:36 A. M."  
 "I have looked up the legal side of the question," he went on, smiling faintly at something he glimpsed outside of my window. "There are no legal difficulties. The Federal Government has jurisdiction of all navigable waters. Of course, at low tide you couldn't navigate anything very considerable off our beach, but you might at high water. At any rate, something has to be done to systematize things. It's absurd the way they carry on now."  
 "The tides?" I said.  
 "The tides," he said. "As a war measure, you know, I am not in the army, but to the extent of my abilities I am trying to do my bit. That's why we came out to Dingle Cove, so that I might get a bath in the sea, my wife said, after these hot days in town. In a way she's right. If I can't keep myself decently fit up to Labor Day, what'll happen to the Government when it comes around next June collecting my income tax? I pointed that out in a letter I wrote to the Collector of Internal Revenue, which he hasn't answered yet. And how am I to go on buying War Savings Stamps? I could go on saving on sugar, of course, but I want to do something more than that for my country. There are half a hundred men of about my age out in Dingle Cove who are in the same fix."  
 "You haven't specified it," I said.  
 "It's very simple," he replied. "Take the women and children who stay out all day at Dingle Cove. They can go bathing any time between nine and seven, and so assure themselves of a sufficient quantity of water in the bay. But how is it with us who go into town every day? I leave my office to make the 5:44. Say I am fortunate and make the 5:44. By the time I get down to the shore, the water is somewhere on the other side of the Sound, at New Rochelle, I suspect. We made a mistake in coming down to Dingle Cove for the summer. We should have gone to New Rochelle."  
 "You don't suppose that when it's low tide at Dingle Cove it's high at New Rochelle?" I said.  
 "Then where does all the water go to?" he asked.  
 I sniffed contemptuously, as the safest thing to do. "Oh, back into the ocean, I suppose."  
 "That's just it," he said. "It's this total failure to regulate distribution I have in mind. There's plenty of water in the sea as it is; enough to float our transports across and our food ships; it will be some time before Mr. Schwab crowds it up. It's different in our bay, by the time the 5:44 gets in."  
 "There's surely one way," I said rather impatiently. "Think of your income tax and your War Savings Stamps and walk out a bit from the end of the dock. Other people do more for their country."  
 "It isn't serving my country to go and

develop callouses on the soles of my feet," he replied with some asperity. "And when I cut myself on the mussel shells I consume a considerable amount of peroxide that General Gorgas needs badly enough. You said walk out a bit. But when I have been an hour and three-quarters on the cars, I am in no condition to walk half a mile under difficulties."  
 "Oh, half a mile," I said.  
 "Half a mile," he insisted, "and it gets shallower as you keep on. You might swim out, of course, but then you get abrasions on the knee. Shall I show you?"  
 I agreed to let him read his statement into the record without further proof.  
 "No," he said firmly. "It must be plain on a moment's reflection that a man somewhere in the neighbourhood of 190 pounds cannot swim in eleven inches of water with ease, dignity, or moral satisfaction. So you walk out, and before you know it you are top of the mussel beds."  
 "Mussel beds?" I said.  
 "The mussel," he observed, "is a succulent bi-valve whose food value, as the Department of Agriculture regrettably points out, has not yet begun to be appreciated by our people. But I think I can understand why. Its food value may be all that the Department of Agriculture claims, but taken externally, on the soul of the bare foot, the mussel leaves much to be desired. It has the extraordinary peculiarity of being at the same time exceedingly slippery and developing a razor edge. That is to say, when you step on one bunch or flock or bevy or whatever name is for an assembly of mussel shells, you slip off and land on another Soviet of shells with the edge uppermost. You will say, of course, that it's rather odd that when you slip off a smooth congregation of shells, you should invariably land on a chisel-edge combination. To which I reply that it isn't a coincidence at all. If, having tobogganed from one smooth bunch, you merely go on slipping until you find the sharp ones. It is an invariable rule. As a result, I have frequently been tempted to miss the 5:44 on purpose and come home and tell my wife that I was too late to go into the water."  
 "Oh," I said.  
 "A moral crime, no doubt," he said, "considering the sacrifices my wife has made—she prefers the mountains every time—in order that I might get my sea bath after the day's grind in the office. But there's another side to the moral problem. Consider. You leave the office in the thought of the jolly time you are going to have in the cool, fresh sea. You miss your Subway train, but you think of the silver glint of the sun on the water and are consoled. You get to the station just in time to see the tail lights of the 5:06, but you think of the cold shower after the bath. The trolley is jammed, and you hang on perilously to the foot-board, but the first glimpse of the ripple on the water—what there is of it—makes you forget. Then you get into your bathing suit, step out, and the first one to greet you is the succulent and nourishing mussel. If the army regulations weren't strict about civilians in uniform, I have often thought that a pair of Cordovan—"  
 "But look here," I said, quite out of patience; "you know as well as I do that the tides vary an hour every day—"  
 "That's just it," he interrupted; "I thought if the Government took them over—because it's absurd, you see, that the women and children and other non-producers like life-guards and such should have the best of it, while we who pay income taxes and buy thrift stamps—"  
 "I was saying," I remarked severely, "that with the tides varying at least an hour every day, there must be times when your 5:44 brings you down to Dingle Cove at high tide—say only three or four days a month."  
 "Those are the days when there is something wrong with the third rail and I get in at 7:45," he said.  
 "I knew I had him then."  
 "And who is it runs the railroads?" I said.  
 "The Government, to be sure," he admitted manfully. "And that's what I had in mind when I wanted the Government to take over our bay at Dingle Cove. Under the same administration the two things might be adjusted."  
 "You mean they might regulate the 5:44 so that it gets in on time when there is high water?"  
 "Oh, I am not as optimistic as all that," he replied. "But I thought they might regulate the tide."  
 "They'd have to regulate the moon, then," I said caustically. "And the moon is hardly within Federal jurisdiction."  
 "The moon?" he said.  
 "I had spoken on the basis of faint memories of my school geography, so I replied curtly that I was busy, and he would have to take my word for it. But he would not be put off. "How the moon?" he said.  
 Briefly I outlined to him how the moon, in its revolution around the earth at an angle of 43 degrees to the ecliptic in the

## BONNIE DUNDEE

"COME fill up, my cap, come fill up my can,  
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
 Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,  
 And its room for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!"  
 To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver's who spoke:  
 "Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke  
 So let each cavalier who loves honor and me,  
 Come follow the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."  
 Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
 But the Provost, douce man, said: "Just e'en let him be,  
 The guid town is well quit of that dell o' Dundee."  
 As he rode down the street, the people of the Bow  
 Lik carline was flying, and shaking her pow;  
 But the young lads of a' ages they look'd couthe and slee,  
 Thinking, lunk to the bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!  
 With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was cramm'd,  
 As if half the west had set trust to be hang'd;  
 There was spite in each look, there was fear in each ee,  
 As they watch'd for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!  
 These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;  
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free,  
 At the toss of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee.  
 He spur'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,  
 And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:  
 "Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,  
 For the love of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."  
 The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—  
 "Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!  
 Your grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
 Or that low lies the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."  
 "There are hills beyond Pentlands, and lands beyond Forth;  
 If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;  
 There are wild Dunelmassals three thousand times three,  
 Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."  
 "There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide;  
 There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside:  
 The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,  
 At a toss of the bonnet o' Bonnie Dundee."  
 "Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;  
 Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;  
 And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"  
 He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
 The kettle-drums clash'd, and the hornmen rode on,  
 Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,  
 Died away the wild warnotes o' Bonnie Dundee.  
 Come fill up my cap, come fill up my can,  
 Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;  
 Come open your gates and let me gang free,  
 For it's up with the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee!  
 SIR WALTER SCOTT.  
 (Born August 15, 1771; died September 21, 1832.)

## NEWS OF THE SEA

ascendant angle of the Zodiac close to the Little Dipper drew up the tides towards itself and let them go again, especially in the northern hemisphere. As he evinced some difficulty in following my argument I showed him the tide table on a pocket folder together with the train schedule, trolley schedule, and the best place to get your fresh butter and eggs.  
 "I see," he said. "If I can put it up either to the moon or the Government, it might get by my wife."  
 SIMON STRUNSKY.  
 —in The New York Evening Post.

**NEWS OF THE SEA**  
 —A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 21—The steam trawler *Triumph*, fitted with two guns, and wireless and manned by sixteen Germans from the U-boat which captured her yesterday, is raiding the banks of the coast of Nova Scotia and the crews of the schooners sunk by the *Triumph* have arrived here. The vessels known to be sunk are the *Una P. Saunders*, of Lunenburg, the *E. Pyatt Andrew*, of Gloucester, Mass., and the *Francis J. O'Hara*, of Boston.  
 Captain Wallace Bruce, master of the Gloucester schooner, told the Canadian Press that his vessel was held up by the *Triumph* yesterday afternoon and that he and his crew were given ten minutes to leave the ship. The Germans then sunk her with bombs. The *Triumph* then moved over to the Boston and Lunenburg vessels, sinking them in turn. The dories from the three vessels reached here this morning. The fishermen say that while making for this port they heard shots and they believe that other fishing vessels have been sunk.  
 Capt. Myhre, master of the *Triumph*, who landed here with his men, told the Canadian Press that the captain of the submarine said that his was only one of six U-boats operating on this coast. "We intend to destroy the fishing fleet," the German commander said to Capt. Myhre.  
 Captain Myhre and his crew were taken aboard the submarine yesterday afternoon and photographed by the Germans, who offered them refreshments and cigarettes. They say that they started for shore sixty miles away later in the afternoon. Before they left the scene the Germans had put two light guns on the *Triumph*, fore and aft, and fitted up a

small wireless apparatus. The *Triumph* set off in company with the submarine for fishing vessels in the vicinity.  
 Motor boats have gone out from here to meet the survivors of other fishing vessels which are believed to have been sunk by the *Triumph*, but do not venture far off shore for fear of themselves falling victims to the improvised sea-raider.  
 Captain Myhre left on this morning's train for Halifax and his crew are proceeding to that port on a small schooner.  
 Boston, Aug. 21—Fishermen here said today that if the submarine made use of the trawler *Triumph* as a raider they would have to re-coal the craft at least every ten days. The *Triumph* is manned entirely by a Canadian crew, and is owned by a Canadian company. She is 125 feet long, fifteen feet deep, with a twenty-two foot beam, and registers about 250 tons gross.  
 Washington, Aug. 21—Strong forces of swift naval patrol boats and destroyers sped to-day to the North Atlantic fishing banks, where the trawler *Triumph*, captured yesterday by a German submarine, which armed and manned, is reported raiding fishing fleets. Naval officers here think recapture of her or her enforced destruction by the German crew is a certainty.  
 A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 21—A fourth and probably a fifth vessel last evening were sunk by the converted trawler *Triumph*. Word has just been received from Canso that the crew of the *Lucille Schnare*, of Lunenburg, ninety tons had arrived there at 6 o'clock this evening in their row boats. The crew consisted of eighteen men, under Captain Schnare. They met the *Triumph* while on the Banks about 10 o'clock last night. They plainly recognized her. She had two small guns, like machine guns, mounted upon pivots. Several shots were fired at the *Lucille Schnare*, apparently to intimidate the men, as they did not fall near the ship. A submarine lay close to the *Triumph*, but was inactive.  
 Two men from the converted trawler came on board the *Lucille Schnare*, and gave her crew five minutes to take to their dories. The crew, however, were treated civilly, and no more shots were fired at them. The Germans took all the papers and provisions. Before leaving the vessel they slung two bombs over the side.  
 The crew rowed away in the darkness

as rapidly as possible. They saw no explosion and so are uncertain as to the definite fate of their craft. They sailed and rowed until they reached Canso.  
 Capt. Schnare states that he believes that another ship, the *Pasadena*, port and captain unknown, which was lying close to him, was also sunk. The Canso correspondent doubts this, as with the favorable weather conditions the crew should have already have arrived in Canso.  
 Eighty men from the four vessels sunk yesterday will leave Canso to-morrow morning for Halifax. The members of the two American crews may change at Truro for Boston. A report in Canso that the *Triumph* had been sunk could not be confirmed.  
 —Sydney, Aug. 13—Encountering a violent squall before he had sailed more than a few hundred yards off shore on his way to the fishing grounds, William Wadden was drowned off New Waterford yesterday almost within sight of his home. The body has not been recovered.  
 —Boston, Aug. 15—Four survivors of the fishing schooner *Progress*, sunk by a German submarine Saturday, were brought here to-day, after being adrift in a dory seventy-two hours without a compass and with little water and food. Others of the crew were landed earlier in the week.  
 —Washington, Aug. 15—The American tank steamer *Frederick B. Kellogg* torpedoed Tuesday evening by a German submarine, is still afloat sixteen miles off Barnegat, N. J., the Navy Department was advised to-day, and there is a chance that she will be brought into port.  
 —Halifax, N. S., Aug. 15—A dispatch from Westport, Digby county, says that what is believed to be the float of a hydroplane has been found by fishermen of that place about two miles out from the Bay of Fundy shore and towed into Westport. The float is described as of very superior manufacture, coppered, and having six water-tight compartments. One side has been stove in.  
 —Boston, Mass., Aug. 15—Twenty-five survivors of the crew of the British steamer *Penitence*, sunk by a German submarine off the Massachusetts coast Sunday, landed at Cape Cod port to-day and reported that another boat containing members of the crew had been lost. Four of the survivors were badly burned, and injured, which indicated that the vessel had been attacked before the crew had a chance to escape.  
 Navy Department reports earlier in the week did not explain how the *Penitence* had been sunk, and first advices from the cape to-day failed to clear up this point, as it was said that naval authorities had taken charge of the ship's crew. The men were in two boats, which had drifted since Sunday. They were well-nigh exhausted from exposure and lack of food. The number in the boat reported lost was not stated.  
 —Washington, Aug. 16—The American schooner *Dorothy Barrett* was sunk by shell fire from a German submarine yesterday near Cape May, N. J. Seaplanes and submarine chasers sent to the scene dropped depth bombs on the spot where the submarine was believed to have submerged. A report to the Navy Department to-day says when the submersible appeared and opened fire on the schooner the crew took the small boats and have landed at Cape May. The schooner was set on fire by shells. When the planes and the two submarine chasers were sighted the submarine submerged. One of the planes, flying low, dropped a depth charge where bubbles, presumably from the wake of the submarine, were observed. The chasers then closed in and let go several bombs. There was no evidence of wreckage, but the submarine did not reappear.  
 —Washington, Aug. 16—The American schooner *Sybil*, recently reported sunk by a German submarine, has arrived safely at an Atlantic port, the Navy Department to-day was informed.  
 The Department also announced to-day that the remainder of the crew of the schooner *Progress*, one of the fishing vessels sunk off the New England coast, has been reported rescued.  
 —Beaufort, N. C., Aug. 16—A large oil tank steamer is afire about twenty-five miles off Cape Hatteras, according to reports brought here to-night. A submarine is lying close by. The members of the crew have been taken off by life guards. It is presumed the submarine is a German, and the tanker was on fire by shell fire.  
 —New York, Aug. 16—The Associated Press carries the following:  
 Brazilian motor-ship *Madrugada*, 1,613 tons gross register, has been sunk by a German submarine off the American coast. Captain Frederick Rouse, and his crew of twenty-one men told of the destruction of the vessel upon being landed here to-day by a steamer which picked them up. The captain and crew escaped in life-boat and were rescued after rowing

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