



The Beacon



VOL. XXIX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1917

NO. 3

MEN OF ENGLAND

MEN of England! who inherit Rights that cost your sires their blood!

Men whose undegenerate spirit Has been proved on field and foe!

By the loes ye've fought uncounted, By the glorious deeds ye've done,

'Thro' ships captured—breaches mounded, Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember, England gathers Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame, If the freedom of your fathers Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery, Where no public virtues bloom?

What avails in lands of slavery Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants—Let the world revere us For our people's rights and laws, And the breasts of civic heroes Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's, glory, Sidney's matchless shade is yours,— Martyrs in heroic story Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled Crowned and mitred tyranny; They defied the field and scaffold, For their birthrights—so will we!

THOMAS CAMPBELL (Born July 27, 1777; died June 15, 1844)

THE DUKE OF SUSSEX

ONCE there was a man dining by himself at the Café Anglais, in the days when people went there. It was a full night, and he sat alone at a small table, when there entered a very big man in a large fur coat. The big man looked round annoyed, because there was no room, and the first man very courteously offered him a seat at his table. They sat down and ate and talked of several things, among others, of Bureaucracy.

The first maintained that Bureaucracy was the curse of France.

"Men are governed by it like sheep. The administrator, however humble, is a despot; most people will even run forward to meet him halfway, like the servile dogs they are," said he.

"No," answered the big man in the fur coat, "I should say men were governed just by the ordinary human sense of authority. I have no theories. I say they recognize authority and obey it. Whether it is bureaucratic or not is merely a question of form."

"At this moment there came in a taller rather stiff Englishman. He also was put out at finding no room. The two men saw the manager approach him; a few words passed, and a card; and the manager suddenly smiled, bowed, smirked, and finally went up to the table and begged that the Duke of Sussex might be allowed to share it. The Duke hoped he did not inconvenience these gentlemen. They assured him that, on the contrary, they esteemed his presence a favor.

"It is our prerogative," said the big man in the fur coat, "to be the host Paris entertaining her Guest."

They would take no denial; they insisted on the Duke's dining with them, and they told him what they had just been discussing. The Duke listened to their theories with some *marginus*, much *splen*, and no little *phlegm*, but with perfect courtesy, and then, towards the coffee, told them in fluent French with a strong accent, his own opinion. (He had had eight excellent courses; Yquem with his fish, the best Chambertin during the dinner, and a glass of wonderful champagne with his dessert.) He spoke as follows, with a slight and rather hard smile.

"My opinion may seem to you impertinent, but I believe nothing more subtly and powerfully affects men than the aristocratic feeling. Do not misunderstand me," he added, seeing that they would protest; "it is not my own experience alone that guides me. All history bears witness to the same truth."

The simple-minded Frenchmen put down this intonation to the Duke's early training, little knowing that his English men of titles are the simplest fellows in the world, and are quite indifferent to their titles save in business matters.

The Frenchmen paid the bill, and they all three went out to the Boulevard.

"Now," said the first man to his two companions, "I will give you a practical example of what I meant when I said that Bureaucracy governed mankind."

He went up to the wall of the Crédit naiss, put the forefinger of either hand at a level of about a centimeter, and at a level of about a centimeter, holding his hand slightly from time to time his glance from one to the other. A crowd gathered. In a pleasant elderly, short, gentleman in the crowd, and, taking off his hat, did anything for him.

"Why," said our friend, "the fact is I am an engineer (section D of the Public Works Department), and I have to make an important measurement in connexion with the Apotheosis of the Bilateral which runs to-night precisely through this spot. My fingers now mark exactly the concentric of the secondary focus whence the Radius Vector should be drawn, but I find that (like a fool) I have left my Double Refractor in the café hard by. I dare not go for fear of losing the place I have marked; yet I can get no further without my Double Refractor."

"Do not let that trouble you," said the short, stout stranger; "I will be delighted to keep the place exactly marked while you run for your instrument."

The crowd was now swelled to a considerable size; it blocked up the pavement, and was swelled every moment by the arrival of the curious. The little fat elderly man put his fingers exactly where the other's had been, effecting the exchange with a sharp gesture; and each watched intently to see that it was right to within a millimetre. The elderly man smiled, and begged the engineer not to be alarmed. So they left him with his two forefingers well above his head, precisely twenty-five centimetres apart, and pressing their tips against the wall of the Crédit Lyonnais.

"Let us go to the theatre," said the experimenter, "and when we come back I warrant you will agree with my remarks on Bureaucracy."

They went to hear the admirable marble lines of Cornelle. For three hours they were absorbed by the classics, and, when they returned, a crowd, now enormous, was surging all over the Boulevard, stopping the traffic and filled with a noise like the sea. Policemen were attacking it with the utmost energy, but still it grew and eddied; and in the centre a little respectful space kept empty around him—still stretched the poor little fat elderly man, a pitiable sight. His knees were bent, his head wagged and drooped with extreme fatigue, he was the colour of old blotting-paper; but still he kept the tips of his two forefingers exactly twenty-five centimetres apart, well above his head, and pressed against the wall of the Crédit Lyonnais.

"You will not match that with your aristocratic sentiment?" said the author of the scene in pardonable triumph.

"I am not so sure," answered the Duke of Sussex. He pulled out his watch. "It is midnight," he said, "and I must be off; but let me tell you before we part that you have paid for a most expensive dinner, and have behaved all night with an extravagant deference under the impression that I was the Duke of Sussex. As a fact my name is Jerks, and I am a commercial traveller in the lined oil line; and I wish you the best of good evenings."

"Wait a moment," said the man in the Big Fur Coat, "my theory of the Simple Human Sense of Authority holds. I am a detective office, and you will both be good enough to follow me to the police station."

And so they did, and the Engineer was fined fifty francs in correctional, and the Duke of Sussex was imprisoned for ten days, with interdiction of domicile for six months, the first indeed under the Prefectoral Decree of the 18th of November 1843, but the second under the law of the 12th germinal of the year VIII.—From "The Path to Rome," by HILMAS BELLOC. (Born July 27, 1870).

MARITIME WHOLESALERS HARDWARE ASSOCIATION

At the annual meeting of the Maritime Wholesalers Hardware Association, held at the Algonquin Hotel, St. Andrews, on Wednesday, July 11, H. W. Emerson, of St. John, the former vice-president of the Association, was elected in the place of the retiring president, Lieutenant Colonel R. B. Simmons, of Halifax.

George Metzler, representing the firm of William Stairs, Son & Morrow, of Halifax, was elected vice-president. The president's annual report was read, being a summary of the work of the Association for the past year.

Besides Colonel Simmons, H. W. Emerson and George Metzler, the following members were present: A. W. Morton, Joseph Wyer, M. O. Cromwell, J. R. Harris, all of Halifax; R. P. Dickson, of Moncton; H. N. Stevens, of Amherst; J. F. Titoo, W. J. Stratton, S. W. Davidson, E. A. Foster, R. F. O'Neill, all of St. John.

The following guests were present: representatives of manufacturing concerns in the maritime provinces and elsewhere: G. Wilfred Campbell, of St. John; C. E. Huettis, of St. Stephen; J. W. Simms, H. C. Rogers, S. M. Farquhar, and W. P. Downing, of St. John; W. E. Bell, of Moncton; James Ramsay, H. E. Dripps and James Kinsman, of Philadelphia; and Charles Huettis, of Boston.

RECRUITING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The official report of the result of recruiting in the Province of New Brunswick, for home and overseas service, for the week ending July 14, is as follows:

York County—	26
220th Battalion Canadian Engineers	3
8th Field Ambulance depot R. N. C. V. R.	1
Kings County—	—33
No. 2 Forestry Company St. John County—	20
62nd Regiment, O. S. draft No. 2 Forestry Company Canadian Engineers	2
8th Field Ambulance depot Gloucester County—	13
No. 2 Forestry Company Charlotte County—	12
No. 2 Forestry Company 5th Field Ambulance depot	5
Restigouche County—	6
No. 2 Forestry Company Carleton County—	6
Canadian Engineers No. 2 Forestry Company	2
Albert County—	4
Canadian Engineers Westmorland County—	1
Canadian Engineers Home Service	2
Northumberland County—	—3
Victoria County Kent County	1
Queens & Sunbury Madawaska County	0
Total for week	98

Of the 33 recruits shown for York County for the week 29 were enlisted in the United States.

San Juan, Porto Rico, July 17.—With 62 out of 70 municipalities completely reported the returns of yesterday's election early to-day showed Porto Rico to have voted for prohibition by more than two to one.

Forty-three of the municipalities gave prohibition majorities as compared with 19 voting against the measure.

A PESSIMISTIC EDITOR

M. Harris, publisher of a paper at Mounds, Ill., is not very optimistic. If we may judge by a want ad he had inserted in a trade paper, his ad follows: "Wanted—A printer to take entire charge of my weekly paper, while I go to war. Job may be permanent."—*Beaumont Enterprise*.

KING'S PROCLAMATION

London, July 17.—The King's proclamation changing the name of his House to that of Windsor says:

"We, out of our royal will and authority, do hereby declare and announce that, as from the date of our royal proclamation, our house and family shall be styled and known as the house and family of Windsor, and that all descendants in the male line of our grandmother, Queen Victoria, who are subjects of these realms, other than the female descendants who may marry or may have married, shall bear the said name of Windsor."

"As we do hereby declare and announce that we for ourselves and for and on behalf of our descendants, and all other descendants of our grandmother, Queen Victoria, who are subjects of these realms, relinquish and enjoin the discontinuance of the use of degrees, styles, dignities, titles and honors of the Dukes and Duchesses of Saxony and the Princes and Princesses of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and all other German degrees, styles, dignities, titles and honors and the appellation to us or to them heretofore belonging or appertaining."

NEW GRILL ROOM AT THE ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN

With the opening of the new grill room in the Royal Hotel on Friday by a social function under the auspices of the Red Cross Society, a further step in providing the City with up-to-date and exacting restaurant accommodation will have been made.

Fresh from the hands of skilled artisans who have been employed in its construction for the past two months, the new grill rooms are of great beauty and surpass anything hitherto attempted in the city. Under the management of Mr. F. W. Green, New York, a widely-known caterer who has surrounded himself with a capable staff and seen that the most modern grill appliances have been installed, the quality of the cuisine and efficiency of service appeared assured. The grill will be open for patronage from noon until 10 p.m. During the noon hours a business man's lunch will be served. In the afternoon there will be an opportunity to enjoy the popular afternoon tea and light refreshments. An orchestra brought from the United States will be in attendance at all times. There is accommodation in the grill for 125 patrons.

The restaurant is situated to the rear of the hotel tower, and comprises three rooms, the grill room proper, the Wistaria room of smaller size and which may be said to be an alcove of the main room, and the ice cream and soda fountain department.

Tessellated floors in grey and white run through the three compartments. The main grill is wonderfully attractive. The color scheme is of grey, blue, and gold. A large stained glass skylight, permitting a soft flow of light, walls of mirror-lattices work with rambler rose vines, splendid paintings of rural scenes, tables with individual lamps, and attractive furniture, are some of the details of the room.

The ice cream and soda fountain room, with lights in several colors in the form of grapes, peeping from a profusion of grape vines running along white rafters, a fountain with pedestal of bronze and a large bowl of art glass, a magnificent counter of oak, with snags and silver fountain, make a delightful place.

It has been appropriately named the Grape Arbor. The Wistaria room, so called from a profusion of wistaria blossoms and vines running over the trellis work of the walls, its ceiling of blue, is very attractive. Looking from this room through the doorway leading to the main grill one can see the rural paintings show up wonderfully well.—*St. John Globe*, July 12.

THE HUNS' RETREAT

"Hindenburg's genius—retreat to the Siegried line—his recoil in order to spring forward better—seems to have got mixed up somehow with the offensive of Haig and Petain."

The speaker was Col. Bradley Evans, of the committee to entertain the English Mission, of which Mr. Arthur J. Balfour was the head.

"Yes," he continued, "Hindenburg rather reminds me of the little girl who was sent to the store for fly-paper."

"Her mother waited for her an hour, and then started out to look her up. She found her on a corner, moving backwards erratically."

"Milly, have you got that fly-paper?"

"No, mother, said the little girl. 'It's got me, but we're coming together.'"

Philadelphia Bulletin.

KORNILOFF, RUSSIA'S HERO

Petrograd, July 11.—Russia is ringing with the name of the latest hero of the war, Lieut.-Gen. L. G. Korniloff, whose astonishing victories in Galicia first proved that the new advance is no mere flash in the pan. Gen. Korniloff is the most daring, chivalrous, and scholarly officer in the army. For a romantic rise from humble origin, Russian history has only one parallel—that of Michel Vassilievitch Loponossol, fisherman's son, poet, philosopher, creator of the modern Russian language, in the first half of the eighteenth century.

From log cabin to general is the literal text of the chronicle of Gen. Korniloff's career. Born forty-six years ago, son of a poor peasant, he was educated in a school, where his remarkable mathematical faculties brought approval from the authorities, even though he was suspected, with reason, of being a secret revolutionary.

Next, Gen. Korniloff was an officer in the Guards, and, being penniless, was obliged to serve in Turkestan. In the Japanese war he received the rank of colonel and was entrusted with a desperate mission—that of covering the retreat from Mukden of one of Gen. Kuropatkin's army. This was executed with such resolution and skill that he was awarded the St. George Cross. Later he travelled all through Turkestan, the Caucasus, and Europe, studying, observing, and writing valuable books on Turkestan and the countries of Central Asia.

Amazing to strangers is his gift for languages, for he speaks not only all European tongues, but also Persian, Chinese, and the dialects of Central Asia. At the outbreak of the great war he was in command of the Forty-eighth Division, once called Suworoff's, now Korniloff's. In Galicia in 1915 he repeated the Mukden feat, covering under an unexplored month-long hail of Austro-German shells wherein his own force broke through the encircling fog, but he himself was wounded and taken prisoner by the Austrians. The enemy pressed related that the Austrian commander was so impressed with Gen. Korniloff's accomplishments and bearing that his sword was returned to him. He was not long a prisoner. After a daring flight from an Austrian prison camp and remarkable adventures, he reached Russia.

At the outbreak of the revolution he was invited to command the troops of Petrograd, implying his full confidence in revolutionary Russia. When the disorders arose, Gen. Korniloff, fearing the necessity of repression, resigned, saying he would sooner shoot the foe than his own countrymen. He took command of the Eighth Army, whose brilliant exploit is due primarily to him.

THE SENATOR FROM CHARLOTTE HEARD FROM

THE FOOD SUPPLY

Hon. DANIEL GILMOR: Honorable gentlemen, it is not often that I occupy the attention of the House; in fact, I think this is the first time that I have ever attempted to do so. I would not do so now were it not that I think that the question which I wish to ask the Government may be of assistance in helping to win the war in which we are all so vitally interested. I notice by the papers to-day that the Food Controller has issued a statement that the consumption of wheat, beef, and bacon in the Dominion must be reduced by at least one-third in order to meet the needs of the Allies and their armies at the front. On a previous occasion the Food Controller issued a request that the people of this country should use all perishable foods in order to stimulate the supply of non-perishable foods for our Allies. Therefore, I would respectfully ask the leader of the Government if he will bring this matter to the attention of his colleagues in the Government and request them to remove the tax, or duty, whichever it may be called, now imposed upon the importation of these foodstuffs from the United States. I am sure that I shall have his sympathetic interest in this request, as I have that of all the members on this side of the House. The Government cannot object to removing this duty on account of the loss of revenue involved, because they can easily charge that to the feeding of the soldiers and our Allies who are doing so much for the protection of this country and for humanity in general. They are far across the sea, but I am sure that honorable gentlemen opposite will stand behind my honorable friend when he makes this request.

Hon. Mr. LANDRY: Questions of this kind are very important, affecting the whole policy of the Government, and I think we should be consulted on them. I am very glad that the honorable gentleman has drawn the attention of the House to this question; but I would not wish the Government immediately to adopt a policy which would not meet with the approval of this House. I think the privilege of asking questions when the Orders of the Day are called is for the purpose of asking something which does not involve quite so much as the inquiry of the honorable gentleman.

Hon. Sir JAMES LOUGHEED: At the request of my honorable friend, I shall be very glad to direct the attention of the Government to his remarks and suggestions, which may be of use, provided that in the meantime the United States does not put an embargo on the articles mentioned.—*The Debates of the Senate*, Ottawa, July 12.

COLLOSSAL EMBEZZLEMENT

Commenting the other day on the sale of peerages and baronetcies, carried on with about the same discrimination as a counter display in a vending spring onions, or kippered herrings, we pointed out that, whatever might be thought of the traffic, the money arising from it was public property. Even if the "fountain of honor" be so polluted by this abominable traffic as to become little more than a squirring cesspool, nevertheless, the man who buys a draught should pay his money to the proprietors of the fountain and not to a Party Corruption Fund. In fact, as we said, the sale of public property and the diversion of the money to private pockets—apart from its production of the King's name for the purposes of a vile system of debased bargaining—amounts simply and purely to malversation or downright embezzlement. In the *Times* of Monday, Sir Frederick Milner told the story of a friend who bought a peerage, and subsequently admitted, in reply to questions, that he had paid £100,000 for it. Now that £100,000 is public money. If it has not passed into the public exchequer to be used for national purposes, there has been committed an act of embezzlement which, whether criminal or not in the technical sense, is at least that from the public point of view. In fact, we cannot see what possible defence could be pleaded if the managers of the party funds who have received this £100,000 were put in the dock at Bow street under a carefully framed charge instituted by the public prosecutor. Nothing whatever can be expected, however, from the House of Commons, which is itself an openly contenting party to these acts of corruption. But everything should be done to disseminate among the democracy the fullest knowledge of this dirty trade so as to emphasize public indignation and strengthen the torrential rush of national anger and abhorrence which will sweep these things into the oblivion they deserve.—*Financial News*, London.

"Pa were you rich when me married you?" "No, my dear." "Well, papa, what was it then, do you think, that manna married you for?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

FEATHERS FROM THE SEA

If you should see Milady wearing a beautiful "feather" of red, green, blue, black or white upon her hat, it is not necessary to jump to the conclusion that some tropical or other bird has been deplored of its plumage, and in violation of the recent laws. Not at all! The new hydrofil fishery of Chesapeake Bay will cheerfully and legitimately take the full responsibility (and the honors) of this innovation in millinery.

According to an authority with whom *The Fishing Gazette* discussed the new industry, the gathering of hydrofil—erroneously called a "sea mussel"—bids fair to become of considerable commercial importance. Years ago it was to be found attached to the rocks in Jamaica Bay and at Coney Island, and was used for various decorative purposes. Its adoption by the milliner is one of the consequences of the recent laws for the conservation of bird life, which has put a ban on the wearing of real feathers.

However, the sea, true to its reputation for gallantry and resourcefulness, has come to the aid of the fair sex. A hydrofil "feather" looks as well or better than the real article. Almost any length up to three feet, may be had, so that extremes of fashion can be well served.

The hydrofil, which is scientifically grouped as *Serrisole*, is the delicate, mesh-like skeleton of a minute sea creature allied to the jellyfish. It can be processed and dyed any color. Recently there had been inquiries for it for commercial purposes, and the Bureau of Fisheries located beds in Chesapeake Bay. Material has been found also in the Great Wicomico and Rappahannock rivers. A Baltimore firm is now prosecuting the industry.—*The Fishing Gazette*, New York.

COLOSSAL EMBEZZLEMENT

Commenting the other day on the sale of peerages and baronetcies, carried on with about the same discrimination as a counter display in a vending spring onions, or kippered herrings, we pointed out that, whatever might be thought of the traffic, the money arising from it was public property. Even if the "fountain of honor" be so polluted by this abominable traffic as to become little more than a squirring cesspool, nevertheless, the man who buys a draught should pay his money to the proprietors of the fountain and not to a Party Corruption Fund. In fact, as we said, the sale of public property and the diversion of the money to private pockets—apart from its production of the King's name for the purposes of a vile system of debased bargaining—amounts simply and purely to malversation or downright embezzlement. In the *Times* of Monday, Sir Frederick Milner told the story of a friend who bought a peerage, and subsequently admitted, in reply to questions, that he had paid £100,000 for it. Now that £100,000 is public money. If it has not passed into the public exchequer to be used for national purposes, there has been committed an act of embezzlement which, whether criminal or not in the technical sense, is at least that from the public point of view. In fact, we cannot see what possible defence could be pleaded if the managers of the party funds who have received this £100,000 were put in the dock at Bow street under a carefully framed charge instituted by the public prosecutor. Nothing whatever can be expected, however, from the House of Commons, which is itself an openly contenting party to these acts of corruption. But everything should be done to disseminate among the democracy the fullest knowledge of this dirty trade so as to emphasize public indignation and strengthen the torrential rush of national anger and abhorrence which will sweep these things into the oblivion they deserve.—*Financial News*, London.

"Pa were you rich when me married you?" "No, my dear." "Well, papa, what was it then, do you think, that manna married you for?"—*Detroit Free Press*.