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AT A VENTURE

ATTENTION, MR. McADOO!

DEAR SIR: I see by the papers that the President has taken over the wires as well as the railroads. Do you think he could be persuaded to take over my little Ford also? I assure you it is a public utility.

Since I bought the Ford I have become the family hack man. I am a chauffeur without the salary or independence of one. I hack my wife, my mother-in-law, my wife's sisters, and yesterday my better half asked me to hack the person who spoils our steaks and chops. I was to take her out for an evening ride. I protested in vain; I had to take her out for that drive, said my wife, in order to keep her satisfied with the place.

But at that, she is going to leave us for a place with a Rolls-Royce attached (the cook, not my wife). My wife accuses me of not having been cordial enough to her (the cook, not my wife).

Once I took my dear ones on a weekend tour. As a preliminary precaution I had the car in a garage and the man put her into first-rate shape. Until that time nothing had been the matter with the confounded thing. But in the garage she developed neurasthenia. Listen:

We hardly got twenty miles beyond Van Cortlandt Park when something developed in her throat, a sort of hiccupping, gurgling sound. Had I not known she was a perfectly respectable car—

At Ossining we stopped for dinner, and another garage man swooped out her pipes, and pulled a couple of tons out of her radiator. Our youngsters ate heartily à la carte, while we were waiting at an auto tourist's roadhouse. Hence supper, for me, proved a rather gloomy affair.

We stopped at Tarrytown and Rhinebeck to interview the local auto veterinarian, on account of a dropsy which now developed in the radiator pipe. We had her tapped by the expert twice, and she managed to carry us by evening to Peekskill. Here she fainted entirely, and unfortunately in front of the most expensive hotel in town. "It's something the matter with her respirator," sighed the new garage man, as he flashed a light down her throat. "The circulation is very poor. I will get the oxygen tanks." Also I felt it was all up with our pretty little pet that had carried us almost forty miles.

But, over night she took a turn for the better and next morning proved quite frisky, so much so that no sooner had we started than she began to buck. She would get off at wild speed, then stop headlong, and sputter, and lower her wind-shield and dive for the roadside. My wife screamed, but the children enjoyed the sport hugely.

We took her to the garage man, in Hudson, who examined her carefully, put his ear to her commutator, felt the pulse in her carburetor, and said: "It's adenoids." The operation was short, though gory.

After that she proceeded pretty steadily till we got to Kinderhook. There her liver went back on her. Clouds of steam burst from her, she boiled over, and the way she panted up the smallest hills was pitiful.

This time she stopped in front of a quick lunch place (it was noon), and so I, at any rate, was more content. The house surgeon at the main local repair shop said that a major operation, removing of a gear, insertion of a false one, scraping of the peritoneum for carbon, and a number of minor matters would have to be attended to before she was herself again. I suggested Euthanasia, at which she acted dreadfully shocked.

She started off again, in fairly chipper fashion, after several hours in the operating room, although pretty soon she worked up a terrible squeak in her joints. The night had been rather misty and damp, and, of course, that was the trouble. She had caught her death of rheumatism. I opened her hood and poured a quart or two of heavy oil into her; yet she went right on creaking. Suddenly she began to list to port, and we all got sea-sick. I dismounted and examined her under pinning. She was developing a serious case of spavins.

We held her to it, until we got to the Albany night-boat. She just managed to creep and wheeze and gasp onto the dock, when, to all intents and purposes, she died. The dockhands said I would have to have a special licence for a corpse. But I said, "Nonsense, these are war times." They rolled her on board for me, after being liberally tipped.

Next day I went to the garage man in the suburb where I live and said, "I don't expect her ever to be perfectly well again, not so that she can dance and skip about and sing carelessly, like other young girls. But if you can just kind of doctor her up so that she can sit around and smile in the sunshine, and maybe take a little run back and forth to the station or the gro-

cery store 'round the corner, now and then, why my wife and I will bless you."

But he did more than that. And that's why I still do the family hacking, and why I wish President Wilson would take over our Ford.

MARCO POLO.

—The New York Evening Post.

LONELY NOW IN CHINATOWN

JUST where Lagachetiere street branches west from St. Lawrence Boulevard, and twists off at an angle as if trying to reach into the Orient, is Montreal's Chinatown, containing with the tips of adjacent cross streets, the centre of the city's Chinese population.

Just where the wriggling street narrows, opposite the corner of St. Urbain street, up two flights of stairs, is a tiny grocery store, with no further advertising outside than a colored paper poster painted with big Chinese characters, proclaiming the fact that within may be had Chinese nuts and Chinese plants, rice and fans and tea, dried fish and back-scratchers, and a thousand and one other necessities and vanities to tempt the Oriental patrons.

This little store is the abode and the sum total of all worldly possessions of Ling Hai Fung—very old, very fat, very bald of head and very shining and wrinkled of countenance, and wearing a "receiving costume," resembling nothing so much as a glorified, if somewhat ill-used night-shirt. Yet Ling Hai Fung is a power, and has been one for a long time, even as years are reckoned in China.

Long ago, before the world ever thought of entering the ports of the Great Eastern Empire, before Right and Humanity and Democracy had reached even to the boundaries of the oldest civilization of the world, Ling Hai Fung cut off his nose and sailed for Canada. He was nine years old, and that was seventy-eight years ago.

In all his years in Canada, Ling Hai Fung has learned how to speak English remarkably well, and can carry on a conversation without many of the peculiarities with which the Oriental adopts the new tongue. As to those days long ago, Ling Hai Fung remembers very little. He knows that he never saw a white man until he came across the ocean with his father, sneaking by the harbor guards in a little "junk" out to a tramp steamer beyond.

That was the beginning of a new life for him, but only the end of an old one for his father who reaching out after freedom from the rule of the despotic Emperor of China, never reached the "promised land," and Ling Hai Fung came to Canada in charge of a friend who had sworn to the dying father to watch over him.

Four years after the little ship reached the shores of Vancouver Island the friend died, and at thirteen the young Chinaman was left to shift for himself. It was one year later that he came to Montreal, to settle in the embryonic Chinese colony.

It was his father's friend who used to tell him wonderful stories of his Motherland which he scarcely remembered—tales of adventures of great Chinese warriors, and of the cruelty of the ancient dynasty—of Englishmen tortured and killed when they ventured to tell of the new day that was to come for China, when it would take its place among the great and democratic nations of the world.

"Once," Ling Hai Fung said, "he tell me of one Englishman who come to China. He speak Chinese, disguise like Chinaman, look much like Chinese man in all ways. But somebody thinks 'That man English,' and they—kill him. Yes, but not right away."

"There is a book—poetry—great Chinese poet. He says how Chinese are great and white people not great. They give Englishman this book to read, and he cannot read."

"A Chinese newspaper, published in San Francisco was lying on the table when the old man told the tale in Montreal the other day. One could hardly blame the unfortunate Englishman."

"When he cannot read, they tell him. They say he is white. Then they tell him what the book says. It is about white men and says they are proud because they are white. Then it says that it is the leper that is whitest of all. And when that Englishman comes out from there he has leprosy. Fow Chung tell me so."

But Ling Hai Fung is very unhappy now. He loves the republic for the hope of which his father worked so hard, so many years ago. But the republic is responsible nevertheless, for Ling Hai Fung's unhappiness.

"Chinese men here," he said, "they run away from emperor and come to America. No more emperor—they go back. Many gone. Lonesome here now."

In fact, the ancient Mongolian stated the Chinese resident population of Montreal had been sadly depleted since the Republican régime came into force. Chinamen who flew from the despotism

of the old Empress and the Emperor, have gone back, educated in America, to take their places among the foremost lights of political, social, and economic China. Thus has the outside world entered the Mongolian people's territory, through their own countrymen.

But Ling Hai Fung, Montreal Chinaman, brought up in Canada, is unhappy. "I cannot go. I am too old," he said sadly, "and I like here. But it is very lonesome."

And Ling Hai Fung hustled off to get some newly arrived Chinese nuts for a customer who had just come in.—*Montreal Herald.*

NECESSITY OF COOLIE LABOR

Ottawa, Aug. 8.—Hon. F. B. Carvell, Minister of Public Works, in an interview to-day takes a very serious view of the fuel situation in Canada and advocates strongly the temporary importation of coolie labor as the solution of the problem. The labor question has been before the cabinet repeatedly this summer, but there is ground for the belief that in methods for solving the difficulty which are presented the ministers do not exactly see eye to eye.

"There is likely to be untold suffering in the country next winter for lack of fuel," declared Mr. Carvell to-day. "The situation is that miners are working only about seventy-five per cent of the time, and getting such big wages that they can afford to loaf the rest of the time. There are industrial plants in Canada which do not know where their power is coming from next winter. This applies to steel plants."

"What is the remedy? I would put ten thousand Chinamen at work in coal mines, steel plants, and rail construction gangs, put them where they can be segregated, and of course have them under indenture to go back when the war is over. This is what they are doing in England and France. Why not in Canada?"

"There is time enough between now and next winter to do a lot and produce sufficient fuel to obviate a very threatening situation. It may not be popular to advocate action as I do, but this is no time for pussy footing."

ALLIED AND NEUTRAL SHIPPING LOSSES IN JULY

Paris, Aug. 14.—The Allied and neutral shipping sunk by enemy submarines during July amounted to 270,000 tons, compared with 534,839 tons sunk in July, 1917. This radical decrease in losses is doubly significant when the increase in merchant marine navigation resulting from the American shipbuilding effort is considered. The Entente nations constructed during July a tonnage in excess of 280,000 tons that destroyed during the month by enemy operations. The Entente tonnage sunk in 1918 so far was fifty per cent less than that lost in 1917.

BRITISH CASUALTIES

London, Aug. 14.—British casualties reported in the week ending to-day totalled 8,620, compared with an aggregate of 9,866 reported in the previous week. These are divided as follows:

Killed or died of wounds—Officers, 215; men, 1,441.

Wounded or missing—Officers, 647; men, 6,317.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, Aug. 13.—A British torpedo boat destroyer was sunk by an enemy submarine in the Mediterranean on Aug. 6. Seven of the destroyer's complement were lost. The Admiralty made this announcement to-day.

—New York, August 8.—Information that the American steamship *Merak*, 3,224 tons gross, was sunk by a German submarine off Cape Hatteras on Tuesday night, was received to-day in marine insurance circles here.

One small boat containing 18 members of the crew is still unaccounted for. The captain and 26 members of the crew have been landed at Noafok. The *Merak* one of the former Dutch cargo vessels which were taken over a few months ago by the United States Shipping Board, was on her way from an American port for Chile carrying coal.

Elizabeth City, Mo., Aug. 8.—Twenty survivors of the crew of the American steamship *Merak*, sunk by a German submarine off the North Carolina coast Tuesday night, were landed here to-day accounting for all persons aboard the vessel.

—Washington, Aug. 1.—The Portuguese bark *Portio* was sunk by a German submarine 550 miles off the Atlantic coast July 27. The Navy Department announced to-day that the crew of eighteen men

had been landed at an American port by a British steamer.

After overhauling the barque the submarine's crew destroyed it with bombs placed in the cargo of cotton. No further details were given, but it was assumed that the crew was permitted to take to the small boats. The *Portio* was bound from Savannah for Oporto.

—London, Aug. 2.—The Norwegian brig *Alkhar*, of Arendale, was sunk off the coast of Norway on Wednesday, by a German submarine, says a dispatch from Christiania to the Central News Agency. The Germans carried off all the provisions and instruments before sinking the vessel. The crew was saved.

—Paris, Aug. 13.—Four hundred and forty-two men are missing as a result of the torpedoing of the French steamer, *Diannah*, in the Mediterranean with troops on board, according to an official announcement to-night. Four days later the French steamer *Australien* also was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. The *Australien* remained afloat.

—New York, Aug. 2.—The American steamship *Poseidon*, 1,911 tons gross, formerly under the Dutch flag, was sunk in a collision with an American tanker last Wednesday off the Delaware Capes. It was learned in marine circles here to-day. Five members of her crew of thirty-eight are reported as missing. Capt. Davis, master of the ship, died as the result of exposure after being landed.

Thirty-three men of the crew were landed at Lewes, Del., having been picked up by a patrol boat after they had floated for about eight hours. Many of the men were found clinging to wreckage, as part of the ship's equipment of lifeboats had been destroyed in the crash.

According to the information received here, the missing men are the second and third mates, a messboy and two sailors. The damage to the American tanker was such that she was compelled to enter a nearby port.

The *Poseidon* was taken over in an American port by the United States shipping Board with other Dutch vessels several months ago. She was assigned to the coastwise coal-carrying trade. When sunk she was on a voyage from Boston to Norfolk.

—New York, Aug. 14.—Torpedoed without warning at 6.10 o'clock, just at the mouth of New York harbor, last evening, the *Frederick B. Kellogg* sank in three minutes, said members of her crew on coming ashore here to-day. The force of the explosion was terrific, they declared, and seven missing men, who were in the engine room, are believed to have been killed. No submarine was seen, according to Capt. White. The survivors, in small boats, rowed for three hours toward shore, when a freighter took them aboard.

The *Frederick B. Kellogg* was a new tank steamship of 7,127 tons gross register, valued at more than \$1,500,000, under command of Capt. C. H. White. She was on her way from Tampico, Mexico, to Boston with a cargo of approximately 70,000 barrels of crude oil. The ship was owned by the Petroleum Transport Company.

—London, Aug. 12.—The Admiralty announced to-day that six British motor boats have failed to return from a reconnoitering expedition carried out on August 11 along the west Friesland coast of Holland.

—Boston, Aug. 12.—Two submarines raided the fishing fleet on George's Banks Saturday, and the crews of the fishing schooners *Oldtime* and *Cruiser*, probably were lost when their boats were sunk by gunfire without warning, according to the crew of the fishing schooner *Mary Sennett* who were landed here to-night. The *Sennett* was also sunk by gunfire and shells were fired at the boats when they were putting away, the fishermen said.

—An Atlantic Port, Aug. 13.—The Dutch steamship *Sommerstand*, one of the Dutch vessels taken over by the United States government, was sunk by a German submarine off Fire Island yesterday. The crew of 31 men was brought here to-day by a naval patrol boat.

—An Atlantic Port, Aug. 12.—A British merchant steamer was recently sunk off the North Atlantic coast, according to the second officer of the German submarine, which sent nine fishing schooners to the bottom of George's Banks Saturday and Sunday. This report was given members of the crew of the *Kate Palmer*, a fishing schooner, when they were taken aboard the submarine, prior to the destruction of their vessel. The fishermen reported that probably sixty fishermen were cast adrift in small boats after the submarine's attack upon the fleet.

Boston, Aug. 12.—Fishermen here said last night that apparently all of the nine schooners sunk by German submarines on George's Banks, yesterday, were small

sword fishermen. The vessels were valued at from \$5,000 to \$12,000 each.

—London, Aug. 5.—Two British boat destroyers were sunk by enemy mines on August 2, according to an official statement by the British Admiralty. Five officers and ninety-two ratings were lost, according to the statement.

—Washington, August 5.—Sinking of submarine chaser No. 187 in a collision with another vessel last night near Hog Island, off the Virginia coast, was reported to-day by the Navy Department. All of the crew were rescued.

—London, Aug. 6.—The British ambulance transport *Warilda* with 600 ill and wounded soldiers on board, homeward bound, was sunk by a German submarine near a British port last Saturday morning, according to an announcement by the Admiralty last evening. The ill and wounded were being brought from a French port to England.

The total number missing is 123, as follows: Two military officers, a commandant in Queen Mary's Auxiliary Corps, one American soldier, seven of the crew, and 112 others. The American was Corporal Buckman.

Two American officers, Corporal Buckman, and four American privates were aboard the *Warilda* when she was sunk. Both officers were saved. They were Capt. J. T. Beatty and Lieut. H. T. Hubert. More than 650 survivors of the *Warilda* have been landed at a British port. The *Warilda* was built in Glasgow in 1912, and was of 7,713 tons net register. She was owned by the Adelaide Steamship Company, of Port Adelaide, Australia.

—Washington, Aug. 7.—The Diamond Shoals lightship, off Cape Hatteras, N. C., was shelled and sunk by an enemy submarine late yesterday, the navy department was to-day informed. The crew, who took to their boats, have reached shore safely. The submarine came within half a mile of shore, according to the brief report which reached the navy department.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 5.—Capt. John Simms and his crew of 17, of the Yarmouth schooner *Nelson A.*, have arrived at Lockport, reporting that their vessel was blown up by an enemy submarine off this coast yesterday. They said that they were bound for Lockport at the time with a good fare of fish from the La Have fishing banks, when they sighted a submarine about seven miles away. The U-boat did not fire at them, but came up at full speed, reaching halting distance in about fifteen minutes, and ordered the crew to take to their boats immediately. After sinking the *Nelson A.*, the enemy submarine disappeared.

To the Canadian Press to-day, Capt. Simms said that he sailed from Lockport a week ago for the La Have fishing banks. The weather was favorable, and on Saturday the schooner set sail for Lockport with 70,000 pounds of mixed fresh fish on board.

"At twenty minutes after eleven yesterday morning," said Capt. Simms, "we sighted a submarine about seven miles away coming towards us from a south-westerly direction at full speed. In about fifteen minutes she stopped a short distance away from our stern, and the order came to us to take to our boats as soon as possible. This we did, launching four dories. Acting under the instructions of the commander of the submarine, I took one dory with two men alongside the U-boat, and we towed the commander and two men over to the *Nelson A.* They had with them several bags, containing bombs, I suppose. The Germans went aboard and ordered me to come with them. They took our log line and hauled one end of it under the ship's stern, making it fast to the main rigging. They then proceeded to 'keel-haul' one of their bombs. It was evidently timed, as the Germans seemed in no hurry to leave the ship."

"The German skipper demanded my papers and flag, which I gave. He then asked what fish we had on board, and demanded some halibut, which he took and put in the dory. Then he took me into the fore-castle and took all the provisions there that he considered worth taking."

"After he had removed about everything that was movable, he ordered us to leave and take him back to the submarine. I asked him if he would allow me first to get a pair of boots, and he granted permission. We then rowed off from the *Nelson A.*"

"The other dories had proceeded half a mile or so and they waited for us. When we gathered together we rested on our oars to see the end of the poor old *Nelson A.*, but nothing happened. The bomb evidently failed to explode."

"The Germans got out a boat of their own, rowed to the schooner and stayed on board a minute, then returned to the submarine. Three minutes later—at twelve noon, to be exact—we saw our ship split in two, and in a few minutes

there was nothing left on the surface but wreckage.

"The last we saw of the submarine she was heading east south-east. At first we thought she was making for a small Lockport schooner which could be seen about five miles away."

—Washington, Aug. 8.—German submarines operating off the French coast on August 3, sank the small American steamship *Lake Portage* and the British steamer *Berwind*. A belated official report announced here to-day told of the sinkings without details. The *Lake Portage*, of 1,998 gross tons, was built last year at Duluth, Minn.

—Nantucket, Mass., August 13.—The auxiliary schooner *Earl and Nettie* was added to-day to the list of fishing vessels sunk by a German submarine off George's Bank on Saturday. The six members of the crew, picked up 100 miles east of Nantucket and brought here with four survivors of the schooner *Anita May*, reported that their vessel had been sunk by gunfire after having been looted by a raiding squad from the U-boat.

—An Atlantic Port, Aug. 13.—The Norwegian steamship *Sommerstad*, one of the vessels taken over by the United States Government, was sunk by a German submarine off Fire Island yesterday morning. The crew of 31 was brought here to-day by a naval patrol boat.

The *Sommerstad*, of 2,500 tons, was bringing cargo from a Scandinavian port when she was attacked. The crew took to the boats and had been afloat but a short time when the naval vessel reached the scene. As yet information is not available as to whether the freighter was sunk without warning.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 9.—The Newfoundland three-masted schooner *Glady's M. Hollett*, 159 tons, which was held up off this coast on Monday last by an enemy submarine and bombed, was towed to port early this morning. The schooner is on her beam ends, but can be easily righted and made seaworthy again.

The vessel was bound from Twillingate, Newfoundland, for New York, when the U-boat attacked her. Capt. Chuet, master of the schooner, reported when he reached land last Tuesday that the Germans exploded a bomb on his ship, but that when he last saw her she was still afloat, though on her side.

—Nantucket, Mass., Aug. 11.—Nine fishing schooners were sunk off George's Bank to-day by a German submarine, a naval scout boat, which put in here to-night reported. The scout boat picked up word of the raid from the auxiliary fishing schooner *Helen Murley*, which had rescued four survivors and was taking them to port. George's Banks are sixty miles of this island.

—Washington, Aug. 12.—German submarine raiders operating off the North Atlantic coast have destroyed three more vessels, the Navy Department to-day announced.

The British steamer *Penstone*, of 4,139 gross tons, was torpedoed 100 miles east of Nantucket lightship yesterday morning; the Swedish steamship *Sydland*, of 3,031 gross tons, was sunk by bombs on August 8, 100 miles southeast of Nantucket, and an American schooner, reported as the *Herman Winter*, but whose identity has not been definitely established, was destroyed by gunfire yesterday, 200 miles east of New York. All members of the crew of the *Sydland* were reported saved, but the navy's dispatch did not clear up the fate of the crews of the other vessels.

The *Penstone* and the *Herman Winter* were sent down in the vicinity of George's Bank, off the Massachusetts coast, where a submarine came to the surface Sunday in the midst of a fleet of American fishing vessels, nine of which were destroyed.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 12.—Fifteen survivors of the steamer *Sydland* arrived here to-day and reported that their vessel had been sunk by a German submarine Saturday. Fifteen others of the crew were picked up by another ship.

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, Aug. 7.—The crew of the Japanese Mail Steamer Company's ship, *Tokuyama Maru*, who reached here this morning, reported their ship was sunk by a German submarine on August 1.

The *Tokuyama Maru* was on a voyage from an English port to an American port, and was sunk about two hundred miles from shore. The ship was sunk without warning. The crew to the number of 86 got out the boats and were ultimately picked up by an American schooner.

The submarine, members of the crew stated, fired five torpedoes at the ship before she sank. The submarine came up among the boats several hours after the *Tokuyama Maru* had gone down, and the German commander questioned the Japanese about their ship.

The *Tokuyama Maru* was owned by the Japanese Mail Steamship Company and was built at Kobe in 1915. The vessel was of 7,029 tons gross.