



R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM

BORN as he was just where the High and the Lowlands touch, he had amalgamated much of the character of the two.

I noted those words in one of Cunningham Graham's books. It struck me as illuminating, almost like an splash of a very elusive personality in modern letters. I clutched them as a marooned sailor might leap upon a water bottle. I saw in a flash that I had been saved weeks ago from a sea of troubles.

I must admit that I had not been working towards that conclusion—but the way was perilous.

There are contradictions in the character of Cunningham Graham that might fret and defeat the southern. There are pitfalls of which he might never return. He is, for example, infinitely safer in the serene popularity of launching an attack. Mr. Bernard Shaw in his "The Doctor's Dilemma" flung himself prostrate before Mr. Arnold Bennett. There is no element of danger in such exercises.

But the pursuit of Mr. Graham is breathless. The chronicler commences with some cheerful absurdity—"He is, can we not say, an aristocrat of the old regime standing hand in hand with the people"—and watches with stagnant eyes an attack. Mr. Bernard Shaw in his "The Doctor's Dilemma" flung himself prostrate before Mr. Arnold Bennett. There is no element of danger in such exercises.

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Before I turn to the Scottish stories written by Mr. Graham I would like to pass one remark upon the American portion of his work. It is one of the most well known authors why Cunningham Graham's books did not appear to have the large success they deserved, and as Mr. Graham has an almost hectic loathing for success, I write this with a certain amount of pleasure. "People hate that which they will not have," is a motto that I often find in a lot of that. Indeed, judging by my friend's enormous sales, especially in America, I am convinced that there is a mountain of wisdom in the remark.

I have suffered from a vague feeling of resentment myself. Sometimes he cannot resist an opening sentence like this: "At intervals you might chance to cross some wandering Gitanjali, dressed in their pink and blue, and talking of the Ganga's journeying towards Anand." That kind of thing is a mistake. Although a lover of general knowledge it left me cold. There is something devastating in the word "bombast" which I have used. The point is that it overbombs and dismays the reader, who judges by the dialogue and by the title. For that excellent reason it is only within the last three or four years that Mr. Conrad, in his sheer imaginative genius and in the shoulder above his contemporaries, has come to his kingdom.

I have no intention of criticizing the Kailash school, but I may be permitted this reflection. In the days of reversion when the "House with the Green Shutters" made so deep an impression, Cunningham Graham could have presented, as no other, the Scot in his downright and his bleak sardonic humour, his grotesque "stair" of black, and his profound religious fatalism. He has recalled, here and there, without sentiment, sometimes without pity, but never without restraint, that strange rather incoherent world of the "seventies." An instance or two of the simplest with which he gets his effect may not be out of place.

In the following extract the laid is leaving his old house for ever—a scene beloved by the popular novelist for just those triumphs of the obvious that Mr. Graham so conspicuously ignores.

"Just at the cross roads which led into the park, beside the gate, a man stood there waiting, as he had waited for the past twenty years for orders for the day. Now he heaved out his hand, opened his mouth, but said nothing, and then, looking up with the air of one well learned in weather lore, said, 'Laird it looks like a braw day.'"

He betrays little love for the dour, black-robed elders who have in a mysterious way occupied the glens where the peat rock rose above the remote clachan long ago. He has no sympathy with their fort fanes, nor their grey lives, nor yet their beating earthwards that gives the following scene its hopeless melancholy. It is the dramatic personae. The cart carrying the body of a ploughman, gone for the first time, is being driven away and the widow stands by the door. The hill mist is rising, obscuring the clump of mourners on the weeping bryre.

"When the last sound of the cart-wheels, and of the horse's feet among the stones had vanished into the black air, she turned away and sitting down before the fire, began mechanically to smooth the peats, and to tidy up the hearth."

That is the Scottish way.

But through these stories of the changes East or of the passing race of the North—there sounds now insistently, sometimes afar off, the mournful insoluble note of old departed days. It is a heritage of race that few born on the Highland Line ever wholly outlive. Of the kindly winsome personality of Cunningham Graham I have said nothing. Those who love his work will know the kind of man he is. In the world of to-day, he passes like a kind of Don Quixote or a kind of Gulliver, in appearance unmistakable, in conversation unsurpassed, dazling in wit and the telling of an anecdote, a great horseman, a charming rebel.

But to meet him casually one would not believe that he returned to an old content in the North. It sounds the sustained unending dirge of a coronach.

"The door was shut shut against me, and shut upon the last of my old friends, my sitting upon the step, on which I no longer saw a pattern laid in chalk. I smoked and meditated, seeing a long procession pass upon the road, all riding ponies which grew larger towards the end, until a man upon a horse brought up the rear. They stopped before the horse, which seemed to have turned newer, and in which a fire of peats burned brightly on the hearth. Then, from the door—

they sparkle with powerful metaphor. There is nothing superficial, dazling or exaggerated in his art. Within the compass of half a dozen books there is a cycle of the things that have no absolute change—the East, the sun, the horses loping past upon the timeless trail, the figures of human destiny making love or war in their ageless inconsequence.

Let me explain what I mean by that. I will quote a paragraph at random deleting the superfluous words.

"He tramped along slowly and doggedly, and yet restlessly and an over-cares not a jot. But for the horse he cherishes a tender—more a passionate love and pity, a curious intermingling of compassion and pride. They are so strong, so meek, so brave and yet so meekly calmness."

"Hungry and ragged" he writes of them at a bull fight and might as well have written of them on that greater slaughter field day, "hungry and ragged they had trodden on the sand without a groan, without a tear, without a murmur, faithful to the end; had borne their riders out of danger, fallen upon the bloody sand at last with quivering tails and, biting their lips, parched and lashing tongues, had died just as the martyrs died at Lyons or in Rome as dumb and brave as they."

"Hopkins you should be very proud said how there is such a place as Hell left for you." They is above the drift of my friend's remark. He says a million people have gone out of the country? Where have they gone? They have not gone to my hon. friend stated that 120,000, or 140,000 had gone. Where are they? They have gone to the States where they, to escape taxation? Or are they afraid that taxes will be helped on them under new legislation and they will be squeezed? There is something wrong; wealth has not moved in its own way. It is a problem, and I noticed that we are in good hands in this committee, because no Marxist men are on it at all, they are entirely ignored, or have been omitted by some accident; not that any one wants to serve the State, but they have not a sign of this noble House are so onerous that I do not have time to attend to anything else. The hon. gentlemen has spoken of the money lender. What protection have the poor people against the small money lender? They have none. He gets some wires in his window, a stock of grain and ore, and other exhibit, and he does a great deal of harm to capital in this country, because widows and orphans are induced by promises of large profits to invest their money in worthless investments. The money lender is an excrescence; he has too much to say. The excessive rates he charges should be cut down to a legitimate profit, and the farmer should be placed in a position to borrow money on fair terms. I would suggest to the Government that the lash be applied to those men who are squeezing the people, because nothing else will ever bring them to time but cutting their skins a little thicker when garrotted every day in England they hauled up one garrotter and lashed him, and there never has been a case of garrotting since. That is the only punishment that will meet the case of heartless money lenders who have a sign of a humane ear, and which have lost that precious feeling which should exist, and which is essential to induce capital to come to the country; but when the impression goes abroad that it does not matter whether money is made legitimately or illegitimately, we cannot expect capital to be attracted to this country. My hon. friend has talked about population coming into Canada, but I should like to know what he has to come to Canada for? He has England, for they have not sufficient rural population themselves. Belgium will want hers, and France will want hers. What have we to fall back on? Waits and strays? No, they will not build up a country. We might as well admit that our people are enstiffing. I am told 100,000 people have gone out of British Columbia; perhaps that is a part of the million my hon. friend spoke of. If we impose high taxes in this country, we are going to get people to come in and settle? In the little bit of a village where I live in New Brunswick with some pious people, the taxes are going up three or four times what they were, and you cannot help it or get around it. These people have got to be doing good in their way; they will not allow you to get your boots blackened or get a glass of soda water on the Sabbath; they tried to stop the ferry boats; now they are going to stop drinking. Those are not the people who pay the taxes. The working man is being circumscribed on that prohibition business. I think it is a good thing to cut down drinking some way, but not to make it so that the people have no rights at all. I must congratulate the Finance Minister on his speech and on the way he is raising his revenue; for the tax must fall on everybody; but how much per head, will it be when the war is over? It will be from \$50 to \$80 per head on every man, woman and child, in addition to what they have to-day. Who is to pay that? Not the money lender, but the producer. The man who feeds the people has to find the money. What grows in a great diversity in this country, yet Liverpool and London fix the price of grain in this country, and the farmer cannot get more than he can get in England minus the freight, and in the long run he has to suffer. I have just painted a picture of what is going on in the country, what we are creating in the way of an aristocracy. Do they produce anything? Nothing. Nothing but divorce cases for your gentlemen here; they produce quite a few of them, but they do not produce anything else. I am told that the farmer and the taxation has got to meet that bill by its mines, minerals and lumber. I am very glad my hon. friend has undertaken to speak for the farmers. I had not intended to say anything more, but I have just seen that there are a large numbers of men from the disbanded Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

attention to. I am sorry to say the Senate gets very little attention, and the speeches are not reported outside except sometimes some few remarks are published when a question of order is raised and somebody finds fault with somebody else; but the Senate does not seem to have a voice in directing the welfare of this country; that disposes us into the business of the House of Commons, and therefore, as my hon. friend says, I think it would be put on the committee a gentleman from together and see how they are going to face these duties. There are the municipal debts, provincial debts and Dominion debts. There is no use in saying we are to be prosperous. We know we are in the financial centre in the world, and Canada's debt will be nothing after all, with the vast assets it possesses from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Look at the wheat; that is the great asset of the world; for people must eat bread. I would not be a pessimist on the question of what we possess. I believe we have great chances of progress in this country, but it has to be created, in this way; first of all, those who administer the affairs of the country should see that the burden shall not be larger on the poor man or the ordinary man nor wealth will accumulate in a few hands; and I would suggest, to my hon. friend who moved the resolution, that the committee a gentleman from Prince Edward Island, which is our farming country. New Brunswick is blessed with lumber, but has not so very much interest in agriculture. Nova Scotia has a large farming interest. Then if the necessary things he says, and if it was not necessary they could look on—Hon. James Doolittle. *The Senate Debates, March 23, 1916.*

SENATORIAL ELOQUENCE

I AM very much pleased that my hon. friend has taken up the case of the farmers. In this country I am afraid we are running to the higher lines of society and civilization. We are creating an aristocracy of wealth. It pleases the women, but nobody else. Only a few years ago, our large cities there were no accumulations of hundreds of millions that are now talked of. The people were prosperous, but to-day where large fortunes are accumulated, cities like Montreal, Toronto, etc., the condition of the people is not improved. The cities flourish at the expense of the country. Listening to my hon. friend I would infer that he wishes the House to believe that the farmer extends water, that he has to contribute all he produces to the middle-man or upper-man. I remember young Chas. Tupper at a public meeting in St. John telling a story about Mr. Hopkins, who had complained that he had been squeezed upon and both of them, that there was nothing left for him to do now but to go to that hot place we have heard of but not realized, and Tupper said, "Hopkins you should be very proud as how there is such a place as Hell left for you." They is above the drift of my friend's remark. He says a million people have gone out of the country? Where have they gone? They have not gone to my hon. friend stated that 120,000, or 140,000 had gone. Where are they? They have gone to the States where they, to escape taxation? Or are they afraid that taxes will be helped on them under new legislation and they will be squeezed? There is something wrong; wealth has not moved in its own way. 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PARENT-TEACHERS ASSOCIATIONS

Education Office, Fredericton, N.B., March 9, 1916.

To Parents and Teachers of New Brunswick:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

There is a very widespread movement at the present time to interest parents more generally in the work and welfare of our schools.

Associations of parents and teachers in the past have not succeeded, because of the usually short tenure of office by the teachers.

It is therefore suggested that if the different organizations embraced by Canadian Clubs, Women's Institutes, Daughters of the Empire and others, would in addition to the present very important work they are doing, undertake school welfare work, they would provide a nucleus around which permanent Parent-Teachers Associations might flourish.

I am taking the liberty of sending to you a marked copy of the Annual Report for the year 1915, containing a large report for the year 1915, and a list of members and officers of the Parent-Teachers Associations of the Province, which has been in existence for five years, and which has accomplished much work for the schools.

It is a pleasure to have you, as a representative of the parent body, to be a member of the Parent-Teachers Association, which has been in existence for five years, and which has accomplished much work for the schools.

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THE FENIAN RAID

VETERANS' RAZES ARE THINNING

Just fifty years ago to-morrow St. John, and practically the whole of Canada was in a ferment of excitement, for those were the days when the Fenians were threatening invasion, and to-morrow will make the fiftieth anniversary of the departure of the "Joan" troops to the border. On that occasion the St. John volunteers under the command of Colonel Oddy, left here by transport, 450 strong. To-day the membership of the association, which has kept alive the memories of that time, numbers but twenty, and it is calculated that there are but few more of the veterans now living.

Colonel James Buchanan, for many years the life and soul of the Boys' Brigade movement, and himself a veteran of '67, resigned his command on the day that the Fenian movement assumed a threatening aspect, he stated. The civil war had just begun, and many of the large numbers of men from the disbanded

"IS GOOD TEA"

armies were free. In New Brunswick, as well as along the other portions of the country, the Canadian troops were hastily strung out to meet the threatened attack. The call for volunteers went out all over what is now Canada, and the men of St. John responded in keeping with their "British subject" title. The St. John Volunteers were organized into a unit, and given three or four weeks preparatory drill, and then the order came to proceed to the border.

The volunteers assembled at Red's Point in the afternoon of March 22, 1866, and from there marched through the streets, headed by the band of the 15th regiment. The route of march was by way of Prince William street, and the men were cheered by enthusiastic thousands.

Returning to Red's Point the volunteers were conveyed in a tug boat to the large transport *Simons*, which was lying in the stream ready to convey them to their destination, St. Andrews. It was new experience for all, and the hurry and bustle of that day is well remembered.

Just late in the afternoon the *Simons* and her four hundred and twenty men weighed anchor and stood down the bay. Arrival was made at St. Andrews about midnight, and the men were all disembarked and sent to camp. For three months the St. John soldiers were kept at the border but the threatened invasion did not materialize.

Two British sloops of war, one of which was the *Cordelia*, kept active watch along the sea routes, and the local men were kept busy as patrols. In June the volunteers were relieved by a detachment from the 15th regiment brought from Halifax, and returned to St. John on the 22nd of that month.

The New Brunswick Veterans Association was then organized to keep alive the memories of those days, and each year, on the anniversary of the event, there has been a swap and old memories revived. But each succeeding celebration has seen the steady dwindling in the ranks. The association which started out 400 strong, today numbers but twenty of whom many have reached and some have passed the allotted span. Some of the veterans removed from St. John, but the great majority have passed to the great beyond, and it is felt that, with a few possible exceptions, the twenty to-day represent all that is left of the gallant brigade that left the port of St. John in the year '66.

As on former anniversaries the event will be celebrated this year. The veterans will be the hosts and a banquet will be held at Wannamaker. It is expected that most of the twenty yet living will be present, while Mayor Frink and a number of the military officers have also promised to be in attendance. A half-century of recollections lies behind and to none will the event carry more meaning than to the men who were there themselves and can speak from experience.—*St. John Telegraph*, March 21.

NEWS OF THE SEA—Continued

—London, March 28.—The crew of the Danish steamer *Harriet*, of Copenhagen, has been landed at Harwich, according to a dispatch to Lloyd's. The captain of the vessel reports that she struck a mine.

The *Harriet* was a vessel of 1,391 tons.

—London, March 27.—The British steamer *Manchester Engineer*, from Philadelphia, March 11, for Manchester, has been sunk. The crew were taken aboard a tug.

The steamer was torpedoed to-day by a German submarine. It was first supposed that the vessel was not badly damaged, but she afterwards was making for port in tow.

The steamer *Manchester Engineer* measured 4,500 tons gross. She was built in Seal Cove, New Brunswick, and was chartered to the Manchester Engineers, Limited, of Manchester. She carried a general cargo, including 200,000 pounds of meal, 120,000 bushels of wheat, and more than 100,000 gallons of oil.

—London, March 25.—A German raider has been sunk in the North Sea, and five German officers and 115 men, out of a total of 300, were captured. The British lost 74 men. The British armed merchantman *Alcantara*, which was sunk by the German raider, the *Greif*, was herself sunk.

The fight occurred in the North Sea on Feb. 29. The *Greif* was sunk by gunfire, and the *Alcantara* by a torpedo. The British losses were made up of 5 officers and 69 men.

The *Alcantara* was a large liner belonging to the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company of Belfast. She had been in the service of the British government for some time. Her gross tonnage was 15,300. She was 570 feet long and was built in Glasgow in 1913.

The following official statement was issued: "An engagement occurred on February 29 in the North Sea between the armed German raider *Greif*, disguised as a Norwegian merchant vessel, and the British armed merchantman *Alcantara*, Captain T. R. Wardle. It resulted in the loss of both vessels, the German raider being sunk by gunfire and the *Alcantara* apparently by a torpedo. Five German officers and 115 men were picked up and taken prisoners out of the total complement, believed to have been over 300. The British losses amounted to 5 officers and 69 men.

"It should be noted that during the whole engagement the enemy fired over the Norwegian colors painted on the side of the ship.

"This news is now published as it is made clear by the receipt of a German wireless message that the enemy has learned that the *Greif*, a similar ship to the *Moewe*, had been destroyed before she succeeded in passing our line of patrol.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

Day of Week	Sun Rise	Sun Sets	Mo. Rise	Mo. Sets	H. Water a.m.	H. Water p.m.	L. Water a.m.	L. Water p.m.
March	6:13	6:50	10:46	11:10	5:02	5:26		
1 Sat	6:12	6:52	11:33	11:58	5:07	6:09		
2 Sun	6:11	6:51	12:18	12:43	6:30	6:54		
3 Mon	6:10	6:50	1:04	1:29	7:12	7:30		
4 Tue	6:08	6:54	1:50	2:15	7:47	8:11		
5 Wed	6:07	6:56	2:36	3:01	8:24	8:48		
6 Thu	6:05	6:57	3:21	3:46	9:02	9:26		
7 Fri	6:03	6:58	4:07	4:32	9:41	9:37		

TRAVEL

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

FROM MARITIME PROVINCES TO WESTERN CANADA

TICKETS IN FULL EVERY WEDNESDAY

March 28 to October 25th

WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, EDMONTON, ETC.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

FRONTIER LINE

Service Temporarily Discontinued

INTERNATIONAL LINE

S. S. CALVIN AUSTIN

Leave St. John Thursday at 9 a.m., Eastport at 9:30 p.m. for Lunenburg, Portland and Boston. Return, leave Central Wharf Boston, Monday at 9 a.m.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE

Between Portland and New York Steamships "North Land" and "North Star."

P. E. CHADWICK, Agent, Calais, Me.
A. J. LEAVITT, Supt., Eastport.
C. B. KINGSTON, Commercial Agent, Eastport, Me.

CHANGE OF TIME

Grand Manan S. S. Company

Grand Manan Route—Season 1915-16

After October 1, 1915, and until further notice, a steamer of this line will run as follows:

Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7:30 a.m. for St. John, via Eastport, Campbellville and Wilson's Beach.

Returning, leave Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, Mondays at 7:30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via St. Stephen, via Campbellville and Eastport.

Leave Grand Manan Thursdays at 8 a.m. for St. Stephen, via Campbellville, Eastport and Eastport.

There will be a Steamer Fridays at 7:30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via St. Andrew, Eastport and Campbellville.

Leave Grand Manan Saturdays at 7:30 a.m. for St. Andrew.

Returning same day, leaving St. Andrew, Eastport and Campbellville, Eastport both ways.

L. C. GUPTILL, Manager Grand Manan.

ADVERTISING

Advertisements for the Beacon are accepted for mailing at special rate of 3 cents per copy, provided they are published for one month or longer, and are of a beneficial nature. For particulars apply to the Advertising Department.

PURITY FLOUR

is a thirsty flour. It is so strong that it takes up a great deal more water. It therefore makes More Bread and Better Bread Buy it and see for yourself.

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There will be a Steamer Fridays at 7:30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via St. Andrew, Eastport and Campbellville.

Leave Grand Manan Saturdays at 7:30 a.m. for St. Andrew.

Returning same day, leaving St. Andrew, Eastport and Campbellville, Eastport both ways.

L. C. GUPTILL, Manager Grand Manan.

ADVERTISING

Advertisements for the Beacon are accepted for mailing at special rate of 3 cents per copy, provided they are published for one month or longer, and are of a beneficial nature. For particulars apply to the Advertising Department.

TRAVEL

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

FROM MARITIME PROVINCES TO WESTERN CANADA

TICKETS IN FULL EVERY WEDNESDAY

March 28 to October 25th

WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, EDMONTON, ETC.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

FRONTIER LINE

Service Temporarily Discontinued

INTERNATIONAL LINE

S. S. CALVIN AUSTIN

Leave St. John Thursday at 9 a.m., Eastport at 9:30 p.m. for Lunenburg, Portland and Boston. Return, leave Central Wharf Boston, Monday at 9 a.m.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE

Between Portland and New York Steamships "North Land" and "North Star."

P. E. CHADWICK, Agent, Calais, Me.
A. J. LEAVITT, Supt., Eastport.
C. B. KINGSTON, Commercial Agent, Eastport, Me.

CHANGE OF TIME

Grand Manan S. S. Company

Grand Manan Route—Season 1915-16

After October 1, 1915, and until further notice, a steamer of this line will run as follows:

Leave Grand Manan Mondays at 7:30 a.m. for St. John, via Eastport, Campbellville and Wilson's Beach.

Returning, leave Turnbull's Wharf, St. John, Mondays at 7:30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via St. Stephen, via Campbellville and Eastport.

Leave Grand Manan Thursdays at 8 a.m. for St. Stephen, via Campbellville, Eastport and Eastport.

There will be a Steamer Fridays at 7:30 a.m. for Grand Manan, via St. Andrew, Eastport and Campbellville.

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