

# The Beacon

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## THE ISLAND

I KNOW an island in a lake,  
Green upon waters grey;  
It has a strange enchanted air,  
I hear the fairies singing there  
When I go by that way.

One night, one summer night, I know  
Suddenly I shall wake  
And very softly hasten down  
And out beyond the sleeping town  
To find my fairy lake.

I shall not need to seek a boat  
It will be moored, I think,  
Within a tiny pebbled bay  
Where meadow-sweet and mallow sway  
Close to the water's brink.

The moon from shadowy shore to shore  
Will make a shimmering trail,  
And I shall sing to the fair song  
As joyfully I float along—  
I shall not need to sail.

And, peering through a starlit haze,  
I presently shall see,  
Where swift the waiting reeds unclose,  
The fairies all in rows and rows  
Waiting to welcome me.

—ROSE FYLEMAN, in *Punch*.

## LATER THOUGHTS

IT is my destiny to buy in the dearest markets and to sell in the cheapest. Usually, indeed, having tired of a picture or decorative article, I have positively to give it away; almost to make its acceptance a personal favor to me. But the other day was marked by an exception to this rule so striking that I have been wondering if perhaps the luck has not changed and I am, after all, destined to be that most desirable thing, a successful dealer.

It happened thus. In drifting about the old curiosity shops of a cathedral city I came upon a portfolio of water-color drawings, among which was one that to my eye would have been a possible Turner, even if an earlier owner had not shared that opinion of hope, and set the magic name with all its initials (so often placed in the wrong order) beneath it.

"How much is this?" I asked scornfully. "Well," said the dealer, "if it were a genuine Turner it would be worth anything. But let's say ten shillings. You can have it for that; but I don't mind if you don't, because I'm going to London next week and should take it with me to get an opinion."

I pondered. "Mind you, I don't guarantee it," he added. I gave him the ten shillings.

By what incredible means I found a purchaser for the drawing at fifty pounds there is no need to tell, for the point of this narrative resides not in bargaining with collectors, but in bargaining with my own soul. The astonishing fact remains that I achieved a profit of forty-nine pounds ten and was duly elated. I then began to think.

The dealer (so my thoughts ran) in that little street by the cathedral west door, he ought to participate in this. He behaved very well to me and I ought to behave well to him. It would be only fair to give him half.

Thereupon I sat down and wrote a little note saying that the potential Turner drawing, which no doubt he recollected, had turned out to be authentic, and I had great pleasure in enclosing him half of the proceeds, as I considered that the only just and decent course.

I thought about the dealer again. Why should I (so my thoughts ran), directly I had for the first time in my life brought off a financial coup, spoil it by giving a large part of the profit away? Was not that flying in the face of the Goddess of Business, whoever she may be? Was it not asking her to disregard me—only a day or so after we had at last got on terms? There is no fury like a woman scorned; it would probably be the end of me. City magnates are successful probably just because they don't do these foolish impulsive things. Impulse is the negation of magnificence. If I am to make any kind of figure in this new rôle of "fine art speculator" (so my thoughts continued) I must control my feelings. No, five pounds is absurd. A *douceur* of five pounds will meet the case. It will be nothing to me—or, at any rate, nothing serious—yet a real gift of quail and mutton from a clear sky to the dealer, without, however, doing him any harm. A pound will be ample, accompanied by a brief note.

The note was to the effect that I had sold the drawing at a profit which enabled me to make him a present, because it was an old belief of mine that one should do this kind of thing; good luck should be shared.

I had the envelope in my pocket, containing the note and the cheque when I reached the club for lunch. That afternoon I played at bridge so disastrously that I was glad I had not posted it. After all (so my thoughts ran, as I destroyed the envelope and contents) such bargains are all part of the game. Buying and selling are a perfectly straightforward matter between dealer and customer. The dealer asks as much as he thinks he can extort, the customer, having paid it, is under no obligations whatever to the dealer. The incident is closed. —*Punch*.

## JOHN AND MARY

PERHAPS when the sixteenth century spread its spacious pictures the two houses were one lordly seat; now, a strip of road divided them, and it was a pretty question which of the two was the true manor-house of the tiny hamlet. In the beautiful homestead that looked up the valley Mary lived with her venerable father, and in the low house of lovely lines that faced the south John passed his days with his ancient housekeeper, Mrs. Tee. When, at rare intervals, John suggested that Mary should cross the road and bring her father with her, Mary merely replied that at his age the old man mustn't be disturbed, and John hardly liked to point out that he could play Mahomet and move to the mountain which was his dear Mary. Mary herself was so happy in this twilight shade of life that night and morning she entreated very fervently that God would save for many a long day yet her father and Mrs. Tee who created such peaceful circumstance. So John spent his days walking over the acres of his forefathers, acquiring the newest rose for the garden, walled in by an Elizabethan wall of exquisite building, which came next to Mary in his heart, and in driving two or three times a week to market to keep in touch with the great world of which he was vaguely afraid. He had never been to London. "Fancy being in a narrow street crowded with folks when I can be in my own fields and not a creature about!" was his scornful way of refusing any invitation.

Every evening he sat in the great arm-chair opposite Mary and her father until the little grandmother clock in the corner struck nine. Then the old man would say, "Now, my dear, I'm ready." Tryst, even among brown spaniels a great lover of the human kind, got up and rubbed his beautiful head against his old master's legs, Mary fetched the candle and the stout stick and crooked her arm, and the little procession moved up the wide staircase, whose steps sloped with age, to the great bedchamber overhead. There the old man sat down on the lovely Chippendale chair at the end of the vast bed, Mary knelt, and prayers were said. The old man liked prayers that were "comprehensive," and in remembering every country and all the special circumstances recorded in the morning paper time galloped withal. So Tryst would recall his old master to place and hour by a syllabic growl that said perfectly "Amen." When, at last, Mary went downstairs, John came and sat beside her on the sofa, and they made a little conversation of how Mrs. Tee had heard thunder but was surely mistaken, or how Peggy, Mary's wonderful white hen, must really stop laying soon. Outside in the courtyard they differed a little as to whether it would be fine or wet, and then kissed one another gently under the stars.

From his many friends at market, John had always the same greeting. "Well, John, you're not married yet?" "Not yet, but it's coming." "You must let us know in good time to get the present ready."

## CASUALTIES IN CANADIAN FORCES REPORTED TO DECEMBER 31, 1918

	Officers	Other Ranks	Total
Killed in action	1,842	33,824	35,666
Died of wounds	614	11,806	12,420
Died of disease	220	5,185	5,405
Wounded	7,130	148,669	155,799
*Prisoners of war			3,575
Presumed dead	142	4,529	4,671
Missing	41	384	425
Deaths in Canada			2,221
Total	9,599	204,397	220,182
Total deaths			63,383

\*2,508 prisoners have been repatriated, escaped, or died whilst prisoners of war.

John looked as inexorable as the Fates. "Nobody will know anything about it till it's over," he said, but even as he spoke there was a little fear in his heart. Would he be able to manage that?

On his ninety-third birthday Mary's father died, and a niece came to live with Mary. John waited a little before saying, "We shall be getting married now, shan't we?" and Mary answered, trembling: "You must give me a year, John. I owe that to dear father." Mary loved John dearly, but of marriage she was afraid, as every ageing woman fears adventure. The year went by, and John felt at last that he would have to take stern measures. So for many days he waited in the market-place at Layston with his gaze on the Archdeacon's gate, ready to slip in when the coast was clear and no deducing eye was upon him. When at last he accomplished it, and the matter of the licence was put in train, he led the poor Archdeacon a pretty dance in getting him out again undiscovered. A few nights later he took the document out of his pocket. "What's that, John?" asked Mary, in quick alarm. "It's our marriage licence, my dear. It expires on the twenty-fifth of September. I shan't say another word about it. You just tell me when you're ready, that's all. You know I've worn out two suits which should have been my wedding clothes." Mary felt herself caught in a net. Why couldn't they go as they were? Marriage was for young people who could fit themselves to anything, not for middle-aged folk who had long ago outgrown newness. On the evening of the twenty-fourth of September, when John was holding up the *Daily Telegraph* and not seeing a word, there entered a very trembling Mary. "I'll be married to-morrow, John," she said with tears in her eyes. John hid his delight in a matter-of-fact attitude. "Oh dear! just when I'd taken off my boots. Now I shall have to put them on again and get up to Treton to see the Rector. I can't have a horse taken out at this time of night." Mary sat down, weeping, on the sofa, and John stooped to comfort her. "It's just no more than nothing at all," he said, soothingly. "It's more than that," John said Mary with deep conviction.

John stole up the shrubbery to the Rectory, wondering how he should explain his errand. But no explanation was needed. "I've been expecting you for twenty years, John," said the Rector at once. "What's twenty years?" asked John scornfully. "I want to be married at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and if you breathe a word about it to a single soul I'll keep you waiting the full three months for your time." At the dreadful threat the Rector held up his hands in holy horror. At half-past seven the next morning Mary walked up to Treton with a market-basket on her arm. If people saw her so equipped they would easily conclude that she had come for some butter, and perhaps a fowl. Stealing into the church by the little door which the Rector had left open all night, she found John had not yet arrived. So she put down her basket in the darkest pew and waited in tears for the coming of her bridegroom. The Rector, who was as nervous as a Guy Fawkes conspirator, had decided that one minute to eight was time enough to tell the sexton and his wife, who was to give the birds away. And as the most misleading device he could think of, he told the sexton's wife to go into the church in her apron, carrying a bucket and her big mop.

John crept up by fields that had no foot-paths. Once he had to dodge a bull; once, catching sight of William Badley, he made a clean jump through a hedge, and came out the most unkept John in the four kingdoms. Safely in the church, he was brushed down a little, and then the Rector took them both, hand in hand, to the chancel steps. Before the ceremony was quite completed, John turned right about and started off down the aisle. "Come back, John," cried the Rector, a little aghast. "I haven't finished with you yet." "I'm just going to see who's outside," John explained. "I shouldn't like it if some one came peeping round the door before it's all over." The Rector resigned

himself, while John made a cautious crack and inserted into it one eye. All he saw was William Badley running as hard as he could up the Rectory Hill. He returned to his place with deep relief. "I should think old Mrs. Badley's taken ill by the way William's running," he said. "Perhaps that isn't it at all," said the Rector, with inward alarm. He never had believed that two people could be married at eight o'clock in the morning and not a single member of his curial flock know anything about it. At last the register was signed and John almost shook the rafters. "We've done them all," he cried in ecstasy. "We've been married as quiet as a mouse, and now everybody can roar at us like a lion for what I care." They opened the door. There stood William Badley with as many villagers as he could muster. Somehow or other word had passed, and John had seen him tearing up the hill to the tiny shop to buy up every available grain of rice. John received them radiantly. He had dreaded a whisper; now he welcomed a shout.

When presently they were walking home, John made a proposition that filled Mary with dismay. "We won't go away, my dear, we'll stop quietly at home. Perhaps they'll give us a peal to-night, and it's hard on a man not to hear his own wedding-bells coming to him across the valley." "Oh, John, it's not— Poor Mary breathed the word upon the morning air. John took it up in shouting scorn. "If we're not respectable, neither is the Archbishop of Canterbury," he cried in exultation. Mary laid her hand upon his arm. "I'll run and fetch the bags, John. You shall come back in a day or two, but we must go now. It's only right and proper." John gave way unwillingly. He teared again a gate, and looking over his little estate, thought that it had never seemed so appealing as in this first moment of his marriage. And to leave it to be cooped, for opinion's sake, in these early golden hours, in a strange hotel with people who, if the truth were known about them, perhaps didn't even "own their umbrellas!" John was the greatest respecter of property.

Mary found marriage the most beautiful institution in the world. Every day they walked together in the sweet fields of their own land, and at the last turned away from the richness of their valley-land to the richness of their new life. "I was afraid of marriage," said Mary sulkily; "now I am afraid of death." John answered her with a little sigh. "You left it too late, my dear—you left it sadly too late." —*The Spectator*, London.

## CHARLOTTE COUNTY COUNCIL

(Report of Meeting by H. M. Webber, Official Reporter.)

The Charlotte County Council convened in annual session on Tuesday, but owing to the late arrival of the train it was 3.30 in the afternoon when Warden John A. Grant took the chair and opened the session. The following councillors responded to roll call: Campobello: Alex. Calder, J. W. Matthews, Clarendon: Arthur Popple, Dr. Robt. Wilby. Dufferin: Ernest W. Donald, Francis P. Hunter. Dumbarton: Henry Emmerson, Maurice McCann. Grand Manan: Colin Ingersoll, Norman McLean. Lepreau: Thos. W. Stinson. Pennfield: A. B. Hawkins, E. J. Connors. St. Andrews: J. D. Grimmer. St. Croix: Wm. B. Simpson, John Russell. St. David: C. R. Pollard, Herman Morrell. St. George: W. H. Maxwell, Geo. McVicar. St. James: A. B. Getchell, D. M. Sinclair. St. Patrick: Jas. McMillan, Jas. E. Monahan. St. Stephen: Warden Grant, W. D. Babcock.

Finance: The whole council, with Coun. Hunter chairman. Apportionment and Assessment: Couns. Richardson, Wilby, and Morrell. Printing: Couns. Babcock, Sinclair, and Pollard. County Property: Couns. Grimmer, Matthews, and McMillan. Frank Mallory, who was elected county auditor at the last session, to succeed M. N. Cockburn, K. C., resigned, presented his first official report, giving an exhaustive account of each of the various accounts of the county, and showing the financial affairs of the county to be in sound condition and every dollar properly accounted for. It was an excellent report, and will receive the careful attention of council in committee Wednesday morning.

Council then adjourned, to meet at 9.30 Wednesday morning. The session promises to be one of considerable interest. The members are all comfortably housed in boarding houses and some in private houses, and a pleasant as well as profitable session is expected. When council resumed Wednesday

West Isles: E. A. McNeill, F. W. Richardson.

Town St. Stephen: D. A. Nesbitt. Town St. Andrews: G. Douglas. Town St. George: Chas. Johnson. Town Milltown: Harrison McAllister. Couns. R. G. Mawhinney, of Lepreau, and R. O'Brien, of St. Andrews, were absent. During the year, death had removed three members of the council, Saml. McFarlane, of St. Croix, who was drowned in Chamcook Lake; J. Campbell McLeod, of St. James; and James Marraty, of St. Stephen. John Russell had been elected to fill the first vacancy, D. M. Sinclair the second, while the vacancy in St. Stephen parish had not been filled.

When the oath of allegiance had been administered to the members, Warden Grant expressed the pleasure that it was to him to welcome the new members and the old members to the board again, and the sorrow that all felt in the loss of the board had sustained by death during the year, paying a tribute to the worth of the departed members. They had reason to rejoice because of the blessings of the year, and most of all for the blessing of a successful peace accomplished. They had enjoyed a fairly successful harvest, and most of the members had been spared to meet again in good health. He asked the indulgence and the assistance of the council, such as had always been accorded him, in the conduct of the business to come before this session.

The minutes of the last session were confirmed as written, and the secretary read an invitation from the Women's Canadian Club for the members to attend a lecture to be given Thursday evening by W. F. Hatheway, of St. John, which was accepted.

Coun. Douglas expressed regret at the loss that the council had sustained in the death of three members who had given faithful service to the county and who were esteemed as friends. On his motion, seconded by Coun. Babcock, the secretary was instructed to convey to the members of the sorrowing families the sympathy of the council.

H. M. Webber was appointed official reporter, at the same salary as last year. Secretary Grimmer reported a telephone conversation he had had with Hon. Dr. Roberts, Minister of Health for the province, who had urged that the council, in its early session, appoint three members of a district board of health, to act with two members to be appointed by the government, so that the board could then meet and present its estimates for the year, that they might be ordered at the present session. Unless this was done, an extra session of the council would have to be called, at considerable expense to the county.

Dr. Wade, who has been appointed health officer for this district, was heard, and gave a very clear, concise, and illuminating address on the various features of the new Health Act. The government had already appointed Dr. McAulay, of Grand Manan, and Dr. Dunston, of St. Stephen its members of the board, and it was desirable that the council appoint its members without delay. These men are all to serve without pay, the positions being purely honorary. Any officers that this board may appoint are to be paid stated salaries for the year. On motion of Couns. McNeill and Pollard, the warden appointed a committee of seven, Couns. McNeill, McLean, Hawkins, Maxwell, Getchell, Pollard, and McCann, to nominate the three desired members of the board.

They subsequently reported, recommending F. W. Richardson, of Deer Island, W. H. Maxwell of St. George and Maurice McCann, of Dumbarton, and their nominations were confirmed. The gentlemen are all members of the council, so that no additional expenses will be incurred in getting the board together during this session. Standing committees were appointed as follows: Finance: The whole council, with Coun. Hunter chairman. Apportionment and Assessment: Couns. Richardson, Wilby, and Morrell. Printing: Couns. Babcock, Sinclair, and Pollard. County Property: Couns. Grimmer, Matthews, and McMillan. Frank Mallory, who was elected county auditor at the last session, to succeed M. N. Cockburn, K. C., resigned, presented his first official report, giving an exhaustive account of each of the various accounts of the county, and showing the financial affairs of the county to be in sound condition and every dollar properly accounted for. It was an excellent report, and will receive the careful attention of council in committee Wednesday morning.

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## NEWS OF THE SEA

—Cardiff, Jan. 17.—The American steamer *Lake Erie*, outward bound, was to-day in collision with the British steamer *Hazelbranch*, inward bound, at the anchorage in Cardiff Roads. All the members of the crew were saved.

The *Lake Erie* was a vessel of 1,187 net tons register, and was operating in the United States naval overseas transportation service.

—Rome, Jan. 17.—When the French steamer *Chaouia* struck a mine in the Straits of Messina, 430 of the 690 passengers and crew on board were lost.

The steamer was on its way from Piraeus to Constantinople, and sank in four minutes after striking the mine. Many of the 230 survivors were injured by the explosion and were removed to hospitals in Messina. The *Chaouia* was formerly the steamer *Koenigen Wilhelmina*.

—Halifax, N. S., Jan. 20.—United States shipping board officials stated to-day it was their belief that the former lake steamer *Castalia* abandoned off Sable Island a week ago to-day had gone down. The United States tug *Troquos* returned to port yesterday reporting that she had been unable to find any trace of the *Castalia*.

Stockholm, Jan. 22.—Five men of the crew of the American lake boat steamer *Castalia*, wrecked off Sable Island Jan. 11, and who were picked up by the Norwegian-American liner *Bergensford*, died from exposure. The *Bergensford* saved forty-seven men from the *Castalia*.

## CANADA FOOD BOARD

Dr. G. C. Creelman, Commissioner of Agriculture for the province of Ontario, Agricultural College, Guelph, addressing the Agricultural Club of Ottawa at the University Club Rooms here, repeated a message to the farmers of Canada from Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, Secretary of State for Agriculture, Great Britain. "I asked him for a message to the farmers of Canada," said Dr. Creelman, "and he told me that they wanted our chilled beef and that Canada should develop the chilled beef trade right away in preference to the live cattle trade. He urged that there should be no delay. He also said that after the war Great Britain would not devote so much effort to raising hogs, because they could be fed cheaper on this side of the Atlantic and as long as she can get pork products from the continent she would be satisfied to do so."

Dr. Creelman, remarking on the present hold-up in the bacon purchases, said that while he had no direct information he regarded it as merely a temporary congestion. Secretary Grimmer called attention to the need of action in reference to the dog tax law, for the protection of sheep, ordered to be enforced at the last session of council. A fund of nearly \$300 had accumulated during the year, which could not be used for any other purpose while claims for twenty-eight sheep and lambs killed by dogs were on file in his office. The law was not clear in the matter of the payment of these claims, and he suggested that a committee be appointed to deal with the matter and report to this session of council. Couns. Grimmer, McMillan, Russell, Maxwell, and Morrell were appointed such committee. Most of the morning was spent in financial committee, where Coun. Hunter's experience in the chair assured that matters moved hastily.

Some developments were that the supply of hard coal for the county buildings had been purchased at \$10.25 per ton, through the vigilance of the county secretary in securing a car load that had been shipped to a summer cottage and was not needed; That the indexing of the records in the registry office, now being done by Geo. M. Byron under appointment of the provincial government, is quite likely to cost the county \$6000, extending over several years, the cost for the present year being estimated at \$2300 for salary and supplies, and that the estimated cost of the county valuation is \$2000, for which one half will be assessed this year. Applications were made for increases in the salary of the Sheriff, and the Jailor, and these were referred to a committee consisting of Couns. McAllister, Johnson, McCann, Pollard, and Calder. The grant was made to Chipman Memorial Hospital of \$600, the same as last year. The assessment for schools was placed at \$7,000, the same as before, and for contingencies at \$8,800, an increase of about \$3,000.