



# The Beacon



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NO. 3

## SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY, GOING OUT OF THE TOWN IN THE SPRING

ASK not the cause why sullen Spring  
So long delays her flowers to bear,  
Why warbling birds forget to sing,  
And winter storms invert the year,  
Chloris is gone; and fate provides  
To make it Spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair;  
She cast not back a plying eye;  
But left her lover in despair,  
To sigh, to languish, and to die.  
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure  
To give the wounds they will not cure?

Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
A face that can all hearts command,  
That all religions can invade,  
And change the laws of every land?  
Where thou hadst placed such power  
before,  
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,  
Adoring crowds before her fall;  
She can restore the dead from tombs,  
And every life but mine recall.  
I only am by Love design'd  
To be the victim for mankind.

JOHN DRYDEN

## THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS

"I ASSUME," said the Cynic, that that you are sufficiently sanguine to rejoice in the prospects of Peace.

"I derive a certain satisfaction from those prospects," replied Mr. Punch on a note of reserve.

"But you ought to be jazzing for joy, like the other fools in their Paradise of nigger minstrelsy."

"My year's excuse, me from choric exercises, said the Sage. "And, anyhow, it doesn't take me that way."

"Then you are not in the movement. You are not in touch with the spiritual pulse of our throbbing Metropolis; you take no active part in the New Life that is springing from the seed of England's sacrifices. True, you years, as you say, are against you, however well you wear them; it is to the young that we look first for signs of the great Regeneration. And in particular we look to those who are to be the mothers of that future race which would reap the full harvest of our blood and tears.

"And what do we find?" continued the Cynic. "We find a contempt for the old virtues of simplicity and reticence; we find the distinction of sex wiped out, and with it all reverence and sense of mystery. Nature is a back number with them; they must for ever be plastering their noses with powder—not just privily, as used to be the better way of faded charmers, but shamelessly in public places. In dress they barely keep within the bounds of decency prescribed by the police. They make their own advances, rounding up and capturing their 'boys' for partners, lest the haunts of jazzery should be closed against them. And in this competition for their favors the good modest fellows who only a little while ago were fighting our battles for us are now giving them the airs of spoilt beauties. What do you make of all this in your scheme of Renaissance?"

"I admit much of what you say," said Mr. Punch, "but I ascribe it, in part at least, to a natural reaction from the strain and horror of War."

"Reaction!" snorted the Cynic. "A very comfortable word. But what were the sufferings from which they are reacting? The loss, you will say, of the flower of our chivalry in battle? Well, one would think that might have steadied them. Is this what our manhood did for—to make a British carnival?"

"I don't pretend to understand that side of it," said the Sage, "but I know that during the War we respected the silence of their grief; and I know that nature must choose its own way of recovering from a loss and reasserting its claim to happiness. Remember, too, that War must always have its demoralizing features, however splendid the cause for which you are fighting. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," says the soldier in his brief interval of release. And some of us at home went more than half-way to meet him, imitating an attitude excusable in him but not in us. And that attitude is bound to survive for a little time the causes that induced it. But you must not forget that many of the type which you are now attacking did noble work in the War; and they will do it again."

"That may be," said the Cynic; "but is it necessary to have an orgy of Carmagnole in between?"

I think perhaps it is like the case of a crew or a team going out of training. They permit themselves a certain relaxation before they start training for the next contest. But I think too that there is something to be said for your reference to the *Carmagnole*. We are passing through a phase of Revolution, very natural after a great upheaval. The sense of freedom—the very thing for which we have been fighting—is apt to turn the heads of the young and thoughtless. There is a spirit of rebellion in the air, which is its worst taken the form of Bolshevism, but here is seen in a relative by human change as a general revolt against social restrictions, a general passion for what is known as a "good time". In any case it is only a passing phase. Already there are signs of a reaction from this reaction, of a return to the decency of other days. They tell me, for a slight but significant indication, that the waits are coming back; that we may even look to see a revival of the minuet and pavane.

"Then it is just a question of a cycle of vogues? We are to be swayed by recurring gusts of fashion, and not inspired by a fixed ideal."

"Fashion counts with us, of course, for we are all human and some of us are feminine. There was a fashion of patriotism as there is now a fashion of something that might easily be called its opposite. But the range of its influence is largely confined to a rather negligible element in London, the most provincial of capitals. The Press—and notably the Photographic Press—gives it a prominence out of all relation to its importance. The great majority are untouched by it. They talk little and they advertise less. But in a thousand quiet ways are setting themselves to make good."

"To make good money, you mean. Our world seems made up of profiteers and of those who would be profiteers but can't, and so abuse those who can. Can you name to me a period when there was a wider rush for wealth, or a more blatant display of luxury? Sometimes I wish the War back; England was at her best when the call for sacrifice came home to her. But now—we hear great talk of Reconstruction, but I am reminded rather of the Restoration."

"My friend," said the Sage, "I shall believe that this too is only a temporary phase. Memory is not our strong point, but you can perhaps throw back your mind to a year ago and recall how near we came to the ruin of our hopes. Victory took us by surprise; and we were less prepared for Peace at that moment than we ever had been for War. And, just as in the first days of the fighting we went astray, running after the cry, 'Business as usual,' so to-day we are making as bad a mistake when we run after 'Pleasure as usual'—or rather more than usual. But we soon revised that early error, and we shan't waste much time about revising this. For though we lacked imagination then, and still lack it, we have the gift, perhaps even more useful if less showy, of common sense. And when common sense is found in features that are honest and hearts that are clean it may make mistakes, but not for long."

"No, I am an optimist, and an incorrigible old fool if you like, but I am certain that the spirit which won the War is not going to fail us at this second call. Perhaps we have only been waiting for the actual consummation of Peace to settle down to our new and greater task."

SIR OWEN SHAMAN, in *Punch*.

## FROM "THE SONG OF THE LOTOS-EATERS."

THE Lotos blooms below the barren peak,  
The Lotos blooms by every winding creek;  
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone,  
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone.

Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust is blown,  
We have had enough of action, one of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free,  
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined,  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind,  
For they lie beside their scepter, and the birds are hurt'd  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly cur'd  
Round their golden bouqs, gridded with the gleaming world  
(Where they smile in secret, looking over us) hands,  
Bright and famine, plague and earthquake, for the deeps and fiery seas,  
Clanging lights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hosts,  
But they smile, they find a music centered in a doted song,  
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong,  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil,  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down in hell,  
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
Rusting weary limbs at last on beds of opiate,  
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Tho' it be a rocky shore, and ocean, wind and wave are  
To us a dreary noise, and we will not wander more.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON  
(Born August 6, 1809; died October 6, 1885.)

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DEARLY that the sea is teemed with fish.  
You should have seen the quantities of whitefish and salmon trout they brought in from Lake Ontario and sold in the old fish market down where the present St. Lawrence Market is.

**PIGEONS BY THOUSANDS**  
Talking of sport reminds me of being up north of Orillia in the early days when their country was a wilderness with a few scattered settlements. One fall day I was standing at the edge of a clearing when suddenly the sky became dark and the queerest sound filled the air. I looked up and saw an immense flock of wild pigeons, countless thousands of them. They swooped down on the trees all about to feed on the beech nuts. You would probably have knocked the birds down with a stick.

**RAJERS' ADVICE**  
Mr. Hunter returns from a recent adventure in Toronto. The northern Railway, the first railway in Ontario, had been built from Toronto north to Westport in 1853. In 1854 Mr. Hunter, who knew one of the freight conductors, was given a trip over the line, which then stopped at Bradford, 42 miles due north of Toronto. It took the slow lumbering old engine, with its immense smokestack and fire of cordwood sticks, all day to haul a few primitive freight cars to the then-flourishing northern town and to get back. As the train rumbled past the Old Fort on its return trip a soldier from the British regiment then quartered at Toronto was run over, had both legs taken off, and died on the spot.—*Evening Telegram*, Toronto.

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## UP-RIVER DOINGS

St. Stephen, N. B., July 30.  
Miss Mildred Todd has arrived home from Yarmouth, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. John Derby, of Boston, have been visitors in Calais for several days.

Mrs. J. A. Kallish, of San Francisco, California, is visiting Calais friends this week.

Mrs. Frank Baird and Miss McCormick, of Boston, are guests of Mrs. Frederick S. White.

Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth and children, of Winchester, Mass., are guests of her aunt, Mrs. Frank Todd, for several weeks.

Mrs. Frederick P. MacNichol was in town to-day to attend the funeral of Mrs. R. K. Ross.

Mrs. Eva Nichol, of New York City, is a guest of Mrs. A. Levy.

Mrs. Frank Ingersoll, of Grand Manan, has been a recent visitor in town.

Mrs. Frederick Richardson, of Deer Island, spent a few days with St. Stephen friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Veasey, of Springfield, Ohio, are visiting his sisters, the Misses Veasey.

Mrs. A. H. Russell, of Millinocket, has been a recent guest of Mrs. Thomas Todd.

Mrs. Robert Webber has been confined to her room with illness during the past week, but is reported much better to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Whitlock and the Misses Whitlock are spending a week or two on the ledge.

The large stable at the rear of Elm Hall, the property of Ganong Bros. Ltd., has been purchased by Thomas Todd and removed to a site on Water Street opposite Harry L. Wall's book store. Mr. Todd intends to make the building into a store or house. Elm Hall has had a large addition made to it to make room for a hundred girls, all of whom are to be employed in Ganong Bros. Candy Factory.

Mrs. Thomas Byrne is spending a day or two with Mrs. F. E. Ross.

A fine Tennis Court has recently been made on the grounds of the Robinson Memorial Nurses Home for the pleasure of the nurses in training at the Chipman Memorial Hospital.

Prof. Upton Hill, of Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., is registered at the Queen.

Dr. R. K. Ross and Mr. and Mrs. William Spinney left this evening for their home in Yarmouth, N. S.

Mr. James Vroom, St. Stephen's efficient town secretary, visited Fredericton this week.

Dr. Douglas Dyas can now be found in his new office in his dwelling house on Union Street.

Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. C. Herbert Maxwell on the birth of a son.

Miss Muriel Newnham, of Woodstock, has concluded a pleasant visit with relatives both in Calais and St. Stephen and returned to her home.

A party of young people, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woods, enjoyed a delightful week-end visit at the cottage of Mr. George Budd.

Mr. Davidson, manager of the Royal Bank, and family are nicely settled in the residence on Elm Street owned by Mr. Jerome Sullivan.

St. Stephen, N. B., August 6.  
Mrs. Jowett, of Boston, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Benjamin Shorten, in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Cole and their daughter, Miss Vera, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Storr, near St. Andrews.

Mrs. Harold Carter has returned from a visit in Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Mallery have rented a comfortable cottage on the St. Andrews road to spend a fortnight in the country.

Mrs. F. Todd, with her daughters, Mrs. N. M. Mills and Miss Mildred Todd, and their friend, Mrs. J. W. Richardson, left on Saturday for a motor trip to Quebec City, and will be gone two or three weeks.

Mrs. Thomas Byrne, of Halifax, was the guest of Mrs. F. E. Ross when in town last week. She left on Saturday for Sussex, where she will visit relatives before returning to her home. Mrs. Byrne was in St. Stephen on the sad errand of attending the funeral of her mother, Mrs. R. K. Ross.

Miss Edith Newnham, who has been attached to the United States Army and has been a nursing sister in the hospitals in France during the war, arrived in St. Stephen on Friday after many months spent near the battle fields. Her experience has been wide and terrible. She is most warmly welcomed by hosts of friends and will spend some time with her parents, Van Archdeacon and Mrs. Newnham.

## DECREASE IN PRODUCTION AND IMPORT OF COAL

The coal output for the Dominion in May, 1919, was approximately only three-quarters of the output in May 1918, according to the monthly bulletin of the Dominion bureau of statistics. In May, 1918, the grand total for Canada was 1,217,989 tons and for May of this year 906,536 tons, or a difference of 311,453 tons and the imports of bituminous and anthracite coal were also much less this year than last year. The figures for imports in May 1919, 736,426 tons of bituminous and 461,701 tons of anthracite coal were received while in the same month of 1918 there were received 1,437,377 tons of bituminous and 495,561 tons of anthracite, a total decrease of 706,851 tons or approximately one-third in imports. Taking imports and output the decrease is altogether 1,018,864 tons.

Nova Scotia shows the least reduction of output with a total of 509,577 tons this year compared with 403,833 last year. New Brunswick has an output of less than half that of May 1919, its figures being 23,208 tons last year and 11,090 this year. Alberta's grand total has dropped from 412,205 tons last year to 280,699 tons this year and British Columbia this year has an output of only 192,795 tons whereas last year in the same month it had an output of 251,519 tons.

## ALLIES DEMAND GERMAN GENERAL

London, August 8.—The surrender of General Kruska, commander of the German prison camp at Raber, has been demanded by the Allies as the first of the enemy officials to be tried for violation of international law during the war, according to a Copenhagen dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company, quoting Berlin advices. General Kruska is accused of having been responsible for an epidemic of typhus fever at the Kaiser camp, which caused the deaths of 3,000 French prisoners.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY