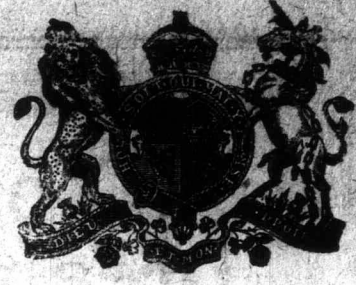




The Beacon



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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1919

NO. 27

A DIRGE

SLEEP on, sleep, ye resting dead?
The grass is o'er ye growing
In dew's greenness. Ever fled
From you hath Care; and, in its stead,
Peace hath with you its dwelling made.
Where tears do cease from flowing,
Sleep on!

Sleep on, sleep on! Ye do not feel
Life's ever-burning fever;
Nor scorn that sears, nor pains that steel
And blanch the loving heart, until
This like the bed of mountain-till
Which waves have left for ever,
Sleep on!

Sleep on, sleep on! Your couch is made
Upon your mother's bosom;
Yea, and your peaceful, lonely bed
Is all with sweet wild-flowers inlaid;
And over each earth-pillow'd head
The hand of Nature strews them,
Sleep on!

Sleep on, sleep on! I would I were
At rest within your dwelling,
No more to feel, no more to bear
The World's falsehood and its care,
The arrows it doth never spare
On him whose feet are failing,
Sleep on!

—ROBERT NICOLL

(Born January 7, 1814; died 1837.)

THE HEADSWOMAN

By KENNETH GRAHAM

It was a bland, sunny morning of a medieval May,—an old-style May of the most typical quality; and the Council of the little town of St. Radegonde were assembled, as was their wont at that hour, in the picturesque upper chamber of the Hotel de Ville, for the dispatch of the usual municipal business. Though the date was early sixteenth century, the members of this particular town-council possessed considerable resemblance to those of similar assemblies in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and even the nineteenth centuries, in a general absence of any characteristic at all—unless a pervading hopeless insignificance can be considered as such. All the character in the room, indeed, seemed to be concentrated in the girl who stood before the table, erect, yet at her ease, facing the members in general and Mr. Mayor in particular; a delicate-handed, handsome girl of some eighteen summers, whose tall, supple figure was well set off by the quiet, though tasteful mourning in which she was clad.

"Well, gentlemen," the Mayor was saying, "this little business appears to be—er—quite in order, and it only remains for me to—er—review the facts. You are aware that the town has lately had the misfortune to lose its excuser,—a gentleman who, I may say, performed the duties of his office with neatness and dispatch, and gave the fullest satisfaction to all with whom he—er—came in contact. But the Council has already, in a vote of condolence, expressed its sense of the—er—striking qualities of the deceased. You are doubtless also aware that the office is hereditary, being secured to a particular family in this town, so long as any one of its members is ready and willing to take it up. The deed lies before me, and appears to be—er—quite in order. It is true that on this occasion the Council might have been called upon to consider and examine the title of the claimant, the late lamented official having only left a daughter,—she who now stands before you; but I am happy to say that Jeanne—the young lady in question—with what I am bound to call great good-feeling on her part, has saved us all trouble in that respect, by formally applying for the family post, with all its—er—duties, privileges, and emoluments; and her application appears to be—er—quite in order. There is therefore, under the circumstances, nothing left for us to do but to declare the said applicant duly elected. I would wish, however, before I—er—sit down, to make it quite clear to the—er—fair petitioner, that if a laudable desire to save the Council trouble in the matter has led her to a—er—hasty conclusion, it is quite open to her to reconsider her position. Should she determine not to press her claim, the succession to the post would then apparently devolve upon her cousin Enguerrand, well known to you all as a practising advocate in the courts of this town. Though the youth has not, I admit, up to now proved a conspicuous success in the profession he has chosen, still there is no reason why a bad lawyer should not make an excellent excuser; and in view of the close friendship—may I even say attachment?—existing between the cousins, it is possible that this young lady may, in due course, practically enjoy the solid emoluments of the position without the necessity of discharging its (to some girls) uncongenial duties. And so, though not the rose herself, she would still be—er—near the rose!" And the

Mayor resumed his seat, chuckling over his little pleasantry, which the keener wits of the Council proceeded to explain at length to the more obtuse.

"Permit me, Mr. Mayor," said the girl, quietly, "first to thank you for what was evidently the outcome of a kindly though misdirected feeling on your part; and then to set you right as to the grounds of my application for the post to which you admit my hereditary claim. As to my cousin, your conjecture as to the feeling between us is greatly exaggerated; and I may further say at once, from my knowledge of his character, that he is little qualified either to adorn or to dignify an important position such as this. A man who has achieved such indifferent success in a minor and less exacting walk of life, is hardly likely to shine in an occupation demanding punctuality, concentration, judgement,—all the qualities, in fine, that go to make a good business man. But this is beside the question. My motive, gentlemen, in demanding what is my due, is a simple and (I trust) an honest one, and I desire that there should be no misunderstanding. It is my wish to be dependent on no one. I am both willing and able to work, and I only ask for what is the common right of humanity,—admission to the labor market. How many poor toiling women would simply jump at a chance like this which fortune, by the accident of birth, lays open to me! And shall I, from any false deference to that conventional voice which proclaims this thing as 'nice,' and that thing as 'not nice,' reject a handicraft which promises me both artistic satisfaction and a competence? No gentlemen; my claim is a small one,—only a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. But I can accept nothing less, nor consent to forgo my rights, even for any contingent remainder of possible cousinly favor!"

There was a touch of scorn in her fine contralto voice as she finished speaking; the Mayor himself beamed approval. He was not wealthy, and had a large family of daughters; so Jeanne's sentiments seemed to him entirely right and laudable.

"Well, gentlemen," he began briskly, "then all we've got to do, is to—"

"Beg pardon, your worship," put in Master Robinet, the tanner, who had been sitting with a petrified, Bill-the-Lizard sort of expression during the speechifying; "but are we to understand as how this here young lady is going to be the public excuser of this here town?"

"Really, neighbour Robinet," said the Mayor, somewhat pettishly, "you've got ears like the rest of us, I suppose; and you've had my assurance that it's—er—quite in order; and as it's getting towards lunch-time—"

"But it's unheard of," protested honest Robinet. "There hasn't ever been no such thing—leastways not as I've heard tell."

"Well, well, well," said the Mayor, "everything must have a beginning, I suppose. Times are different now, you know. There's the march of intellect, and—er—all that sort of thing. We must advance with the times—don't you see Robinet?—advance with the times!"

"Well, I'm—"

But no one heard, on this occasion, the tanner's opinion as to his condition, physical or spiritual; for the clear contralto cut short his objections.

"If there's really dotting more to be said, Mr. Mayor," she remarked, "I need not trespass longer on your valuable time. I propose to take up the duties of my office to-morrow morning, at the usual hour. The salary will, I assume, be reckoned from the same date; and I shall make the customary quarterly application for such additional emoluments as may have accrued to me during that period. You see I am familiar with the routine. Good-morning, gentlemen!" And as she passed from the Council chamber, her small head held erect, even the tanner felt that she took with her a large portion of the May sunshine which was descending that morning to gild their deliberations.

II

One evening, a few weeks later, Jeanne was taking a stroll on the ramparts of the town, a favorite and customary walk of hers when business cares were over. The pleasant expanse of country that lay spread beneath her—the rich sunset, the gleaming, sinuous river, and the noble old chateau that dominated both town and pasture from its adjacent height—all served to stir and bring out in her those poetic impulses which had lain dormant during the working day; while the cool evening breeze smoothed out and obliterated any little jars or worries which might have ensued during the practice of a profession in which she was still something of a novice. This evening she felt fairly happy and content. True, business was rather brisk, and her days had been fully occupied; but this mattered little so long as her modest efforts were appreci-

ated, and she was now really beginning to feel that, with practice, her work was creditably and artistically done. In a satisfied, somewhat dreamy mood, she was drinking in the various sweet influences of the evening, when she perceived her cousin approaching.

"Good-evening, Enguerrand," cried Jeanne, pleasantly; she was thinking that since she had begun to work for her living, she had hardly seen him—and they used to be such good friends. Could anything have occurred to offend him?"

Enguerrand drew near somewhat moodily, but could not help allowing his expression to relax at sight of her fair young face, set in its framework of rich brown hair, wherein the sunset seemed to have tangled itself and to cling, reluctant to leave it.

"Sit down, Enguerrand," continued Jeanne, "and tell me what you've been doing this long time. Been very busy, and winning forensic fame and gold?"

"Well, not exactly," said Enguerrand, moody once more. "The fact is, there's so much interest required nowadays at the courts that unassisted talent never gets a chance. And you, Jeanne?"

"Oh, I don't complain," answered Jeanne, lightly. "Of course, it's fair-time just now, you know, and we're always busy then. But work will be lighter soon, and then I'll get a day off and we'll have a delightful ramble and picnic in the woods, as we used to do when we were children. What fun we had in those old days, Enguerrand! Do you remember when we were quite little tots, and used to play at excursions in the back-garden, and you were a bandit and a buccaneer, and all sorts of dreadful things, and I used to chop off your head with a paper-knife? How pleased dear-father used to be!"

"Jeanne," said Enguerrand, with some hesitation, "you've touched upon the very subject that I came to speak to you about. Do you know, dear, I can't help feeling—it may be unreasonable, but still the feeling is there—that the profession you have adopted is not quite—is just a little—"

"Now, Enguerrand!" said Jeanne, an angry flash sparkling in her eyes. She was a little touchy on this subject, the word she most affected to despise being also the one she most dreaded,—the adjective "unladylike."

"Don't misunderstand me, Jeanne," went on Enguerrand, imploringly: "you may naturally think that, because I should have succeeded to the post, with its income and perquisites, had you relinquished your claim, there is therefore some personal feeling in my remonstrances. Believe me, it is not so. My own interests do not weigh with me for a moment. It is on your account, Jeanne, and yours alone, that I ask you to consider whether the higher aesthetic qualities, which I know you possess, may not become cramped and thwarted by the trivial round, the common task,

which you have lightly undertaken. However laudable a professional life may be, one always feels that with a delicate organism such as woman, some of the bloom may possibly get rubbed off the edges of the evening, when she perceives each."

"Well, Enguerrand!" said Jeanne, composing herself with an effort, though her lips were set hard, "I will do you the justice to believe that personal advantage does not influence you, and I will try to reason calmly with you, and convince you that you are simply hide-bound by old-world prejudice. Now, take yourself, for instance, who come here to instruct me: what does your profession amount to, when all's said and done? A mass of lies, quibbles, dodges, and tricks, that would make any self-respecting executioner blush! And even with the dirty weapons at your command, you make but a poor show of it. There was that wretched fellow you defended only two days ago. (I was in court during the trial—professional interest, you know.) Well, he had his regular *alibi* all ready, as clear as clear could be; only you must needs go and mess and bungle the thing up, so that, just as I expected all along, he was passed on to me for treatment in due course. You may like to have his opinion—that of a shrewd, though unlettered person. It's a real pleasure, miss," he said, "to be handled by you. You know our work, and you does your work—though 'p'raps I see it as shouldn't. If that blooming fool of a mouthpiece of mine—*he* was referring to you, dear, in your capacity of advocate—'had known his business half as well as you do yours, I shouldn't a bin here now! And you, know, Enguerrand, he was perfectly right."

"Well, perhaps he was," admitted Enguerrand. "You see, I had been working at a sonnet the night before, and I couldn't get the rhymes right, and they would keep coming into my head in court and mixing themselves up with the *alibi*. Bul look here, Jeanne, when you saw I was going off the track, you might have given me a friendly hint, and you know—for old times' sake if not for the prisoner's!"

"I daresay," replied Jeanne, calmly: "perhaps you'll tell me why I should sacrifice my interests because you're unable to look after yours. You forget that I receive a bonus, over and above my salary, upon each exercise of my functions!"

"True," said Enguerrand, gloomily: "I did forget that. I wish I had your business aptitudes, Jeanne."

"I daresay you do," remarked Jeanne. "But you see, dear, how all your arguments fall to the ground. You mistake a prepossession for a logical base. Now if I had gone, like that Clairette you used to dangle after, and been waiting-wompan to some grand lady in a chateau,—a thin-blooded compound of drudge and sycophant—then, I suppose, you'd have been perfectly satisfied. So 'feminine! So genteel!"

"She's not a bad sort of girl, little

at length to the more obtuse.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

Here's to the year that's awa'
We will drink it in strong and in sma';
And here's to ik bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,
While swift flew the year that's awa'.

Here's to the sodger who bled,
And the sailor who bravely did fa';
Their fame is alive though their spirits are fled
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friends we can trust
When storms of adversity blow;
May they live in our songs and be nearest our hearts,
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

JOHN DUNLOP.

—The New York Evening Post.

RESOLUTION FOR 1919

I HEREBY RESOLVE:

That during 1919 I will save money;

That I will save an amount which will compel me to forgo something I can really do without;

That I will buy War Savings Stamps;

That I will also get a Thriftcard, which will enable me to take care of the "quarters";

That I will keep on doing this throughout the year;

That I will recommend this plan to others;

That I will do all I can to popularize it for the good of my neighbour and Canada generally.

Claire," said Enguerrand, reflectively (thereby angering Jeanne afresh): "but putting her aside,—of course you could always beat me at argument, Jeanne; you'd have made a much better lawyer than I. But you know, dear, how much I care about you; and I did hope that on that account even a prejudice, however unreasonable, might have some little weight. And I'm not alone, let me tell you, in my views. There was a fellow in court only to-day, who was saying that yours was only a *succes d'estime*, and that woman, as a naturally talkative and hopelessly unpunctual animal, could never be more than a clever amateur in the profession you'd have chosen."

"That will do, Enguerrand," said Jeanne, proudly, "it seems that when argument fails, you can stoop so low as to insult me through my sex. You men are all alike,—steeped in brutish masculine prejudice. Now go away, and don't mention the subject to me again till you're quite reasonable and nice."

To be continued

AMERICAN SAILORS FIND LONDON HOSPITABLE

AT the beginning of the present month there were 15,000 American sailors in London, and the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, in a dispatch printed in that newspaper on December 7, without telling exactly what London thought of the boys in blue, gave an impressionistic glimpse of the American sailor's view of London. The dispatch said:

"London seems to be thinking a good deal about the 15,000 American sailors who are in town. What are they thinking about London? 'I like your town all right,' one of them said to me to-day, 'but you haven't enough restaurants. Even in a small American town every street has got them in bunches of fives. Your transport is not up to standard, but I suppose that's the war. London's more like an American city than Edinburgh, and the people are all right. You are not so modern as we are. I see your girls have got their hair bobbed—why, our girls had that ten years ago! The people are real friendly. We like your burg, but your climate is a mutt. The big difference is your ladies. You can speak to a lady here, high or low, without getting into trouble. If you spoke to a lady in America you'd be arrested. I don't say that there's not something where you're more democratic than we are.'

"I referred to the condition of the Strand, and said I hoped that they would not take home wrong ideas about English girls. He said: 'Make no mistake about that. We know all about it. When a man just came back to his ship from leave in London the fellows asked him what the girls were like. He said: 'Depends on what sort you're out for. You can get both sorts if you want them.' We've got our bad joints at home, like you have; but lots of us have got to know fine girls, and high-toned, too, and we don't want the other sort."

"They got on very well with the English sailors on the Forth. 'We gave them a vaudeville, and they gave us what they called a concert.' He would like to live in England when we changed our weather. "This sailor gave me some sound information on a point about which I had always been curious. I asked him if one American could tell at once what part of America another one came from. He said, 'Sure. Take a man from the South. He speaks slow with a drawl—'Air-you-go-in-down-town-toe-night' see? like that like a bunch of farmers talking. A man from Chicago talks like a man from New York, quick and cutting like, with a lot of profanity."

"But could you tell the difference between a Chicago man and a New York man? 'Sure; a Chicago man uses more profanity, and he moves his hand like this—see?—as if he was dealing a card trick.' 'What about the Middle West?' 'Oh! a Kansas man doesn't speak slow, like a Southerner, or too quick like a Chicago man, but just plain and distinct, so any one can understand him. Just like I speak. I come from Kansas.' So there you have it all."

WAR DEATH LIST

London, Dec. 30.—With the issue of the official figures of the French losses in the war, it is possible to arrive at the approximate estimate of the appalling toll of life. The dead so far number 5,936,504. The individual losses in dead thus far announced are:

| | | | |
|-----------|----------|----------|------------|
| British, | 706,726; | French, | 1,071,300; |
| American, | 58,478; | Russian, | 1,700,000; |
| Austrian, | 800,000; | German, | 1,600,000 |

The total German casualties are given by the Berlin Vorwaerts as 6,330,000, and the Austrian total was placed at 4,000,000. Serbia in killed, wounded and prisoners, lost 320,000 men.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—London, December 26.—The safe arrival at Algoa Bay, an African port, of the American sailing ship *Brynilda*, previously reported as lost, was confirmed by Lloyd's here to-day. The report of her loss was due to the fact that a smug boat from her had been picked up at sea.

The *Brynilda* sailed from New York September 27 with a cargo for Africa ports. Two days later a lifeboat to which was attached part of the davits was picked up some distance off the America coast, the boat being identified as belonging to the ship. Later, navy crews searching for the ship and survivors found lumber and other wreckage also identified as part of the ship's cargo. As the ship carried wireless and no report was heard from her, she was given up for lost, and it was generally believed she had struck a mine. This opinion was accepted by the underwriters and 80 per cent. of the ship's insurance was paid. The vessel was in command of Capt. J. S. Keannely, of Malden, Mass., and carried a crew of twenty-one men.

—London, Dec. 30.—The American transport *Taradore*, which left New York for Brest on December 18, was stranded on the Isle D'Yeu, in the Bay of Biscay, on Saturday. Advice state that those on board are being rescued.

—St. John's, Nfld., Dec. 30.—The steamer *Cracianna*, which was due to arrive here to-day, has gone to the assistance of the steamer *Carib*, which last night was reported in distress about 800 miles off this port. No further word has been received from the *Carib* in addition to the wireless message picked up last night, saying that her cargo was shifting and breaking loose.

—London, Dec. 30.—The American Line Steamship *Laladyeu* is on the rocks off the English coast, Lloyd's announced to-day. Rescue of passengers has commenced. No steamship named *Laladyeu* is listed in Lloyd's register.

—Manila, Dec. 30.—Sixteen lives are believed to have been lost when the United States shipping board's steamer *Quantico* was driven ashore in a storm Christmas night on Tabias Island, 25 miles east of Iloilo. The missing were passengers and members of the crew. News of the wreck reached here to-day. The vessel, which was used in the Inter-Island service, is badly damaged, but it is believed its cargo can be saved.

—London, Dec. 31.—The British steamer *Merida*, from Baltimore December 6, is stranded off Pointe Du Touquet on the French coast, south of Boulogne. Although they report the vessel is not damaged, the crew has been obliged to abandon her, owing to the heavy weather.

—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 31.—The steamer *Carib*, before reported in distress eight hundred miles off St. John's, Nfld., was 95 miles east of Halifax this morning and is expected to arrive at this port this evening, according to wireless messages received here. The *Carib* is proceeding under her own steam.

—London, Jan. 1.—Two hundred and seventy sailors were drowned to-day as the result of the loss of the British steam yacht *Jolair*, off Stornoway, Scot. The yacht had 300 sailors on board. They were on a New Year's holiday leave. The vessel struck on the dangerous rocks known as The Beasts of Hell, near Stornoway harbor, and only about thirty of them were saved. Many of these were terribly injured in their efforts to reach the shore. All the officers and crew of the *Jolair* were lost.

The *Jolair* was a vessel of 302 tons. She was built in 1902, and before the war belonged to the estate of the late Sir Donald Currie.

Make 1919 a W. S. S. year.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S WORK GOES ON

A reminder of Elbert Hubbard, victim of the Lusitania, is contained in this paragraph in a New York paper: "At East Aurora the Roycrofts continue to flourish. Their annual convention is as usual. But no invitation is necessary to attend it. Anyone who goes there is welcomed and the speakers include you if you want to speak. That's the Roycroft idea. The notables are scheduled, but in the grove the open-air theater is an open forum. Any subject goes. We hear that the work phase of the Roycrofts is the big thing now. Which as we recall it was Hubbard's hope. A place where everything that was made was first useful and then beautiful. He used to say, 'If it's useful it is beautiful, but many useful things can be made more beautiful. That's what we want to do.'" —Exchange.

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