



TO HIS BOOK

YOU vain, self-conscious little book... Companion of my happy days... How eagerly you seem to look...

OF DELAYS

FORTUNE is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sybilla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and still holdeth up the price...

THE LITTLE BOY WHO WAS SENT TO SALT THE SEABIRD'S TAIL

WHEN the schooner Sympathy sailed out of Grangemouth on the Fifth of March one day in 1873 she had someone on board that nobody knew about. While she was nosing the tossing waters of the North Sea he made his appearance—a wee, would-be mariner of nine summers, who had "stowed away" in order to see the world.

spread with a gafftopsail that fairly tickled the stars, its head towering above the topmast by means of a jockey. It was something like the clubtopsail we use on racing yachts. With so much weight aloft the Sympathy rolled like a barrel in the calms, and buried her lee deck when it breezed up. Often, when sail had to be made or shortened, her whole crew of seven men was required, and the "watch-below" had to be routed out.

There was never any second call. Poor little Peter soon learned that. Curled up in the bunk he had been accorded in the forecastle, he didn't hear the demand to "Show a leg!" which brought the watch on deck. He slept on, as kiddies will. A bucket of cold salt water was his prompt punishment. Soused and shivering he scrambled out and lent his nine-year-old might to tugging on the tackle-fall, or whatever it was that had to be done.

This was the school where little Peter began his lessons. When the sailors have to "lay out" on the yard, to furl or reef the sail, they stand on the footropes stretched below the spar and hang on by the jacks stay stretched above it like a handrail. The yard is about under their elbows. Peter was so little that his toes could not reach the footrope, and he used to have to scramble along the upper side of the yard like a squirrel on a limb.

There is a man in the British Empire to-day who has at his beck and call a quarter of a million of the bravest men in the world. One hundred and fifty-seven thousand of these heroes are active members of the Seamen and Firemen's Union. Another fifty thousand are members of the union, for the time being in the navy. The balance is made up of the fishermen and crews of the hundreds of minesweepers that are still busy on the British coasts.

This man meets them as man to man. He was frozen with them in the same Cape Horn gales, fried with them in the same furnace rooms, gone broke with them on the same waterfrosts, shared with them "shandygaffs" of minced junk, biscuit crumbs and molasses, in the same forecastles. He is scarred with the marks that many of them also bear, from bursting steampipe and searing firebed.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (Born January 22, 1561; died April 9, 1626.)

And this man was the little boy who stowed away in the Sympathy forty-five years ago—Councillor Peter Wright, of Newport, Monmouthshire, the sturdiest of the Bolsheviks, the pacifists, the defeatists, ever had; the best friend the British working man—and the Canadian working man—and the British patriot—

stacks thirty feet high; the corpses, not of men killed in battle, but of soldiers murdered by their fellow-countrymen in the name of Bolshevik equality, while foreign invaders held the whole eastern frontier. He had found his own hotel—and the rest of Petrograd—looted even to the electric chandeliers by the Bolshevik policemen, after thirty thousand constables and Secret Service men of the old regime had been murdered in cold blood.

NEWS OF THE SEA London, January 10.—The British steamer Northumbria struck a mine off Middleborough, Thursday, and it is believed that most of the crew was lost. A boat with two survivors and eight dead was washed ashore at Newton Abbot. Four boats which left the ship with survivors are missing, and it is believed that the boats were swamped while attempting to make shore.

London, Jan. 11.—The entire crew of the Japanese Nanyo Maru was lost when the vessel was sunk off Hokaido on Jan. 2nd, according to a dispatch from Kobe. The steamer was on its way from Kobe to Marseilles.

War Savings Stamps Promote Thrift. FOR SALE OR RENT—Cottage on Adolphus Street. Apply to MRS. ARABELLA HENDERSON, St. Andrews, N.B.

FOR SALE—Desirable property, known as the Bradford property, situated on the harbour side of Water St., St. Andrews, consisting of house, ell, and barn. House contains store, seven rooms, and large attic. Easy terms of payment may be arranged. Apply to THOS. R. WRAN, St. Andrews, N.B.

NOTICE The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the GRAND MANAN TELEPHONE COMPANY, Limited, will be held at the office of George E. Datzell, Castalia, in the Parish of Grand Manan, on Thursday, the Sixteenth day of January, A. D. 1919, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

CAMPOBELLO FOR SALE—Eleven room dwelling house and outbuildings with nine acres of first class farm and garden, Herring Cove Road, Campobello. Commodious sheds, stable, and henery buildings, all in good condition.

The Winter Term of the FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE opens on MONDAY, JANUARY 13, 1919. Descriptive literature of our courses of study will be sent to any address on request.

MINIATURE ALMANAC ATLANTIC STANDARD TIME PHASES OF THE MOON

Table with columns: Day of Month, Day of Week, Sun Rises, Sun Sets, H. Water a.m., H. Water p.m., L. Water a.m., L. Water p.m.

The Tide Tables given above are for the Port of St. Andrews. For the following places the time of tides can be found by applying the correction indicated, which is to be subtracted in each case:

Table with columns: Place, H.W., L.W.

CHURCH SERVICES PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. (7.30 p. m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Friday evening at 7.30.

SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS Entered Foreign Jan. Eastport. 9 Strmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport. 11 Strmr. Grand Manan, Hersey, Eastport.

OUR NEW TERM BEGINS Thursday, January 2nd Send for Catalogue S. Kerr, Principal

Try a Beacon Ad For Results 25c. Buy a Thrift Stamp.

TRAVEL

Grand Manan S. S. Company After June 1, and until further notice, one of this line will leave Grand Manan, Monday, for St. John, arriving about 2.30 p. m.; returning Wed., 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport.

MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. TIME TABLE On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Harbor.

CHURCH SERVICES BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. William Amos, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School after the morning service. Prayer Service, Wednesday evening at 7.30. Service at Bayside every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock except the last Sunday in the month when it is held at 7 in the evening.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster Office Hours from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Money Orders and Savings Bank Business transacted during open hours.

Readers who appreciate this paper may give their friends the opportunity of seeing a copy. A specimen number of THE BEACON will be sent to any address in any part of the world on application to the Beacon Press Company, St. Andrews, N. B. Canada.



I KNOW an island Green upon which I hear the fairies sing When I go by the One night, one sudden I shall And very softly hand And out beyond the To find my fairy I shall not need to It will be moored within a tiny pebb Where meadow-sw Close to the water The moon from the sky Will make a shimmer And I shall sing t As joyfully I float I shall not need to And, peering through I presently shall Where swift the water The fairies all in row Waiting to welcome

LATER I T is my destiny I markets and to selling at all—in the deed, having tired of my article, I have preferred to make its favor to me. But I am not an exception that I have been well luck has not changed destined to be that a successful dealer. It happened thus, old curiosity shops came upon a portrait drawings, among my eye would have been, even if an earlier ed that opinion of his name with all its in the wrong order. "How much is this?" "Well," said the genuine TURNER it thing. But let's say can have it for that, you don't, because I next week and should get an opinion." I pondered. "Mind you, I don't added. I gave him the ten By what incredible purchaser for the dr there is no need to this narrative reside with collectors, but my own soul. The astor that I achieved a pounds ten and was began to think. The dealer (so m that little street by door, he ought to p behaved very well to behave well to him. Thereupon I sat do note saying that the drawing, which no d had turned out to be great pleasure in en the proceeds, as I only just and decent. Having no stamps late I did not post thi and, according to cus my life's errors, which ever complaining of these I reached, by w recent successful piec put the letter to the examination and cross (so my thoughts ran Why be Quixotic? T Quixotry. It was my the probability of the He had indeed failed; own business. Why p ineptitude? No, a pr points at the most w quately meet the case. Sleep still refusing to a book of short stor Then I closed my eyes began to think about (so my thoughts ran pounds? It will only o idea of his customers, would be so fair, so s will expect similar let be disappointed, and do embittered and go dw miserable creature. old man too; a pity, n such a nature. No, te Five would be plenty him above himself. While I was dressing