



The Beacon



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To All Our Readers

We Extend The

Season's Greetings

With Best Wishes

For A

Merry

Christmas

And A

Happy and

Prosperous

New Year

Beacon Press Co.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

SO, stik up ivy and the bays,
 And then restore the heathen ways.
 Green will remind you of the spring,
 Though this great day denies the thing;
 And mortifies the earth, and all
 But your wild revels, and loose hall.
 Could you wear flowers, and roses strow
 Blushing upon your breasts' warm snow,
 That very dress your lightness will
 Rebuke, and wither at the ill.
 The brightness of this day we owe,
 Not unto music, masque, nor show,
 Nor gallant furniture, nor plate,
 But to the manger's mean estate.
 His life while here, as well as birth,
 Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
 And all man's greatness you may see
 Condemned by His humility.

Then leave your open house and noise,
 To welcome Him with holy joys,
 And the poor shepherds' watchfulness,
 Whom light and hymns from Heaven did
 Bless.
 What you abound with, cast abroad
 To those that want, and ease your load.
 Who empties thus, will bring more in;
 But riot is both loss and sin.
 Dress finely what comes not in sight,
 And then you keep your Christmas right.
 HENRY VAUGHAN
 (1621-1695.)

CHRISTMAS

SO now is come our joyfulest part;
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy-leaves is dressed,
 And every spot with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your torches garlands twine,
 Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry!

Now all our neighbours' chimneys spoke,
 And Christmas-blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.
 Without the door let sorrow lie;
 And, if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
 And evermore be merry!

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
 Their hall of music soundeth;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country folks themselves advance
 With crowdie-muttons out of France;
 And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry!

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor that else were undone;
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride in London.
 There the roysters they do play,
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry!

The client now his suit forbears;
 The prisoner's heart is eased;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased.
 Though other's purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry!

Hark! now the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambing;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound;
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found,
 And there they will be merry!

The wenches with their wassail bowls
 About the streets are singing;
 The boys are come to catch the owls,
 The wild mare in is bringing;

Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box,
 And to the dealing of the ox
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry!
 Now kings and queens poor sheep-cots
 have,
 And mate with everybody,
 The honest now may play the knave,
 And wise men play the noddy.
 Some youths will now a-mumming go,
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,
 And twenty other game, boys, mo,
 Because they will be merry!
 Then wherefore, in these merry days,
 Should we, I pray, be duller?
 No, let us sing some roundelay
 To make our mirth the fuller.
 And, while we thus inspired sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring;
 Woods, and hills, and everything,
 Bear witness we are merry!
 GEORGE WITHER
 (1588-1667)

IN A CASTLE RUIN

"VERY long ago," said the old man,
 "The castle was owned by a Scotch-
 man named Carr, whose daughter was
 the most beautiful woman in the world.
 The name of this daughter was Clelia.
 She married Andy MacDonnell, who came
 over at the time of the Settlement; and
 after her marriage she lived on at the
 castle with her husband, helping Carr
 with the land. When Andy had been
 married about half a year, he was called
 away to Scotland on business; for he was
 a great man in Scotland, and at that time
 there was to be marrying between the
 royal families of Scotland and England,
 and he was wanted to carry a banner at
 the wedding. So he went to Scotland,
 and when they heard he was coming
 back they made all ready for a feast,
 and they had fires lighted, and all the fiddlers
 and the pipers came; and the poets came
 from the back hills making up new songs."
 "Now at last, the ship which brought
 Andy MacDonnell came round the Point
 yonder, and Andy got ashore, and then
 the ship rowed away. Then Carr went
 up to him and asked why he was turning
 the ship away again. 'Isn't that the ship
 you called in?' he said. 'Isn't that your
 own ship?' 'It is not,' says Andy. 'My
 own ship's in Scotland. The King took a
 fancy to her.' So then Carr asked him
 what had become of all the men who had
 gone with him abroad. And he answered
 that the King had taken a fancy to them,
 and that they were all with the King in
 Scotland, every man jack of them down
 to Johnny O'Hara, the piper's boy. So
 Carr wondered a little at that, but said
 nothing; and they all went up to the
 castle to the feast.

"But there was a queer thing that was
 noticed. There was a little lad of the
 MacLearnon's running about bare foot
 among the horses. He was a little wee
 lad, the nicest little lad you would be see-
 ing. So when Andy MacDonnell was
 coming to the castle from the shore, this
 little MacLearnon looks at him; and he
 was near him; and he said to his mother,
 'His Honor's ears is pointed.' They were
 pointed just the same as the ears on a
 terrier. Wasn't it wonderful that no one
 had ever noticed that before; that he
 should have pointed ears, and no one see
 it? I'm thinking that was a great won-
 der.

"Now after that, things settled down as
 before. Andy MacDonnell lived on with
 Carr at the Castle, and there was nothing
 much happened, except a little child was
 born to Clelia; and that was a queer thing,
 the child was. It was a little wee man of
 a child, and he was born with teeth in
 him, and the first thing his mother saw of
 him was that his ears were pointed; and
 the nurses said that that was a great
 shame, and she so beautiful a mother.
 There were other things, besides that,
 which seemed queer. Andy MacDonnell
 was another sort of a man than he had
 been. He used to go up beyond, in the
 back hills, at the time of a new moon.
 He got a bad name on to him for doing
 that; but that was nothing to what they
 caught him doing another time on the
 back hills, beyond the wood there.
 There's a flat place there, where they
 used to hold cock-fights in the old times.
 It was a religious place before that, where
 they did the old religion, and there's
 wraiths in it, besides themselves; and it
 was there they caught Andy. 'It was one
 twilight they caught him. He was stand-
 ing on the grass, bowing to a great black
 goat; and every time he bowed the goat
 spoke to him in ancient Irish. Wasn't
 that a wonderful thing now? There was
 a strong magic in that; indeed there was.
 The shepherds didn't say anything, for
 Andy was a great gentleman, but they
 thought it a queer thing, for all that.
 And Carr kept wondering all the time
 what had become of the ship, and all the
 men left behind in Scotland;

"Now just about a year after Andy
 MacDonnell had come home, he and Carr,
 and Clelia and the child were sitting on

the grass (on a carpet) looking out over
 the bay, and it was one evening, getting
 towards sunset; and as they were sitting
 talking, they saw a small boat pulling in
 to the bay, and Carr said, 'It's a tired
 man in that boat,' for he was pulling like
 a crazy man. And Clelia said, 'It'll be
 some poor-man who has maybe lost his
 ship.' And Andy MacDonnell looked
 hard at the boat, and says he, 'I'll be
 going in,' he said, 'the evening strikes
 cold,' he says. So he turned, and went
 into the house. There was no one ever
 saw him again.

"Now the boat ran ashore on the beach,
 and the tired man got out of her, just by
 those rocks; and he was tired indeed.
 He could scarce climb up the bank of
 shingle. So Carr looks hard at him.
 'Why,' he says, 'it's Johnny O'Hara, the
 piper's boy, that was left behind in Scot-
 land. What news, Johnny?' he says. So
 Johnny comes near up to him, and, 'Bad
 news,' he says. 'It's bad news I'm bring-
 ing you this day. Your man is killed,' he
 says. 'Andy MacDonnell is killed,' he
 says. 'He was killed by the Scotch the
 day he was to have come home. And I've
 been a prisoner ever since.' So Carr got
 up on his feet, and he calls out 'Andy';
 but no one ever came. And Clelia called
 out 'Andy'; but no one ever answered.
 And they went into the castle, but no
 Andy was there, and then they knew that
 they'd been living with a dragon-man,
 and that the real Andy had been dead a
 year. When Clelia knew that she'd been
 living with a dragon-man, she went up
 stairs to her room, and took out a kind of
 dirk she had with a sharp point on it, and
 she said a prayer first, and then stuck
 herself, so that she fell dead. That was
 in one of the top chambers. It's all fallen
 in now, this long time; but that was
 where she killed herself. And when Carr
 knew that their had been a dragon-man,
 he looked at the child, and he knew it for
 a dragon-child, because its ears was
 pointed, so he took it up and swung it
 against the tower wall, against the
 corner stones, until he had it killed.
 Then he went down the strand yonder,
 to that point of rocks below my cabin,
 and there he drowned himself. That's
 why the point is called Carr's Point, to
 this day. He was the last man to live in
 the castle here. No one would ever live
 in it after that, and the floors fell in, and
 the wood-work was taken; and now
 there's the ivy on it."—From "A Mainsail
 Haul," by John MacEldred. London: Elkin-
 Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.

THE SUGAR-PLUM TREE

HAVE you ever heard of the Sugar Plum Tree?
 'Tis a marvel of great renown!
 It blooms on the shores of the Lollipop sea
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.
 The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
 (As those who have tasted it say)
 That good little children have only to eat
 Of that fruit to be happy next day.
 When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
 To capture the fruit which I sing,
 The tree is so tall that no person could climb
 To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
 But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
 And a gingerbread dog prowls below—
 And this is the way you contrive to get at
 Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to the gingerbread dog
 And he barks with such terrible zest
 That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
 As her swelling proportions attest,
 And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
 From this leafy limb unto that
 And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground
 Hurrah for the chocolate cat!
 There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes
 With stripings of scarlet and gold,
 And you carry away of the treasure that rains
 As much as your apron can hold!
 So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
 In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
 And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

EUGENE FIELD
(1850-1895)



OBITUARY

MARTIN ELDRIDGE
 Beaver Harbor, N. B., Dec. 17.—The
 community was saddened when it was
 learned that Martin Eldridge had sudden-
 ly passed away on Wednesday, 11th
 inst.

Mr. Eldridge, who was 63 years of age,
 had been in failing health for some time
 and had suffered a slight stroke some
 weeks ago. He rallied, however, and
 seemed to be regaining his health. On
 Wednesday afternoon he left his home
 to go to the Post Office. On the way
 he was struck by a passing sled. The
 fall caused another stroke, from which
 he died, a short time after, without re-
 gaining consciousness.

Deceased was a member of the United
 Baptist Church, here, and was a good
 quiet, honest, citizen who will be much
 missed in the community.
 There is left to mourn, a widow, two
 sons and two daughters, two brothers
 and two sisters. The sons are Roy, a
 returned soldier, at present in Frederic-
 ton, and Clare, at home. One daughter,
 Mrs. Wm. Barry, resides here, and the
 other, Mrs. Burpee Bates in Campbellton.
 The brothers, Addison and Bernard,
 live here; and the sisters are Mrs. Frank
 Connors, of St. John, and Miss Amanda,
 of St. Andrews.

Funeral services were held on Friday
 afternoon conducted by Rev. H. E.
 DeWolfe, of St. George, who spoke from
 the words "What I do, thou knowest not
 now, but thou shalt know hereafter."
 The choir sang "Sometime We'll Under-
 stand," "Asleep in Jesus," and "Abide
 with me."

FREDERICK PIKE MACNICHOL
 St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 18.—The com-
 munity was shocked on Monday when it
 was heard that Frederick P. MacNichol
 had passed away after an illness of a few
 hours. On Sunday he attended the Church
 of Christian Science in Calais, and after
 returning to his home, and a short time
 after dinner he complained of feeling ill.
 He grew rapidly worse and Dr. Marion, of
 Calais, and Dr. Grey, of Milltown, were
 summoned but nothing could be done to
 help him, and at noon on Monday he
 passed quietly away. He was forty-six
 years of age and the second son of the
 late Hon. Archibald MacNichol, of Calais.
 He leaves a widow, who was Miss Mar-
 garet Todd, only daughter of the late Mr.
 and Mrs. Henry Todd, one son, Frank,
 and three daughters, Helen, Veary, and
 Margaret, his mother, and a sister, Mrs.
 Forbes Conant, of Boston, and one brother,
 Dr. George MacNichol, of Toledo, Ohio,
 to mourn his loss. He was a genial, kind-
 hearted man and well liked by his circle
 of friends. The funeral service was held
 on Thursday afternoon from his residence
 and conducted with Masonic ceremonies.

SONG WRITER IS DEAD

New York, Dec. 14.—Monroe H. Rosen-
 field, the man who wrote "The Man Who
 Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "John-
 nie Get Your Gun," and many other popu-
 lar songs, is dead here, aged 56 years.

The interment was in the beautiful Todd
 family lot in the Rural Cemetery. Much
 sympathy is expressed for Mrs. Mac
 Nichol and family in their sorrow and un-
 expected bereavement.

MRS. JOHN RAY
 After an illness of many months, Mrs.
 Ray widow of the late John Ray, passed
 away at her home in Milltown on Sunday
 afternoon. She was sixty-two years of
 age. The funeral was held on Tuesday
 afternoon. The interment was in the
 St. Stephen Rural Cemetery.

MRS. JAMES R. HOOPER
 The death of Mrs. James R. Hooper, of
 Back Bay, Charlotte County, occurred in
 the General Public Hospital on Monday
 evening. Mrs. Hooper, who was in her
 thirty-fourth year, is survived by her
 husband and one son, Lloyd, her father,
 Albion McLees, of Back Bay, and her
 sister, Mrs. McNichol, of Letite, Charlotte
 County. The body will be taken to Back
 Bay for burial. Mrs. Hooper was highly
 respected in the community in which she
 lived and her death is greatly regretted by
 her friends.—St. John Telegraph.

PIE. ARTHUR A. McMULLON
 Last week we made reference to the
 death and burial of Private Arthur A.
 McMullon, and since then a contributor
 has supplied us with the following fuller
 particulars:
 Pte. Arthur A. McMullon died on 8th
 December in the Toronto General Hospi-
 tal, of double pneumonia following an at-
 tack of influenza. He was in his twenti-
 eth year, and was a young man whom to
 know was to love. He was one of three
 brothers who volunteered for overseas
 service in the late war, and enlisted in
 the 115th Battalion in St. Andrews on
 Jan. 11, 1916. He went overseas with
 his corps, but was returned owing to ill
 health. Since last spring he was attach-
 ed to the Muskoka General Hospital, on
 escort duty, from which he had been dis-
 charged, and was waiting in Toronto for
 the completion of his papers when he
 was stricken with the dread disease.
 He leaves to mourn his loss, father and
 mother, two brothers, two sisters, and
 two half-sisters. The brothers are Sgt.
 Bernard, overseas, and Frank, now at
 home. His sisters are Mrs. L. R. John-
 stone, of St. John, N. B., and Miss Agnes
 at home; Mrs. John Johnson, of Baring,
 Me.; and Mrs. William Thompson, of
 Calais, Me.

The remains arrived in St. Andrews
 from Toronto on Thursday, Dec. 12, ac-
 companied by the brother, Frank. The
 funeral took place from the home to the
 church of St. Andrew, where High Mass
 was celebrated by Father O'Keefe, and
 from there to the Cemetery of St. An-
 drew, where interment was made with
 military honors. The pall-bearers were
 members of the G. W. V. A., of which
 the deceased was also a member.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

JOHN E. HOLLIS

John E. Hollis, aged about 60 years, a
 resident of Uxbridge since 1868, died
 Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at his
 home at Millbrook farm, in the eastern
 part of the town. He was taken ill with
 a severe cold about ten days ago, but
 continued to do his work about the farm
 for a day or two. He collapsed Dec. 1,
 and was hustled into his bed by his wife
 Pneumonia soon developed, and within a
 few hours he was stricken with an acute
 attack and grew gradually weaker until
 the end came.

He made his home for many years in
 his younger days with the late Arnold
 Inman at the farm Mr. Hollis had for a
 home during the latter years of his life.
 He went to work as teamster for the
 Calumet Manufacturing Co., and when the
 Hecla plant was bought by the Calumet
 Co. he went to that mill, where he
 assumed the position as superintendent
 of the farm. When the Calumet & Hecla
 Co. went out of business about a dozen
 years ago, Mr. Hollis bought the Inman
 farm from the estate. He has since con-
 ducted the farm, run a gristmill and saw-
 ed logs and shingles at the water privi-
 lege on Mill brook. He was a successful
 farmer and for a long term of years he
 exhibited an excellent display of vege-
 tables and flowers at the annual fair.

He was a past grand of Uxbridge lodge,
 I. O. O. F., and served the lodge in nearly
 every office that body has, both elective
 and appointive. The past 10 years he
 was a member of the board of trustees
 and acted as outside conductor under
 many of the noble grands of the lodge,
 having the honor of bringing more men
 into the lodge for the initiatory degree
 than any man possibly in the county.
 He was also a past master of Uxbridge
 Grange, a seventh degree member, and
 for many years a member of the execu-
 tive committee. For a long term of
 years he was superintendent of the hall
 exhibit for the Blackstone valley agricul-
 tural society, and also served on its ex-

ecutive committee. He served the town
 both as a constable and for many years
 as a field driver.
 He married on Nov. 24, 1878, Miss Min-
 nie Eggleton, daughter of the late George
 Eggleton, St. Andrews, N. B., who sur-
 vives him with one daughter, Mrs. Helen
 Pease, Beverly.
 Funeral services were held Wednesday
 afternoon at 2 o'clock at the house. Dele-
 gations were present from Uxbridge
 lodge, I. O. O. F., Uxbridge grange, P. of
 H., and the Blackstone valley agricul-
 tural society. Rev. Alexander Wiswall of-
 ficiated. The Odd Fellows' burial ser-
 vice was conducted at the house on ac-
 count of the weather. Burial was in
 Prospect hill cemetery. The bearers
 were Walter H. Lewis, Merton A. Hub-
 bard, Herbert C. Thompson, and Samuel
 F. Thayer, all Odd Fellows.—Transcript,
 Uxbridge, Mass., Dec. 13.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear daughter,
 Margaret Florence MacLaren, who left
 us December 13th, 1917.
 The call was short, the blow severe
 To part with one we loved so dear,
 But it was God who willed it so.
 When He commands we all must go.
 Family

THE "CORINTHIAN" A TOTAL WRECK

The Canadian Pacific steamer *Corin-
 thian*, 7,332 tons gross register, which
 sailed from St. John Saturday morning at
 7 o'clock for Glasgow, with a large cargo,
 struck, Saturday afternoon, on Bolson's
 Ledge, Brier Island, and will be a total
 loss. Captain David Tannock and his
 crew of eighty-six were rescued by the
 government steamer *Aberdeen* and the
 patrol boat *Festubert*.

When pilot James Bennett took the
Corinthian from her dock and saw her
 safely past Partridge Island, Saturday
 morning, there was quite a sea running
 and there was a fog. During the morn-
 ing the sea grew worse and the fog more
 dense.

When Partridge Island picked up the
 distress signals Capt. Mulcahy was im-
 mediately informed, as well as Captain
 McGiffin, and J. C. Chesley. The govern-
 ment steamer *Aberdeen* was on the way
 to St. John from Westport, when Captain
 Withers picked up the message, and
 before 4 o'clock was on the way back to
 Brier Island.

The *Festubert*, of the Canadian naval
 service, was ordered out of St. John by
 Capt. Mulcahy.
 The *Aberdeen* arrived at the scene of
 the disaster before midnight, and the
Festubert soon after. Early Sunday morn-
 ing Mr. Chesley got word from the *Aber-
 deen* that by 2 a. m. eight men had been
 rescued. Fishermen gallantly set out to
 the rescue from points along the shore
 and succeeded in taking other men from
 the steamer to safety. Sunday noon Mr.
 Chesley received word by Marconi that
 Capt. Tannock was safely aboard the
Aberdeen, and that the whole crew, eighty-
 seven in all, was accounted for.
 Captain Tannock, aboard the *Aberdeen*,
 said that the holds of the *Corinthian* were
 filled with water, and that nothing could
 be salvaged. She was a total loss. She
 and the *Festubert* were dividing the sur-
 vivors.

HOW TO KEEP THINGS.

An Oriental story tells of a man who
 was asked to lend a rope to a neighbour.
 His reply was that he was in need of the
 rope just then.
 "Shall you need it a long time?" asked
 the neighbour.
 "I think I shall," replied the owner, "as
 I am going to tie up some sand with it."
 "Tie up sand?" exclaimed the would-be
 borrower. "I do not see how you can do
 that!"
 "Oh, you can do almost anything with
 a rope when you do not want to lend it,"
 was the reply.—The Christian Register.

"Do you expect Josh will be able to
 speak French when he gets home?" asked
 Mrs. Cornstossel. "No," replied her hus-
 band. "You can take it from me that
 Josh has been too busy fighting to stop
 an' learn any fancy accomplishments."
 —Washington Star.