



The Beacon



VOL. XXIX

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1918

NO. 46

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT

I KNOW a thing that's most uncommon
(Envy, be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend,
Not warped by passion, awed by rumor;
Not grave through pride, nor gay
through folly;
An equal mixture of Good humor
And sensible soft melancholy.
"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?"
"Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

ALEXANDER POPE,
(Born May 21, 1688; died May 30, 1744.)

JEMIMA LEE

LORD WARWICK, in his recent book of Memories, tells a story of how the retort emphatic was given to Queen Victoria. She was paying a visit with her consort to Warwick Castle, and the housekeeper, who was showing them through the armoury, pointed, with pride, to the target and pistols of Prince Charlie. "You mean, of course, the Pretender?" commented the Queen. "He is not known by that name in our family," corrected the servant her Sovereign. When Queen Victoria died, there died with her that complete identification of the serving-woman with the family she served which Lord Warwick's story so forcibly illustrates. Jemima Lee, who died the other day at the ripe age of ninety-three, may have had a father and mother, and even brothers and sisters. If she had, she disclaimed them by silence. She lived for sixty years as the presiding genius of a corner-house in a London square, which she entered as lady's-maid to the young bride whom a Judge, just beginning to be touched with years, brought to it in the year 1850. The Judge was much given to *vers libres*—as *libres* as his period allowed—and light rhyming, and held that as a wise man chooses his mother-in-law before his wife, so he should also choose the name of the maid he is likely to be constantly encountering in his wife's bedroom before the maid herself. When he knew that a young woman had applied for his service named Jemima Lee, he told his wife that she must engage her straightway, even though her character were faulty, and the maid, who had only to look at the Judge's handsome head to vow to him the fealty of the Table Round, identified herself forthwith so completely with his interests that, in her own phrase, "Judge and Jemima Lee were just gummed together." Jemima Lee's philosophy of life held only two words: "gentleman" and "establishment." Ladies had their place in the social order—but as corollaries to gentlemen; and when her mistress's sister married a soldier and prepared to spend her life in travel, Jemima Lee dismissed such a scheme with the contemptuous comment: "Shacking about, very different from an establishment," and never wanted to hear anything more about them. Once Jemima Lee hinted at a suitor herself. "And why didn't you marry?" she was asked. "That would have been extreme," was her grave rebuke. She had an extraordinary idea of the power of the truth. Once, in the Bayswater Road, a man snatched at her purse. "Why," she exclaimed, throwing up both hands in horror, "your a thief!" and the statement of fact was so impressive that the man promptly dropped the purse and ran. From this episode Jemima Lee developed a creed that when people were bad you had only to tell them about it and call them by their proper names to cure them; and when she wondered a little why the Judge did not act on so easy a philosophy, she decided that it was because he was a gentleman before he was a Judge, and no gentleman called anybody names.

In a life of perfect happiness Jemima Lee tasted perhaps her fullest delight on Sunday mornings, when, dressed in a magnificent silk gown of crimson prune, or puce, a black mantle, and a flowered bonnet, she started out in good—even the best—time, so that from her seat in the gallery she could catch every detail of the entrance into church of her master and mistress. The servants of No. 42 in the square occupied a front seat in the gallery, and Jemima Lee sat in the seat consecrated to her, second from the end, with the butler guarding her. Once she found her place taken—an event as incredible as if she had found a stranger in her bed. In such a situation Jemima Lee in her own boast, used no nonsense. She simply took the usurper by the shoulder and said sharply: "Come out, Sir!" Then, shaking out a pocket-handkerchief, whose fine cambric was only equalled by the exceeding fineness of its laundrying, she entered the pew, and lifting her silk skirt with such a rustling and shimmering that for a second one

might have thought the organ had begun, she went down in her stiff white petticoat on her hassock and made her orisons. If, in the course of these, the lesser servants arrived, they waited on the stairs until they were completed. The thought of them thus waiting gave Jemima Lee intense pleasure, and under the stress of it she would even say the Lord's Prayer twice over. Then her master would follow her mistress up the aisle, and at sight of them Jemima Lee's thoughts would swim in a happy ecstasy at the superb ordering of the world. And when, presently, she shut her eyes again to address her Maker, it was her earthly mistress's face and figure that still lingered. Jemima Lee tasted twenty years of such adoration. Then, the Judge died, and though Jemima Lee comforted him on his death-bed by telling him that he had nothing in the world to think about except to make his exit as easy as possible, because he was leaving her behind and she would take care of the house and the mistress for him for ever and ever, she knew, even as she spoke the brave words, that on her life, too, the sun had set. The wonderful dresses in the vivid hues which the Judge had loved to see about his house were dispatched to the dyer's, and in after-years few memories gave Jemima Lee greater delight than the thought of the crape which, in her own phrase, made both her and her mistress "as stiff as cardboard."

Only two tiny stains dimmed the white radiance of her master's memory. Once when the Judge was at dinner, a whisper went round that a burglar had got into the house and was in one of the bedrooms. The Judge concealed himself in the hall, behind the bust of Disraeli, and presently a man was actually seen coming slithering down the banisters. "What have you been up there for, Sir?" asked the Judge, jumping out upon him. The man rebounded. "I wanted to find George," he said very sheepishly. "Sir, who the devil's George?" asked the Judge again, and looking round saw Jemima Lee standing just behind him. Though he had not known it, she had been behind the bust of Disraeli too. "The dear master was so ashamed," Jemima Lee whispered to just the one occasion in her life when she permitted herself to repeat this story—but with her own rendering. "Who the old gentleman is George?" The second little spot was incurred when the family laundry went through a strange vicissitude and pawn-tickets for it were actually dropped through the letter-box. The Judge, with many apologies, said it would be necessary for Jemima Lee to go with him in the brougham to identify the articles, and when the two reached the pawnshop he suggested very kindly that perhaps Jemima Lee would like to go in by a side-door. "There are no side-doors for Jemima Lee, Sir," and for the first and last time in her life the maid actually preceded her master, walking in before him with her mouth scornful and her head at its greatest height.

In the reconstruction of the household Jemima Lee added the duties of housekeeper to those of maidling her mistress, and she spent the last forty years of her life—a typical figure of her position and period in a black watered-silk dress, a black satin apron, and a black lace cap, with a jet watchchain round her neck—in living over again the twenty years of her glory. Once a visitor to whom she was describing the furnishings of the house when she first came to it remarked idly: "And I suppose from time to time things were added?" Jemima Lee looked at her in blank amazement. "There was nothing to add," she said with great emphasis; "everything was complete from the first." Then she paused. "And I was with them from the beginning," she concluded. She told her stories over and over again. One that she liked particularly related to an evening party when, with many dresses spread upon the bed, neither she nor her mistress could decide which of them was best suited to the occasion. The Judge was brought into council. "It does not matter, so long as you are dressed as my wife ought to be dressed, and we do not forget the reputation of Jemima Lee," he said very gravely, and Jemima Lee had her own way of acknowledging such compliments. She shut her eyes tightly and murmured, with her hands clasped—

"Not more than others I deserve,
But God has given me more."

She liked, too, the tale of the Great Exhibition, when she had some difficulty in arranging her mistress's white Indian shawl in the way which showed best the dress of crimson poplin worn beneath it. When her mistress returned, Jemima Lee made inquiries about the French Empress, and was told that she was undeniably very beautiful. "And what about our Queen?" asked Jemima Lee again. "Our Queen," repeated her mistress—"Majesty itself." "Ah!" replied Jemima Lee, completely satisfied, and like a priest reciting his office she went up and down the house repeating, "Our Queen,—Majesty itself." On the

LINES WRITTEN IN CAPTIVITY

(By Captain Patmore, 5th Hampshire Reg., Son of Coventry Patmore)

IN England the leaves are falling from chestnut and beech and oak,
Where once 'mid moss-grown tree-trunk, the ringing echoes woke,
As one brought down a rocketing pheasant, stopped a pigeon in his flight,
Or picked off a swerving woodcock as it fled into the night,
Oh, for the smell of the mudflats when the autumn tide runs low,
And over the darkening waters the lovers' curse and go;
You can hear the whistling widgeon, see the teal as they cross the moon,
And that ray of liquid silver—the splash of diving loon,
India too is calling, where the black buck gaze on the plain,
Where the peacock struts 'neath the banyan and the partridge calls from the cane,
Where the jackal howls in the twilight, and the fighting pintail wheel,
Where the geese fly up from the river, and circling light on the jheel,
When the haunting smell of the wood-smoke hangs low on the village street,
And the dust drifts gold in the sunset stirred by the children's feet,
When the kites swing low around the temple, and the egrets fly from the stream,
Over the silent mangoes where a myriad fireflies gleam,
These things have I known and have loved them—the heat, the dust, and the sweat,
The rain-swept lonely marshes, the tang of dung-smoke,—and yet
If I should no more feel them, nor quaff the breeze like wine,
The memory at least is with me—for ever, for ever, mine!

F. S. PATMORE

From "The British Prisoner of War."

evening of the day of the opening of the Exhibition her mistress dined at the French Embassy, and the question of diamonds was debated. "If she wants diamonds," said the Judge, looking at his wife, "she can have them to a King's ransom; but I want the fine proportions of her head to be admired and not the diamonds." For the rest of her life whenever Jemima Lee detected ladies in diamonds she assumed at once that there was something wrong with their proportions! She was of a great naïveté, and this contrasted strangely with the massiveness which her face—like the face of all Victorian servants in authority—developed with the years. At a great bazaar at which the Judge's wife was a stall-holder, Jemima Lee, tying up parcels at the rate of twopenny a parcel, heard her mistress exclaim: "I must put on my gloves—here comes the Princess," and forthwith laid the remark to a great humility which did not consider an ungloved hand worthy to lie for a second in a hand of Royal blood. "And the best bit about it," Jemima Lee confided later to her fellow servants, "was that when the Princess came up she had her gloves on too, so she had thought just the same about our mistress as our mistress had about her!"

In one respect the old servant lived just a little too long for her peace of mind. She had the Victorian love of concealment very deeply ingrained, and the sheath-skin and the candour of advertisements at first distressed and then infuriated her against her own sex. She returned for soothing to the memory of her master, who so long as she was in the room would not remove even his dressing-gown. After the manner of her period, Jemima Lee herself wore an immense number of petticoats, and the contrivances, lest they should ride up and thicken the waist of which she was inordinately proud, showed her strong on the mechanical side. Once a housemaid who was compelled to sleep for one night in her bedroom discovered her in the early morning—the secrecies of her toilet forced Jemima Lee in such circumstances to rise very early—straining like the horses in Mr. Leader's pictures of "The Last Furrow," away from her four-poster bedstead while the lace of her corset was looped over one of the posts.

She protested a great affection for, and understanding of, children, though her treatment of them did not meet with very eager response. For whenever a little person was brought to her Jemima Lee would stoop down and ask: "Are you an obedient child?" and if the answer was satisfactory the obedience was rewarded with what Jemima Lee considered "very good for juveniles" and exclusively for their use—a copy of *Punch*. If the child had courage and answered "No," Jemima Lee would reply, greatly shocked: "Then you must go away. I can't have anything to do with disobedience!" and if the child asked again: "Where shall I go to?" Jemima Lee shook her head gravely and said: "I'm afraid you must go to Satan." Jemima Lee had no doubts of to whom she was going herself. After ninety she faded gently away, until one morning she just folded her hands, and saying "The dear master," went to him with a smile on her lips.

The Spectator.

THE FARMERS AND THE GOVERNMENT

Ottawa, May 14.—In reply to the request of the farmers' delegations to-day, Sir Robert Borden said the supreme duty of the government "is to see that the men who are now holding the line against the Hun onslaught, who are fighting this great battle for you and for me, are maintained. Do you realize that this great battle which is now on may prove the decisive ending of this war? I hold that it is my highest duty as Premier to see

that the men who have gone overseas to save you from the desolation which I have witnessed there get adequate support." The government could not in the present crisis exempt any one class or wait for the delays which investigation of individual cases would entail. Shortly after the House resumed the evening sitting, July 2,000 farmers marched down to the entrance with the intention of supporting two of their officers, Manning Doherty and W. Amos, who had been deputed to present their case, if possible, to Parliament itself. The policemen at the door refused ingress to all except members of Parliament, in view of the fact that the limited gallery space was already packed full by the early comers.

Messrs. Doherty and Amos were allowed in to present formally their request for a hearing, but were politely informed that the Prime Minister did not consider it wise or necessary to interrupt the proceedings of the House for a further presentation of the case.

UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Fredericton, May 15.—Dr. C. C. Jones, chancellor of U. N. B., this morning announced the order of graduation for the evening exercises to-morrow afternoon. Seventeen degrees will be granted, three master degrees and fourteen bachelor degrees. The list of degrees, honors, distinctions, medals lists, and prize winners is as follows:

Clarence Allan Gilbert, 1914; Emerson Clemence Rice, 1914; Alonzo Roland Stiles, 1915.
Francis Louise Cott, Latin and Greek, Class I; John Forbes McIntosh, natural science and chemistry, class I; Mary Morley Chestnut, philosophy and English, Class I; Minnie May Miller, English and French, class I; Russell Leigh Snodgrass, mathematics and mathematical physics, class II.

E. A. degree, second division—Marian Anderson, Grace Davis, Melvin Parker Dunn, Essie Jane Robinson.
B. Sc. degree in electrical engineering, second division—James Campbell Carney, Joseph Kaye Oldham.
B. Sc. in civil engineering—Unclassified on account of absence on military service, George Lee Miller.

B. Sc. in Civil Engineering—On completion on engineering, Harold Evans Barnett; Charles Alexander Drury McAlister.
Douglas Gold Medal for best English essay on the subject: "The Supernatural in Shakespeare's Plays."—John Forbes McIntosh, St. John.

Alumni Gold Medal—Announcement by Alumni Society.
The Montgomery Campbell prize for fourth year Latin and Greek, ordinary and honors—Francis Louise Scott, Fredericton, N. B.

The Governor-General's Gold Medal—Highest aggregate of marks on any five subjects of the Senior Year.—Mary Morley Chestnut, Fredericton, N. B.

The Brydone-Jack Scholarship—Announcement by the Alumni Society.
The Ketchum Silver Medal—Not awarded.

The City of Fredericton Gold Medal for highest standing in Junior Chemistry—Maude Mary McMonagle, Fredericton, N. B.

Alumnae Society's scholarship for highest standing among the young women students of the second year.—M. Louise Friel, Moncton, and Edith G. McLeod, Fredericton, equal.

The Wm. Crockett scholarship for first year Latin and Greek, ordinary distinction and honor.—Jos. W. Sears, Fredericton, N. B.

Dr. W. W. White's prize for the best

essay work in the freshman course in ordinary English—Katherine Jarvis, Woodstock, N. B.

Sir Frederick Williams Taylor's gold medal for best all around athlete, announced later.
Purves Loggie memorial scholarship for second year surveying, descriptive geometry and mechanics of materials—Samuel T. McCavour, St. John.

W. T. Whitehead, memorial scholarship for third year forestry—C. Roy Christie, Fredericton, N. B. Seniors.

Graduation Honors. Latin and Greek Class I—Frances Louis Scott; Natural Science and Chemistry, Class I—John Forbes McIntosh, Philosophy and English, Class I—Mary Morley Chestnut, English and French, Class I—Minnie M. Miller, Mathematical Physics, Class II—Russell L. Snodgrass, Class Distinctions—Natural Science, Class I—Miriam Anderson, Juniors.

Philosophy and economics, class I—Chas. J. Chestnut, English and French, class one—Maude M. McMonagle. Sophomores.

Mathematics, class I—Samuel T. McCavour, Class II—Kenneth S. Seely, Physics, class I—Frederick A. Patterson, Class II—John Popplestone, Natural science, class I—Frederic A. Patterson, Chemistry, class I—Frederic A. Patterson, John Popplestone, Richard Vance Ward, French, class I—Florence L. Murray, Class II—Edith G. McLeod. Freshmen.

Latin, class I—Jos. W. Sears, Greek class I—Jos. W. Sears, Mathematics class I—Katherine M. Jarvis, Class II—Jos. Sears, French, class I—Katherine M. Jarvis.

BRITISH LOSSES FOR WEEK

London, May 14.—The total of British casualties in the week ending to-day is 41,612.

They are divided as follows: Killed or died of wounds, Officers, 501; men, 5,065; wounded, or missing, officers, 2,123; men, 33,923.

Reports of British casualties usually are not available for some time after the actions in which they are sustained. The large total in the last evidently represents losses suffered when the fighting in Flanders and Picardy was at its height. Complete records have not been given out, but it is probable that the casualties reported in the last week are the heaviest British losses of any week of the war. The total last week was 38,691.

FAMOUS "VINDICTIVE" SUNK IN MOUTH OF OSTEND CHANNEL

London, May 10.—The German submarine base of Ostend, on the Belgian coast, has been blocked as the result of a new raid by British naval forces, the Admiralty announces as follows:

"Operations designed to close the ports of Ostend and Zeebrugge were successfully completed last night when the obsolete cruiser *Vindictive* was sunk between the piers and across the entrance to Ostend harbor.

"Since the attack on Zeebrugge on April 23 the *Vindictive* had been filled with concrete and fitted as a block ship for this purpose.

"Our light forces have returned to their base with the loss of one motor launch which had been damaged and was sunk by orders of the Vice-Admiral to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

"Our casualties were light."
In the raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend on April 23, the light cruiser *Vindictive* landed British storming parties on the Mole at Zeebrugge, the attackers doing considerable damage to the Mole after storming German batteries. Commander Alfred Carpenter was promoted to be Captain for bravery in action. The *Vindictive* was damaged severely in the action at Zeebrugge. The *Vindictive* was built at Chatham in 1879. She displaced 5,750 tons and her complement was 450 men.

Dover, England, May 10.—The decision to send the *Vindictive* to Ostend was made a few days after her return from the Zeebrugge raid and the task of filling her with concrete was begun immediately.

As in the joint raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend, this latest British naval exploit was kept a well guarded secret.

As an evidence of this it is recalled that after the battle-scarred cruiser returned from Zeebrugge an urgent request was made that she be sent up the Thames to London for public view. The authorities did not encourage the proposal, however, and the agitation subsided. All the time the old vessel was being overhauled for her last voyage.

"Are you sure, Jack, that she's the right kind of girl? Has she the right judgement?" "Why should you doubt her?" "Well, she has selected you."

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Montreal, May 8.—The Canadian Railway Company's information as to the destruction of the S. S. *Medora* is that she was sunk while outward bound from a European port with passengers, some of whom were probably returning soldiers, and that all the passengers and crew were reported saved.

—Halifax, May 9.—After a two weeks' struggle against the drift ice in the Gulf, the Dominion Government steamer *Stanley* which broke her rudder en route from the Magdalen Islands to Louisbourg, C. B., arrived at North Sydney, C. B., late last night.

—Rotterdam, May 10.—It is announced here that the arrangements with Germany for guaranteeing the safety of ships to and from the U. S. to carry grain for Holland having been completed, the cargo steamers *Zylax*, *Hector*, and *Defland* probably will sail on Saturday for America in exchange for the steamers *Hollandia*, *Java* and *Stella*, bound here.

—Washington, D. C., May 11.—Official French statistics on the submarine warfare received here in a dispatch from France show that the total losses of Allied and neutral ships, including accidents at sea, were approximately only one-half as great during April this year as in March, 1917.

In April of last year, 634,685 gross tons were lost, while this April's figures are 381,631.

Attention also is called to the fact that each time the Germans have made an offensive on land they made a corresponding effort with their submarines. Thus, during the second half of March, the number and activities of submarines increased. The first half of April marked a very distinct lessening, attributed to the counter-efforts of the Allies.

—Quebec, May 11.—The two vessels that ground Wednesday last, the lower St. Lawrence, the *Lake Como* and *Lacoon* are still fast aground, although repeated attempts to float them have been made. More rescue vessels have been sent to the scene. It is hoped they will be floated sometime Sunday or Monday at the high tide.

—Quebec, May 15.—The schooner *La Juliette*, Captain Boivan, was wrecked off Cape Chat this morning, while later to-day it was reported to signal service that the schooner *San Lucas*, Captain Paize, was adrift with a broken mast and in distress off Matane.

The *La Juliette*, which was driven on the rocks at Cap Chat at 6 o'clock this morning, was a total wreck, the crew being rescued, with great difficulty. Signal service has advised the captain of the steamer *Lake Butler* in the vicinity of Father Point, to go to the assistance of the *San Lucas*.

—Halifax, N. S., May 15.—The small coastal steamer *La Have*, which grounded in a fog on a submerged rock off Big Tan-cook Island, Lunenburg county, yesterday, is not in a dangerous position and her owners have high hopes of refloating her. Captain Parks, master of the stranded ship, telephoned to the city this morning that the *La Have* was only slightly damaged. The steamer *Margaret*, now on the scene, will to-day make an effort to haul the *La Have* into deep water.

—Halifax, N. S., May 15.—The steamer *Ethie*, owned by the Reid Newfoundland Steamship Company, ran ashore at Mistaken Point, Nfld., in a thick fog last evening, according to a message from Cape Race received by the Marine and Fisheries Department here to-day. Mistaken Point is on the Newfoundland coast between Cape Race and St. John's.

This *Ethie* is a passenger boat, but no particulars are available, whether she had any passengers when she stranded. The *Ethie*, a steel vessel of 441 tons gross, conducts a passenger, mail, and freight service between St. John's and ports in Placentia Bay, Nfld. It is not known here in which direction the steamer was proceeding when she went ashore. The *Ethie* was built at Glasgow, in 1900 for the Reid Newfoundland Steamship Company.

NOTICE TO MARINERS NEW BRUNSWICK

(57) South coast—Bay of Fundy—St. Martins—Light moved to west breakwater, Former notice.—No. 116 (300) of 1917. New position.—On the outer end of the west breakwater at St. Martins.

Lat. N. 45° 21' 18", Long. W. 65° 32' 0". Character.—Fixed red light, shown from an anchor lens lantern. Elevation.—31 feet. Visibility.—7 miles.

New structure.—Pole, with shed at base. Material.—Wood. Colour.—White. Height of pole.—29 feet.

Note.—The maintenance of a light on the east breakwater has been discontinued.