



# The Beacon



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NO. 2

## NO!

NO sun—no moon!  
 No dawn—no dusk—no moon—  
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
 No sky—no earthly view—  
 No distance looking blue—  
 No road—no street—no 'other side the way'—  
 No end to any Row—  
 No indications where the Crescents go—  
 No top to any steeple—  
 No recognitions of familiar people—  
 No courtesies for showing 'em—  
 No knowing 'em—  
 No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
 No inking of the way—no notion—  
 'No go'—by land or ocean—  
 No mail—no post—  
 No news from any foreign coast—  
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—  
 No company—no nobility—  
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
 No comfortable feel in any member—  
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
 November!

THOMAS HOOD. (1799-1845)

## NOVEMBER TRAITS

BY the time November comes the year is used to the caprices of the sun and no longer frantically brings out flowers or hides them in hurt surprise. The year is resigned, untroubled by hope, far off from impatient April with her craving and effort. Experienced month, November is ready to face the snows. She wraps up the buds too warmly for any sleet to pierce their overcoats, comforts the roots in the woods with mats of wrecked leaves, spreads a little jewelry of frost as a warning before the black frosts come, and otherwise lives in the moment. November has been through all this before. But sometimes, in a reverie, she delights the bluejays and persistent wild asters by a day of Indian Summer.

There has been a great deal of ill feeling about Indian Summer, and the kinder way is not to persecute those who have since youth believed and will maintain forever that it comes in October. They have acquired this perverted fancy, and they will go through life calling the first hot spell after Labor Day Indian Summer. Every year one explains to them that this brief season of perfection may come as late as Thanksgiving, but the next fall they will be heard to say, under frostless skies, "Well we are having our Indian Summer." Let them go their indoors way, or follow the deserting robins down to Paraguay! Indian Summer could just as well come now if it wanted to. We have had a few days of it already, for it does not exhaust itself in one burst of flaring suns, fringed gentians lighted by frost along the rims, damson-colored alder leaves, and old yellow pumpkins, perilously exposed now that the corn is being drawn in. It goes and comes again, which is its charm—the one time of year that cannot be calendar-ed.

called Wild Patagonian Ox, the exquisite new fur, will bring a good price. Emotional wild geese still pass overhead in the dawns and sunsets—the crows can scarcely conceal their amusement: "What nonsense, to be always coming or going!" The crow does not remain in the gray north simply out of devotion to us. He is above mortal vicissitudes; behind his demonic eye there is a critique of humanity which he would not be bothered to utter if he could. The soul of the satirist once dwelt in a crow.

Forsaken nests and rattling reeds along the stream, pools in the hollows edged with thin ice, ragged leaves clutched at by the winds, desperate buds of hepatica and cowslip where a sloping bank catches warmth at noon, fences stripped of vines and ghostly with dead clematis, a few frozen apples on the top boughs, trampled fields and pelting rain—and with it all a grandeur more serene than melancholy. November's lovers are not perverse, declaring this. They see half-indicated colors and hear low sounds. They love the mellow light better than the blaze of rich July, and they are loyal to November because she speaks in quiet tones not heard through the eagerness or snow-silence of other months. It is the sentimentalist who sees only gloom and the weariness of departure now. November is ruddier than many a day of spring, and the sharp air forbids languor. Indian Summer, its gift and our most fleeting season, is like the autumn ecstasy of the partridge, passionate and irresistible, but not ending in despondency because he knows it will return, and it is like joy in that it cannot be foreseen nor detained. The bacchanal may have dreaded November, not the dryad.—*The New York Evening Post*, Nov. 25, 1918.

## THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME

ON the 10th of December 1720, John Law, late comptroller-general of the finances of France, retreated from Paris to his country-seat of Guernande, about fifteen miles distant from the metropolis, and in a few days afterwards quitted the kingdom, never again to return. A few months before, he had enjoyed a position and consideration only comparable with that of a crowned monarch—if, indeed, any sovereign ever received such eager and importunate homage, as for a time was paid to the able and adventurous Scotchman.

The huge undertaking projected by Law, and known by the designation of the Mississippi Scheme, was perhaps one of the grandest and most comprehensive ever conceived. It not only included within its sphere of operation the whole colonial traffic of France, but likewise the superintendence of the Mint, and the management of the entire revenues of the kingdom. The province of Louisiana, in North America, then a French possession, was made over by the crown to the 'Company of the West,' as the association was termed, and the most sanguine anticipations were entertained of the wealth to be realized from this territory, which was reported, amid other resources, to possess gold-mines of mysterious value. In connexion with the same project, a bank, established by Law, under the sanction of the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, promised to recruit permanently the impoverished resources of the kingdom, and diffuse over the land, by an unlimited issue of paper-money, a perennial stream of wealth.

For a time these sanguine anticipations seemed to be fully realized. Prosperity and wealth to a hitherto unheard of extent prevailed throughout France, and

Law was, for a short period, the idol of the nation, which regarded him as its good genius and deliverer. Immense fortunes were realized by speculations in Mississippi stock, the price of which rose from 500 livres, the original cost, to upwards of 10,000 livres by the time that the mania attained its zenith. A perfect frenzy seemed to take possession of the public mind, and to meet the ever-increasing demand, new allotments of stock were made, and still the supply was inadequate. Law's house in the Rue Quinquempoix, in Paris, was beset from morning to night by eager applicants, who soon by their numbers blocked up the street itself and rendered it impassable. All ranks and conditions of men—peers, prelates, citizens, and mechanics, the learned and the unlearned, the plebeian and the aristocrat—flocked to this temple of Plutus. Even ladies of the highest rank turned stock-jobbers, and vied with the rougher sex in eagerness of competition. So utterly inadequate did the establishment in the Rue Quinquempoix prove for the transaction of business, that Law transferred his residence to the Place Vendôme, where the tumult and noise occasioned by the crowd of speculators proved such a nuisance, and impeded so seriously the procedure in the chancellor's court in that quarter, that the monarch of stock-jobbers found himself obliged again to shift his camp. He accordingly, purchased from the Prince of Carignan, at an enormous price, the Hôtel de Soissons, in which mansion, and the beautiful and extensive gardens attached, he held his levees, and allotted the precious stock to an ever-increasing and enthusiastic crowd of clients.

With such demands on his time and resources, it became absolutely impossible for him to gratify one tithe of the appli-

cants for shares, and the most ludicrous stories are told of the stratagems employed to gain an audience of the great financier. One lady made her coachman overturn her carriage when she saw Mr. Law approaching, and the *ruse* succeeded, as the gallantry of the latter led him instantly to proffer his assistance, and invite the distressed fair one into his mansion, where, after a little explanation, her name was entered in his books as a purchaser of stock. Another female device to procure an interview with Law, by raising an alarm of fire near a house where he was at dinner, was not so fortunate, as the subject of the trick suspecting the motive, hastened off in another direction, when he saw the lady rushing into the house, which he and his friends had emerged from on the cry of fire being raised.

The terrible crash at last came. The amount of notes issued from Law's bank more than doubled all the specie circulating in the country, and great difficulties were experienced from the scarcity of the latter, which began both to be hoarded up and sent out of the country in large quantities. Severe and tyrannical edicts were promulgated, threatening heavy penalties for having in possession more than 500 livres or £20 in specie; but this ukase only increased the embarrassment and dissatisfaction of the nation. Then came an ordinance reducing gradually the value of the paper currency to one half, followed by the stoppage of cash-payments at the bank; and at last the whole privileges of the Mississippi Company were withdrawn, and the notes of the bank declared to be of no value after the 1st of November 1720. Law had by this time lost all influence in the councils of government, his life was in danger from an infuriated and disappointed people, and he was therefore fain to avail himself of the permission of

## ON THE OXFORD CARRIER

HERE lies old Hobson: death has broke his gitt,  
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrow'n.  
 'Twas such a shifter that if truth were known,  
 Death was half-glad when he had got him down,  
 For he had, any time this ten years full,  
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.  
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd,  
 But lately finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlain,  
 Shew'd him his room, where he might lodge that night,  
 Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light;  
 If any ask for him it shall be said,  
 'Hobson has supp'd, and a newly gone to bed.'

JOHN MILTON.

(Born December 9, 1608; died November 8, 1674.)

Hobson kept a livery stable in Cambridge. While professing to offer his customers a choice of horses, he insisted upon their hiring the one standing in the stall next the door. Hence the phrase 'Hobson's choice.'

## OUR PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

PRISONERS to a foe inhuman! Oh! but our hearts rebel;  
 Defenceless victims ye are, in claws of spite a prey,  
 Conquering your torturers, enduring night and day  
 Malice, year-long drawn out your noble spirits to quell.  
 Fearsome than death this rack they range, and reckon'd well  
 Would harrow our homes, and plied, such devilish aim had they,  
 That England roused to rage should wrong with wrong repay,  
 And smirch her envied honor in deeds unspeakable.  
 Nor trouble we just Heaven that quick revenge be done  
 On Satan's chamberlains highseated in Berlin;  
 Their reek floats round the world on all lands neath the sun:  
 Tho' in craven Germany was no man found, not one  
 With spirit enough to cry Shame—Nay but on such sin  
 Follows Perdition eternal—and it has begun.

ROBERT BRIDGES,  
Poet Laureate.

## A DIRGE OF VICTORY

LIFT not thy trumpet, Victory, to the sky,  
 Nor through battalions nor by batteries blow,  
 But over hollows full of old wire go,  
 Where, among the dregs of war, the long-dead lie  
 With wasted iron that the guns passed by  
 When they went eastward like a tide at flow;  
 There blow thy trumpet that the dead may know,  
 Who waited for thy coming, Victory.

It is not we that have deserved thy wreath.  
 They waited there among the towering weeds;  
 The deep mud burned under the thermite's breath.  
 And winter cracked the bones that no man heeds:  
 Hundreds of nights flamed by; the seasons passed;  
 And thou hast come to them at last, at last!

CAPTAIN LORD DUNSANY.

—*The Times*, London.

the regent (who appears still to have cherished a regard for him) to retire from the scene of his splendor and disgrace. After wandering for a time through various countries, he proceeded to England, where he resided for several years. In 1725, he returned again to the continent, fixed his residence at Venice, and died there almost in poverty, on 21st March 1720.

Such was the end of the career of the famous John Law, who, of all men, has an undoubted title to be ranked as a prince of adventurers. In him the dubious reputation formerly enjoyed by Scotland, of sending forth such characters, was fully maintained. He was descended from an ancient family in Fife; but his father, William Law, in the exercise of the business of a goldsmith and banker in Edinburgh, gained a considerable fortune, enabling him to purchase the estate of Lauriston, in the parish of Cramond, which was inherited by his eldest son John. The ancient mansion of Lauriston Castle on this property, beautifully situated near the Firth of Forth, is believed to have been erected in the end of the sixteenth century, by Sir Archibald Napier of Merchiston, father of the celebrated inventor of logarithms, and then proprietor of Lauriston. In recent years, the building was greatly enlarged and embellished, by Andrew Rutherford, Lord Advocate for Scotland, and subsequently one of the judges of the Court of Session. Law is said to have retained throughout a strong affection for his paternal property, and a story in reference to this is told of a visit paid to him by the Duke of Argyll in Paris, at the time when his splendor and influence were at the highest. As an old friend, the duke was admitted directly to Mr. Law, whom he found busily engaged in writing. The duke entertained no doubt that the great financier was busied with a subject of the highest importance, as crowds of the most distinguished individuals were waiting in the anterooms for an audience. Great was his grace's astonishment when he learned that Mr. Law was merely writing to his gardener at Lauriston regarding the planting of cabbages at a particular spot!

Of Law's general character, it is not possible to speak with great commendation. He appears to have been through life a libertine and gambler, and in the latter capacity he supported himself for many years, both before and after his brief and dazzling career as a financier and political economist. In his youth, he had served an apprenticeship to monetary science under his father, and a course of travel and study, aided by a vigorous and inventive, but apparently ill-regulated intellect, enabled him subsequently to mature the stupendous scheme which we have above detailed, and succeed in indoctrinating with his views the regent of France. His first absence from Great Britain was involuntary, and occasioned by his killing, in a duel, the celebrated Beau Wilson and thus being obliged to shelter himself by flight from the vengeance of the law. He then commenced a peregrination over the continent, and after a long course of rambling and adventure, settled down at Paris about the period of death of Louis XIV. A pardon for the death of Wilson was sent over to him from England in 1719.—*Chambers' Book of Days*.

## HARRY LAUDER IN NEW YORK

New York, Dec. 2.—Among the passengers who arrived to-day aboard the *Mauvretania*, which carried the first large contingent of home-coming troops, was Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian. He was accompanied by his wife and sister who will remain a few months in the country and then go to Australia on their way around the world.

"Say, but didn't we just celebrate Thanksgiving on the ship," said Mr. Lauder. "We had turkey and church services, and those fine boys of yours enjoyed themselves as well. I wrote a song entitled, 'Don't Let Us Sing of War Any More, Just Let Us Sing of Love.'"

Here is one verse of the song:  
 Hurray, the war is over,  
 Hurry, the fight is won,  
 Back from the life of a rover,  
 Back from the roar of the gun,  
 Back to the dear old homeland,  
 Home with the peaceful dove,  
 Don't let us sing any more about war;  
 Just let us sing of love.

## SOUTH AFRICAN CASUALTIES

Cape Town, Nov. 27.—Thanksgiving services throughout the Union, some held partly in English and partly in Dutch, emphasize the fact that in all war operations in Africa and overseas, the Union gave the services of nearly 150,000 men, of whom 313 officers and 6,320 men were killed in action, 11,661 of all ranks wounded, and 1,344 taken prisoner and 293 missing.

"This is antique." "Eh?" Adam period furniture." "Gee, that must be the oldest there is."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## NEWS OF THE SEA

—Gloucester, Mass., November 29.—The three-masted schooner *Harold Cousens* struck the rocks at Brace's Cove, Cape Ann, to-day. Capt. Carey and crew of eight men were rescued in exhausted condition by the Gloucester Coast Guard. The schooner will be a total loss. She was bound for St. John, N. B., for New York, with a cargo of spruce lumber.

—East Moriches, L. I., Nov. 29.—The four-masted schooner *May*, of New York, was wrecked on the beach just west of the Gloucester Coast Guard Station, opposite Mastic, L. I., during last night's gale. The Coast Guards are standing by.

—Halifax, Dec. 4.—The schooner *Alsea*, from New York, has been wrecked off Sable Island. The crew are reported safe. The *Alsea* was carrying a cargo of hard coal for H. D. McKenzie which has become a total loss.

—Calumet, Mich., Dec. 4.—Two government mine sweepers which left Fort William, Canada, Nov. 24 for the Atlantic coast, are believed to have foundered. No word has been received from them since they left the Canadian port. Tugs are searching for the missing craft.

—Halifax, N. S., Dec. 4.—The American three-masted schooner *J. Howell Leeds*, bound from New York for Halifax, with 900 tons of hard coal, went ashore late Monday night on a ledge off Lockport, N. S., and is a total loss, according to word received this morning by H. D. McKenzie and Company, to whom the coal was consigned. Captain William Rickner, master of the vessel, and J. Willard Smith, of St. John, N. B., are owners of the *J. Howell Leeds*.

—Queenstown, Dec. 3.—It was stated here Monday, that seven members of the crew of the steamer *Konaby* were killed as the result of the collision with the Cunard liner *Orduna*. The *Orduna* was only slightly damaged.

## CREDITS IN CANADA TO COVER PURCHASES

Ottawa, Dec. 3.—The Minister of Finance has arranged with the British government credits aggregating about \$200,000,000, \$50,000,000 of which will be required for completing the programme of the Imperial Munitions Board in Canada. Fifty million in addition to what has been already arranged will be required for the purchase of grain of this year's crop.

The remaining \$100,000,000 will cover purchases of foodstuffs, including meats, lard, and dairy products and sundry miscellaneous Canadian commodities.

Until exchange conditions between Britain and America materially improve it will be necessary for Canada to continue to obtain large credits for purchase of products.

## EXPORT SURPLUS OF POTATOES WAS LARGE

A revised estimate of the Canadian potato crop from figures in possession of the Canada Food Board shows an exportable surplus in six provinces of 28,343,000 bushels over all requirement for domestic use and seeding. Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Ontario have no surplus. Early frosts and prolonged drought reduced the yield below normal in these provinces. On the contrary, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Manitoba show a remarkable surplus of 24,500,000 bushels. The balance of 3,933,000 bushels is in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, and British Columbia.

## JUDGE CARLETON'S MOTHER IS DEAD

St. John, N. B., Dec. 4.—Mrs. Wm. Carleton died at her home here to-day in her 81st year. Judge Carleton, of Woodstock; Rev. C. P. Carleton, Silver Falls, formerly of Petersville and Oromocto; and Wm. Carleton, prominent in New York theatrical circles, are sons; and Mrs. John Connor is a daughter.

"I am glad the Sunday gasoline ban has been lifted," said the cheerful-looking stranger; "it will help my business." "Are you an automobile manufacturer?" asked Dobson. "No," replied the cheerful-looking stranger; "I'm an undertaker."—*Life*.

"Is de left hind foot of a rabbit a sign of luck?" "Tis," remarked Mr. Erasmus Pinkley, "if you owns de rest of de rabbit."—*Washington Star*.