



The Beacon

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NO. 18

THE BATTLEFIELD

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Oh! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave,
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm and fresh and still;
Alone the chirp of fitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering
wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Som rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front and flank and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown,—yet faint thou not

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn,
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's blast is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

WILLIAM COLLIER BRYANT.
(Born November 3, 1794; died, 1878.)

THE MUD LARKS

NOBODY out here seems exactly in-
fascinated with the politicians now-
adays. The Front Trenches have about as
much use for the Front Benches as a big-
game hunter for mosquitoes. The bayonet
professor indicates his row of
dummies and says to his lads, "Just im-
agine they are Cabinet Ministers—go!" and
in a clock-tick the heavens are raining
shreds of sacking and particles of straw.
The demon bomber fancies some promi-
nent Parliamentary is lurking in the
opposite sap, grits his teeth, and gets an
extra five yards into his bowling.

But I am not entirely of the vulgar
opinion. The finished politician may not
be a subject for odes, but a political edu-
cation is a great asset to any man. Our
Mess' President, William, once assisted a
friend to lose a parliamentary election,
and his experience has been invaluable to
us. The moment he is tired of fighting
and want billets, the Squadron sits down
where it is, and the Skipper passes the
word along to William. William dusts
his boots, adjusts his tie and heads for the
most prepossessing farm in sight. Arriv-
ed there he takes off his hat to the dog,
pats the pig, asks the cow after the calf,
salutes the farmer, curtsies to the farm-
er's son, then turning to the inevitable baby,
explains in the language of the country,
"Mong Jew, keli jolly onfong!" (Gosh,
what a topping kid!), and bending tender-
ly over it imparts a lingering kiss upon
its indiarubber features and wins the free-
dom of the farm. The Mess may make
use of the kitchen; the spare bed is at
the Skipper's disposal; the cow will move
up and make room for the First Mate; the
pig will be only too happy to welcome the
Subaltern to its modest abode.

Ordinary billeting officers stand no
chance against our William and his polit-
ical education. "That fellow," his be-
liever disgruntled competitor remarks of
him, "would lug the Devil for a knob of
cork." Once only did he meet his match,
and a battle of Titans resulted.

In pursuit of his business he entered a
certain farm-house, to find the baby al-
ready in possession of another officer, a
heavy red creature with a monocle, who
was rocking the infant's cradle seven-
five revolutions per minute and making
duet noises on a moustache comb.

William's heart fell to his fish boots;
he recognized the red creature's markings
immediately. This was another politician;
no bloodless victory would be his; fur-
wardly first, powder burn—Wow!

The red person must have tumbled to
William as well, for he increased the
revolutions to one hundred and forty per
minute and broke into a shrill lullaby of
his own impromptu composition.

Go to sleep, Mummy's little Did-ums;
Go to sleep, Daddy's little Thing-me-jig;
Nevertheless this did not baffle our

Why does Canada Raise Money by Selling Bonds?

BONDS are issued payable in ten or twenty years, as the case may be. It means that repayment of the money will be spread over ten or twenty years instead of being raised by taxation to meet current expenditures.

To raise by taxation all the money as fast as it is needed to carry on Canada's share in winning the war, would be an unbearable burden upon the people.

It would mean that more than a million dollars a day would have to be raised right now.

But to raise money by selling Canada's Victory Bonds means that those of the next generation who will benefit by the sacrifices this generation is making;—who will share in the freedom this generation is fighting for and largely paying for—will also pay their share.

And when you buy Canada's Victory Bonds you make a first-class business investment in a security that is absolutely safe, likely to enhance in value after the war, and bearing a good rate of interest.

You help the country by keeping open the British market for Canadian products and this helps the general welfare in which you share.

And again, every Canadian who buys a Victory Bond becomes a financial partner or backer of Canada in the war.

When you buy a Canada Victory Bond

you give a personal pledge that you are going to help to win the war.

Every man and woman in Canada can help to win the war by buying Canada's Victory Bonds. And Canada wants the personal, individual interest and co-operation of every man and woman in the country.

The buying of Victory Bonds by the whole people unites them in a determination to win the war.

Every purchase of Canada's Victory Bonds is a blow for freedom against the tyranny of German Kultur.

Every bond sold is a new guarantee that Canada is in the war to the finish, until victory is with the Allies and the world has been made safe to live in.

Every bond you buy is a new pledge that Canada will remain true to herself, the Empire, the Allies and to freedom's cause.

So it is both patriotic and good business to

Buy Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

NEW JERSEY MAY TAKE OVER FISHING INDUSTRY

Trenton, N. J., October 25.—Gov. Edge is expected to recommend to the 1918 Legislature that New Jersey undertake State operation of the fishing industry off its coast, and the distribution and sale of fish in cities, towns, and communities. This move would be one of the most advanced steps toward paternalistic government, and is contemplated because of the food crisis due to war conditions.

Early this year the Governor recommended in a message to the Legislature State-owned fish warehouses, to be maintained along shore. A High Cost of Living Commission is expected to make a report on the possibilities of a State operated fish industry, together with distribution of the catch, and to report on the success or non-success of such governmental activities in various parts of the world. When Governor Edge puts his new plans before the next Legislature, it is expected that he will become known throughout the nation as the originator of a new plan for communal feeding.

For some years now the increasing price of fish has been a matter of surprise and distress to the New Jersey housewife. Pamphlets urging the use of fish as a meat substitute have been issued by Federal, State, and municipal commissions, but the perplexed housewife found that the cost of fish had become as great as meat itself. She realized that her patriotic duty might be to eat fish, but the strain on her pocket-book has been as tense in buying mackerel as mutton.

New Jersey's opportunities for more than pamphletting about fish are great. Her proportionately large coast line is lined with fishermen, and her large cities are within a few hours' haul of the coast. But the fact remains that fresh fish cannot be bought, even in the near-by communities, at reasonable prices. A great deal of the fish offered for sale is frozen, indicating that it has been taken to New York, the distributing centre, and then shipped back to New Jersey.

Whether the high price of fish is the fault of the retailer or of the middleman, or whether the trouble is at the source of supply, the State Commission has not made known. But the fact that the administration is now advocating State ownership of the fish industry would seem to indicate that the problem can be solved. The State owns the waters three miles out from its coast, and theoretically speaking all the fish that swim therein, just as the State owns the game in the wild lands and marshes of the commonwealth.—*New York Evening Post.*

HEAVY GALE SWEEPS ALL BEFORE IT

One of the worst storms on record swept through this locality on Tuesday afternoon and night, doing a tremendous amount of damage. The morning was intermittently rainy, and a stiff breeze was blowing the force of which gradually increased towards the afternoon till between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, when it was blowing a gale. The velocity of the wind was well over 60 miles an hour between 11 and 12 o'clock, and began to abate after midnight with the receding of the tide. A 12 o'clock high tide is always a full one, but the fury of the wind on Tuesday brought the water to a very high level, sending it dashing over the lower wharves of the harbor and up to the roadway where the bridge crosses the brook that drains from the property of Mr. Bowler. The rain ceased before 12, and the raging waters were wildly beautiful as they tossed their spray to the tops of the buildings along the waterfront. Towards Wednesday morning the wind slackened to a breeze, and by the afternoon an almost dead calm prevailed.

Damage was done to all the weirs in the neighbourhood, and some of them were so badly smashed as to be almost a total loss to their owners. Many boats and seine reels were completely destroyed, and many went adrift and have not been recovered. The telephone and telegraph systems were disorganized. A great many trees were blown over, three of Lady Tilley's fine old trees which border her property on the north side amongst them. Two of the trees fell in the direction of Mr. M. N. Cockburn's residence, missing it by a few feet, and the other fell across Prince of Wales Street. The large flag-staff near Mr. J. Odel's residence was broken; the roof of Mr. Howard Rigby's bathhouse was carried away; the windmill on the Van Horns estate was completely destroyed; and one of the chimneys of Kennedy's Hotel was blown into the alleyway between the hotel and the store adjoining. Hardly any property in town escaped without at least some minor damage. The violence of the storm has only been surpassed by the famous Saxby Gale, and one very strange feature of it was that as the force of the wind increased there was a rise of temperature. It is safe to say that the actual cost of the damage done in this locality can be reckoned in thousands of dollars.

SHIPBUILDING AT QUEBEC

Quebec, October 29.—The first wooden ship of its kind built here since the old days of the sailing vessels, when the shipbuilding industry flourished in Quebec, was launched yesterday at St. Laurent, Island of Orleans. The vessel is a four-masted one, with auxiliary power and its length over all is 333 feet, 42 feet beam and the depth of hold is 26 feet. Its tonnage is figured at about 1,350, while dead weight will be about 2,100 tons.

ANOTHER LOAN TO ENGLAND

Washington, October 29.—Another advance of \$25,000,000 was made to-day by the Government to Great Britain, bringing the total loaned that country thus far up to \$1,400,000,000, and the total to all the Allies \$2,825,400,000.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Christiana, Oct. 25.—The Norwegian steamer *Lander*, 2,998 tons, has been sunk by a German submarine. One man on board was killed.

The Norwegian steamer *Ramfos*, 3,726 tons, is stranded on the Norwegian coast, a total wreck. She had a cargo of 6,000 tons of corn for the Belgian relief commission.

—London, Oct. 29.—The American sailing ship *Tanne Prescott*, 404 gross tons, has been attacked by a submarine. She was taken in tow by the submarine, after being abandoned by the crew.

—Quebec, Oct. 29.—The Quebec schooner *North Star*, Captain Moreau, was lost in a storm on the 24th inst., off the Pointe-aux-Les Bar, North Shore. The crew escaped but had a trying time.

She—"Nog is the time to ask papa." Her with cold feet?" "Why now?" She—"The cook talk of leaving because our family is too large. Pa'll do anything to induce her to stay."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mrs. Grotz—"Nearly all my admirers think I should be able to get this from you on the market." Grotz—"Encourage them in the idea, my dear. It won't be long before I'll be ready to unload the stock I'm carrying."—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mrs. Knicker—"As a patriotic duty we should eat the perishable things." Mrs. Knicker—"Everything is perishable when Jack sits down at the table."—*Life.*

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