

mount



VOL. XXX

mpany

PTILL,

steamer

n every Harbor,

ver Har

day, two Andrews,

vening or the tide, Black's

ohn, 8 a.

arehous-

s every (7.30 p. Sunday

s Hicks,

at 11 ol 12.00

Fathe

Sunday

Praver

a Sun-

Amos.

s' Sun-

cents

reekly

Busi

to the

e-cent ries, 5 ts for which

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1918

NO. 22

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

HE lawns were dry in Euston Park: (Here truth inspires my tale) The lonely footpath, still and dark. Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame, And fearful haste she made To gain the vale at Falkenham And hail its willow shade.

I er footsteps knew no idle stops, But followed faster still, And echoed to the darksome copse That whispered on the hill;

Bespoke a peopled shade, And many a wing the foliage brushed.

And hovering circuits made. The dappled herd of grazing deer, That sought the shades by day, Now started from her path with fear,

And gave the stranger way. Darker it grew; and darker fears Came o'er her troubled mind-When now a short quick step she hears Come patting close behind. .

She turned; it stopped; nought could Upon the gloomy plain! But as she strove the sprite to flee,

She heard the same again. Now terror seized her quaking frame, For, where the path was bare, The trotting Ghost kept on the same:

She muttered many a prayer. Yet once again, amidst her fright, She tried what sight could do; When through the cheating glooms of night

A monster stood in view. Regardless of whate'er she felt, It followed down the plain! She owned her sins, and down she knelt. And aid her prayers again.

Then on she sped; and hope grew strong, The white park gate in view; Which pushing hard, so long it swung That Ghost and all passed through

Loud fell the gate against the post! Her heart-strings like to crack; For much she feared the grisly Ghost Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went, As it had done before; Her strength and resolution spent, She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised. Out came her daughter dear; Good-natured souls! all unadvised

Of what they had to fear. The candle's gleam pierced through the

Some short distance o'er the green : And there the little trotting sprite Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam Within the spacious park: And simple as the playful lamb Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin; No crimes had ever known: They took the shaggy stranger in, And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round Upon the cottage floor; The matron learned to love the sound That frightened her before.

A favorite the Ghost became, And 'twas his fate to thrive; And long he lived and spread his fame. And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale: And some conviction too: Each thought some other goblin tale. Perhaps, was just as true.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD. (Born December 3, 1766; died August 19, 1823.)

TWISTERS

things can ever be the same again.

anishing our brown stew, 'e says to me born and morose. On Thursday, October

Ma cheerie, are ye for a bit promenade up by the chongditeer?"

What the 'ell's chongditeer?" says I. Something to do with taties, ain't it?" ye've been twa year in France and ye dinna ken the deefference between

chongditeer,' which is ontong cordially for a rifle-range.?" I could see he was just swanking with 'is French, so I says, "Nong, Professor,

there to-day?" "I dinna ken, an' I'm no carin' though Bosch three year for tae gie me THIS?" emphasising 'is remarks by wagglin' the

stump of 'is left arm. Sure as 'ouses, as we reached the range the rattle o' musketry began, but Jock didn't seem to notice, and says, "Wull we coucher ici for a wee while, an' ha'e a bit smoke?" squatting down as he spoke on a bank three or four 'undred yards be'ind the stop-butt, right in the line o' fire.

As I turned to sit down beside 'im, "Ping!" whistled an unmistakable spent bullet past my ear.

Now I ain't a windy sort of a cove, but I can tell you I was down beside Jock as quick as if it had got me in the napper. 'E was just a-lightin' a narsty black briar, quite unconcerned-like 'an 'e grunts at me between the puffs: "Man, it's a braw day the day(puff). Decco you aeroplane? (puff, puff). Juist awa' in ahint yon muckle great clood."

"'E can't 'ave 'eard the bullet," thinks I. "Glad 'e didn,t twig me doin' the disappearin' trick."

Just as I turned away to look at the em this time, and damn close, too.

While we was runnin', I could 'ear an' says, "Och, it's naethin' ava."

All the way 'ome though, 'e kept on thought mebbe as 'e'd 'ad a bad scare.

Last night I was just goin' into the ward in my felt slippers when I 'ears a distinct "Ping" from t'other side the

"Blimey," thinks I. " am I goln' potty Then I 'ears Jock's voice, same as it

might be an instructor lecturin' to a " Squad-pay attention. For this prac

tice ye need ae match, lucifer, marrk one. Seize it firrmly wi' the thumb an' trigger finger, no' just at the point o' balance. but nearer the yin end. (No McCosh, it disna matter a dawm which end.) Then ye fling it awa' frae ye, at the same time impairtin' tae't a rrotarry motion wi' a flick o' the finger an' thumb-(Ay, Tamson, you muckle worrd juist means 'spinnin') - comme sar;" an', suitin' the action to the word, 'e sent the match moanin' through the air with a "Ping" which sent cold shivers down my spine.

I have grievously offended, being a man

full of all vanity, and have lived a sinful

life in such callings as have been most in-

ducing to it; for I have been a soldier, a

sailor and a courtier." And "so," he end-

I have a long journey to take, and must

ed, "I take my leave of you all. . .

A roar of delight from the audience, an' then the voice continued, "Man, I was like tae burrst masel' lauchin' at auld Timmertaes" (that's me). "'For Gawd's sake keep doon your heid,' says he, an was aff like a rabbit."

SIR WALTER RALEGH

(From The Times Literary Supplement.) ON October 24, 300 years ago, Sir Walter Ralegh, after many examinations and interrogatories, awaiting judgement in the Tower, was brought before the Council at Whitehall and inform-TILL last night I'd always reckoned as ed of his approaching end. He asked I Jock McMurtrie and me was the that he might be beheaded and not hangvery best o' pais. Over three months 'im ed, and so much was allowed. He was and me's been in the next beds in the now in his sixty-sixth year, and in spite of 'ospital, and we've always gone 'alves in his fourteen years' confinement and the fags and visitors, but since what 'appened fevers and tragedies of his Guiana voyage, yesterday some'ow 1 don't think as 'ow still vigorous and unbroken, still rebukwhat would you think of a pal as goes which he could not lose, the meaner an' scares you pretty well out o' your world of James. His contemporaries wits, an' then goes an' makes you a could not think of him as old; nor, indeed, laughin'-stock for the rest o' the boys? I can we. Four days later the warrant was asks you.

But I'll tell you all about it, and leave yet there was hope, though for his part you to judge for yourself between 'im and he had none. The Queen pleaded for signed and sentence pronounced. Even him; his friends spoke for him-for he Yesterday dinnertime, as we was just still had friends; but the King was stub-

THE SEA KINGS

Something to do with taties, ain't it?"

"Taties?" says 'e; "ye mean to say

Wherever the tides of God have been and the mission of Wherever the tides of God have beat, and the winds of God have blown, From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas, by the storm with the spindrift whirled, pongditeer,' meaning 'taties,' and The sons of men who sailed with Drake have ruled the water world,

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe, or out of the Golden Gate, They are brothers in blood, linked heart to heart, and to a resistless fate; For the quenchless ardor to rule the seas, which time can never slake, no souvenir; but ain't the rookies a-firin' Makes the same blood race through the nation's veins that throbbed from the he of Drake.

they are," says Jock, on 'is 'igh 'orse And all the way out of Trafalgar, down into Manila Bay, again. "Man, d' ye think I'm feart for you war habbies firin' their groupin' at And wherever the tides of God may beat, and the winds of God may blow, twa hundert yairds when it's ta'en the It will be to-morrow as 'tis to-day, and 'twas in the long ago.

-New York Sun.

THE BLOODSHED AND THE TREASURE SPENT

	Men in Arms	Lives Lost	Total Casualties	Cost in Dollars
United States	3,764,700	52,169	235,117	\$35,000,000,000
Great Britain	7,500,000	1,000,000	3,049,991	40,000,000,000
France	6,000,000	1,100,000	4,000,000	28,000,000,000
Italy	2,500,000	250,000	1,000,000	10,000,000,000
Russia	14,000,000	3,500,000	5,000,000	25,000,000,000
Belgium	350,000	50,0004	300,000	5,000,000,000
Serbia	300,000	150,000	200,000	4,000,000,000
Rumania	600,000	200,000	300,000	3,000,000,000
Germany	11,000,000	2,500,000	6,900,000	40,000,000,000
Austria-Hungary	7,500,000	2,000,000	4,500,000	25,000,000,000
Turkey	1,500,000	250,000	750,000	4,000,000,000
Bulgaria	1,000,000	50,000	200,000	2,000,000,000
	56,014,700	11,102,169	26,435,108	\$221,000,000,000
5 3 3 t 1 t 1		-Gle	ndon Allvine, in Ne	w York Tribune,
water and the second of the beauty of the second of the se		※101771、1017年の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の日本の	BURNESS OF THE STATE OF THE STA	

29, in Old Palace-yard, Westminister, greatness of Ralegh lies, and must always Ralegh ended on the scaffold his brilliant lie, with his county of Devon, where aeroplane, "Ping! ping!" sang two of and tempostuous life, thanking God that about the year 1552, in the parish of East "He had sent him to die in the light, and Budleigh, he was born, a younger son of of the sea; had projected a discovery of That was enough for me.

"Come on, Jock," says I; "'an for previous day he was very cheerful, so that somewhat fallen in fortune. Of his boy-God's sake keep your 'ead down. This the good Dean of Westminster "wonder- hood we know nothing but by tradition; America, of territories for the Queen. ed at him," and his friends begged him that he was fond of the sea and of sailors, Bent double, we scrambled 'ell for-leather along a ditch, an' only stopped to lest his enemies should be incensed; he voyages as came his way. He inherited a straighten our backs when we was a good was "the most fearless of death," said the handsome body, and a restless, stirring, ers; Frobisher and Davis were partners two 'undred yards out o' the line o' Dean, "that ever was known, and the and independent character, good equip in his researches, and Ralegh, we may be most resolute and confident." On the ment for a younger son; from his mother, sure, the aptest of learners. The Royal 28th his friends took leave of him at the "a worker of noble wit," something per. Charter of 1578, by which Gilbert was Jock be'ind me making queer noises in 'is throat, like as if 'e was chokin', an' lock be and good-bye to 'dear Bess," became him; his genius and ambitions became him; his genius and ambitions when we stopped I says to 'im, "Was you ever gassed, Jock? Narsty wheeze you've with his thoughts. When the for Protestantism at a time when to be a his life, his colonizing expedition to New. got, that is;" but 'e only laughed it off morning came, a great multitude had Protestant needed courage; and this foundland, descended as by ineeritance to feels that she must have been lest. One assembled in front of the Parliament temper he retained and confirmed in the younger man whom he had helped to of the members of the crew was a young House. Ralegh had feared that there manhood in the wars of France and form. On March 25, 1584, a significant man named Neaves, of Sheriff street, a 'avin' these spasams of chokin', an' I might not be room for his friends; "I do Spain. Of his education little is known, date in the history of the New World and brother of Fred Neaves, who was washed not know what you may do for a place. "Not to name the school or the masters of the Old, Walter Ralegh, now in the For my part, I am sure of one." He ate of men illustrious for literature," says Dr. first stages of his greatness and high in the tug Mersey, on which he was employhis breakfast heartily, and smoked his Johnson, "is a kind of historical fraud, by favor wito the Queen, obtained a new ed as cook, was en route from Bathurst pipe, making no more of death than if he which honest fame is injuriously diminish- Charter of discovery and colonization in to Halifax. had been to take a journey. He received ed." We know, however, neither his place of the old. The country on which the Communion, and was confident of masters nor his school: a defect the less he had set his heart was that which lies persuading the world that he died an regrettable in the biography of a man along the Middle Atlantic from what is innocent man. There was a fire burning who was to prove illustrious for so much now Maine to the north of Florida, and in my old age?" an' stood quite still to beside the scaffold when he came to it, else. That he was at some time before with his fervent and practical imagination She left Souris Friday evening for the for the morning was cold and raw; but he his seventeenth year a commoner of he saw it already peopled and rivalling in would not use it, being in haste to be Oriel College, Oxford; that he became its fruits the Spanish Empire of the Gulf. gone. He saluted his acquaintance, and, "the ornament of the juniors," and left a Five weeks later two ships, under Cap-

> to us, clearing, as he could, the charges of ed from gossip Aubrey that he borrowed 13 landed on the island of Wokoken, off liberally rewarded, being advanced in five his enemies and declaring before God his a gown of one T. Child and never return, the North Carolina coast, where they unbroken loyalty to the Crown and to the ed it, we have exhausted the chronicle, formally proclaimed the sovereignty of fortunes of England. "And now," he The under-graduate was already burning the Queen and their master's possession. said, "I entreat you all to join with me in to be a man. The lines are known in The whole land was named, it is said, by prayer to that great God of Heaven whom which Panthino reproaches a father: He wonder'd that your lordship home, While other men, of siender reputation Put forth their sons to seek preferment

> > there; Some to discover islands far away;

bid the company farewell." The ironical Some to the studious Universities. formalities of the scaffold went forward. The father in the end sends his son to He refused to be blindfolded, and signal-Court. Such a catalogue would have been no news to young Ralegh; he had led with his hand when he was ready. its items by heart, and so true an Eliza-The executioner hesitated till Ralegh adbethan was he that by the age of twentymonished him, and then struck twice. A shudder passed through the crowd, and men need friends, and he was by no as the head was shown there was muttermeans friendless. His family, though ing and tears. He had desired, when he reduced, had many connexions in the lay at Winchester expecting death fifteen West Country, where cousinship is underyears before, that he might be buried stood. He counted Grenvilles, Careys, either at Sherborne, if his estate there should endure, or "in Exeter Church by Drakes, Gilberts, and Champernoons my father and mother": but it seems that among his kinsmen, and when he went to the quickest way was Ithought the best. His body was conveyed from the scaffold to St. Margaret's Church and there buried Country gentlemen volunteers, commanddid any record or memorial exist beyond ed by a Champernoon, that he first saw banded, and in six weeks is acting as the the entry of his name in the burial service. He was absent from England personal agent on the Queen, writing her register. This reproach, by the private action of some English and American citizens who knew the history of their country, has since been removed. It was England has never forgotten Sir Walter which covers his childhood covers these ledge about Irish affairs, and for this he Cornwall took him often to these parts. Ralegh, nor has America. That England years also. On his return to England the was valued; but when she set her mark where, but for his patents, which someand America should now publicly join of making the best of his surroundings. a woman, much more than this. She he was popular and admired. One of his memories to appease his spirit is one He needed a club, and in 1575 he was saw a young man, infinitely gifted in first acts when he became prosperous and that neither failure nor death can altogether rob a man of the merit of his

and to be a Templar was already halfway to Whitehall. His assertions in later life that he had read no law, which have been held to invalidate his footing in the Temple, only prove how well he chose his club. He wrote verses, talked projects, played the gallant, and enjoyed the town. 'He even appeared in print. In 1576 Gascoigne's Steel Glass came out with commendatory verses by "Walter Rawely of the Middle Temple," verses which already in some of their lines have the very turn and stole of Ralegh, a Campania, once Queen of the Seas, has certain proud terseness and melancholy sunk in the Firth of Forth, Scotland

He had now been at home two years, and grew restless once more. In 1577 he was off to serve against the Spaniards in the Low Countries, where his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, commanded one of the English regiments. The sea claimed him, and next year he sailed with Gilbert on his first and less unfortunate expedition to Newfoundland. He made acquaintance at Court. But it was not until his twenty-eighth year that, on Gilbert's recommendation, he obtained his first employment in the Queen's service, as a captain of foot with the forces in Ireland. To this half-brother, thirteen years his senior, Ralegh owed at this period much of the practical direction of his mind. He was a notable, warm, highhanded man, bold and inventive; an experienced soldier and speculating navi-

man. not worthy to live at all who for fear of danger or death shunneth his country's service or his own honor, since death Dardanelles. is inevitable and the fame of virtue im-

He had schemes for the English empire

His lodging at Limehouse, where he sat proclamation being made, delivered that reputation for scholarship and wit, this tains Amadas and Barton, his "servants," speech of which a report had come down indeed is known; but when we have add. set sail for the new territory, and on July Elizabeth herself, Virginia, and Ralegh tain of the Yeomen of the Guard. He had a seal made with the motto "Walteri Would suffer him to spend his youth at Ralegh, Militia, Domini et Gubernatoris Virginia Charter, and took up at the Virginiae propria insignia, 1584, amore et same time his residence in Durham Virtute." He was to send many more House, where from his study in a turret. expeditions to Virginia before his fortunes overlooking the Thames he commanded

generosity of his hopes. six he had run through them all. Young passed into the substance of English Countaymen, that to rob the King of fight the Leaguers in France-admodum place in Elizabeth's regard. He arrives great and rich Madre de Dios was brought adolescens, says Camden, jam primum fatis with distratches one day in December, into Dartmouth in 1592, Ralegh had to be monstratus-it was with a troop of West 1581, from rebel-hunting in Munster. his commission expired and his company dissix years, but except for a sentence or letters, escorting envoys, and breathing two in his "History," where he speaks as like a native the inner air of the Court. an eye-witness of the retreat after Mon. The Queen, it is true, loved a martial contour, and of hunting Catholics among man, and Ralegh had served well in geographical and intellectual centre of heart of a poet. She could not afford to which he had no wish to refine The first claim to possession in the London. He aspired to be a courtier, lose him, this fisher, as Batton called her,

NEWS OF THE SEA

-London, Nov. 19.-A British Admiralty official statement issued this evening says the British mine sweeper Ascot was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine November 10 off the northeast coast of England. Fifty-three members of the crew were drowned.

-London, Nov. 21.-The steamer during a gale. All on board were saved. For whose reaps renown above the rest, With heaps of hate shall surely be and collided with a battleship. She sank opprest. of the sinking has not been made public.

The Campania, a former Cunard line trans Atlantic flier, for several years has been the mother ship for seaplanes in the British navy. In 1893 she made a then record voyage from New York to Queenstown in five days, twelve hours and seven minutes, cutting the time of the City of Paris by two hours for the eastward trip.

The Cambania was of 12,950 tons and was built in Glasgow in 1892. When the war began she was in the hands of shipdismantlers. All the solid Spanish mahogany fittings in her saloons and cabins had been removed and sold. The British Admiralty bought the steamer at a good price before the engines, boilers, or hull had been tampered with.

During the war the Campania had seen gator, and a patriot who believed that considerable active service. She was in the Jutland fight and also took part in the operations by the Allied fleets at the

-St. John, N. B., Nov. 22.-The threenasted schooner Winchester, is long overdue at this port, and grave apprehension is felt for her safety. The schooner sailde from New York in the second week in October for St. John with a cargo of coal tor the City Fuel Company. On October 15 she was reported as having passed through Cape Cod Canal, but since that date nothing has been heard or seen of her or any of the crew. She was commanded by Captain Cook, of Red Brook,

should have made the trip in forty-eight overboard and drowned recently while-

-Charlottetown, Nov. 25.-There is an unconfirmed report here of the loss of the steamer Enterprise plying between Magdalen Islands

"for men's souls." And so he remained. at some expense to his freedom, and was years from plain gentleman to Sir Walter, and made, besides, Warden of the Stannaries, Lieutenant of Cornwall, Vice-Admiral of Devon and Cornwall, and Capwas knighted in 1584, the year of the Some to the war, to try their fortune fell; to lose all, and still hope. It is a prospect "as pleasant perhaps as anyenough to record, at this moment in his thing in the world." Profitable patents life, the piety of his first great enterprise, supplied some part of his profuse exhis promptitude of execution, and the penditure; he had grants of land in Ireland and England; and when all else fail-The arrival of Ralegh at Court and his ed, or more commonly for love, he first meeting with the Queen-the story carried on the West Conntry trade of of the plush cloak and the puddle have privateering, holding, like all West legend. Scott has immortalized a scene Spain, who was the Thief of the World, which Fuller, nearly three generations could never be a sin in sea-divinity. after date, was the first to record. The Hardly a year passed when his ships did historians, who deny themselves this not strike some rich prey, hovering off scene, have been less happy in explaining the Azores in the track of the Portuthe lightning promotion of this ill-paid guese carracks and the galleons of New and little-known captain of foot to his Spain. His sailors loved him. When the sent for to the Tower, where he was then, doing penance, to control his men.

> I assure you, Sir [wrote Robert Cecil, I his poor servants, to the number of 140 goodly men, and all the marines, came to him with shouts of joy; I never saw a man more troubled to

the hill-caves of Languedoc, the haze Ireland; he spoke boldly and with know- His post of Vice-Admiral of Devon and haze lightens. Ralegh had ever the art upon him she saw, with the sensibility of times vexed the good citizens of Exeter. admitted a student of the Middle Temple, mind and body, eager for service and was to offer to buy the farmhouse of Haves. He desired to feel the pulse of things, burning for the light, with the temper of where he was born, and to the end of his and the Inns of Court were then the a soldier, the vision of a sailor, and the life he spoke with a broad Devon accent