

TEL

Time Table
S. Company
Route
17-18

Mondays at 7.30
Eastport, Campobello
Wharf, St. Andrew's
30 a. m. for Grand
each, Campobello

Thursday at 7.30
via Campobello,
Cove and St. An-
drew's

Stephen Fridays at
7.30 a. m. via St. An-
drew's, Eastport and
Cove. Conditions per-
mitting

Saturdays at 7.30
a. m. leaving St. An-
drew's at Campobello,
Eastport both ways.

D. GUPTILL,
Manager.

SHIP CO., LTD.
The S. S. "Connors"
leaves for St. An-
drew's and Ware-
houses on Saturday,
St. Andrew's, N. B.,
Beaver Harbor,
or Lettice, Deer
George. Return-
ing on Tuesday for
Lettice or Back-
aver Harbor and
tide per-
mitting

and Warehouse
Mgr. Lewis
is responsible
after this date
from the company.

REV. W. M.
Services every
7.30 p. m. (7.30 p.
August.) Sunday
day services Fri.

Rev. Thomas Hicks,
Sunday at 11
Monday School 12.00
Friday evening at

Rev. Geo. H.
Services Holy
8.00 a. m. 1st
Morning Prayer
Friday 11 a. m.
Sermon on Sun-
Prayers, Evening

William Amos,
Sunday at 11 a. m.
Monday School 12.00
Friday evening at

Postmaster
10 a. m. to 8 p. m.
Savings Bank Busi-
ness hours 10 a. m.
to 4 p. m. Great Britain
is British Empire,
action thereof. In-
sufficient, each
affixed a one-cent
other countries, 5
and 3 cents for
Letters to which
do not require the

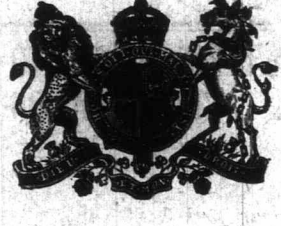
each to any address
States and Mexico.
at have a one-cent
a two-cent card
two cents each
two-cent cards
"Tax" stamp.
advertisements, to any ad-
States and
circles.

10 p. m.
11 p. m.
Indian Island, and
Daily
a. m.
10 p. m.
must be paid half as
heavy Mail.

This paper may
opportunity of seeing
number of this
any address
application to
St. Andrew's



The Beacon



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SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1917

NO. 17

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A whel that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry:
But give to me the mooring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.
(Born December 7, 1784; died October
30, 1842.)

THE WAR DOG.

NEVER confuse the "War dog" with the "dog of War." The War dog is a direct product of the War, but you never yet met him collecting for a hospital, or succouring the wounded, or assisting the police, or hauling a mitrailleuse if he could help it. Yet the War dog worships the Army; it represents a square meal and a "cushy" bed. The new draft takes him for a mascot; but the old hand knows him better. A shameless blend of petty larceny, mendacity, fleas, gourmandism, dirt and unequalled plausibility.

You meet the War dog on some endless road. He will probably be wearing round his neck a piece of dirty card analogous to the eye patch and drooping Inverness cape of some medicaments nearer home—a "property" in fact, and put there by himself, the writer is convinced, although he has not actually caught the War dog dressing for the part. The War dog on the road has "spotted" you long before you have seen him, and he has marked you for his own. You become conscious of a pitiful whine just behind you and, turning, see the War dog, his eyes filled with tears of entreaty, crawling towards you on his stomach. He advances inch by inch, and on being encouraged with comfortable words of invitation the parasite wriggles his lean body (it is trained to look lean—actually it is well padded with stolen food from officers' kitchens) up to your feet, and, selecting a puddle in token of his deep humility, rolls upon his back and smiles tearfully up at you from between his grimy fore-paws. Then the game goes forward merrily as per schedule.

Of course you take him back to camp and give him your last piece of Blighty cake. You introduce your protégé—always crawling on his stomach—into the cook's mess; to the dog's immaculate conduct; beg a trifle of straw from the transport, and in short see him comfortably settled for the night.

The War dog has you now well beneath his paws. He joins the mess and listens himself on a military pigeon-loft and turns boasts of the rat-catching powers of his dog at home. Then the War dog retreats hurriedly as a mouse appears; and you, his victim, apologize for him and explain how he has been shaken by adversity and what a noble creature a few days of good food and kind treatment will make of him. The rest is simple. The War dog (with his court) invades your bed and home parcels, and brings you into disrepute with all and sundry—especially the Cook and Quartermaster. He is fought and soundly thrashed by the regimental mascot (half his size), and the battalion wit composes limericks about you and your pet.

Then suddenly your War dog disappears. You are just beginning to live him down—having moved into another area—when you spy him from the street, the centre of a noisy group in a not too reputable wine-shop. But the War dog never recognizes you. He has finished with you—grown tired of you, in fact (he rarely "works" the same victim for more than three weeks). You and your battalion are to him as it were a bone picked clean; and you depart with a prayer that he may die a stray's death at the hands of the military Police.

One month travelling snugly in a G. S. wagon (you never catch him marching like an honest mascot), the next "swinging the lead" in some warm dug-out—there are few moves on the board of the great War game that he does not know. He will patronize a score of regiments in three months; travel from one end of the Western Front to the other and back again, taking care never to attempt to renew an old acquaintance. Occasionally he makes the mistake of running across a

Why Canada Needs More Money

UP to date the war has cost Canada about \$700,000,000. Canada has spent in Canada over \$400,000,000 on her own account. Canada has spent in Canada on behalf of Great Britain over \$300,000,000. What Canada spends for Great Britain is really loaned to Great Britain and will be repaid or credited to Canada later on.

Great Britain needs so much ready cash to finance her own expenditures at home for herself and for our Allies that she must buy on credit from Canada, and from every other country where she can get credit.

Of course Great Britain's credit is so good that other countries, in order to get her trade, are quite as willing to give her credit as we are in Canada.

Canada wants to help Great Britain not only because Canada wants Britain's trade but because we are Canada and she is Great Britain—both members of the same great Empire, kin of our kin, our motherland.

For Canada it is both a filial and patriotic duty to supply Great Britain's war needs and remember, her needs are our needs. Also it is in Canada's self-interest to supply those needs and thus keep open a market for our products.

Now, Britain needs our wheat, our cheese, cattle, hogs, and many manufactured articles.

Canada also needs many of these things—between the two it amounts to more than a million dollars a day in cash.

And the producers must be paid in cash.

Neither Canada nor Great Britain could go to a Canadian farmer and buy his wheat or his cattle on credit.

The farmer and all other producers might be ever so willing to give their country credit but they could not do it because they have to pay cash for wages,

for rent, materials, etc. They must be paid in cash, or its equivalent.

So Canada says to Great Britain:—"I will lend you the money so that you can pay cash to Canada's producers for what you want."

"I will borrow this money from our own people just as you borrow money from your people."

"I will also borrow from the people of Canada money to pay cash for all the products that Canada, as well as Great Britain, needs in Canada."

That is Canada's practical, patriotic part in helping to win the war.

Without this credit the Canadian producer could not sell to Great Britain, and without these Canadian products the war would be prolonged.

So it is necessary for Canada to give to Great Britain the credit in order that Canada's own producers, who need a market, will have one; and in order that Great Britain which needs the products to win the war, will get them.

Now how does Canada get the money by which both Canada and Britain can pay cash for Canada's products?

By borrowing it from the people of Canada through the sale of Canada's Victory Bonds to be offered in November.

That is why Canada's Victory Bonds are offered to the people—to raise money to help to finish the war.

"Canada must keep her shoulder to the wheel even though it be a chariot of fire," and the way for Canada to keep her shoulder to the wheel is by buying

Canada's Victory Bonds

Next week this space will tell why Canada raises money by selling Canada's Victory Bonds

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

MORE CANADIAN TROOPS ARRIVE IN ENGLAND

Ottawa, October 22.—It is officially announced through the Chief Press Censor's Office, that the undermentioned troops have arrived safely in England:

251st Battalion, Winnipeg; 258th (French-Canadians) Montreal; Drafts, infantry, from Western Ontario, Montreal Highlanders, infantry for P. P. C. L. I. cavalry for C. M. R., Newfoundland troops, Imperial recruits; Canadian Officers Training Corps, candidates for Imperial commissions; candidates for Royal Engineers' commissions, Royal Flying Corps pilots; details.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In commemoration of the foundation of All Saints' Church a service will be held in the church on the evening of Wednesday next.

THE VICTORY LOAN

A meeting took place on Saturday evening last in the office of M. N. Cockburn, R. C. of a few persons invited thereto to devise the best means of making a success of the new War Loan about to be placed by the Dominion Government, and to which prominent notice is given elsewhere in this issue. For the purpose of making a thorough canvass for subscribers to the

Loan the County of Charlotte is divided into three sectors having their respective radial centres in St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Stephen.

At the meeting in Mr. Cockburn's office a committee was appointed to deal with the matter, the gentlemen selected to serve thereon being T. A. Hart, E. A. Cockburn, B. T. Odell, W. F. Kennedy, and H. J. Burton. This committee will appoint some qualified person who will make a house-to-house canvass of the part of the County embraced in the St. Andrew sector, which will include the Parishes of Dumbarton, St. Andrew, St. Croix, and St. Patrick. Any person desiring to act as solicitor for the sale of the Victory War Loan Bonds will kindly apply to W. F. Kennedy, the Secretary of the Committee, St. Andrew, N. B.

CAPTAIN COOK

JAMES COOK, English-mariner, son of an agricultural labourer, was born at Marton, Yorkshire, Oct. 27, 1728. After some years spent in the North Sea and the Baltic trades, he entered the navy (1755), and from 1759 was for eight years principally engaged in surveying the St. Lawrence and the coasts of Newfoundland. In 1768 he was sent out to the Pacific by the Admiralty, at the instance of the Royal Society, with an expedition to observe the transit of Venus. Voyaging westwards, Cook completed the first circumnavigation of New Zealand, and charted the coast. Passing on to Australia, he surveyed the east coast northwards, and, sailing through the strait separating it from New Guinea, showed that these two lands were not connected. From Batavia Cook sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to England (1771). Cook next year received command of an expedition, consisting of the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, which was sent out to determine the extent of the reported southern continent. The expedition entered the Antarctic Circle in January 1773. After skirting the ice in high latitudes, they reached New Zealand in the following October. Sailing again to the south and east, the *Resolution* again encountered the ice, and in January 1774, in long 106° 54' W., Cook reached his highest latitude—71° 10' S. He spent the southern winter cruising among the islands of the Pacific, and in spring set out to explore the high latitudes south of Cape Horn, whence, after discovering S. Georgia and sighting Sandwich Land, he sailed for home, reaching England on July 29, 1775. The *Adventure*, which had become separated from the *Resolution* in the South Seas, arrived in the previous year. This was the first circumnavigation of the globe eastwards.

Cook was promoted to the rank of captain, and received an appointment at Greenwich Hospital in the next year. He sailed again in command of an expedition to the north coast of N. America. He sailed in the *Resolution* from Plymouth (July 12, 1776). The *Discovery*, under Captain Clerke, sailed shortly afterwards. The two ships joined company at Cape Town. Their first discovery was the Sandwich group, whence passing on to the west coast of N. America, they explored it from about the 45th parallel to 60° Cape, where they were stopped by the ice. Cook then returned to the Sandwich Isles, with a view to surveying them; and it was at Hawaii, in consequence of some trouble with the natives, that Cook met his death (Feb. 14, 1779), being murdered in an attempt to reach his boat. —*Nelson's Encyclopedia.*

LAST HUNDRED OF VOLUNTEER DAYS

The one hundred Divisional Signallers recruited in the great two weeks' drive that ended just twelve hours before the issue of the proclamation calling out Class One lined up on the parade ground of the Armouries yesterday morning under their commanding officer, Lieut. J. L. Mallory, and were inspected by Lieut.-Col. S. P. Biggs, O. C. Divisional Engineers, Toronto Military District. Col. Briggs was accompanied by Major L. L. Anthes, O. C. Second Field Company, Canadian Engineers. The men were in two squads under Sergeants A. L. Sibbald and H. W. Costa, and after a rigid inspection they "marched past," Col. Briggs taking the salute. The business of inspection was concluded by the pleasant duty to the whole detachment of being photographed.—*Toronto Globe, Oct. 18.*

"BOB" FITZSIMMONS DEAD

CHICAGO, Oct. 22.—Robert Fitzsimmons, former champion heavy-weight of the world, died at a hospital here early to-day after an illness of five days of pneumonia. The former champion was taken sick last Tuesday while appearing in a vaudeville theatre, and his ailment was at first diagnosed as pneumonia poisoning. Later it was discovered that he was suffering from double pneumonia and physicians declared that he could not live. His remarkable vitality sustained him until Saturday when he lapsed into unconsciousness, from which he did not rally, except at rare intervals.

During the five days of his illness, Fitzsimmons was the recipient of many messages from men whom he had formerly met in the ring, including Jim Corbett, from whom he won the championship, and Jim J. Jeffries, who took the title from him. Other pugilists and followers of the sport sent telegrams to the fighter and his wife, expressing hope of a speedy recovery. Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who was with her husband during his illness, suffered a nervous breakdown last Thursday, and for a time it was believed her condition was dangerous, but she soon recovered and resumed her vigil at his bedside.

Fitzsimmons was born in Helston, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. His parents, however, soon moved to New Zealand.