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CHILD WHO KNEW NOT PEACE

THE child sprang through the fume-dyed vines, green and rusty blue. His army cap, silver-laced and cocked over one eye à la chasseur, his hands thrust into the pockets of his ragged apron, his lips and cheeks stained with cherries, he gaily whistled a bugle-call, and his eyes were full of laughter. Brusque apparition of some familiar spirit of this Lorraine countryside, he looked a sort of little rustic god, clothed by the war, smeared with the spring, his oaten flute repeating the songs of the trumpet so long blended with the voices of nature.

He saluted in military fashion and picked a flower to stick in his cap. Twilight came down on the plain, open as the sea, that surrounded us; the hour sougded from the slate-covered belfry half-hidden from us by a leafy knoll; soldiers were resting where stretched out under the loaded cherry-trees, they seemed like blue smoke dissolving in the yellowing weeds, the thick greenery, the tender blue of the sky. On the right towards the lines canonnades rolled a ceaseless vibration of one note; on the left sounded the heavy crash of slow-going shells and the crackle of swift machine-guns, while through the sky rose the first rockets, colorless, pale by the yet powerful light of the setting sun.

"Don't stretch out in those yellow flowers," the child cried to me. "That's the wood-louse weed. You'll catch the creatures that live on it, and you'll get all red and have to scratch so that you won't be able to sleep."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Five years."

"You're not afraid of the cannon over there?"

He seemed surprised at my question, looked me straight in the eye to see if I were not making fun of him, hesitated a moment . . . then:

"It's always that way."

"Do you remember," I said, "when you were little, three years ago, the time when the soldiers were not passing, or camping in the country, when there was no cannon to be heard, when the avions never flew over the village?"

"M-m," he seemed to be searching his memory. "No, it has always been like this. First, lots of soldiers came then they went away off there—he pointed to the firing line—"then some came back and the others stayed there because they were dead. Then we went away in the big wagon; we shut up the cows in the stable with hay and left grass for the rabbits and feed for the pigs. We went to a village; they called us 'refugees'; there was a canal there with ships big as our church and a railroad that goes to Paris; it was lovely. Then father went back for the beasts; some had broken out, some were dead, and some stolen; then we all went back, and school and catechism began again."

"And over there, where you went when you went away, did you hear the cannon?"

"Why . . . I've forgotten. I was looking at the train and the ships."

"You're not afraid of the bombardment?"

"We have a cellar."

"And when you grow up, what are you going to be?"

Sergeant of machine-gunners, monsieur."

"Why machine-gunners?"

"Oh la-la—they have a popotte and get jam. Only the mules kick and bite—but the sergeant doesn't have to take care of the mules."

"And when you are old, too old to be a maitreleur?"

"Oh, that won't make any difference; there are some so old they have little children."

"Older than that?"

"Then . . . then I'll buy wine and sell it to soldiers, like everybody."

"And when peace comes, when there will be no more soldiers?"

"Peace?"

"Yes, . . . when there is no more fighting."

"Oh, yes, . . . when the soldiers rest. Then they'll need wine, beer, coffee!"

"But the soldiers will go back to their own homes. There will be no more canonnades, nor avions, only to fly for work or for pleasure; no more regiments passing, no more music in the square, no military concerts, nor anything. People will work in the fields and among the vines, that's all."

The child looked at me with a doubtful air; a gleam of gaiety crossed his face, he stood with his mouth half open, half breathless. Then, drawing his cuff across his nose, he began to laugh.

"And the Boches, where will they be?"

"At home."

"Where?"

"In Germany."

He reflected. My conversation appear-

ed to him altogether extraordinary, the talk of a boaster or a madman, perhaps. "The French are here," he said. "The Boches over there. They fire at each other with cannon and guns. I've always seen that. Then when the soldiers are tired, they come back to the villages, they dismantle the guns, they clean their guns and their boots, they wash their shirts, they play music, they cook, and they drink. I've always seen that. That's what they always do."

(Alexandre Amoux in the "Grande Revue," Paris. Translated by May Lambertson-Becker.)

—New York Evening Post.

EVEN FATHER MUST WORK

LAW OF CANADA

Ottawa, April 6.—Idleness in Canada is now punishable by penalty, and in the case of riots and disturbances the military have full power to deal with all offenders. With regard to idleness an order-in-Council enacts that "all persons domiciled in Canada shall, in the absence of reasonable cause to the contrary, engage in useful occupations."

It declares that "the regulations are not intended to affect any right of members of organized Labor associations to discontinue their work in the employment in which they have been engaged when such discontinuance is occasioned by differences arising between the employer and the employed." The purpose is to prevent persons capable of useful work from remaining in idleness at a time when the country most urgently requires the services of all human energy possible.

THE SPECIFIC REGULATIONS

The regulations provide that:

(1) Every male person residing in the Dominion shall be regularly engaged in some useful occupation.

(2) In any proceeding hereunder, it shall be a defence that the person is:

(a) Under sixteen years or over sixty years of age.

(b) A bona fide student proceeding with his training for some useful occupation.

(c) A bona fide student in actual attendance at some recognized educational institution.

(d) Usually employed in some useful occupation and temporarily unemployed owing to differences with his employers common to similar employees with the same employer.

(e) Physically unable to comply with the provisions of the law as herein enacted.

(f) Unable to obtain within reasonable distance any kind of employment which he is physically able to perform at current wages for similar employment.

PENALTIES PROVIDED

Violation of the regulations imposes liability to a penalty not exceeding one hundred dollars, or in default of imprisonment not exceeding six months in any common jail. Any institution or any farm owned by a municipality or province and declared by by-law, or order-in-Council, respectively, to be a public institution or farm for the purposes of this law shall be a common jail.

Where proceedings are instituted at the instance of a municipality the fine goes to the municipality, where instituted by a provincial officer, to the Provincial Treasurer.

Orders-in-Council were also read by Sir Robert Borden giving the military full and peremptory power to replace the civil authority whenever there is a riot and insurrection, and provides severe penalties, including enforced military service, and another aimed against idleness, and compelling the engagement of every able-bodied man in some useful occupation.

POWER FOR MILITIA

The order-in-Council stipulates also that:

"In the case of any riot, insurrection or civil disturbance which takes place while the Military Service Act, 1917, is in operation, if the general officer or the officer commanding any military district of Canada, order any troops on service, or on active service under his command, to be called out for the maintenance of public order or for preventing obstruction to the due enforcement of the Military Service Act, 1917, and the regulations thereunder, the Governor-in-Council may, within the affected area which he shall by order designate, supersede, or supersede to such extent as he may specify, until his further order, the jurisdiction and powers of the civil courts, and declare that within the said area the orders of the general officer or of the officer commanding the troops shall in all respects be obeyed by the civil population, and that offenders against the law, or persons disobedient to such military orders, shall be tried and punished by courts-martial constituted in the manner hereinafter provided; and consequently upon any such order of the

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOULLY ASSASSINATED APRIL 14, 1865

This poem appeared in *Punch*, May 6, 1865, accompanying a drawing by Tenniel representing Britannia laying a wreath on Lincoln's bier.

YOU lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN'S bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gabut, gnarled hand, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease;
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen had led the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgement I had learnt to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do
Man's honest wit must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can strive to know,
Nor tamper with the weight of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's
As in his pleasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark, that turns the lumberer's axe;
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the things that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined way to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years,
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report lived through,
And then he heard the hives change to cheers.

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of honor or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

TOM TAYLOR
(1817-1880)

BERLIN

Written after a visit in 1853

STATUES on statues piled, and in the hand
Of each memorial man a soldier's sword!
Fit emblem of a tame and subject land,
Mustered and marked by a drill-sergeant lord.
And these long lines of formal streets, that go
In rank and file, by a great captain's skill
Were marched into this cold and stately show,
Where public order palsies private will.
Order is strong; strong law the stars commands;
But birds by wings, and thought by freedom lives;
The crystallized stone compact and foursquare stands,
But man by surging self-born impulse strives.
Much have ye done, lords of exact Berlin,
But one thing fails—the soul to your machine!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE
(1809-1886)

Governor-in-Council, the provisions of the two next following paragraphs shall until his further order, have effect:—

SUBJECT TO MILITARY LAW

(a) All persons within the said area shall be subject to military law, and the civil tribunals shall continue to exercise within or in respect of the aforesaid area only such powers and jurisdictions as shall not have been superseded or superseded by the Governor-in-Council; and the

general officer or the officer commanding the troops may constitute courts-martial for the purpose of trying any person who is charged with any offence against the law, or with disobedience to any military order, within the said area.

Old Roxleigh—"You marry my daughter? Why, you are supported by your father." Suitor—"Yes, sir, but my governor is tired of supporting me, he says and I thought I'd get into another family."

—Boston Transcript.

"NO STINT OR LIMIT TO SAVE LIBERTY OF WORLD"

Baltimore, Md., April 8.—In a Liberty Loan address delivered here on Saturday, President Wilson voiced in the strongest terms the determination of the United States to throw everything it has into the battle for world liberty.

His answer to the latest German peace propaganda was:

"Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

After reviewing briefly the evidence that Germany seeks a peace leaving her world dominion, the President declared:

"I accept the challenge. I know that you accept it. All the world shall know you accept it. It shall appear in the utter sacrifice and self-forgetfulness with which we shall give all that we love and all that we have to redeem the world and make it fit for free men like ourselves to live in. This now is the meaning of what we do. Let everything that we henceforth plan and accomplish, ring true to this response: till the majesty and might of our concerted power shall fill the thought and utterly defeat the force of those who flout and misprize what we honor and hold dear."

"Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide whether justice and peace shall reign in the affairs of men; whether right as America conceives it or dominion as she receives it shall determine the destinies of mankind."

"There is therefore but one response possible from us—force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous force which shall make the law of the world, and cast every selfish dominion in the dust."

Warning anew that a triumph of arms for Germany means ruin for the ideals America has won and lives for, the President reiterated that he was willing to discuss at any time a fair just and honest peace sincerely proposed—a peace in which the strong and weak shall fare alike.

"But the answer," said he, "when I proposed such a peace came from the German commanders in Russia, and I cannot mistake the meaning of the answer."

"They are enjoying in Russia," the President declared, "a cheap triumph in which no brave or gallant nation can long take pride. A great people, helpless by their own act, lie for the time at their mercy. Their fair professions are forgotten. They nowhere set up justice, but everywhere impose their power and exploit everything for their own use and aggrandizement, and the people of conquered provinces are invited to be free under their dominion."

"Are we not justified in believing that they would do the same things at their western front if they were not there face to face with armies their countless divisions cannot overcome?"

The President's audience of 15,000 persons was plainly with him in his denunciation of Germany's military masters. It applauded his declaration that he is ready at any time to discuss a just peace, sincerely proposed.

MAINE SARDINE MEN MEET

A joint conference of sardine packers and fishermen of Maine was called in Bangor on Friday, April 5, at the instance of the United States Food Administration Dr. Loomis, of Washington, and Dr. Merrill, of Orono, Me., represented the United States Food Administration. R. E. Armstrong, of St. John, attended as a representative of the Canadian Food Board. Among the subjects considered was that of a standard unit of measures which might be recommended to the food administration. It was finally decided to recommend the hogshedd as the unit of measure, ten tubs or seventeen and a half bushels, to constitute a hogshedd. In Canadian waters the hogshedd and tub have been the recognized standards of measurement hitherto. In western Maine sardines have been sold by the bushel, fifteen bushels being called a hogshedd.

It was resolved to recommend that contracting for the catch of sardine weirs should be prohibited.

An attempt was made to agree upon a fixed price for sardines at the weirs, but the views of the packers and fishermen were so divergent that no decision was reached. A canvas of the fishermen showed that they favored \$35, while the price offered by the packers averaged \$20.18. The matter was finally left in the hands of a committee of five packers and five fishermen, with two representatives from Canada; the conference agreeing to stand by any figure that the committee might agree to recommend. It is the intention to call this committee together when the views of the Canadian Food Board have been obtained.—Telegraph.

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Paris, April 3.—German submarines did not sink any French steamships last week, nor were any attacked unsuccessfully. Eight fishing vessels, however, were sunk by the enemy.

—New York, April 5.—The Cunard Line steamship *Valoria*, 5,865 tons gross, has been sunk in the Irish Sea, according to word received here. She left here on March 4, with cargo, for a British port. At the office of the Cunard Line it was said instructions had been received recently that reports of the loss of steamers of the line must not be confirmed or denied.

—London, April 9.—A British torpedo boat destroyer sank last Thursday, as the result of a collision, and all hands on board are believed to have been drowned, according to an Admiralty statement issued to-night. The statement says: "One of His Majesty's torpedo boat destroyers sank on the 4th, instant as the result of a collision in the foggy weather. All hands are missing, and it is presumed they are drowned."

—A Canadian Atlantic Port, April 8.—A salt-laden steamer arriving here yesterday from a Mediterranean port reports having picked up the steamship *Veronica*, in mid-ocean, towed her four hundred miles and then abandoned her because the salt-laden steamer's fuel supply was low. Another steamer is reported to have gone to her assistance. Reports published here to the effect that this rescue steamer could not locate the *Veronica* could not be verified this morning.

—The Hague, April 8.—The Belgian relief ship *Ministre De Smet De Naeyer*, 2,712 tons, was sunk on Saturday in the North Sea. It is reported she struck a mine. Seventeen of those aboard were saved and twelve were drowned.

—Amsterdam, April 10.—The Belgian relief steamer *Flanders* struck a mine in the free channel on Monday and sank, according to the *Handelsblad*. The crew were saved.

The *Flanders* was last reported in available shipping records as having arrived at an American Atlantic port Feb. 10. She was a vessel of 4,158 tons and was owned at Antwerp.

—Paris, April 10.—Only two French merchantmen, both over 1,600 tons, were sunk by mines or submarines during the week ending April 6, according to the official announcement to-night. One vessel was unsuccessfully attacked.

—London, April 10.—The sinking of British merchantmen by mines or submarines last week reached the next lowest level of any week since Germany began her intensive submarine campaign early in 1917, five vessels of more than 1,600 tons, two of less than 1,600 tons, and two fishing boats were sent to the bottom. The low record in sinkings for any week since Germany began her intensive submarine campaign was in the aggregate weight of tonnage sunk the week of November 11, last, then only one vessel of over 1,600 tons and five vessels of less than 1,600 tons were destroyed.

The Admiralty statement adds: "Vessels unsuccessfully attacked, 11, including two previously; arrivals, 2,534; sailings, 2,495. Both fishermen reported to-day were sunk during the week ending March 30."

—Washington, April 8.—The Russian warship sunk by their commanders off the southern coast of Finland to keep them out of the hands of the Germans, reported several days ago, were blown up after German warships had opened fire on them, according to a dispatch to the State Department to-day from Stockholm. Three of the Russian vessels were battle-ships.

—An Atlantic Port, April 10.—Reports that the Anchor liner *Anchoria*, (British), bound from Glasgow to New York, presumably in ballast, was torpedoed and beached off the Irish coast April 7, were confirmed in responsible shipping quarters to-day. The *Anchoria* was of 5,430 tons gross, and was built in 1917.

HATCHERIES FOR LOBSTERS CLOSED

Ottawa, April 9.—Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, Minister of the Naval Service, announces that he has decided to close the lobster hatcheries, scattered about the country in the Maritime Provinces, permanently. The wisdom of lobster hatching has been a subject of investigation by Dr. Knight, of Queen's University, for four years past. He has found that lobster hatching is wrong in principle, and that instead of building up it is destructive to the lobsters. The naval department is arranging to start an educational campaign amongst the fishermen to induce them to protect all berried lobsters and to co-operate with the department in protecting the fishery and saving the lobsters. Dr. Knight is being placed in charge of the campaign.

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