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Bar Barbarism by Buying Victory Bonds!

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's
grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They are somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for
him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart,
Tenderly bury the fair young dead.
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve in the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

MARIE R. LACOSTE.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

I do not mind admitting it, we have been considerably alarmed about William, William, *en passant*—though he seldom passes but just comes in and has a meal—is my wife's brother. He is far, far more than that, however, for he ranks with the elect, that chosen coterie of favored mortals who never work. He drives in taxis and owes his tradesmen for purple and fine linen. William has frequently in hearing spoken of work, but that is as near as he ever got to it. This was why I was swept off my feet when Mary told me what he had been chatting to her about.

"William wants a job," she said. "He thinks that perhaps you might find him something—fairly easy; he is not strong. He seemed to fancy it is time he settled down."
"Well, for a bright young fellow of forty-seven perhaps he is right," I said. The more I dwelt on the matter of this yearning on the part of William for work the more unreasonable it seemed, for he always appeared to get along very nicely, thank you, as things were—a liver borrowed in his well-known gracious way whenever he ran short; week-ends for the asking (William used to do the asking); and a fine and airy diplomatic touch with him which enabled him to rise superior to debts, tailors, and the common ills of insolvent humanity. It was not surprising that it all caused us some little uneasiness. I told him frankly that we, his relatives, felt anxious about him.

"It is not like you, William," I said impressively. "I am afraid you are taking the times a bit too seriously. It has just struck you perhaps, that there is a war on; but don't go and over-exert yourself. Still, I know of a berth for you. Brooks wants a man to help him in the office."
But we need not have worried ourselves. William is all right. At the last moment he said he felt he could not avail himself of my kindness. He said he had been hasty and he apologized handsomely. He had been thinking things over.

You will never guess his reasons. Even I was outwitted, and I have lent money to William for years and years.

William told me the plain truth over a glass of port—my port. He said he should have liked nothing better than this job, but he had been thinking about the Man Power Act, and he felt that with the chance of being called up, he would be putting his employer in a position of unfair risk.

This is very noble of him, but I wish William were not quite so high-principled. It comes very expensive for his friends. "Awfully sorry, old chap," he said regretfully, "but I can't bring myself to do it. It would not be playing the game.

Brooks seemed a decent sort, and the work would have just suited me; but there is this new Act. I may be called up, you see, and that would leave the poor chap in a corner. I will come down and see you this week-end. We can talk things over. You see I am in a bit of a difficulty, not knowing what the Government may do with me.
But the Government won't do anything with William—not if it knows its business.

RIGHTS OF TURBARY

AN ANCIENT SOURCE OF FUEL

SIR Paul Vinogradoff, in one of his earlier works, dwells on the economic value for the community of those manorial "wastes" of England, which in the earliest days of the feudal system, and in earlier ages when the manor was still an inchoate institution, really belonged to the people. It was apparently a somewhat late development which gave to the lord of the manor freehold and mineral rights in these unoccupied tracts of land where racing streams yielded rights of piscary, where broad stretches of pasture were common to the folk, where the wonderful untended woodland was full of wealth for the people, and where the spongy, springy turf, shining with emerald brightness between the greyer green of the gigantic August bracken, yielded one of the chief of winter's needs, turf for the hungry hearths.

All the romance of waste lands, their forested acres gleaming with golden gorse and shadowed with the oak and the elm and the ash that hid Robin Hood and his green-coated men, had an economic basis which has suddenly taken a new significance to-day. Sir Paul Vinogradoff wrote:
We have seen what part the waste played in the economy of rural life. It was largely used as common pasture, common wood, common turbary, and it afforded a reserve fund on which the rural population could fall back for purposes of colonization and enlargement of existing resources.

The troubles of the 11th and 12th centuries were doubtless as real as those of the 20th in England; but to-day we have twenty times as many mouths to feed and bodies to keep warm, and it is given to us to look around for the "enlargement of existing resources."

It is time that we took account on the greatest scale of the enlargement possible through the organized use of the resources of waste lands. It is true something is being done already. We are using at last our blackberries, though the multitudinous sloe berries, covered with grey bloom, will doubtless run to uselessness this next autumn. We are gathering some, at least, of the chestnuts, if the woodnuts wild are left to the casual and careless gatherers. But we are not using the fish of our rivers in any substantial fashion or the game of the moors. Rights of piscary and the game laws stand in the way, as they have stood for many centuries, of anything like national use. New Zealand knew what it was about when it opened all rivers and gave no water rights to selfish man. Innumerable salmon and trout that should be on the market are in the roaring streams and quiet pools because of laws that have oppressed honest Englishmen and dignified the poacher's pleasing art for centuries.

But at the moment more important than anything else are rights of wood cutting and rights of turf cutting, for in a year of fuel famine the gathering of fuel of kinds other than sea-coal is a matter of national importance. There is turf enough and to spare for all users, and if the Government could organize the cutting and the distribution on and from the great waste spaces of England and Wales the winter that is beginning to have its shivering shoulders into sight would be more welcome than it now seems likely to be. A few town-dwellers use turf to-day and revel in the use of it. There is no pleasanter fire than a turf fire, gladdened with glowing logs. No doubt to secure the full magic of it there is needed the deep, open hearth and the hanging kettle on which the stars shine down as they peer into the great chimney. The glow of the smouldering hearth, the sudden blaze of the new turf thrown skilfully on the white ashes, the magic of an ancient pair of bellows, the light and shadow of a great farm kitchen, cannot be reproduced in the artificial quietude of a Kensington flat. But many of the pleasures of turf can be secured, and even to the hardened lover of anthracite the fragile turf, redolent of summer days, will be welcome when length of winter is emphasized by shortness of coal.
To the antiquarian mind there is a

USE YOUR DOLLARS TO END THE WAR

If my dollar will drive the enemy back from despoiling Europe and threatening America, here it goes! I will put all I can spare into a Victory Bond, to help old Canada finance its own war burdens, our secure for Great Britain a plentiful supply of foodstuffs.
For it is not the rich man's pile that counts most. It is the accumulation of purchases made by farmers and rural

THE BOATS OF THE "ALBACORE"

"FIVE boats there was," said Bristol Tom, "in the steamship *Albacore*—She used to sail on the Far-East run, 'tween Hull and Singapore—Four under davits an' one on chocks; you couldn't ask no more.
"But one was smashed at the davits, an' the same-shell killed 'er crew, An' one got tangled up in the falls an' stove, an' that was two, An' the one as was washed went down with the ship, she couldn't 'elp but do.
"There was nine got clear in the captain's boat, but we missed 'er by-and-by, For there wasn't a light in the whole black night nor a star in the bloom'n' sky, An' the Lord 'e knows where them chaps went, an' the sea as saw them die.
"An' seven men in the quarter-boat there was that went away—Seven men in an open boat a-knockin' around the Bay, In the wind an' rain that bit to the bone, an' dollops o' freezin' spray.
"Seven men in a leaky boat with neither oars nor sail—We done our best with a len'th o' spar an' a rag of an old shirt-tail, An' we took it in turns to watch an' steer, an' sleep a bit an' bale.
"Seven men in an open boat, an' the fifth day Lizard' red, When a drifter picked 'er up at last due South o' Lizard' head—Seven men in an open boat, two livin' an' five dead.

"An' the two that was livin' they'd signed again afore a month was through; They'd signed an' sailed for to take their chance as a seamen's bound to do; An' one went west when the *Runwode* was signed with all her crew; An' God 'elp Fritz when we meet," said Tom, "For I was one o' the two!"
CICELY FOX-SMITH, in *Punch*.

BUY CONTINUED PROSPERITY

Before our last Victory Loan financial experts were dubious as to the outlook for Canada. She could not borrow abroad. It was necessary that she have a large available capital to finance credits for British and foreign war orders. Canada was thrown on her own resources and appealed to her citizens.

The remarkable over-subscription of the 1917 Victory Loan completely changed the uncertain outlook which prevailed. It gave a new impetus to agriculture, commerce and prosperity. It invigorated our efforts in the war. It allowed our provincial Governments, municipal, and other borrowers to finance their requirements at home. In short, it gave another lease of life to the activities of the Dominion.

The Victory Loan of 1918 will accomplish the same purposes. Upon the ready response of the large and small investor depends the immediate economic future of Canada. Everyone's prosperity is involved.
Prepare to buy continued Prosperity in Victory Bonds.

peculiar attraction about turf, since it is probably the oldest form of fuel, older perhaps, than wood. How old it is may be guessed from the shape of the piles of turf that the moormen and the dwellers in the waste build to meet the needs of winter. In the distance they might be taken for the dwellings in a prehistoric village. It is not a mere effort of the imagination to think that these, and some strange little haystacks that are still built, are the representations of the prehistoric dwelling-places handed down by race memory. In many parts of England turf cutting and storing is not the least important of the occupations of late summer and winter. There is no coal to be had at any price, and wood itself is scanty and forbidden. But turf there is in plenty, and the wise householder lays in abundant store for the days of wet and cold. At present we are making use of tradition in every field, we are realizing that we have too long neglected the wisdom of our forefathers in the living of a life that depends at every turn on the operation of machinery that few understand. We are now faced by the very difficulties which made those forefathers what they were, and our wisdom may

well be their wisdom. Certainly in our dealings with the wealth that lavish nature prodigal in giving, places before us we should pursue that path of wisdom, and not least in making use of the sweet-scented turf which was once the sunshine of the year.—*The Times, London.*

* * * The above article should be of interest to many readers of the BEACON in view of the great difficulty of obtaining fuel even with its steadily increasing price. Peat, suitable for fuel, is found in enormous quantities in New Brunswick, some of the best beds being in Charlotte County. Government departments, especially the Commission of Conservation, have made many investigations of Canadian peat deposits, and have written much on the subject of the preparation and use of peat as fuel, but no practical result has followed, at least in New Brunswick. Surely the time has arrived when investigation should be followed up by practical results.—Ed. BEACON.

Freemen Buy Bonds,
Slaves Wear Them!

ROLL OF HONOR

The Y. W. P. A. of St. Andrews has compiled the following list of names of the men from St. Andrews and vicinity who have enlisted for overseas service in the war. They desire to have the list complete and accurate, and will be glad to have pointed out to them any omissions in the following list or any inaccuracies in the names as printed.

ST. ANDREWS

- D. Anning
- W. Anning
- Fraser Armstrong
- Richard Botsfield
- Edward L. Byron
- Geo. H. I. Cockburn
- Carl Cronk
- J. Kenneth Cummings
- E. Cecil DeWolfe
- Emerson Dougherty
- George Douglas
- H. S. Everett
- G. B. Finigan
- Jos. F. Gaynor
- Horace Gove
- Arthur Grant
- H. Raymond Greenlaw
- F. A. Grimmer
- G. Stuart Grimmer
- Jos. E. Handy
- Percy Hartt
- G. G. Haught
- Philip Hodder
- Preston, Holmes
- T. A. Holmes
- Herbert Horsnell
- Harold Kingshott
- Vernon Lamb
- Chester W. Malloch
- F. Y. McAleenan
- Geo. McCarthy
- Jas. R. McDowell
- B. F. McMullon
- Willie Nicholas
- H. P. O'Neill
- Guy Peacock
- Wm. Peacock
- J. E. Penfold
- Frank Polleys
- Fred G. Purton
- Otis Reid
- Phillip R. Reid
- Cecil Ross
- Geo. E. Ross
- Harrison Ross
- Percy Ross
- H. L. Simpson
- Royden Smith
- George Somers
- F. R. Stevenson
- Geo. F. Stickney
- Cecil Stone
- John Thompson
- Wm. D. Thompson
- B. P. Toal
- Fred Treadwell
- E. W. Turner
- Guy Williamson
- Thos. Williamson
- Lewis A. Worrell
- T. Jarvis Wren
- Claude Young

BAYSIDE

- Carl J. Bryant
- M. A. Budd
- Leigh H. Campbell
- Cecil L. Greenlaw
- Arthur McD. Hannay
- Herman G. Lawrence
- J. R. McCoubrey
- G. Everett McKay
- H. C. Nutter
- John Tilberry

CHAMCOOK

- Cecil Craig
- Wm. J. Craig
- John Gillespie
- Alton J. Kelly
- Chas. P. Kelly
- James G. Markee
- Guy L. Rankine
- Wilfred R. Rankine
- BOCABEC
- Clarence M. Crichton
- Raymond Cunningham
- Ernest Foster
- Austen Hanson
- Roy McCullough

"Why is it, Sam, that one never hears of a darky committing suicide?" inquired the Northern. "Well you see, it's disaway boss: When a white pusson has any trouble he sets down an' gits to studyin' 'bout it an' a-worryin'. Then firs' thing you know he's done killed hisself. But when a nigger sets down to think 'bout his troubles, why, he jes' nacherly goes to sleep!"—*Life.*

Tiresome Caller—"Last night at the club I made a move—" Miss Sharp—"Good for you. Make another."—*Balti-more American.*

NEWS OF THE SEA

—Madrid, Oct. 20.—The steamer *Maria*, which had been requisitioned by the Spanish government, has been torpedoed by the German submarine, the *Epeca* says.

—Belfast, Oct. 21.—The Irish steamer *Dundalk* was torpedoed in the Irish Sea last week. Of the crew of more than thirty only thirteen were rescued.
The *Dundalk* was owned by the Dundalk and Newry Steam Packet Company. She measured 863 tons.

—Stockholm, Oct. 22.—The Hamburg-American steamer *Hapsburg* struck a mine last Wednesday, while on a voyage from Riga to Danzig, according to advices from Helsingfors. One hundred German soldiers and four officers were drowned, owing to panic-stricken passengers rushing for the lifeboats, which were capsized.

Washington, Oct. 29.—Sinking of the American cargo ship *Lake Borgne*, off the coast of France, without loss of life, was announced to-day by the Navy Department. The ship foundered after striking a rock.

—Victoria, B. C., Oct. 24.—On her way from Skagway with 300 passengers the C. P. R. steamer *Princess Sophia*, at 3 o'clock this morning, drove hard ashore on Vanderbilt Reef, Lynn Canal. No further details were contained in the wireless message notifying the C. P. R. officials of the accident. The vessel sailed from Skagway last night, having one of the largest passenger lists she has carried this year. Many of the people who secured passage on the vessel are from interior points in Alaska, having reached White Horse on the last river steamer to arrive.

Vanderbilt Reef is two miles from Sentinel Island, where several years ago the steamer *Princess May* came to grief. The *Princess Sophia* is said to have gone ashore during a heavy fog. The waters of the Lynn Canal were well protected and no loss of life is feared.

BEN BOLT

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill:
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls
As you gaze,
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain,
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all of the boys who were school-mates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the depths of my spirits the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelve-months twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.