

# "SALADA"

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Cleanest and Best Tea Sold—

## Grand Fleet Will Soon Burst Forth

Britain's Formidable Line of Fighting Dogs, Fettered in The Unknown Waters, Soon to be Released

The invisibility of the Grand Fleet is one of the most remarkable of all the remarkable things in this war. No one dare say where it is. Its operations, proceeding ceaselessly night and day since the first rumblings of the great war, are still shrouded behind an impenetrable veil. Far-reaching though his work and formidable in triumph his results, Admiral Jellicoe has still to publish his first despatch.

When one speaks to men attached to the squadron, hidden away "somewhere," about the fine fleet under Beatty's command, or the great ships forming his squadron, they emphatically reply: "That is only the cruiser or squadron. It is nothing to the Grand Fleet."

And the reverential way in which the sailors talk about the Grand Fleet and Jellicoe's ships conveys a wealth of meaning.

### A Lot Untold

The Archbishop of Canterbury visited the fleet, and three eminent Scottish divines and a party of Frenchmen were privileged to see the fleet as well, but none of them told anything about the fleet that was not known before the war to even the "longshoremen." They told us nothing of the wonderful new mine-sweepers or the equally wonderful new submarine destroyers. They were silent about the guns of the new battleships and the speed of the new battle cruisers.

The new mine sweepers need not now be employed upon the sweeping of mines from our estuaries of the open sea, for the German mine is a very rare thing, and the special boats constructed to deal with the submarine pirates were built to plans after our vivid experience of destroying them, and not at all necessary to combat the few remaining submarines the Germans can send to sea. These destroyers are possessed of incredible speed and they turn almost in their own length. What little remains of the submarine menace is not a problem for the old boats, and the new craft are going to be used somewhere.

### A Mystery Ship

So, to, are the guns on that great new battleship which I need not tell many days ago. The few on shore who knew of the leviathan's unheralded coming watched with well justified pride the passing of its way to the battle squadron of the supreme word in naval construction, and as the boat of the ocean went on they said to each other: "The guns mounted on that boat are not intended to hit ships." No, nor will they, they will crumble what they hit into ashes and into dust.

The Germans recently launched a new battleship, the Von der Hindenburg. There were realistic pictures in the German papers, of the ceremony; even in this country excellent illustrations appeared of the great ship leaving the ways. But we have a different way of doing things here. Legions of men work night and day amongst the great steel ribs in the shipyards, legions more are at work in the engine rooms, and still more legions are in the forges of Newcastle, Birkenhead, Barrow and Portland, casting the guns that will soon make the British nation open the eyes of the whole world.

The great ships are finished silently and secretly. They pass out to their appointed place. We hear nothing. All that is heard is the rumble of the guns that will soon make the British nation open the eyes of the whole world.

### Far Seeing Germans

When, in 1890, Lord Salisbury sold Heligoland to Germany, it is not probable that one of the secret considerations of the Cabinet of that time was the knowledge that the island was rapidly crumbling away and that, at the then current rate of sea erosion, in less than twenty-five years the North Sea would make a clean sweep over the disintegrating rubbleheap.

But Potsdam also knew all about the crumbling island and—give them credit—it was amazing how they foresaw their chance, with what ingenuity they grasped their opportunity. Instantly they came into possession, the Germans proceeded to spend three million pounds in concrete and steel and in building up the cliffs. They defied the broads of the sea, and today they have an area of perhaps two miles, and behind they have the harbor. The Germans in pondering over their movements a quarter of a century ahead saw—in the dim outline of their naval policy—the shadow of a harbor need.

And if ever there is a divine right to rule the seas, surely it is ours by the blessed configuration of our islands in contrast to Germany. Germany has a miserable, patchy coast; Hamburg, its great mercantile port is reached between muddy banks, its Grand Fleet has its anchorages in a

## Russians' Next Movement In Millions Not Army Corps

The Armies of the Czar are in Better Shape Than For Months, and Quite Capable of Moving Forward at Any Point  
Declares a Russian Official.

At the Russian front, via Petrograd, Dec. 2, via London, Dec. 3—(155 a. m.)—The next forward movement of the Russian armies will be in a number of millions, not army corps, according to the statement of a high army official. The Russian army is in better shape than for many months, said this official, and quite capable of moving forward at any point. But a new broad plan of campaign contemplates much more than the taking of towns and territory by drives at this point and that. The Russian staff is well satisfied with the result of the strategy during the past summer, and is asserted, is willing to bide its time for the inception of the new campaign. A contented army, well equipped and housed and weekly steam-cleaned is the first Russian army, as seen by the Associated Press correspondent during a ten days visit to the positions along the eastern front.

The army is in snaz permanent winter quarters, but is ready at an hour's notice to march.

Within a mile of the firing-line and firing is kept up intermittently, day and night, both from the trenches and by the batteries—are thousands of men camped in half underground cabins of logs covered with soil and soil, proof against cold and almost bomb proof. Abundant forests furnish plenty of material and the men are clever at cutting and concentrating. There are quarters for the officers and for the men, officers club and mess quarters, and, stranger of all, steam baths, in which the men take turns at being thoroughly steamed and scrubbed. They are then furnished with fresh undergarments.

In one section inspected by the correspondent 2500 men were camped in a patch of woodland, twenty acres in extent, but the impression gained, on a drive through the camp was of one tenth that number. An enemy airplane would have difficulty in locating the camp at all.

The bath houses of log construction with a tight compartment containing a stone stove or furnace. Shelves range around these sides, on which the bathers lie. Water thrown on the hot stove provides a dense

another coast?

These are Jellicoe's secrets. But the fleet, which has grown in strength every week since the war started, and now is so formidable that its power on the sea is immeasurable as it is incomparable, will not have its energies held long in bolts. Its Niagara of power will soon belch forth.

The water is of great depth and it falls away like a lake sheer from the mountain sides. Within recent times the hillsides have been transformed, and it is now a supply base, with every modern equipment. Our battleships can come right up to the land under their own steam, and from the wooden piers be loaded with whatever they require, or pipes turned on to the enormous oil tanks.

This harbor is placed exactly where we would design it to be, and away in the northern fastnesses there are others. We have a harbor where the fleets of the whole world could lie or manoeuvre, but no civilian can approach it.

This effect does not always rest behind these two headlands. It is exhausting, dangerous work, but the men keep it and are always ready. Out on the high road the blue-jackets are met route marching, and they look as hard as nails.

Canada, Australia and New Zealand will be in the next sea fight. It will give joy in our Overseas Dominions to know that when we come to strike the next blow on the sea the Colonies will be given their opportunity to strike for freedom of the seas. When the writer looked on the Fleet the other day, Beatty's Lion crouched, the furthest out ship on the anchorage. Immediately at her head lay the Tiger and the Princess Royal, and then further up the line that stretched for miles came the Canada, the Australia, and the New Zealand.

To those of us at home it gives new courage to know that the ships from the Colonies are with us. In the far ends of the Empire there must be pleasure when they leave the ships they built for the Motherland will be the first line of battle in our next move.

### Canada's Pride

To the Dominion, especially, the news that the Canada is in commission will be peculiarly pleasurable. Formidable as the Lion, the Tiger, and the Princess Royal were, the giant of the Maple Leaf appeared to give one more vivid touch of fighting power. Into the grey waves her lines faded and she stood naked fighting machine stripped to the wateline, a mighty heavyweight, perfectly shaped and fashioned to battle, with not an unnecessary atom showing on the massive bulldog frame.

No one can conjecture where or when the next blow will be struck. Will these terrible guns first blow in to rain that rubbleheap of the North Sea and leave the waves to wash away the dust? Will the Grand Fleet move out from the natural, God-given harbor and wipe from the face of the sea the pitched-up shelter of concrete and steel Heligoland, or shall we go right on and cut our way on

## Corp. Manderson Returns From Front

Received Seventeen Wounds at  
The Battle of Givenchy

(Moncton Transcript)

Suffering from no less than seventeen wounds received at Givenchy in June, 1915, Corporal Robert F. Manderson, a former member of the Moncton police force, but for some time past a resident of Newcastle, arrived in the city Friday to spend a short time with friends here.

Corporal Manderson was a member of the famous 10th Winnipeg Regiment, the "Little Black Devils," of which Michael Leahy, of Moncton, also included home to Canada, was formerly a member.

Corporal Manderson got home to Newcastle on Thursday night and on Friday came down to Moncton to see some old friends. He plainly shows the effect of his Moncton wounds and it will be some time yet ere he fully recovers.

The Transcript's correspondent at Newcastle forwards the following despatch concerning the home-coming of Corporal Manderson:

Newcastle, N. B., Dec. 3.—The first of Newcastle's wounded heroes to arrive home from the battle fields of France is Corp. Robert F. Manderson, who came on the Maritime Express last night. Corp. Manderson has on less than seventeen wounds received while fighting with the 10th Canadian Battalion near Givenchy in June 20th last. He enlisted in St. John shortly after the outbreak of war and went to England with the 12th Battalion, and was sent to France in April with a draft for the 10th. During his absence at the front, Corp. Manderson had the misfortune to lose his wife, and his home-coming was saddened by his bereavement.

### BLISSFIELD

Dec. 1.—The weather for the past few days has been very disagreeable. Mrs. Ronald Harley and Mrs. Edward Hoxan spent Thursday with friends in Blackville.

Miss Ida Sutherland was in Doaktown Wednesday.

Miss Cassie Connors is spending her vacation in Blissfield.

Miss Hilda Porter is visiting friends in Blissfield.

Mr. Ronalds and Miles Weaver have returned home from the West, after spending the past few months there.

Mr. J. Arbeau and sister Katie, spent Sunday in Blissfield.

Mrs. John Simon and Miss Bernetta Gratton spent Sunday with Mrs. Matthew Brown.

Miss Martha Cashion is staying with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Bowes.

Miss Dora and Mary Weaver spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at the Forks.

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Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

FORMER NEW BRUNSWICKER WAS VERY WEALTHY MAN

Fredericton, Dec. 4.—W. Atlee Burpee, seedman of Philadelphia, formerly of Sheffield, left an estate of \$500,000 to \$700,000. The bulk goes to his wife and two sons.



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