

# Splendid Recruiting Speech Delivered in Bathurst

By Rev. J. J. Redding, at a Recruiting Meeting Held There on June 19th.

(Bathurst Northern Light.) The following recruiting speech, taken from the June 23rd issue of the Gloucester Northern Light. It having been delivered at an enthusiastic meeting held in Bathurst last week, it is of such an interesting nature, that we are pleased to give space to it in this issue. Its first paragraph is self-explanatory:

Your Worship, Officers and Men of the 165th. Ladies and Gentlemen: As a non acting military chaplain in England, knowing France well, knowing Belgium about as well as I know Bathurst, I could speak to you tonight at great length, but a wiseman than myself has said, that "bravery is the soul of wit," and so I shall be witty enough to speak to you briefly and to the point on the subject that, to the exclusion of all things else, engrosses the attention of the entire world today.

There is a most interesting little country called Belgium, and this time two years ago, it was called the garden of the world, and because of its natural beauties and their great variety, it well deserved the name, but above and beyond all its people were perhaps the happiest and most contented people on the face of the earth. For nearly ten years I lived in Belgium, in its beautiful and principal cities; I visited its towns and villages; I lived with the people and among the people; therefore I should know whereof I speak. Today this small portion of God's earth, that a short while ago was so fair and good to look upon is a land of desolation, -tortured, ravaged, pillaged, devastated, withered as though a blast from hell had passed over it, from end to end a land of desolation and woe unutterable, while its soil is drenched with the hot scalding tears of its stricken, heart-broken mothers, who will not and cannot be comforted, soaking with the life-blood of its sons, its fathers and its husbands; and yet opening its kindly bosom to hide away and find a resting place to the mangled, shell-torn bodies of its sons and friends and foes alike.

Through the long night of 29 months and more of the most terrible, frightful war the world has ever seen, a war shaking the world from end to end and to its very foundations, through this long night, weeping, she hath wept and the tears are still on her cheeks. And yet Belgium might be today what she was two years ago. Yes, gallant, heroic, plucky, little Belgium she might have ignored her neutrality, and so spared herself all the horrors of pillage, ravage and suffering, if she had only opened her gates to the German invaders. But the plucky little country, the peace loving little country, the home, family loving little country, alone, single handed and unaided, dared the Mighty Kaiser and his millions, and even dared death itself in defense of her neutrality. In so doing she has suffered as no nation in the long story of human life has ever suffered. The garden of the world two years ago is today another garden of Gethsemane and in it Belgium is agonizing. But Belgium, from this hall in Bathurst I send to these tidings of joy. I see before me a small band of men in the strength of their young manhood, a sample merely of the thousands who have gone before them and of the thousands who will follow them, leaving the country of their birth to go to thee, to help dry the tears on the cheeks of thy broken-hearted mothers, and when face to face with the foe, like the comrades of old, with God on their lips and God in their hearts, thinking of the dear country they have left behind, thinking of the mothers, wives and maidens of Canada, they will wreak a terrible vengeance on that foe for the foul, un-despicable atrocities that has perpetrated on the mothers and maidens of Belgium, and to you men before me I hold out this word of encouragement—I believe in going over at this period of the war, you will be in time to rejoice with Belgium in the day of her Resurrection. Belgium can't be the world ever pay the debt it owes thee! For a few weeks the Belgians kept the invaders outside their gates, those few weeks enough to save France, to save Russia, to save the British Empire, to save the world, Belgium! thou hast been crucified, but thou hast saved us from becoming a world of slaves, thou hast saved the world from horrors a thousand times worse than death. Led by her heroic King, Belgium has won the martyr's crown. Belgium: when shall thy glory fade! Never or earth or in heaven.

And yet some people are asking why we could not have kept out of

this war. We could have kept out of it, and never lifted our heads again. We could have kept out of this war and lived in disgraceful isolation for the rest of our empire's life. But from every corner of the earth, north, south, east, west, the finger of scorn would have been pointed at our British Empire should go better the British Empire should be wiped out, and that our trust and honor should be trampled in the dust, then be scorned because we failed to keep our word. It is better to be brave and suffer than to be a coward and live a life of snug complacency, a life of cringing, cowardly, debasing slavery. And so we are out in this great crusade, we are out in this war in order that our Allies may recognize and that the world shall value and appreciate our precious pledge. We are up and fighting in order to vindicate and protect the integrity and autonomy of small states against great ones. We are up and fighting to let the whole world know that even though the heavens fall the British Empire stands for and fights for truth, freedom and justice. And so we have the choice of spending millions of money and raising millions of men, or of slavery. There is no middle way. Self sacrifice or slavery, that is the grim and only choice that confronts us. One man has said that if the Germans win, nothing else on God's earth matters. The cold blooded, savage murder of Miss Cavell, a woman, an English nurse in Belgium, tells us what we have to look for, if we are defeated. It drives home the warnings of the previous murders on land and sea. The money required to secure victory has to a large extent been provided for at the cost of great sacrifices. Without the men, it will be of little use. What of the men? Not the King only, but every one who has followed the course of the war tells us that men and more men are still required to gain the victory. Unfortunately some of us do not realize what this means. It means that though so many have already volunteered, what they have done will be useless unless more volunteers. We read with sorrow the long list of casualties, we read with sorrow mixed with pride of regiments cut off almost to a man because they would not desert their posts. But do we stop to think how the empty spaces left in our lines by those regiments are to be filled? What can a battalion do on whose roll call the names would be mostly of dead and wounded? Though far away from the roar of the big guns, let us not forget for a single instant that we are in this war and that we must conquer in it or our liberty is lost. We have proof and proof sufficient of what Prussian domination would mean, despotism, brutality and slavery. At whatever cost we must keep ourselves free. Are we to lose our freedom just when one form of class government after another has been swept away? Shall we let it be said to our shame that democracy cannot or will not defend its country? All other questions are insignificant beside this. Plunders, misunderstandings, mismanagement, want of cooperation, etc., all these are evils, but they are nothing when compared with the loss of liberty, and this is what we have to face if the Prussians win and come to rule Europe.

Come with me for a moment to the battlefields of France and Flanders, and we see their soldiers withable number, all dressed in the same uniform, the noblest and the most glorious uniform today, and we are impressed with their cheerfulness, their confidence and their courage. We see these young men of all ranks of life, the workmen in the trenches with the doctor and the lawyer. The peasant alongside the son of a duke, young men heirs to the greatest titles the world can give, heirs to huge fortunes and vast estates. We see these sons fighting beside their fathers and we see all these men in the full strength of their manhood, waiting and ready to offer up their strength and their lives for loyalty and duty. The picture is a glorious one and is in marked, striking contrast with the hideous picture of the slacker, the shirker and the self-seeker. There on the battlefield we saw and realized as we never did before, there stands out in the Great book in letters of fire and blood traced by the hand of God that all might read the vast difference there was between self sacrifice and selfishness. Could our conscience ever let loose this les-

son, how grand and glorious it was to be true to duty and to loyalty and how detestable it was to sneak away and hide and think only of oneself. This is the lesson of the battle-field. I look upon our soldiers as crusaders, fighting a greater crusade than that of our ancestors. The crusaders of old fought for the sepulchre of Christ. The allies today are fighting for something holier, for they are fighting for Christ's Christianity, and every soldier of the allies who falls in battle is a martyr of religion. I believe this war will send thousands and hundreds of thousands of souls to the gate of heaven, which otherwise might never have found their place there. After the death of the martyr who gives his life for his faith, there is no holier or grander death than that of the soldier who dies on the battlefield for his country, truth and justice. The empire stands united today. We have no parties, no politics. Rich and poor are as brothers. All have flocked to the flag and if Germany is out to re-set the map of Europe, to reconstruct the nations thereof, we are out on the same mission, and in fulfilling our mission we must break up, crush and smash this empire of blood and iron and must give to the smaller nations the right and the freedom to work out their own destiny.

For this work men are needed, and if they are not forthcoming in large numbers and quickly, the blood already shed by our fellow countrymen will have been poured out in vain. Surely it is our duty and the duty of every civilized people to stem this torrent of Prussian tyranny, and once for all to rid Europe and the world of the course of militarism and despotism which has threatened it all too long. Down with tyranny, down with perfidy, down with rascality. This is our battle cry, and we owe it to posterity, we owe it to our children and other children's children, we owe it to the brave men, the soldiers and sailors who have given their lives in the cause, and last and not least, we owe it to the memory of Kitchener of Khartoum to see to it that the Huns of Europe shall cease to be a menace to the world.

Therefore we will exact retribution and wreak vengeance. But it will not be the retribution or the vengeance of Lorraine. Ours must be a milder, more effective, a nobler vengeance. The defenders of civilization and Christianity cannot add wrong to wrong. We will not destroy women, or children, nor children's lives, nor peaceful homesteads, nor ancient shrines and cathedrals. We will not maim the wounded, we will not scandalize the world. Our retribution and vengeance will be, amongst other things the indemnity of Belgium and the rebuilding of her towns, the restoration of Poland, Serbia, and Montenegro, and from the unspeakable Turk pure vengeance for their foul unnamable atrocities, for their butchering of one million defenceless Armenian men, women and children. We will destroy fortresses, arsenals, battle-ships, the Krupp works at Essen and all the hellish machinery of aggressive war. We will demolish the tyrannical German Empire, and when that has been done, we will enter Berlin to settle accounts and we will declare to the German people that the day of Kaiserism is past, that the day when one man can turn our earth into a veritable hell, the day when one man can send millions of his subjects like lambs to the slaughter, the day when one man can turn the fairest provinces of the earth into human shambles, a human slaughter house is gone forever, never to return. We will tell them that the worship of the war-god is ended, that the sword which they have forged is broken, that the world dream of Teutonic domination is shattered and that peace and freedom are come back to their own again and come back to stay, and then not till then will the British Empire sheath its sword.

# HIS HEART BADLY AFFECTED

## "Fruit-a-lives" Soon Relieved This Dangerous Condition

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"For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach. It afterwards attacked my Heart and I had pains all over my body, so that I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of medicine but none of them did me any good. At last, I decided to try "Fruit-a-lives". I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend "Fruit-a-lives" to anyone suffering from indigestion."  
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# Stenographer Should be Sworn

## 24 Scott Act Cases Thrown out by Supreme Court Because the Unofficial Stenographer had not been sworn

The Supreme Court of Appeal at Fredericton, Friday morning, threw out the convictions in the twenty-four Scott Act cases obtained in Fredericton some months ago as the result of the activities of a detective named Arscott, who was brought from Ontario through Mayor Mitchell and the Police Commission. By the Court of Appeal's decision the city, not only loses the fines in the cases, amounting in all to upwards of \$1,100 but will have to pay all the costs, amounting to another large sum, as the appeals resulted in the cases being dismissed with cost. Incidentally a large number of jail sentences for third offences which had been entered against local hotel men and druggists are cancelled. The report of the decision of the Court of Appeals follows: In ex parte Dewar, the appeal from a Scott Act conviction under which 23 other Fredericton cases were by agreement of counsel included, and in which the main ground was the fact that in all the cases the stenographer who was not officially appointed had not been sworn, the court delivered judgment quashing all the convictions. Judge White's judgment noted that while the right of certiorari was removed generally in such cases, it was not so in the cases where there was a defect in the jurisdiction. In these present cases there was practically no evidence at all, the statute being merely directory but imperative, which provided for the stenographer, when not official to first be sworn. Judge Grimmer gave a full review of the case and showed that while new in New Brunswick, similar cases had been reviewed in other provinces and the courts found likewise that failure of stenographer to be sworn was not a mere matter of procedure, but of substance. Chief Justice McLeod directed that the same judgment with costs should be entered in all of the cases submitted. P. J. Hughes and J. J. F. Winslow for defendants and R. B. Hanson for prosecution.

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# Women's Institute Meet at Millerton

## Address and Presentation to Mrs. J. A. Ives, Soon to Leave Millerton

On Thursday evening, June 15th, the Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Edward Kane, Millerton, N. B. One of the most important features of the evening was the presentation of a handsome umbrella and a pair of kid gloves to one of the members, Mrs. J. A. Ives. The following address was read by the President:

Dear Mrs. Ives: It is with sincere regret that we meet on this the last occasion of your presence with us. We hope however that the distance which separates us may not be so great that it will prevent us from meeting sometimes in the near future, and we trust that you may find congenial friends in your new surroundings.

We have very much appreciated your kindness in assisting to make the evenings spent together as members of the Women's Institute pleasant and instructive. Our best wishes go with you and Mr. Ives to your new home and we very humbly hope that you will reserve a little cozy corner in your hearts for Millerton friends and especially for the members of the Women's Institute. As a small token of our regard we ask you to accept the accompanying gift. In behalf of the Institute, MARY A. THURBER, President. L. FLORENCE LYON, GLADYS PARKER. Rev. Mr. Ives and Mrs. Ives will leave shortly for Bayfield, N. B., where Mr. Ives will take up his duties as pastor of the Methodist church there.

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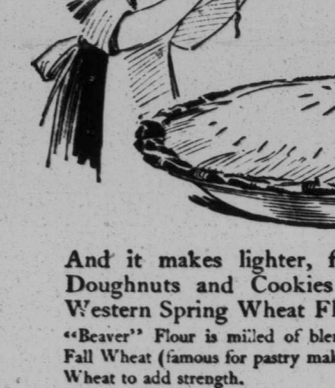
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# THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

## Orlinal Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

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I look upon our soldiers as crusaders, fighting a greater crusade than that of our ancestors. The crusaders of old fought for the sepulchre of Christ. The allies today are fighting for something holier, for they are fighting for Christ's Christianity, and every soldier of the allies who falls in battle is a martyr of religion. I believe this war will send thousands and hundreds of thousands of souls to the gate of heaven, which otherwise might never have found their place there. After the death of the martyr who gives his life for his faith, there is no holier or grander death than that of the soldier who dies on the battlefield for his country, truth and justice. The empire stands united today. We have no parties, no politics. Rich and poor are as brothers. All have flocked to the flag and if Germany is out to re-set the map of Europe, to reconstruct the nations thereof, we are out on the same mission, and in fulfilling our mission we must break up, crush and smash this empire of blood and iron and must give to the smaller nations the right and the freedom to work out their own destiny.

For this work men are needed, and if they are not forthcoming in large numbers and quickly, the blood already shed by our fellow countrymen will have been poured out in vain. Surely it is our duty and the duty of every civilized people to stem this torrent of Prussian tyranny, and once for all to rid Europe and the world of the course of militarism and despotism which has threatened it all too long. Down with tyranny, down with perfidy, down with rascality. This is our battle cry, and we owe it to posterity, we owe it to our children and other children's children, we owe it to the brave men, the soldiers and sailors who have given their lives in the cause, and last and not least, we owe it to the memory of Kitchener of Khartoum to see to it that the Huns of Europe shall cease to be a menace to the world.

Therefore we will exact retribution and wreak vengeance. But it will not be the retribution or the vengeance of Lorraine. Ours must be a milder, more effective, a nobler vengeance. The defenders of civilization and Christianity cannot add wrong to wrong. We will not destroy women, or children, nor children's lives, nor peaceful homesteads, nor ancient shrines and cathedrals. We will not maim the wounded, we will not scandalize the world. Our retribution and vengeance will be, amongst other things the indemnity of Belgium and the rebuilding of her towns, the restoration of Poland, Serbia, and Montenegro, and from the unspeakable Turk pure vengeance for their foul unnamable atrocities, for their butchering of one million defenceless Armenian men, women and children. We will destroy fortresses, arsenals, battle-ships, the Krupp works at Essen and all the hellish machinery of aggressive war. We will demolish the tyrannical German Empire, and when that has been done, we will enter Berlin to settle accounts and we will declare to the German people that the day of Kaiserism is past, that the day when one man can turn our earth into a veritable hell, the day when one man can send millions of his subjects like lambs to the slaughter, the day when one man can turn the fairest provinces of the earth into human shambles, a human slaughter house is gone forever, never to return. We will tell them that the worship of the war-god is ended, that the sword which they have forged is broken, that the world dream of Teutonic domination is shattered and that peace and freedom are come back to their own again and come back to stay, and then not till then will the British Empire sheath its sword.

son, how grand and glorious it was to be true to duty and to loyalty and how detestable it was to sneak away and hide and think only of oneself. This is the lesson of the battle-field.

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### RUSSIA TRIUMPHANT

From the first to the 15th of June, the Russians pushed the Austrians back out of Volhynia, capturing 172,484 prisoners, and the great fortresses of Lutsk and Dubno. They have forced the Austrians to evacuate Czernowitz and many other towns in Austria itself, and are threatening Lemberg, the capital of Galicia.

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