

Young Manhood of Nova Scotia Must Discharge a Plain Duty to the State

(From the N. S. Highlander)

The Nova Scotia Highland Brigade Goes to the Front as a Unit—It is NOW for those Not Yet in Khaki in This Province to See That It Remains There as a Unit.

(By Staff Q.M. Sgt. E. E. Kelley 193rd Battalion.)

Just five months ago, Colonel A. H. Borden with the 85th Band party, opened at Lunenburg a recruiting tour that made history. So long as the English tongue is spoken in this Province, and so long as the annals of Nova Scotia remain, that tour will not be forgotten.

In Halifax a few days before, the great simultaneous campaign for men for the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade had been launched. From that date the message was carried, within one month, to every town and village and hamlet and countryside from Cape North to Cape Sable.

The call was for 5000 men to fill the ranks of the three new battalions, which, with the 85th would form the Brigade.

What has gone needs no recounting here, Colonel Borden and the band party held meetings in just twenty-four Nova Scotia centres on the mainland; Lt.-Col. Day, now Officer Commanding the 185th, personally conducted the campaign on Cape Breton Island—and today what the Minister of Militia was pleased to term "the finest body of men in the world" are quartered at Aldershot Camp—the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade.

What Nova Scotia set out to do on the first of March of this year, has been done. But more must be accomplished. There is an ADDED DUTY. Not that those in authority did not foresee this duty. They did—but "one thing at a time, and that done well" holds as good a motto in war as in peace.

Nova Scotia gave in the Highland Brigade what she was asked to give—and more. Now goes forth a NEW CALL.

The new reserve battalion of the Brigade, the 246th, has been authorized. This new reserve battalion will be made up of a company to represent, and wear the regimental badges of, each of the four battalions of the Bri-

gade. It is now for Nova Scotia to complete the work, the foundation of which she so splendidly laid when she made the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade a reality.

We ask again for MEN. The Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, Sir Sam Hughes has assured us, goes to the front as a unit—and in going to the front as a unit, the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade must be BACKED UP by sufficient reserves to insure its REMAINING at the front as a unit.

If the young manhood of this Province had a duty five months ago, when the Highland Brigade was yet in the embryo, there is an ADDED DUTY today. And that duty brings home to every man of military age in Nova Scotia the direct responsibility of insuring the fighting efficiency and solidarity of the splendid body of fighting men soon to go overseas to do battle for all that Nova Scotia cherishes as British ideals and British traditions.

Young man, you told us when we talked with you five months ago that you could not see your way clear to come with us just then. As Colonel Borden so often told you then, we were not asking you to go, we were asking you to COME. And we are asking you to COME WITH US today. How about it? Don't you feel that it is about time you moved to DO SOMETHING for Home and Empire in this great struggle?

Again, your opportunity is NOW.

The men who wear the feather of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade hold a big place in the hearts of the Nova Scotians who cannot go.

Come in with us in this new reserve battalion—and thank God for this second opportunity to ease your conscience and discharge a plain duty to the State.

Ask yourself: "How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare, in that far-off winter night. When you sit alone in an old man's chair—and your neighbors talk of the fight? Will you slink away, as if from a blow, your head shamed and bent.

Or say, "I was not the first to go, but I WENT, thank God, I WENT."

more are hungry. Paris, Calais, Moscow, Suez, Verdun, these are the fictions of yesterday—false and proven false. The facts are written otherwise.

The 193rd Pipe Band is rounding into shape. The versatile C. R. Ballard-Brown, whose accomplishments in the entertainment line run apparently from three ledger-lines below the staff to something like that above, has received the appointment of Sergeant in charge.

We have a new brass band sergeant. Following the appointment of Bandmaster White to his lieutenantancy, Sergt. Robt. Lyons assumed band-sergeant's duties.

Mrs. C. H. Stubbart, wife of Sergt. Major Stubbart of "A" Company, has, with her two little children, taken up temporary residence in Kentville. Mrs. Hester, wife of B.S.M. Thos. Hester, is also taking temporary residence near Camp.

There is not a man seriously ill in the whole Camp. Can any other place with an equal population make the same boast?

Duty!

What it Means in Nova Scotia To-Day

The following trenchant appeal for more recruits appears in the Recruiting edition of the Nova Scotia Highlander:

We have entered upon the third year of the most stupendous war the world has known. This statement, because one often wonders if the people, the masses, of this our own Province really appreciate the true significance of the words. The greatest, most strenuous, most far-reaching, the most monstrous war in time, since time was.

This is the Twentieth Century, the century in which we concede to our neighbor a superior intelligence, a finer fibre, a more perceptive outlook, than that of those of years and centuries and ages that lie behind. But have we been deceived?—have we misplaced that concession? Sometimes it almost seems as though we have and when we see what we see, day by day, even in the good, old Province of Nova Scotia, we cannot be very severely censured for the conclusion.

These are stern days, blood-and-iron days, days of violence, in which we have but two trusts—"a trust in God above, and in our own strong right arm." These are terrible, calamitous, soul-testing days. But has an appreciation of this fact embedded itself into the public consciousness? The "daily walk and conversation" of our people very largely supplies the answer.

Two proofs, and two proofs only, will convince the men in khaki today that these grim facts are being faced—for we cannot refuse to face them.

As one proof it is demanded that the very deed and every thought and every action of our people must be wrought and thought and acted toward ends that will make for the successful prosecution of a righteous war. A mental picture of Northern France supplies the reason, as a mental picture of this land, if those brave fellows were not there, points the alternative.

As the second proof, it is demanded that every fit man, between the ages of 18 and 45 (inclusive) be with the colors.

And nothing short of full complement of those two reasons will suffice—the moral and unequivocal support of every man, woman and child who cannot go to the front; and the response to a plain, VERY PLAIN DUTY on the part of those who can.

As this is the second anniversary of the war, it would be nice to say cheering encouraging things. It would be pleasant to look toward Europe through rose-tinted spectacles. It would be equally pleasant to carry along in a possible false security.

But these things do not win wars—and they will not win this one. Nor will picnics and canoeing and summer-resorting, and all those peace-time vacation recreations save the conscience of the young man who should today be fitting himself to take the place of a brother Canadian in France and Flanders.

Vacation time for the man of military age in Nova Scotia today is a ghastly incongruity. The casualty lists are too heavy, and the need for MEN too great. The Annapolis Valley was a fine section of this Province for auto tours and picnics prior to August 4th, 1914. Today it is a better training ground for British soldiers!

Sgt. Frank Carter, of the 193rd Orderly Room, was called home to Truro suddenly on Wednesday evening, due to a serious accident to his father, Driver Geo. Carter, of the I. C. R. The accident occurred in Truro yard, and it is feared that Mr. Carter's injuries are of a very serious nature.

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