

Trail of the Caribou—1914-18

PIGRIMAGE TO BEAUMONT HAMEL PARK.

By The Rev. T. B. DARBY, D.D.

On my return from the Near East I found it was my privilege to spend a few days in motor car following the trail of the Caribou in France and Flanders. As Remembrance Day is again approaching may I be permitted to tell of my experience and perhaps to quicken in us all the memory of our gallant dead and recall to us our duty to those they left behind and to those who have returned to us in health or maimed for life.

We left Paris in the afternoon for Flanders from which we drove by motor car to Albert where we spent the night. When the war ended, Albert was described by someone as a "heap of dust." We were surprised, therefore, to find a town so lately rebuilt in brick. Our hotel was very comfortable and moderately priced. At 9.15 we left by car for Beaumont-Hamel Park and our long two days' drive in the country in this section had been greatly devastated but was now showing but little sign of the terrors of war. Smiling landscapes cultivated in every direction and rebuilt villages and towns speak volumes for the industry of the French. In fact Beaumont-Hamel is the only spot in the whole of the vast battlefields of France or Belgium where you can see trenches and the battlefield as it was. Tourist Agencies are already advertising the Newfoundland Memorial Park "as one of the places of great interest for visitors in France." The Caribou Caribou (life size) lifted high its mound can be seen for miles around the country, so we had our first sight of it before we reached the Park. The first thing that faces you on the entrance to the fine monument is the Twenty-Ninth Division, but the Park itself must be seen to be appreciated as no description can adequately picture its interest and beauty. We saw on that trip scores of monuments and cemeteries. Many of the monuments are impressive and all the cemeteries are beautifully and well cared for. The hand of man is in evidence everywhere in them. The flowers grow in proper order, and the hedges are trained and trimmed with military precision. They are as beautiful as art can make them. But the Newfoundland Memorial Park is in a class by itself. Art has been there, but you know how to see it in replanting of the avenues and the selection of trees and shrubs of different shades, but it has been so cunningly done that Nature seems to have done it all. The Park is beautiful now, in five years time it will be superb. I find I have written in my diary at the close of the day: "Mr. Cechins, the man who built the Park, must have the soul of a poet." Sergeant Major Brown of "Ours" who is now in charge there, seems to have caught the spirit of the designer, and is carrying out his plans faithfully. In one part of the Park there is a beautiful monument to Scottish troops; in another, the cemetery where some of "Ours" lie side by side with their British comrades. But the places of supreme interest to Newfoundlanders are the front line trenches with duckboards, parapets and dugouts which our boys left on that fatal July morning. We walked

reverently across the No Man's Land, where they fell and died, to the German trenches with the barbed wire still there and broken rifles and rusting helmets. There were the machine gun posts from which the German gunners did such deadly work. We came back to "Danger Stump" as our boys named it, blasted stump and deal with gun-fire. The French call it "The Bush Of Death." Here, hats in hand, we took in the fair prospect of earth and sky, peaceful enough now, and some of us in spirit breathed a prayer that war's horrid front might never blacken homes and hearts again. Do you wonder that when I got back to the Log Cabin and was asked to make a brief note of my impressions a mist and darkness blotted out the page and checked for a moment my pen? "When Will Their Glory Fade?" Never! For no changes of time or thought can ever rob them, or those who nobly followed them to sufferings and death, of their immortal fame. When we have passed on and have been forgotten, generations of Newfoundlanders yet unborn will be drawn to emulate their self-sacrifice in more peaceful fields.

Our next point was Thiepval, where there is a monument to Irish soldiers. This village was entirely destroyed and is not to be rebuilt. We passed Boulton Wood with many of its trees dead from shell-fire, their leafless branches standing out weird and ghastly against the sky and the greenness and life all around, protesting, so it seemed to me, against their untimely fate. In this wood terrible things happened, and many deeds of daring and valour were done. Our next stop was Gueudecourt, where is another fine memorial. We paused at Bapaume, newly risen from its ruins, for lunch, visited a large British cemetery at Marcoing where a number of our boys are lying, stopped to look at a sugar factory, famous in the struggle around here, passed over the Canal du Nord, towards Cambria, paused at the Canal at Masnières which our boys captured the first morning of that battle. Here is the shelter where they gathered for the rush. There on this side stands the brick building still showing the marks of the struggle, from which they drove the German gunners, there is the little foot bridge across which only one man at a time could run, and yonder on the opposite bank the two brick houses, that morning full of German soldiers confident they could hold it against all comers. Few of them, I am told, got away, when with hand grenades to blow open barred doors our men fell upon them, maddened by the loss of so many of their comrades. I felt as if we ought not to be there on that peaceful August morning talking and enjoying the beauty of land and sky, in that place where a son and nephew and many another had been in mortal peril and where many had given their all. We were no careless sight-seers, however, taking a holiday, but pilgrims paying our devotions of sympathy and remembrance to them, and of thankfulness of the All-Father, who has pledged in the humblest men the capacity for such self-sacrificing heroism.

DON'T BE CRUEL. BE A JEWEL. VOTE FOR JULIA.—nov8,1f

Flavor bread pudding with lemon and serve with hot lemon sauce.

Armistice Day Reveals

Should They Be Held?—Hearts That Still Ache—Bishop and Cenotaph Spirit.

Not only in London but also throughout the country there is a growing feeling that such festivities as have hitherto marked the celebration of Armistice Day are not in keeping with the day's true character.

Nearly a million men from the Empire died in the great War, and it is the memory of this heroic host and its sacrifice which on November 11 will impel men, women, and children in every town and village to gather at their war memorials and with bowed heads share the Great Silence. There are in this country to-day hundreds of thousands of people whose hearts still ache with the loss of dear ones in the war, and it is not difficult to understand how altogether alien to their thoughts on Armistice Night are fancy-dress balls, banquets, and other revels which have been indulged in on Armistice Nights in the past.

On Armistice Day the consciousness of bereavement suffered during the four most terrible years in the nation's history is more deeply stirred than at any other time, and it is this fact which, in the opinion of many people everywhere, makes unnatural and incongruous any sort of expression of the festive spirit almost immediately after solemn services of remembrance.

—Sir Ian Hamilton.

The Bishop of London, who will conduct the service at the Cenotaph, said to a Daily Mail reporter yesterday:

I am of the opinion that Armistice Day and Night should be observed in the tone of the Cenotaph service.

General Sir Ian Hamilton declared that there was ample excuse for public rejoicing and merriment on the original Armistice Day. He said:

The ebullition of wild joy then was perfectly natural, and so also were the celebrations at night. There were many men home on leave fresh from facing death. There were many men going back who had thought that they might never see their girls again. They could well dance; it was human nature that they should be merry.

At a time like that I myself would have joined in a "beano"—but I would not now go to a ball on Armistice Night.

And I would say this, that if anything is to be done on Armistice Day or Night for charity the money should go to those thousands of ex-Service men who to-day are in need.

Colonel R. C. Heath, general secretary of the British Legion:

Most ex-Service men are not in favour of any sort of "mafficking" on Armistice Day, which is essentially a day of solemn observance.

Indecent.

Referring to the Victory Ball at the Albert Hall, arrangements for which are again being made, the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar-square, has stated:

Dancing is frequently the obvious and fitting form of grateful commemoration, a glad event, but a fancy dress ball on a vast scale as a tribute to the Great Deliverance which followed on the unspeakable agony of 1914-1918 seems to me not so much irreverent as indecent.

IF YOU WANT CRUEL CLOTHING, FUEL, VOTE FOR JULIA.—nov8,1f

Storing Vegetables

Vegetables should be stored in a cool, dry, frost-proof place. So many people make the mistake of thinking that a dry place must be a warm place. Warmth will induce all stored vegetables to "sweat" and rot. Potatoes may be spread out in layers, which must not be more than 2 ft. to 3 ft. in depth, on straw, bracken, or sacking, and they should be covered with the same material to exclude light. If space is limited the tubers can be stored in bulk in sacks or boxes and should be turned out at intervals for inspection as one rotting tuber will affect many.

A little slaked lime mixed with an equal quantity of flowers of sulphur and sprinkled among the potato crop will help to check any disease and also keep mice and other vermin at bay.

Cover With Litter.

Carrots should be stored in sand or fine, dry soil or packed in a corner of a dry shed and covered with light litter. Beets should be stored in the same way as carrots and the top growth should be twisted off well above the crown.

Onions must be absolutely dry before being stored and should be spread on a dry, airy shelf so that it is easy to see those that begin to sprout and to use those first. Shallots usually store better than onions, but they, too, should never be stored in bulk, but in thin layers.

Celery will keep in excellent condition for many weeks after being lifted if it is packed upright in some corner of a dry shed and banded round with band.

Embroidery in white beads gives the desired effect to a gown of white crepe and black velvet.

Monday's Editorial

(I.C.M.)

It is an easy matter to know, when a writer or a speaker has convictions behind his statements. It does not require much logic nor many quotations to prove the sincerity of an author. His own words prove or disprove his case. That there is a lot of talk, both in Church and State, that falls headless to the ground is very certain, and one of the reasons of this is the lack or absence of conviction. Any question that is worthy of the time or talent of the press should also be worthy of a little seal, and should call forth a glowing share of enthusiasm. This, the Editorial of the Telegram of yesterday's issue, accomplished, for not only was the subject a live one, but it was also treated as such, and was full of that spirit which makes people believe in themselves—and when people have faith in themselves they generally gain their objective. Newfoundland and its people can afford to have more faith in their opportunities than seems to exist, and such sentiments as were published yesterday tend to inspire this confidence.

Many of the ablest men of the past were desirous of placing Newfoundland in her right and proper place on the map, and with that purpose in view they devoted their energies to the task. Those men had a wider vision than their fellow, and they were sincere in their policy of development. Perhaps it was that they were a generation before their time, and like the leader of old they died without entering upon their promised land. The leader of old was hindered in the progress of his mission by the internal bickerings of the people, and by their lack of faith in the divine promise. Some murmured, others chided, and the result was forty years in the wilderness. In national life and in international relations this same thing has happened over and over again, and all the while, the promised land of peace and plenty has been forfeited.

We in Newfoundland have indulged in too much bickering, and we have doubted the resources and the latent wealth of the country, and have almost entirely closed our eyes to its potential properties. As stated in yesterday's editorial, visitors come in and see these things that we fail to see, and they express surprise at the prospect. What a mistake we have made in not acquainting ourselves with the country that our fathers colonized, and what a shame it is that during all the period of our autonomy our leaders never got beyond the stage of party politics!

Some of us have been recollections of the political feuds of sixty years ago, and it seems that quite enough of that same spirit is still in our midst; for at the present moment our political waters show signs of being troubled. Had Newfoundland less political animosity and more trade, she would be better off than she is, nor should her sons and daughters need to leave her shores—they did not wish to leave, but they had to seek a living, thus they went.

The keynote of yesterday's editorial breathes of hope, and it implies that a forward movement is possible, and that we are coming into our own. It speaks of our landmarks and hints at our love, and mentions the gallantry of our pioneers. All these things should create more interest with us than they do. They constitute our own history, and are as much a part of Empire as any other record. And why not? Are not we a part of that brave band of colonists who faced the unknown, and amid the suspense of long years, laid the foundation of Christian civilization in the New World? We are, therefore, we should be united, and as citizens and British subjects we should lay aside these small ideals which make only for party and which divide but into sects.

The outlook of the country is now very good, and a brighter prospect is before us than was possible a few years ago. We have rallied from the staggering blow of the war, and by unity and goodwill our leaders ought to make a good showing. Let us then give them a chance to do something, and buckling on the armour, let us march on to victory, and in good time come into our own, and like the Israelites of old, inherit the promised land. There should be a bigger programme for Newfoundland. There should be a larger population for her; she should be further advanced than she is. She must not longer lay in the march of the century. It is time that her hindrances were removed, and that she be allowed to advance, but if extreme party politics are to dominate then it is just as well to abandon hope, and let her drift; for while party is preferred to country then the latter must suffer—this is what has happened. Let us hope that a higher motive is now being adopted, and that Newfoundland will be first and foremost of all else.

REMEMBER!!!

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C. P. EAGAN

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M. BISHOP.