

# GET IN LINE FOR THE 236th KILTIES

## KINGS COUNTY

Recruiting Meetings will be held as follows:

Sept. 28—Springfield.	Oct. 5—Sussex Armoury.
" 29—Hatfield's Point.	" 6—Col. Guthrie.
" 30—Penobscia.	" 7—Upham.
Oct. 1—Havelock.	" 8—Anagans.
" 2—Head Millstream.	" 9—Waterford.
" 3—Newtown.	" 10—Westfield Station.
" 4—Bloomfield.	

Meetings will be addressed by Lieut. Col. Guthrie and others.

J. D. McKENNA,  
Recruiting Officer for Kings Co.

## CHARLOTTE CO.

Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Seal Cove, Grand Manan.	
" 29—North Head, Grand Manan.	
" 30—Lord's Cove, Deer Island.	
Oct. 1—St. George.	Oct. 5—Wilson's Beach.
" 2—Beaver Harbor.	" 6—Choclaté Cove,
" 3—Letite.	" 7—D. I.
" 4—Black's Harbor.	" 8—St. Stephen.

Other meetings will be announced later.

At all the above meetings Miss Dryer of St. Andrews will appear in Scotch songs and dances.

CAPT. G. T. RYDER,  
Recruiting Officer for Charlotte Co.

## GLOUCESTER CO.

Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Clifton.	Oct. 5—Lameque.
" 29—Stonehaven.	" 6—Miscou.
" 30—New Bandon.	" 7—Tracadie.
Oct. 1—Caraguet.	" 8—St. Isidore.
" 2—(After Vespers.)	" 9—(After Vespers.)
" 3—Pokemouche.	" 10—Paquetville.
" 4—Shippegan.	" 11—(After Vespers.)

CAPT. C. R. MERSEREAU,  
J. BENNET HACHEY, Bathurst.  
Recruiting Officers for Gloucester Co.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Doaktown.	Oct. 4—Burnt Church.
" 29—Blackville.	" 5—Tabusintac.
" 30—Renous.	" 6—Hardwick.
Oct. 1—Chatham.	" 7—Black River Bridge.
" 2—Millerton.	" 8—St. Margarets.
" 3—Red Bank.	" 9—Nelson.

At all meetings Miss LaBilloy will recite "Fire the Pile."

R. A. MURDOCK, Chatham,  
Recruiting Officer for Northumberland Co.

## WESTMORLAND

Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Port Elgin.	Oct. 6—Salisbury.
" 29—Cape Tormentine	" 7—Petitcodiac.
" 30—Cape Bauld.	" 8—Wheaton Settlement.
Oct. 1—Shediac.	" 9—Bonnell's Corner.
" 2—Moncton.	" 10—McDougall Settlement.
" 3—Memramcook.	
" 4—Dover.	

At all meetings Mrs. Malcolm will recite "Fire the Pile," and Scotch songs will be sung by Mrs. Dayton.

W. H. PRICE, Moncton,  
Recruiting Officer for Westmorland Co.

## VICTORIA COUNTY

Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Kintore.	Oct. 2—Plaster Rock.
" 29—South Tilley.	" 3—Four Falls.
" 30—Tilley.	" 4—New Denmark.
	" 5—Andover.

N. J. WOOTEN,  
Recruiting Officer for Victoria Co.

## RESTIGOUCHE CO.

Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Balmoral.	Oct. 4—Flatlands.
" 29—Campbellton.	" 5—Glenlevit.
" 30—Charlo.	" 6—Robinsons.
Oct. 1—New Mills.	" 7—Kedgewick.
" 2—Nash's Creek.	" 8—Anderson.
" 3—Jacquet River.	" 9—Boom House.

As near as possible this programme will be carried out. Any changes which may be necessary will be announced. Lieut. Giles will attend all meetings.

A. McG. McDONALD, Campbellton,  
Recruiting Officer for Restigouche.



## SUNBURY

Recruiting meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Blissville.	
" 29—Tracy Station.	
" 30—Hoyt Station.	
Oct. 1—Rusiagornis.	
" 2—Waasis.	
" 3—Lincoln.	
" 4—Minto.	
" 5—Ripples.	
" 6—Lakeville.	
" 7—Sheffield.	
" 8—Maugerville.	
" 9—Fredericton Jct.	

Mrs. Condie of Fredericton will recite at several of the above meetings.

LIEUT. J. G. GIBSON,  
Marsyville.  
Recruiting Officer for Sunbury County.

# IMPERIAL THEATRE TONIGHT Big Recruiting Meeting

FOR

## 236th Kiltie Battalion

At 10 O'Clock

SPEAKER:

H. A. POWELL

WHEN DUTY CALLS  
YOU SHOULD OBEY

Prominent Speakers Will Be Heard  
In Stirring Addresses

Sept. 28—Imperial Theatre, at ten o'clock; speaker, H. A. Powell.	Oct. 2—Lepreau, School House.
Sept. 29—Lorneville, Orange Hall; Wallace Galbraith, chairman.	Oct. 3—Musquash.
Rev. W. H. Barraclough will speak.	Oct. 4—Dipper Harbor, School House.
Sept. 30—Loch Lomond, Speaker, Judge Ritchie.	Oct. 5—Bayswater, School House.
Oct. 1—Chance Harbor.	Oct. 6—St. John West, City Hall; also Imperial Theatre at ten o'clock.
	Oct. 7—St. Martin.
	Oct. 8—Salmon River.
	Oct. 9—East St. John.

## QUEENS COUNTY

Recruiting meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Hampstead.	Oct. 5—Cole's Island.
" 29—Summer Hill.	" 6—Narrows.
" 30—Patterson Sett.	" 7—Cumberland Bay.
Oct. 1—Ennisville.	" 8—Welsford.
" 2—Upper Gagetown.	" 9—(Lt. Col. Guthrie, speaker.)
" 3—Chipman.	
" 4—Codya.	" 10—Douglas Harbor.

Miss Gaunce will recite at several of the meetings.

LIEUT. J. G. GIBSON, Marsyville,  
Recruiting Officer for Queens County.

## ALBERT COUNTY

Recruiting Meetings will be held as follows:

Sept. 28—Harvey.	Oct. 4—Turtle Creek.
" 29—Waterside.	" 5—Pleasant Vale.
" 30—Alma.	" 6—Elgin.
Oct. 1—Curryville.	" 7—Prosser Brook.
" 2—Hillsboro.	" 8—Parish of Coverdale.
Oct. 10—Place to be selected.	
" 11—Place to be selected.	

Local speakers and officers of the Kilties will be heard at all meetings.

F. M. THOMPSON,  
Recruiting Officer for Albert Co.

## CARLETON CO.

Recruiting Meetings will be held as follows:

Sept. 28—Hartland.	Oct. 5—Richmond.
" 29—Bristol.	" 6—Lindsay.
" 30—Bath.	" 7—Bloomfield.
Oct. 1—Glassville.	" 8—Lakeville.
" 2—Debec.	" 9—Coldstream.
" 3—Kirkland.	" 10—Victoria Corner.

T. C. L. KETCHUM,  
Recruiting Officer for Carleton Co.

## MADAWASKA CO.

Recruiting meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Baker Lake.	Oct. 4—Green River.
" 29—Clair.	" 5—Ste. Anne.
" 30—Connors.	" 6—St. Andre.
Oct. 1—St. Hilaire.	" 7—St. Leonards.
" 2—St. Basil.	

LIEUT. A. L. RICE,  
Recruiting Officer for Madawaska Co.

## KENT COUNTY

Recruiting Meetings have been arranged as follows:

Sept. 28—Bass River.	Oct. 5—Coateville.
" 29—Harcourt.	" 6—St. Paul.
" 30—Ford's Mills.	" 7—Notre Dame.
Oct. 1—Coal Branch.	" 8—McLaughlin Road.
" 2—Richibucto.	" 9—Dundas.
(Lt. Col. Guthrie speaker.)	" 10—Cocagne.
" 3—Buctouche.	" 11—Grandigue.

T. J. BOURQUE, Richibucto,  
Recruiting Officer for Kent County.

## SORROWS OF A BRITISH BORN ALIEN

"Once a Britisher Always a Britisher."

By Winifred James.

The stewardess helped me to dress, and I crawled upstairs and found a couch where I could lie down till it was time to go off. There was the usual bustle that invades the saloon when a ship comes into port—men at tables with papers, asking intimate questions of the passengers dressed to the umbrellas since dawn. I watched them, idly waiting for the moment when I too should go to be released. Whatever doubts and fears you may have in strange ports, there are none when the gang-plank links you to your own beloved plot of earth. I waited serene, content, ineffable in the knowledge which was mine. A word between us, and the man at the table recognizing the true British-born as much by instinct as by credentials, would wave me away.

Someone came up to speak. "What did you do at that table?" I asked. It was an extra one.

"That was the alien officer," said the passenger. "I was showing my passport." I looked him up and down and smiled. "But you're not an alien." He had come home to fight. "No," he said, "but everybody has to have a passport."

I smiled again. "I haven't got one," I said for the life of me I couldn't help my voice sounding a little boastful. He may have been a British-born, but I was the British-born. Not because I thought myself any better than he was, but because my blood and my bones had suddenly wakened and were telling me so. His blood and bones may have been doing the same thing, but I knew my own. The alien officer would know them too, directly I stood at the tribunal. That I believe is called patriotism. Whatever it was I had plenty of it.

The purser went by. "Have you got your passport ready?" he asked. "I haven't one to get ready," I said affably.

He stopped suddenly. "You haven't got one?"

I shook my head and gave myself up to pleasurable sensations. I was beginning to feel like the heroine of a Russian novel written by an English bookstall artist. The words secret service, knout, Siberia, stirred in my dramatic parts, and I tickled myself

with them gently, just as I used to shout, "Man the lifeboat, all hands to the pump!" when we sailed the fallen mulberry tree and were sinking in tempestuous seas. You knew you could step off any minute into the tomato bed.

I watched the purser speak to the captain, and the captain in turn speak to a middle-aged man with a red face and a grey beard. The grey beard evidently said, "Where is she?" because the captain nodded in my direction and the man came slowly towards me.

"Good morning, madam. I hear you have no passport."

"No."

"Why?"

I tried to imagine why. I just hadn't got one, that was all. Down in the wilds of American occupation I had taken a British ship to come home. The war was more than a year old when I started, and I was in the habit before then of travelling without passports. No one had told me when I asked for my ticket, and when I came on board staggering with fever and ague, the luggage and the ticket had to take care of themselves. All I had done was to fall into the arms of a kind-faced woman, who had undressed me and put me to bed. There I had been ever since.

The officer listened attentively, and then looked down at the paper in his hand.

"But you are an American citizen," he said.

I shrugged impatiently. Why introduce a sophistry like that, at a time when all the world is out seeking for truth? The product of centuries of breeding is not thrown out of gear suddenly by a walk down an aisle. A man does not change his nationality because he goes into partnership with a man of another nationality. A husband does not become an American citizen by marrying an American wife.

Why should a woman lose her component parts any easier? Once a Britisher, always a Britisher; that is the quality of our alleged defects of arrogance and pig-headedness and slow-movings. At least let us have our rights, if we have to have our wrongs. I am a Britisher. I would not be forewarned by man's limitations. Of course I didn't say all that, but I think I suggested a little of it. Still, the thing that mattered was the written word, and the written word said "United States citizen." The man looked at me, then at the paper, then at me again, and perplexity and perturbation flooded his eyes. Satisfied personally on investigation that I was morally sound, the matter was transferred to another plane. He ought to detain me, but he hadn't the heart and also, I think he was afraid. You can get very near death with protracted bouts of

## FRENCH AIRMAN BAGS BALLOON AND TWO AEROPLANES

Lieut. Nungesser, of French Aviation Corps, has Winged Seventeen Enemy Machines Since War Began.

Paris, Sept. 27.—Sub-Lieut. Nungesser, of the aviation service, whose exploits have made him the best known of the French aerial fighters, outdid his previous achievements yesterday by bringing down two German aeroplanes and a captive balloon. This brings up to seventeen the number of aircraft destroyed by this aviator. The official announcement of today says:

"On the Somme front our aviators engaged in numerous combats yesterday. Sub-Lieut. Nungesser brought down on this day two German aeroplanes between Transloy and Rosquigny, and a captive balloon of the enemy which fell in flames in the region of Neuville. These three victories bring up to seventeen the number of aircraft accounted for by this pilot up to the present time.

"Two other German aeroplanes, seriously damaged, were compelled to descend, one in the direction of Transloy and the other near Le Masnil Bruntel. Another captive balloon was attacked by one of our pilots at a point east of Ecroule, near Nurlu. In Champagne a Fokker was attacked at close range, fell at first with a spiral motion and then vertically, and crashed to the earth northwest of Ville-Sur-Tourbe.

"On the night of September 26-27 a squadron of fourteen French aeroplanes threw 110 bombs of large calibre on the railway station, the ballast roads and the barracks at Applly. On the night of Sept. 25-26 twenty-two bombs were thrown on the railway station at Laon, and seventeen on the bivouacs at Mont Faucon."

fever. At any moment I might have, like the china and the chandelier, "come to pieces in 'is'and." He felt it, and didn't like the responsibility. He kept on looking at me with commiserating eyes; and I kept on looking back at him with bloodshot ones out of a drawn yellow face, all huddled up on the sofa. And now and then I smiled, and I know I must have looked worse than ever, because it made him say as to himself, "I ought to keep you but you're too bad, you're too bad." I am sure he is a very kind father, although he would be for protective purposes and to serve his country better.

He left me, and there was more earnest talk between him and the captain and the purser and the men at the tables. Then he came back again. It had been decided on the knowledge they possessed that in my condition of disintegration it would not be safe to delay me, and I was to be allowed to proceed to my home. I thanked them gratefully, and by laborious stages made my way to London.

After I had got pulled together, I took my services to the Croix Rouge and offered them. Someone I knew was going out to a canteen in France, and I wanted to go with her. I'm not a great cook, but I do know how to make things taste. And a certain apprenticeship at fashioning bricks without straw in the fastnesses of Central America would count for something. The authorities were delighted with me and I with them. I filled in a form as quickly as the words could be written down. Then came the nationality, British, of course. And husband? United States citizen. A sudden halt in the inscribing. I hadn't tried to deceive; the reply was automatic, the result of heredity and environment, both admittedly rather potent factors in life.

They were very sorry, but, even though I was merely a friendly alien, I was an alien. I stormed and stamped up and down the room. No matter that my father was a Cornishman and my husband had for his mother a Frenchwoman and for his father a Belgian. I was an alien. I could go anywhere where I wouldn't be able to do any damage, but no nearer. I went back to bed and had some more fever; it always makes me ill to be denied the real desires of my heart.

I tried for a passport so that I might have a permit to travel about England. Yes, I could have one, but I must produce my birth certificate and my husband's birth certificate, and I might be given an emergency one for going back, but I could only get that just before I wanted to leave. I have never seen my birth certificate, and I don't believe my husband ever had one. Anyhow, they were both safely interred somewhere in Australia and Louisiana. No use when I wanted to go to Burwash for the week-end.

Finally I succeeded in getting an identity-book. For it my photograph was taken expensively and exuberantly, and I am filled in an adjacent police station in a form that could give me no hope of committal if I were judged on it. Even the officer in charge, a person well seasoned to such infamies, was moved to the remark that it did not do me justice.

I have managed to get about a bit since I have been here, but I remember little of the places I have been to. What with the time taken up by announcing my arrival at the different police stations, having my photograph taken, and returning to give notice of departure, there has not been space or energy for anything else. I found police stations interesting at first, but the novelty has gone from them long ago. Constables are really a very kindly, affable race of men. I do not like photographers so much.