THE HOME OF OUR BOYS.

TERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY TRAINING QUARTERS OF THE REGIMENT.

Saturday afternoon, the Telegram reporter had the great pleasure of being shown throughout the entire ...ts of the Military Barracks at Fort William, the home of Our Boys in ...kki. Having received a permit of admission from Capt. Bert Tait, Camp Commandant, we were admitted by an armed sentry at the gate of the fence surrounding the Barracks. The sentry was not permitted to leave his post, so another soldier was called, and he brought us to Capt. O'Grady. Capt. O'Grady then accompanied us around the Barracks and parade ground, thoroughly explaining the whole routine and work of the soldiers there. The Barracks is composed of two large buildings, the Prince's Rink, and the Curling Rink, which lie side by side, with a space about fifteen feet in width, between them. Besides these, there were the Cook House, the Guard House (in which is contained the prison cells), the recently erected "Hut," a large lavatory, and a barber headquarters.

The Prince's Rink is used as a dining quarters, and has a capacity of 1,400 men. The cots, or bunks, are erected in blocks of 18, three and three end on end, and two side by side. About a quarter of the end bunks were of wood, while the remaining ones were of iron. The man in charge of each squad, which occupied a block, slept in the bottom of their bunk, so that if the squad had to be quickly awakened, the man in charge could be gotten at without trouble. This Rink also contains a number of offices, including an Officer's Quarters, and an Orderly Sergeant's room. There is, in addition, a Post Office, where letters way be posted, and from where the mail is distributed to the addressees.

The Curling Rink is used as the dining or dining quarters, and here, there are tables forty feet in length, stretched out, running side by side, benches, the same length as the tables, run along either side. We had the pleasure of seeing some four hundred and twenty men seated at their supper. This giant dining room has a capacity of 1,100. Each platoon works together. Daily, orderlies are detailed, to wash dishes, set the tables and generally assist the cooks. In addition to the Dining Room, the Curling Rink also holds the Quartermaster's Department, the Store Room, the Kit Supplies Room, the Canteen, the Medical Office, and the Hospital. The Cook House or Kitchen, is immediately off the Dining Room, and is connected to it by a large door. The Cook House is also connected with the Store Room, or Food Supply Room, by a large wicket, and the Food Supply Room is connected with the Quartermaster's Room in the same way. The Quartermaster, who, in this instance, is Capt. Bemister, has the handling of all supplies in his department, and has to be requisitioned by the Food Supply Store Room, and the same recorded. The Food Room is requisitioned by the Kitchen or Cook House, before any food can be given thus keeping a close record of every ounce of food that comes into the Barracks. The Quartermaster is the busiest man in the entire Barracks.

The Canteen is a large room, partitioned off from the hall, where all kinds of articles are sold to the men. Pipes, cigarettes, tobacco, temperance drinks, articles of clothing, tinned goods, etc., etc., may be bought, and in many cases possible these items are sold cheaper than in the city shops. There is one thing the Government should do, and that is free duty on cigars and tobacco. We understand that the Regiment petitioned the Government for free duty on the cigars, but this was refused. If this is true, then the parents and friends of men in training knows what to think of a Government that would deprive fighting men such a small pleasure. The men on the Briton get their tobacco and cigarettes duty free, and the boys of the Regiment should get the same concession.

The Hospital is very comfortably fitted up, but only minor cases are treated there. When a patient shows no improvement, he is sent to the General Hospital for treatment. At present, there are only about seven men there, which is a very small percentage of 400 men, and those are merely ill of colds, and other minor sicknesses.

In the space between the Prince's and Curling Rinks the hand and face washing arrangement is situated. This is a long, double row of basins, the water for which is supplied by regular water pipes and faucets.

The recently erected hut is a long, commodious one roomed, one storied building where men on light duty may stay and read or write or play games; also the men when off duty may stay there The day school is held there, and special lectures are also given in the Hut. The men are very proud of it. Church services are held there, and as we were leaving the Barracks at about 7 p.m. we heard the beautiful strains of an old hymn being sung with enthusiasm by the worshippers then present at service.

The barbering establishment is a large tent, and there the men may have their tonsorial needs attended to. A regular barber-soldier does the work, except when there is an extra big rush on when an outsider who, by the way, is a returned soldier, is called in to assist.

There is also a subterranean room where wet clothes may be dried. A large furnace is there and above it are large racks so that when men have gotten their outside clothes wet this drying room is a great advantage to them.

The toilet arrangement is contained in a long, narrow building. At one end of it, there is a part partitioned off and there are eight cold water shower baths. These cold water shower baths are very much appreciated by the men, especially in warm weather.

The guard room is a large outhouse near the main entrance to the Barrack grounds. In it are stationed the sentries, while half of it is partitioned off and sub-divided into cells for prisoners. The last building is a two by four one and about five feet high, which is the shoe-shining establishment. A bootblack is allowed in to shine the soldiers' boots. He is not allowed to charge more than 5 cents a shine. Needless to say this establishment is greatly appreciated and patronized.

The routine work of the day is as follows:—

Revellie sounds at 6 o'clock. The men then turn out and make up their beds. An orderly goes around to see that the beds are properly made up, and also sees if there are any men not turned out. If not sick, any man in bed is turned out, otherwise he is allowed to stay in while his name is noted. Later in the day a medical orderly calls around and makes a note of men still in bed. Then the Medical Officer calls around, and if he finds that any that were reported by the medical orderly are not now in bed it is known that they merely shamming sickness, and punishment is consequently meted out to them.

At 6.15 all the men go to the parade ground where the rolls are called. Then there is running, etc., to thoroughly wake and warm them up. At 7 o'clock this parade ends, and the men wash, tidy themselves up and have breakfast. At 9 o'clock the regular drill begins, and continuing till 11 o'clock when a half-hour rest is taken. At 11.30 they fall in again.

From 11.30 to 12.30 there is a day school held in the Hut, and illiterate men there taught to read and write. Seven school teachers, with the rank of Lance Corporal, are in charge of this. About 70 men are at present attending day school.

The regular men drill on from 11.30 to 12.30 when all wash up, clean boots, and have dinner at 1 o'clock.

At 2.15 drill begins again, with an interval from 4 o'clock till 4.30. From 4.30 to 5.30 the students have day school, while the others drill. Tea is served at 5.30. After tea there is no drill except special instruction drill. The men are allowed out until 9.30. They are not permitted to leave the Barracks singly, or in groups, but all parade out together.

Any men who want home leave may have it provided no special duty prohibits it. When this occurs provision is made for special leave afterwards.

The Privates and Lance-Corporals all eat together, the Corporals and Sergeants and the Commissioned Officers eat in their own mess. The food for all men, privates and officers alike, is the same. However, anybody may purchase anything extra, or may bring in any special for meals.

No intoxicating drinks are served in the Barracks, a fact that will commend itself to all temperance lovers.

Regular men are trained in fire-drill, so that if a fire breaks out they may be able to cope with it. However, so far no fire has occured there, for which the men can be well complimented.

The cook-house is a large one with a giant cooking range in the centre, and with gas stoves scattered around the sides. Four trained cooks are continually working in the kitchen, there being two shifts of men. The food is the best and purest that can be obtained, while the menu of the Barracks excels that of the Grenadier Guards, the crack regiment of the world.

We trust that this short account of the Barracks will be of interest to our readers.

In conclusion we desire to thank Capt. O'Grady for his trouble in showing us around the Barracks, as we recognize that but for him our account must necessarily be much more incomplete.

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An Appreciation.

Editor Evening Telegram.

Dear Sir,—We desire through the columns of your valuable paper to express the thanks of the people of Collins Cove and vicinity to the Hon. Dr. J. A. Robinson, Postmaster General, for sending daily copies of the public message.

This favour is highly appreciated.

J. T. Newman, C. F. Bishop, J. E. Collins, R. W. Collins, D. Bishop, Jos. Inkpen, L. Inkpen, E. Inkpen and Jos. Mitchell.

Burin, Aug. 20, 1918.

NOTICE. — Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.

The Kaiser's Preachers

When men enter the ministry of the Established Church of Prussia, they must take this solemn vow:

"I will be submissive, faithful and obedient to his Royal Majesty, and his lawful successors in the government, as my most gracious king and sovereign; promote his welfare according to my ability; prevent injury and detriment to him; and particularly endeavour carefully to cultivate in the minds of the people under my care a sense of reverence and fidelity toward the king, love for the fatherland, obedience to the laws, and all those virtues which in a Christian denote a good citizen; and I will not suffer any man to teach or act in a contrary spirit.

"In particular, I vow that I will not support any society or association, either at home or abroad, which might endanger the public security, and will inform his majesty of any proposals made, either in my diocese or elsewhere, which might prove injurious to the State.

"I will preach the Word as his gracious majesty dictates."

The blasphemy of this closing sentence of the preacher's ordination vow is unique in kind and in degree. Above one's own reason and intelligence; above conscience; above the Word itself; above the Spirit who inspired that Word; above Christ who is the centre and life of that Word, the Word Incarnate; above God who gave that Word to make known to the world Himself and His love; above all else in earth or Heaven, as the preacher's authority in things spiritual and eternal, is the Kaiser—"I will preach the Word as his gracious majesty dictates."

This vow explains in some measure the marvellous things that have been published from the prayers and sermons of German pastors; denouncing the Christian virtues of kindness and charity and love, deifying Germany and its people and rulers, and lauding German frightfulness—in language that one could scarce believe uttered by men of moral sanity.

This vow shows that such utterances do not represent the thought of these men. They are simply echoes, as in duty bound, of what "his gracious majesty dictates."

The fact of such a vow and its keeping makes the case of Germany more hopeless than if such utterances were the free expression of the preachers' convictions, for then there would be at least spiritual independence. Men's souls would be their own, and there would be some hope of truth finding lodgment there, for however far astray men may be in their judgments, if there be intellectual life and freedom, there is hope that light and truth may at some time find entrance.

But when intellectual life is gone, when manhood is gone, when the soul is gone, and ignorant and educated alike surrender the will, the intelligence, give themselves up, not merely to bodily but to intellectual and spiritual slavery; then is the prospect dark. Then can there be no deliverance from within. The only hope of a country or people in such a case, for deliverance from a worse than Egyptian bondage, is deliverance from without, the overthrow of the power, that claims the right to dominate not only the outward life but the soul of the world.

That overthrow is coming. God speed the day.—Presbyterian Record.

"King George's Keys."

If you stand outside the Tower of London any night at 10 o'clock you will hear the echoes in the grey old fortress suddenly awakened by the blare of bugles giving the guards' salute—part of a quaint and interesting ceremony which has been carried on continuously for the past 500 years.

In the Tower itself one can almost induce oneself to believe that one has been transported back into mediaeval times. Besides waking the slumbering echoes, the bugles have set grey shadows flitting over the flag-stones and lichened walls. Traitors' Gate, enveloped in gloom—relieved here and there by little mosaics of silver as one catches glimpses of the river beyond—has its row of traitors' heads, and although they eventually turn out to be pigeons roosting on the spikes, still the romance of the spot remains.

Then from far down the cobbled way comes the steady tramp, tramp of heavy feet, and the beams of a centuries-old lantern dance ahead of the bearer. Nearer and nearer sound the footsteps, until there comes into view a sight which causes one to rub one's eyes and exclaim, "Can this be real?"

* * *

There, framed in the low arch of Bloody Tower (where, maybe, the ghosts of the two little Princes look sorrowfully down on the same scene) stands a quaint old-English figure. The lantern sheds its soft ray on a long gown of vivid scarlet; a solemn looking jowl that only a Harrison Ainsworth could describe, crowned with a bonnet of black velvet, all sprinkled with tiny flowers. And to the right and left of the figure stand—why, surely they are not halberdiers? But, yes, they are—halberdiers in khaki!

Then almost before one's eyes have become accustomed to the picture, a challenging voice rings out, "Halt! Who goes there?" And the answer comes from he of the solemn jowl:

"The Keys!"

"Whose Keys?"

"King George's Keys!"

And the sentry cries: "Pass, King George's Keys all's well!" And as the Keys pass he presents arms.

Then the scarlet-clad figure approaches the guard that is drawn up to attention at the top of the steps near by, and there follows the modern note of the guard commander:

"Guard! Pres-ent—hipe!"

At once the grave-faced Yeoman of the Guard sweeps off his bonnett, flowers and all, and with solemn emphasis cries:

"God—preserve—King—George!"

And from the assembled guard and the sentry away down in the shadows there comes a fervent "Amen!" while the rooks stir sleepily in the branches high overhead.—R.F.P. in "Daily Mail."

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aug3,6,13,20,27

Injured in Footer Game

During last evening's footer game a free fight took place, the opponents being W. Duggan and T. Duggan, brothers, playing on opposite sides. Many kicks were exchanged, and the former came off second best. He was so badly injured that Dr. Grieve, who was among the spectators, had to attend to him. Both men were at once ordered off the field by Referee Higgins. It would be interesting to know what action the League will take.

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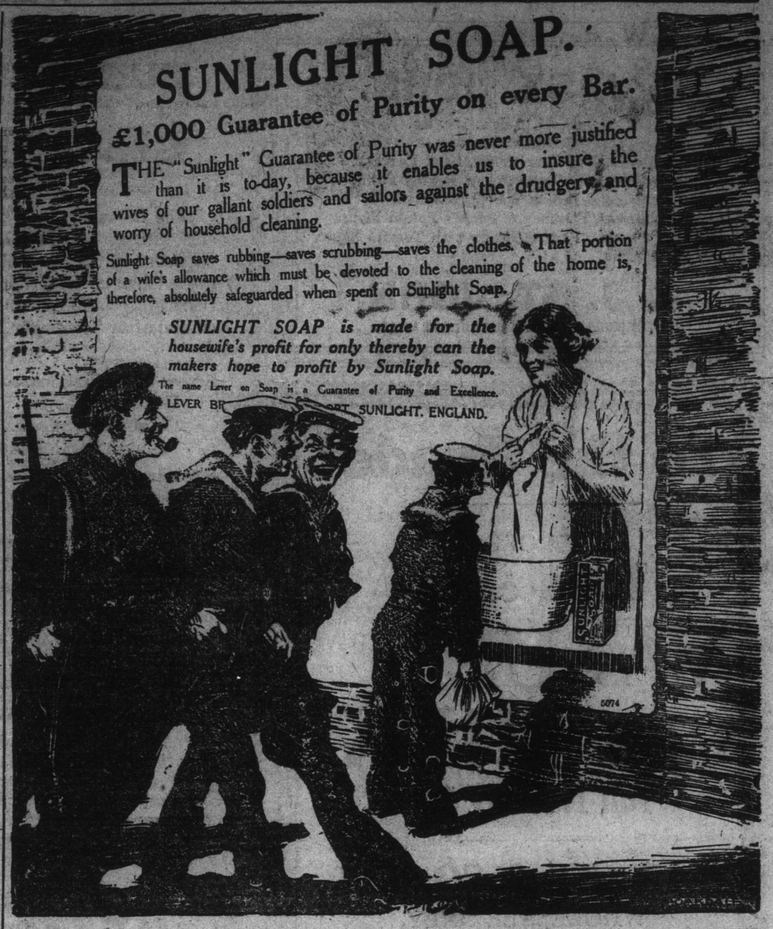

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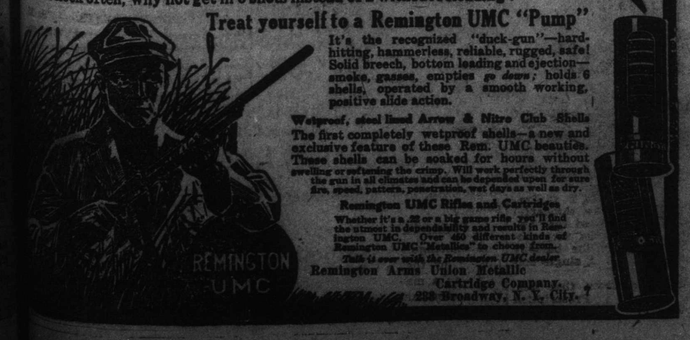
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