

# "To Arms, To Arms, Your Country Needs You!"

**Stirring Patriotic Appeal to Terra Nova's  
Sons From the Rev. J. D. Richards of  
Flowers Cove.**

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir.—Straight to the breast every young man in Newfoundland to-day comes the call of the Motherland: "To arms, your country needs you!" What will be the sum of the response to this appeal? Shall we hand down to our children an execution bearing the words "Hand Wanted"? Shall it be said that Newfoundland was too craven to fight her part of the great battle for freedom now being waged? We do not believe it! We have faith in the claim that England's oldest colony breeds her full share of men worthy to rank with Britain's bravest sons. Only the holdest of the bull-dog breed would dare make conquest of a land that, afterwards of four centuries, can barely reckon a quarter of a million inhabitants. Can we believe for one moment that the sons of those redoubtable pioneers will hang back to-day, when they are notified that their brawn and pluck are needed to keep the old flag flying, and that their uniforms await them? I have known a brave and proved soldier quail for fear in a small boat, negotiated in a stormy sea by a couple of modest fishermen from this coast, who, though acknowledging danger, knew no fear. A while ago I received a letter from my nephew J. E. Richards in the Suvia Bay trenches. He said of his feelings under fire: "I can honestly

say that I have felt more fear on board a schooner in thick weather with an ice berg too close under our lee." In the summer days when French fishermen numbered more on this coast than our own isolated people, it was no unusual thing for a single settler to dispute, and, if necessary, wage fight with a half dozen Frenchmen for what he considered his rights. That he was in for a sound thrashing if those fishermen—usually good natured—chose to retaliate, did not concern him in the least. The fact is noted to show the quality of the source from whence we fetch our blood. The trumpet makes no uncertain sound to-day. Let all young men free to take part in this glorious conquest realize that it sounds for them. "Better die a hero's death than fill a coward's grave!" Does any young man's heart fail him? Remember the words of the youthful David, as he goes forth to what appeared to be a very unequal fight: "Let no man's heart fail him," and, to Goliath: "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts." I think it was Shakespeare who said: "The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave man dies but one." Someone recently drew attention to the fact that Stevenson was true when he said in effect, that the man who does his duty in the charge of spite of a heart that is almost overcome with fear, is a great-

er hero than he who feels no fear at all. The fearless man has but one enemy to overcome; the fearful man has two, and, conquering both, is the greater warrior. I understand that the District of St. Barbe has given one out of every eight of its population, taking seventh place among the districts of the whole country. We pride ourselves on the fact that the thirteen hundred people along the Strait of Belle Isle shore from Ferolle Point to Eddy's Cove, sixteen miles east of Flowers Cove have given one in forty-eight. In addition to this fire have failed to pass the medical examinations. We hear that a few more intend to volunteer when navigation opens. Well done boys! We are proud of our sailors and soldiers now at the front. Go and back them, up and we shall be proud of you too. Few men derive pleasure in the anticipation of poisonous gases or 'Jack Johnsons'; but as a splendid young fellow said to me last fall: "I am going to volunteer, Sir, not because I have any liking for war,—which I hate—but because I know it is my duty to fight for my country, as it is the duty of every young man free to go." I have composed the following lines to a popular air, and you are at liberty to publish them if you have space:—

**THE CALL AND THE ANSWER**

Tune—"The Battle Cry of Freedom"  
The Motherland is calling, calling o'er the wave:  
"Brother, our Empire is in danger; Ye men of British blood, unsheathe the sword to save;  
Hark ye! our Freedom is in danger; Sons of the Prairie, heirs of the seal, Of India, Australia, of Arie' and New Zea."  
The Motherland, is calling; what will your answer be?  
Hasten! our Empire is in danger.

**WID-WEEK PROGRAMME AT THE NICKEL**  
**"Through Troubled Waters"**  
A Broadway Star feature in three acts.

"TRIALS AND CLIMBS."  
(In the Canadian Rockies.)  
"THE STAGE COACH GUARD."  
(A Selig western with Tom Mix.)

"THE REWARD."  
(A Vitagraph social comedy-drama.)  
"ON THE TURN OF A CARD."  
(Harry Morey in a Vitagraph drama.)

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SEND THE CHILDREN TO THE GREAT BIG BUMPER MATINEE SATURDAY. SPECIAL CHILDREN'S PROGRAMME.

"We have heard the bugle call, and in part have made reply; Live! live! Britannia, live forever! Thrice fifty thousand gone, let ten fifties be our cry: Live! live! Britannia, live forever! Britons, Acad'ans, Pyince Edward's, hallo!  
Quebec to Columbia, take your swords and go;  
We have fought the Western Winds, let us fight Old England's foe; Live! live! Britannia, live forever!"

"We have heard the bugle call, it shall never call in vain; Live! live! Britannia, live forever! We in part have made reply in the blood of Anzac slain; Live! live! Britannia, live forever. To arms, Australia! New Zealand, hallo!  
Our uniforms are ready, let's take the sword and go.  
We have fought the tangled bush, let us fight Old England's foe. Live! live! Britannia, live forever!"

"We have heard the bugle blast, and we know 'tis Freedom's call; Live! live! Britannia, live forever! We have proved her heart is true, we will rally one and all; Live! live! Britannia, live forever. To arms, Africanders! hallo boys, hallo!  
Unfold the Ensign from Caps unto Cairo;  
We have fought the open Veldt, let us fight Old England's foe; Live! live! Britannia, live forever!"

"We have heard the bugle call in 'Ye Ancient Colony.' Live! live! Britannia live forever. Four thousand lads have gone, twice four thousand let it be: Live! live! Britannia live forever! To arms Newfoundlanders! hallo boys hallo!  
Britain strikes for Freedom, let's take her sword and go;  
We have fought the briny sea, let us fight Old England's foe. Live! live! Britannia live forever.

**THE CRESCENT PICTURE PALACE.**  
A TWO-REEL BIOGRAPH TO-DAY.  
**"ASHES OF INSPIRATION."**  
A Strong Biograph Drama in 2 Reels, featuring Clarie McDowell and Charles H. Malles.  
"THE SECRET OF THE CELLAR."—A stirring Detective Drama by the Edison Company, featuring Sally Crute.  
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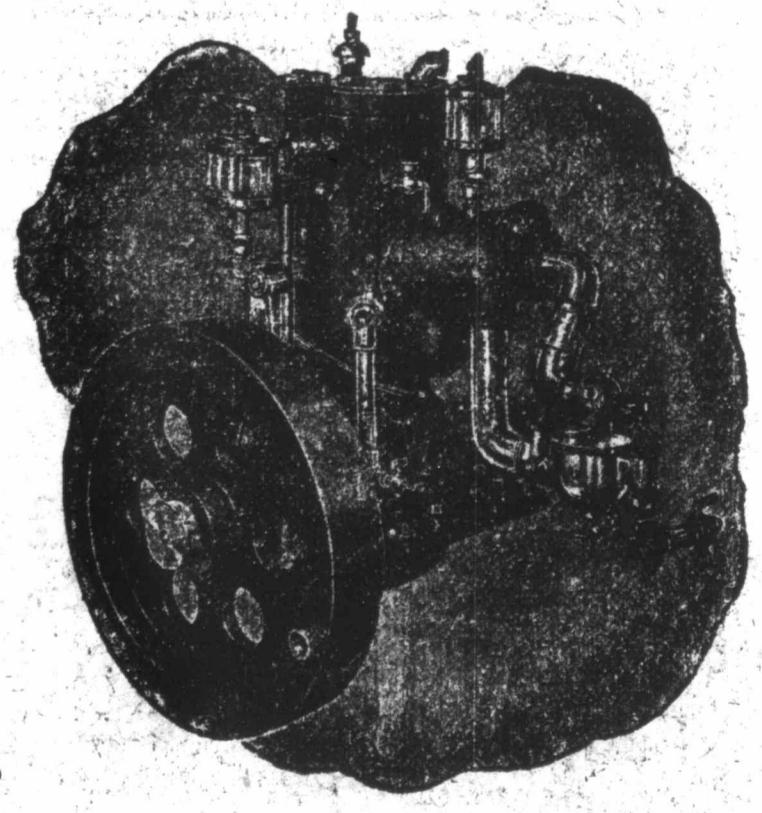
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**NOTICE OF REMOVAL AND PARTNERSHIP!**

**Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B.'**  
ANNOUNCES the removal of his LAW OFFICES to the New **BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA** Building at the corner of Beck's Cove and Water Street, and the formation of a **PARTNERSHIP** for general practice as Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries, with **MR. J. A. WINTER**, eldest son of the late Sir James S. Winter, K.C., under the firm name of **Squires & Winter.**  
Address: Bank of Nova Scotia Building, January 3rd, 1916. St. John's.

**Hon. R. A. Squires, K.C., LL.B. Mr. J. A. Winter**  
**Squires & Winter,**  
Barristers, Solicitors and Notaries.  
**New Bank of Nova Scotia Building,**  
Corner Beck's Cove and Water Street.

**Wise Uncle Mose.** **Incongruous.**

Uncle Mose was making a lot of fuss while trying to round up some hens and roosters that had escaped from their pen in his back yard. Rita Ravenslop—But that is the "Why all the excitement" asked a latest style full dress and I paid passer-by. "Ah want to git dem all \$200 for it back right away" exclaimed Uncle Mose. "But why not wait until even- ing? Chickens come home to roost." "Woman, you are hiding something!" "Yes" replied Uncle Mose with a grin "and dey goes home too."

Stage Manager—My dear I wish you would wear a different gown in the second act.  
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