

## Commemoration Day!

### Impressive and Touching Ceremonies—High Tribute Paid the Memories of Terra Nova's Gallant Dead.

Yesterday being Commemoration Day, special services were held at the various churches in the city. Preparatory to attending, the Troops, War Veterans, Nurses, V.A.D.'s, City Brigades and Boy Scouts assembled at the parade grounds near the Prince's Rink, the various units marching to their respective places of worship. The Nfld. Highlanders and a special squad from the C.L.B. Cadets and a detachment of Recruits from the Briton, under arms, attended the Commemoration Service and the C.C.C. attended Mass at the Cathedral while the C.L.B. Cadets attended service at the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist. The Gover Street Troop Boy Scouts attended service at Gover Street Church, the Salvation Army having service at the Citadel. After the services thousands of people followed the different brigades to Bannerman Park. The Troops and War Veterans headed by the C.C.C. band proceeded to Government House grounds where the colors were to be received. Deputations from the various societies meanwhile assembled in the Park and took up positions appointed for them. The color party, under Major Tait, M.C., moved in to Government House and received the colors. His Excellency with his full staff appeared at the House entrance and was given a salute by the Yeomen. The band then played God Save the King, Major Butler, taking charge of the Government House wreath, owing to some delay in reaching Government House an immediate start was made for the Park where a vast crowd was waiting. His Excellency, the Governor and party entering by the gate on Bannerman Road, were received by the Headquarters staff and escorted to the Shrine. While the C.C.C. band played "The Dead March in Saul" and the Highlanders "The Lament," wreaths from the following were received by Capt. Dickie, Lieut. H. Power and S. Lumden: Government, Navy, Regiment, C.L.B., C.C.C., Highlanders, G.W.V.A., War Graves Commission Bureau, Governor, Masonic, B.I.S., S.O.E., L.O.A., S.U.F., C.M.I., I.O.O.F., St. Andrew's, Mechanics, Star of the Sea, Knights of Columbus, Daughters of the Empire, Salvation Army. Following individual tributes from relatives of the glorious dead were laid on the shrine. The ceremony was impressive and many eyes filled with tears as the mothers, fathers and relatives performed this simple rite; a touching incident being added by a little girl, not more than three years old moving from amongst a crowd and placing a single flower as her offering.

His Excellency the Governor, mounting a dais, delivered a panegyric as follows: "Men, women, Newfoundland soldiers and seamen, by a solemn Act of the Legislature, a day has been set apart for all ages, when you will be asked to commemorate a great sacrifice. The day is devoted by this command, the first Sunday in July, is typical of the days of the Somme, Gallipoli, North Sea, Monchy, and other battle grounds, where the men on behalf of Newfoundland and the whole Empire gave their lives.

By unanimous consent of comrades who are left behind, the first of July was chosen as the fittest day upon which to commemorate the glorious memory of that noble sacrifice—and not by a holiday, but by religious observance which should bring back to the minds of all who took part in it the solemn assurance of the great sacrifice that was made for them and of the responsibility that is laid upon them all to live up to the level of that sacrifice. The Legislative enactment has fixed on the first Sunday of July rather than, simply on the first of July. From time to time the first of July will also be a Sunday and in those years a more intimate touch will have come between ourselves and those we commemorate, because we shall feel that on the very day on which so many made the great sacrifice we are commemorating their deaths and their glory. But to-day and often we shall only approximate to the actual day the memory of which has become so precious to Newfoundlanders.

Now I think we have special right to marvel at the greatness of the sacrifice made by Newfoundlanders. When we consider how far away this island is from the stress and struggle of the great battlefields, when we consider its sea-girt shores, its isolated coves, its deep secluded forests, surely there was great excuse if many a man had asked himself whether it was indeed necessary that he should cross the seas. There was so much that was attractive in the whole life of his island home that many a man could have been forgiven for turning a deaf ear to the clarion call that came across the Atlantic. It will ever be the glory of these Newfoundland boys that they not only heard the call, but answered it with wondrous promptitude. In that promptitude, in the vigor which they threw into their response they parried the everlasting gratitude of the British Empire. And not only on that day in 1916 but always the same story—a regiment that did not waver in the face of great odds, a regiment that once it understood the call that was made upon it, never hesitated to answer that call to the full.

Now it seems to me that often, not only on the first of July, 1916, when the regiment advanced in the face of great odds and paid to the full the penalty of bravery, but on many another occasion these men may have had a vision of their island home as they passed into the line of the battle. I think that some of them would see in imagination the sun sparkling on the summer blue of some harbor or the beloved waters of some bay they knew well, or perhaps the great fir woods and forests which fringed some well known river; sometimes even the snow and the ice or some familiar fishing ground, or the rugged rocks which form our bastion against the Atlantic.

And if as I think this is so, shall not that thought bring them nearer to us to-day and shall we not have learned from them to live a fuller life and offer a greater service to the land to which we belong.

It seems to me that even this present day has shown its sympathy with our thought, for it began with the fog rolling in as a shroud of sorrow, and presently the fog is gone and it is coming out to a day typical of one phase of the Newfoundland summer. Yet we must not lament too griev-

ously for their death. I believe that there is hardly anyone who has not come through this great struggle of the war distinctly poorer by the loss of some dear one. Even those who have been spared to their nearest and dear ones, yet miss some of which came and went and was loved. But we will glory in that higher life of which we are assured.

Surely we can say this with a greater conviction than the Roman poet: "Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei vitabit libitina"—surely they "shall not all die," for we have a knowledge far greater and better than the Roman philosopher and we can appreciate more deeply and with more intelligence the effort that was made by these our children and comrades that went before.

"Except monumentum aere perennius." It is not only the memorial group which attests our feeling. I trust indeed that hereafter, perhaps in another year, these beautiful floral tributes will be laid at the base of a more permanent memorial—but the flowers themselves indicate a higher thought. They speak of the beauty of life and as I look upon the tribute thus paid to the dead, I do not forget that on the other side, are men of the regiment who gave limbs or health, which is as much to us as a life. They link us up with the dead, and they help us to realize what is in fact the truest memorial to our heroes.

If we have met here to-day to do honour to the memory of those brave men who have gone on before us into the wider and the nobler life, if our chief object is to remind ourselves and our friends that they won imperishable fame by performing a great and unselfish duty, are we not going to learn the real lesson of the war taught us? They were men of different stamps, different religions, different walks of life, different points of view, yet in their training, in their life behind the lines, in their final effort and deed of glory, they cast aside all sense of division; one in heart and one in action, different casts of mind operating to one end, one in brotherhood, one in friendship, those men had all of them gained the higher standard than that which they had attained in this country before, by their very sacrifice they had gained something which would not otherwise have been gained, and by that sacrifice they have taught us to aspire to something finer. If we came here to-day in the face of this lesson are we going to make a mockery of it? Shall we not learn to put aside our petty differences, our misunderstandings, our unworthy jealousies and with the whole strength of our being, make up our minds that this Newfoundland shall be a happier place because those boys left it and died for it?

I grieve to say that there is too great a tendency here in this Colony to give way to unkindness—and the mean, petty carping at one another in the press during the past 3 or 4 weeks received too much encouragement.

To the Press I appeal—I appeal to all of you, whether Great War Veterans or Politicians, whether men or women, to join in and try to put aside this mean petty carping, which will disgrace this colony, if not soon checked. Let us remember that the spirits of our dead are watching over us.

One word more: We must not mock our religious profession by a forgetfulness of that which our religion means. We have been to our churches. Are we sincere? Do we indeed mean something by that service? Era, we leave this ground to-day I place with you this final thought which should bind us to those we honour here—

"God of our fathers, be the God of their succeeding race." At the close of His Excellency's address three volleys were fired by a Navy squad under Gunner King, the last Post was sounded by Bugler G. Squires of the C.C.C. the troops presenting arms, and the C.L.B. Band stationed in the bandstand rendered the Hallelujah Chorus, the assemblage standing uncovered.

This concluded the ceremony after which the troops and War Veterans, headed by the C.L.B. Band, moved out through Bannerman Road gate, saluting His Excellency who waited with his staff, and then to Government House, where the colors were returned, the various detachments, afterwards marching to their quarters and dismissing.

#### Glencoe's Report.

#### ICE IN STRAITS INTERFERES WITH FISHING.

The S.S. Glencoe, Capt. Taverner, arrived back from Straits of Bell Isle on Sunday morning after a trip of 14 days. The ship made all ports of call as far as Chateau. She encountered north-east winds with exceptionally dense fog while on Labrador coast. The Straits have been filled with heavy ice since 15th inst., and much difficulty was experienced in landing fishing crews at their respective destinations. First sign of cod on Labrador this season was by Whiteley's crew at Bonne Esperance on 15th June, and since that date operations have been hampered by ice conditions. The ship sails north again to-day after arrival of express trains. Large number of passengers, many of them waiting for her for over a week, will go north by her—Western Star, June 30.

#### Impressive Service.

Unveiling of Memorial Tablet at Congregational Church.

A joint service was conducted at Queen's Road Congregational Church yesterday morning by Rev. Dr. Pedley, St. Andrew's Church members attending. The centre of the church was occupied by members of the Regiment in full uniform and the Highlanders Brigade, whilst filling the cross seats were a Naval detachment from H.M.S. Briton and a squad of C.L.B. under Captain Ash. The service was an impressive one, during which His Excellency the Governor unveiled a memorial tablet in brass to the memory of the men of the Church who fell in the Great War. His Excellency entered the church at 11 a.m., accompanied by his A.D.C. and Lt.-Col. Paterson, being received by the pastor, the organ playing the National Anthem; the large congregation standing, following the reading of the names of the fallen heroes the Naval guard of honor formed up in front of the altar and stood at the present with fixed bayonets during the unveiling. The tablet bears the following inscription, surmounted by the Emblem of the Regiment:

#### TO THE GLORY OF GOD

and in Honour of the brave men who gave their lives in the Great War, 1914-1919.

"They died in Freedom's Cause." Edward Barnes, George T. Cowan, Lionel T. Duley, Charles R. Frost, Lancelot W. Keating, Geo. Langmead, Henry C. Noonan, Melville R. Russell, Owen Steele, H. Gordon Thomas, James P. Watts, Wesley Watts, Alec J. White.

This Memorial Tablet is erected to their perpetual memory by the members of the congregation.

#### LEST WE FORGET.

Queen's Road Congregational Church, St. John's Newfoundland.

The memorial address by Dr. Pedley, full text of which we are privileged to print elsewhere to-day, was a masterpiece. During the service appropriate hymns were sung and the choir rendered two anthems "What are These?" and "I heard a voice from Heaven," in a faultless manner. Following the benediction, the Dead March was played the congregation standing with bowed heads. The church was magnificently decorated with flowers the Holy table, being covered with blooms of all varieties, the rostrum, Choir, Arch and seat reserved for the Governor, being draped with Imperial bunting.

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