

# ST. JOHN ARTILLERYMEN START ON FIRST STAGE OF JOURNEY TO THE FRONT

Thousands of citizens wish them God speed on their departure for Mobilization Camp at Fredericton—The men and their officers.

With cheers of thousands of citizens ringing in their ears the men of the Divisional Ammunition under Major W. H. Harrison left for Fredericton yesterday afternoon on the first stage of their journey to the front.

At 10.30 a. m. the men were mustered at the Armory, and after roll call were presented by members of the three local chapters of the Daughters of Empire with pipes, tobacco, Red Cross equipment, and lunches.

Those representing the Daughters of the Empire were: Mrs. J. Boyle Travers, Mrs. W. I. Panton, Mrs. Fred E. Sayre, Mrs. Simeon Jones, Mrs. M. E. Edwards, Mrs. Heber Vroom, Mrs. S. S. Skinner and Mrs. H. G. Hetherington.

Major Frink then addressed the soldiers, wishing them Godspeed, and saying everybody was satisfied they would play the game right well on the road to Berlin, and reflect credit upon the city and province.

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## QUEEN MARY'S NEEDLEWORK GUILD

A New Year's Gift to Queen Mary from the Women of Canada.

To the Editor of The Standard:—  
Sir,—Will you kindly allow me, through your valuable medium, to ask the women of Canada to unite with Queen Mary's Needlework Guild in sending a New Year's present to Queen Mary which shall be worthy of our Great Dominion, and the magnificent work the women are doing.

Will each woman in Canada, who is working for the soldiers and sailors, send one garment during January, through Queen Mary's Needlework Guild for Her Majesty to distribute.

This can be done very easily.  
Thanks to Lady Williams-Taylor the Bank of Montreal has kindly instructed any of its branches to receive parcels on account of the Guild, and such parcels will be forwarded without cost to the donor. Persons residing in a town where there is no branch of the Bank of Montreal may forward parcels to the Bank of Montreal at 213 Peel street, Montreal, at the same time sending the Bank the receipt for the charges paid, the amount of which will be returned to them.

It will be my pleasure to supply material for one thousand garments to those who are willing to give their work but have not material and patterns available. This material will make flannellette dresses for infants, woolen underclothes for children from two to eight years old; men's flannel shirts, socks and children's stockings. A postcard sent to Miss Weller, Assistant Secretary, Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, St. Catherine, saying how many garments can be made, will result in material and directions being forwarded to the sender free.

Queen Mary, by her unselfish devotion to duty, and splendid example, has endeavored herself to the women of the Empire at this crisis, and such a New Year's gift as I have suggested, I trust, will prove that the women of Canada are as ready to "serve the Queen" as are our brothers to "serve the King" but also give to Her Majesty the great pleasure of distributing useful garments to the soldiers and sailors, the refugees, the poor and needy, the waifs and strays.

Hoping that the idea of a New Year's gift to Queen Mary from the women of Canada will meet with a hearty response, believe me,  
Yours faithfully,  
(Sgd) C. W. WELLAND MERRITT,  
Honorary Secretary.

## ALL ENGLAND WANTS TO BEAT GERMANS

(By Peter MacQueen in Boston Globe.)

It takes John Bull a long time to get angry. When I returned to London after the battles of the Aisne and the Marne had been fought, I met at the hotel a Yorkshire farmer. When I told him that 143,000 men had fallen on one battlefield of France, he exclaimed in great surprise: "Well, he's heart, if this thing keeps on much longer it will become real serious, don't you know?"

Didn't Realize War Was On.

The good fellow didn't realize that was war. Not since the invention of gunpowder had an English city been so heavily shelled. I asked my friend how long he thought England could hold out. He got red in the face at once and almost shouted: "Till every bloomin' Englishman is dead, if that is necessary."

In London all the parks and squares were filled with young men drilling. The waiters of one hotel drilled two hours every day between meal times. I saw a row of new recruits at Russell Square. Some of them were some of the typical caps of Whitechapel and the factories. Nearly all were strong-looking and evidently healthy young men of Great Britain.

In Hyde Park and down by Westminster Abbey, even the porters at the London Hospital—all London was arming for the fight. The Kaiser is not the only man who wants to fight. I tell you, every Englishman wants to fight every German and every German wants to fight every Englishman.

The poor, honest laboring man of Germany and England is not so peaceful as you might think. This is the war of England and Germany in the last analysis is a war between two ideal—military autocracy and militant democracy.

Recruited a Corps a Day.

An army corps a day was recruited in London during the early autumn. The waiters of one hotel drilled two hours every day between meal times. I saw a row of new recruits at Russell Square. Some of them were some of the typical caps of Whitechapel and the factories. Nearly all were strong-looking and evidently healthy young men of Great Britain.

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The celebrations of his brain will get a rude jolt. He will see to the fish yeomanry setting into their stride. He will see the fields and roads thronged with red-checked, red-blooded, fearfully determined young men by the hundreds thousands. I could hardly believe that this was "Merric England."

I had to show my passport every where, and was limited in the use of my camera. They were as strict as the Russians are in Siberia.

The fields of Lincoln and Norfolk were yellow with the gathered grain; and brown with the khaki-clad volunteers of the King.

Work on Defences

I went to Harwich. All the travelers and light ships were snugly ensconced in the harbor. No civilian might approach within a mile of the forts, which are bristling with the newest and heaviest guns. By the roadsides were patrols. Trenches were making furrows in the earth. I saw in Essex and Champs. It was too strange to be true. One could imagine what England was in the days of Cromwell or the wars of the fort. We tried to get into a field near Harwich where a thousand men were being drilled; but no, "It's against orders," said the polite but stern young ruddy Englishman who guarded the gate.

In the small town of Beccles, in Suffolk, there were seven miles of trenches. Beccles is about fifty miles south of Scarborough. Among the young men of the town we came across Corporal Thirle of the First Suffolk, who was wounded in the

## PERA HOUSE PATRONS WILL HAVE ABUNDANT AMUSEMENT THIS WEEK

Thomson Company presents Mrs. Temple's Telegram, a production with fine musical numbers and comedy.

For Christmas week at the Opera House the Thomson Musical Comedy Company presents Mrs. Temple's Telegram, a production with an abundance of fine musical numbers and a great deal of comedy. The company has already proved its ability to attract and amuse large audiences, and its production this week is well calculated to enhance its popularity, and in conjunction to the Christmas season for those fortunate to be able to take in the show.

"Chas Temple, the liar," whose role is taken by Allan Carter, is called upon to explain an evening out to his wife, a part played with great effect by Elsie Wallace. Mr. Temple explains that he spent the evening with a John Brown from a suburb which he did not know existed, and then brought in his friend "Jack Barrington, the liar," to impersonate Mr. Brown. Meantime Mrs. Temple has sent a telegram to John Brown in the said suburb, and as there happens to be a John Brown residing there, it is devoted to variety, exclusively, but the performers are not guaranteed to be continuous. The directors reserve the right to interrupt or to change the programme and substitute artists without notice.

Reasons for this precaution are obvious to any one who has heard the German shells go screaming through the air over the barn. A candle here and there, stuck on a bayonet, does as well as it can in the place of calcium lights, and ammunition boxes, when one knows how to arrange them, make a very good stage.

The performance begins soon after the relief of the guard in the trenches. The troops, as well as the audience, is composed of "Allies" of all colors; British, French, Moors, Sikhs, Hindoos, Algerians, Senegalese—generally covered with the mud of the trenches of Flanders. The programme consists of songs, monologues, recitations and dances.

One performance concludes with the singing of popular songs in French and English.

The chorus of the last song was interrupted by different regimental bugle calls, and the audience and performers dispersed precipitately to join their detachments for a dash to the trenches.

The musical programme which was given a splendid reception is as follows:

Musical Numbers—Act I  
Opening chorus, "Th not a Lady's Maid"—Maid.  
"Gee But Be Home Again"—Temple and chorus.  
"I'm the Butler"—Wilson and chorus.  
"Melody of Love"—Mrs. Barrington.  
"Maid Eyes"—Ralph Austin and chorus.

Duet "You Made Me Love You"—Mr. Barrington and Mrs. Brown.  
"All He Did Was Follow"—Them.  
"Around"—Brown and chorus.  
Finale—entire company.

Musical Numbers—Act II  
Opening chorus, "One Sweet Kiss"—chorus.  
"I've Only One Idea About the Girl"—Barrington and chorus.  
"Rag Picker"—Ralph Austin.  
"Boys"—Mrs. Barrington, chorus.  
Quartet—"Tea, Wine, Barrington, and Ralph Austin."  
Finale—entire company.

Chorus numbers arranged by Miss Josephine W. Harris, Musical Director.

In an engineering school. Here is a boy who never had a hardship in his life; but he just loves the camp life and the rough fare and the outdoors. He is a typical little boy in England. No one thinks of getting; no one thinks of getting beat. You can't beat England; that is what they think.

Trenches on the Headlands.  
All the headlands back of Whitby and Hartlepool are ripped and torn with new-made trenches. I went through this country six weeks ago with a retired naval officer. He stopped the car every now and then and got off to examine the sides of the road.

"This is a natural trench," he would reflect. "Here we can go back into the fields with a transverse cut. These are usually crowded with autumn visitors. This year everything was closed; many boarding houses and hotels lost nearly their entire trade. But no body winces. That is not the English way."

My friend Mr. David McCowan, a Scotman, is Mayor of Yarmouth. I had not time to see him; but I know that the canny fellow will have Yarmouth well protected against a second coming of the wily foe. At Lowestoft, the fishing industry is dead for the time. This fine harbor is a scene of thriving activity in ordinary times. Now it is filled with fishing trawlers and a torpedo boats. Germanic Sanda is usually crowded with autumn visitors. This year everything was closed; many boarding houses and hotels lost nearly their entire trade. But no body winces. That is not the English way."

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Black or Mixed Sealed Packets only.  
35c, 45c, 55c, 65c Per Pound  
Samples cheerfully mailed on inquiry, Address: "Salada", Montreal.

## VAUDEVILLE UNDER DIFFICULTIES HALF MILE FROM FRONT

"Allies' Music Hall," half mile from trenches provides weary fighters with diversion while taking respite—No guarantee of continuous performance, and change of programme without notice.

Dimside, Dec. 21.—The "Allies' Music Hall" is half a mile behind the French firing line near Dimside, in the first barn on the right. It is devoted to variety, exclusively, but the performers are not guaranteed to be continuous. The directors reserve the right to interrupt or to change the programme and substitute artists without notice.

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## THE GOLD DUST TWINS' Philosophy

When young Miss Housewife first aspired, to build the home her mate desired, she dreamed of castles in the air, with never toil nor woe nor care. She half imagined, in a way, that keeping house was only "play."

Too soon the sordid side of life—the dust and grime and soot and strife—each one, in turn, reminded her, that little problems must occur. A part of thrif is in the knack of fighting dirt around you back; of keeping constantly at work where dust and germs of illness lurk.

This housewife had her little cry, gave up—and scarcely knowing why. Then, from the sombre clouds of doubt, two rays of golden hope crept out. The Gold Dust Twins threw wide the door and entered, eager for a chore. They polished all the silverware, they scrubbed the bathroom and the stair. Each mirror soon was shining bright, the kettles shone with gleaming light, and all around, from pit to dome, they gazed up at that little home.