

LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF "CANADIAN SCOTTISH"

GRAPHIC STORIES OF BIG DAYS IN CANADA'S HIGHLAND BRIGADE

The Men who Captured All Hearts at Valcartier and Proved Themselves Splendid Soldiers When the Test Came — How Christmas Day was Spent on Salisbury Plain.

New Brunswickers who visited Valcartier at the time of either of the big reviews of last autumn will remember the splendid impression made by the Highland Battalion, the "Canadian Scottish" as it was termed later in England. This battalion, known to the army lists as the 16th, was composed of the following regiments:

The 50th Gordon Highlanders of Victoria, B. C.; the 79th Cameron Highlanders of Winnipeg; the 91st Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders of Hamilton, Ont.; and the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders of Vancouver. Capt. Ralph Markham, recently killed in action, was an officer in the latter regiment and one of the last survivors received in this city from him was a little booklet published for private circulation among the men of the Canadian Scottish. The booklet contains three articles contributed by a member of the Seafoths to the Aberdeen Free Press. These articles deal with the life of the Canadian Scottish, both in England and on service in France. The first, entitled Christmas on Salisbury Plain, is published herewith. The others will appear on Saturday, Sept. 4th and Sept. 11th. The Standard is indebted to Mr. J. Edmund Secord of E. G. Nelson Company for the booklet.

CHRISTMAS ON SALISBURY PLAIN

(Reprinted from the "Aberdeen Free Press" of January 1, 1915.)

The Canadian Scottish have spent Christmas day in camp on Salisbury Plain, and it may not be inappropriate to give some idea of what the day was like. We have in our ranks many Aberdeenshire loons who gave up positions in the Dominion in order to do their share in the defence of the Mother Land. To these, therefore, who watch with some eagerness the doings of those near and dear to them, this description, brief as it is, may prove of interest. Never, perhaps, has there been such a Christmas, certainly not in the history of this country, unless we go back to the Coronation of William the Conqueror in the year 1066. But I do not wish to dwell on the misery and sorrow, and everything else that war brings in its train. At a time like this we would fain strike a note more cheerful. Let those who were anxious as to our Christmas in camp disabuse their minds of everything but one fact—it was a day full of fun and good humour—a day of happiness.

By the way, let me mention that many were absent from camp on Christmas Day. Each man was granted a week's leave on full pay, with a free railway ticket to any part of the Kingdom. The leave was divided into three parts, the week before Christmas, Christmas week, and New Year week.

Christmas Day with the Canadian Scots may be said to have commenced with a volunteer church parade at midnight, on Christmas Eve, for the celebration of Holy Communion. This service, of course, is too sacred to dwell upon; but there was one thing that did strike home, and that was the singing of the well-known Christmas hymn—

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild.

"Peace on earth" with Europe an armed camp. The words seemed almost a mockery. But enough! Revellie was sounded at 7.30, instead of the usual hour, and some were in our hut—for we all live in huts now—washed in the day with the gramophone. Curse his memory! Then the scurry to get breakfast over, for it takes some time for everyone to be shaved and washed so as to look his best at battalion parade. This parade, by the way, was called in order to convey to the men the message—a happy Christmas to one and all from our Colonel, (and numerous friends in Canada. But perhaps the most important of all that the Colonel had to tell us was the announcement that we leave for France at an early date. It was almost with difficulty the men refrained from cheering. It was a most welcome announcement, for truth to tell, we are all heartily sick of Salisbury Plain, with its ceaseless rain and mud; besides it is bringing the trenches nearer to us, and that is why we left Canada. When Colonel Leckie wished us many happy returns of the day, there was just a slight touch of pathos in his voice when he said that at a crisis like this we could not all hope to see another. Of course not; but that carries no terrors.

After parade, a rush is made for the hut to wait the Christmas mail—greetings and gifts from absent loved ones in Canada, and in the old country. What a weird collection these gifts were! Christmas cakes, socks, mince pies, sweaters, woollen caps, butter-scotch, mints, tobacco. And then there is the general share up of the cakes and sweets, for each one shares with another. The forenoon passes swiftly and with some anticipation, for, tell it not in Gath, we are getting away from the ordinary Mulligan dinner. Let me say what Mulligan really is. It is a sort of a cross between Irish stew and heaven knows what

This may be said, however; after five solid months there is just a sameness about it. However, on the day of all days, a visit to the kitchen reveals the fact that a beast is in store. Turkey, roast beef, plum pudding, and the usual Christmas fare is in preparation. There is no general fog, and each and everyone takes his share in the cleaning of the hut and the peeling of the potatoes. A word of special praise is due to the cook. There is little rest for him, and his duties are of the most arduous. Rain or shine, he must be at his post, and so one's sympathy goes out. By the way, who was it that said, "Sympathy is a thing to be encouraged apart from humane considerations, because it supplies us with the materials for wisdom?"

Whether it be our last Christmas or not, no pains are being spared to make it one of the happiest. War and all its attendant horrors—Who cares?

Who lives if England dies?
Who dies if England lives?

I sometimes think that too much is made of the soldier's endurance and sacrifice, and I am fortified in that belief after five months' training with the Canadian contingent. Of course, hardships have to be met, but then we made up our minds to endure, or at least we should. And really, after all, there is little to complain of. True, we have at times disagreeable work, we have to wade through mud ankle deep, and the food becomes monotonous, and there are the usual irritating concerns just as there are in every walk of life. But aren't these trivial compared with what the real sufferers have to endure? We have clothing and shelter, food and pocket money, congenial companionship; and what more need a man? When we complain do we ever pause to think of the countless thousands who have to endure without the applause of the multitude? War or no war, ends have to be met, the dishes have to be washed, and the socks must be darned. Reduced in-

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1642 Junata Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Woman's Case. Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABRIEL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases they are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.

of. It was Christmas Day, and each and everyone threw himself into the spirit of the great day.

But how quickly the afternoon files; already it is 5 o'clock, and I have accepted an invitation to dine with another company. There it was even more enjoyable, if that were possible. The table simply groaned. What boots it if you eat your turkey with your pocket knife, and the Christmas cake is cut with a bayonet? The spirit of cheerfulness is abroad. There were amusing reminiscences of experiences as Volunteers, some of them scarcely for ears polite; songs, recitations, and last, but not least, a dance. Never have I seen the sailor's hornpipe and Highland schottische danced with such vim. I wish one could have taken all these young, able-bodied fellows who still sit at home and have shown them this gathering—and dare say among those who are ready to lay down their lives for their—it might have inspired them with some enthusiasm. I sometimes wonder how they will appear when arraigned at the bar of posterity. Time and again I think of these lines of Housman's:—

Far I hear the bugle blow
To call me where I would not go;
And the guns begin the song—
Soldier, fly, or stay for long.

Comrade, if to turn and fly
Made a soldier never die,
Fly I would, for who would not?
'Tis sure no pleasure to be shot.

But, since the man who runs away
Lives to die another day,
And onwards' funeral, when the
come,

Are not wept so well at home. Therefore, though the best is bad, Stand and do the best, my lad; Stand and fight, and see your slain, And take the bullet in your brain.

But enough. I have seen Christmas Day in Scotland, England, France, Switzerland, Egypt, South Africa and Canada, but never have I enjoyed a Christmas like the Christmas spent with the Canadian Scottish on Salisbury Plain. The cheerfulness and pluck of these fellows gathered from all quarters of the great Dominion, may be regarded as the best augury for the work they will accomplish in the trenches. "They may be dear to friends and food for powder," but they are metal! But I listen. The bugle. Lights out.

The night at Thy command comes; I will sleep, and will not question more.

GREAT NORTHERN S.S. CO.
WILL DISCONTINUE THE
TRANS-PACIFIC SERVICE

Seattle, Wn., Aug. 27.—The Great Northern Steamship Company announces it is arranging to sell its only steamer, the Minnesota, and discontinue trans-Pacific service, which has never been profitable. The Minnesota, now discharging cargo at Vladivostok, will return to Seattle for a load of wheat, lumber, salmon and flour, which will be taken to England by way of Cape Horn as the Panama Canal could not admit the Minnesota, the largest vessel on the Pacific Ocean.

The company expects to find a buyer for the Minnesota in London. The vessel is valued at \$2,000,000.

CIVIC PAY DAY.

At the City Hall yesterday Cashier Willet paid out \$9,068.50 to civic employees for the past two weeks on the following accounts:	
Harbor	\$2,012.28
Ferry	\$1.50
Lancaster lands	18%
Public works	4,208.79
Water and sewerage	2,747.98

The Best Remedy For All Ages

and proven so by thousands upon thousands of tests the whole world over, is the famous family medicine, — Beecham's Pills. The ailments of the digestive organs to which all are subject,—from which come so many serious sicknesses, are corrected or prevented by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Try a few doses now, and you will KNOW what it means to have better digestion, sounder sleep, brighter eyes and greater cheerfulness after your system has been cleared of poisonous impurities. For children, parents, grandparents, Beecham's Pills are matchless as a remedy

Worth a Guinea a Box

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents. The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women.

This Beautiful Serial Celestia The Goddess

On another page you will turn to the first words of the most inspiring newspaper serial ever begun. Please before sitting down for a good period of enjoyment, do this: Forget everything you've ever read in magazines or dailies. This is a new development—a joyous story of purity and virtue in its relation to modern conditions. You will praise this newspaper for its

public helpfulness. Don't miss a single installment, and start next Monday in your favorite theatre to see the film—

a VITAGRAPH Production
made under the auspices of the
ST. JOHN STANDARD



CHARLIE WILLIAMS plays the romantic part of Tommy Steele. His fine character and chivalrous bearing in the company of the heavenly Celestia, gives Williams the opportunity of his career, and you may be well assured that not an opportunity has been missed.

CONITA STEWART—the "Goddess." In the flowing draperies that are most proper in "Heaven" and so bewildering to moderns, she is in very spirit the embodiment of spring-time, youth, innocence and a modest, beautiful violet.

RALPH INCE, director, who has put his best efforts into what he declares is an unsurpassable picture drama. Mr. Ince has scorned to stoop to cheap theatrical devices, and the results as seen in the theatres will make a new epoch in picture-making.

GOVERNOUR MORRIS, the author, gives the favorite reading for millions of subscribers to Hearst's Magazine, Cosmopolitan Magazine, etc. One of the most notable figures in American literature, Mr. Morris has forgotten commercialism and permitted his art full swing.

The Goddess Appears every Monday
in the Saint John Standard

O U.S.

POLICE COURT.
William Hanley appeared in the police court yesterday morning to give evidence against Mary Romley, who is under arrest charged with assaulting with a knife with intent to kill, narrated the circumstances of the killing, after which the prisoner was remanded. Edmund S. Ritchie appeared for the defendant.

Albert Dagle, arrested Thursday by Sergeant Scott on charge of begging, King street, was warned that he is liable to nine months in jail for act offence, and as he is indicted as a ringleader of the chain gang, he was liable to two years in Dorchester.

One man arrested on a drunkenness charge was fined \$8 or two months in jail.

RA USE TONIGHT

Lawyer Marks' Mistake" at Comedy Quartette is one of other Good Features to start to Finish. All Fun.

WEEK

Program of "IS MARRIAGE A Crime"—All New Show

BAN STOCK CO.

"IN THE LAW" Big N. Y. Success

IC

Really Extraordinary

Victorial Feature

WITH THE CORPORATION

WARWICK

GREATEST PLAY

"VALENTINE" 5 ACTS

Clas Jimmy Valentine

SHRINKS THE NOTE OF PERFECTION

MON. — TUES. — WED.

MAUDEVILLE ODDITY OF

GRIFFIN

Ditties and Trappy Dances --

WORTH WHILE FEATURES

FOR WORTH WHILE PATRONS!

HER DUTY

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

HO'S HERE!

THE VODVIL STAGE:

the Smith Sisters

Bright, Singing Bits of Songs and Dances

PRETTY GIRLS

PRETTY COSTUMES — A PRETTY ACT

WELCOMES

Friends Home Again

BRITONS

Three Reels

ATTENDING SCHOOL IN

SPYING PLANS OF PROFESSOR

Husband

Five Numbers

Broken Com

Friday