

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 Seaforths 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 Seord 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 lads who gave up positions in the Dominion in order to do their share in the defence of 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 voluntary 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 new-born 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—ushered in the day with a tune on 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 banquet 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 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.

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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 scottische 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 country 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 \$2,012.38
Ferry \$1.50
Lancaster lands 18.75
Public works 4,208.79
Water and sewerage 2,747.09

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.



ANITA 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 Rowley, who is under arrest charged with assaulting a man with a knife with intent to kill. The circumstances of the case, after which the prisoner was bailed, 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 offence, and as he is indicted as a vagrant from the chain gang, he was able to two years in Dorchester. One man arrested on a drunkenness charge was fined \$8 or two months in jail.

RAUSE TONIGHT
Lawyer Marks' Mistake!
at Comedy Quartette is
of other Good Features
not to Finish. All Fun.

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Range of Program
"IS MARRIAGE A
— All New Show

AN STOCK CO.
IN THE LAW" Big N. Y. Success

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MON TUES WED

Really Extraordinary

Victorial Feature

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ARWICK

GREATEST PLAY

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DUCTION 5
y O. Henry ACTS

alias Jimmy Valentine

STRIKES THE NOTE
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and in Film Form is a Feature Worthy
of the Name

MON. — TUES. — WED.

Our Prices Remain the Same

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Ditties and Trappy Dances --

WORTH WHILE FEATURES

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Special Matinee for Return
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Reels

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ATTENDING SCHOOL IN

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