

CANADIANS WELCOME GUESTS AT DEVIZES

HOSPITALITY OF QUIET MARKET TOWN EXTENDED TO CANADIAN SOLDIERS

Thousand or More Men From Dominion, Billeted in Wiltshire Town, Win Friends and Are Welcomed Into Homes of the Inhabitants — Cementing Bond Between Mother Country and Land of the Maple Leaf.

The Standard is indebted to Lieut. Cyrus H. Inches, of this city, but now member of the first contingent, for the following interesting article published by the Wiltshire Gazette:

Devizes is lively, distinctly lively. It is entirely aroused from the lethargic disposition of a characteristic Wiltshire market town, and bristles with the added life of a military centre. That life is welcome—at welcome as are the officers and men of the Canadian Divisional Artillery who are responsible for it. Without the presence of the men of the maple leaf in or near our borders the town would probably feel the mantle of almost monotonous quietude consequent on war settling upon it, hence a threefold welcome to the thousand men on so who have come for a time at any rate to share the hospitality as the town can offer. Though surprisingly little is seen of the men as a body, they are ever passing and repassing about, afoot, on horse, or in the pigskin, all hurrying hither and thither to give orders or in the execution of them. They have been with us for about a week now some for a few days more, and from all one can see for the civilian and military population of the town mix well, friendships are already formed, and there is no doubt that their presence will tend to cement that unbreakable bond of kinship between us of the mother country and our progressive brothers from over the spreading main.

The new condition of things seemed strange at first to the conservative resident in the naturally quiet little town; we are not unfamiliar with military and semi-military movements—we saw a great deal of them during the earlier months of the war when the Service Battalions of the County Regiment were being organized, since when some 4,000 men have been billeted at the Wiltshire Regimental Depot. We are not strangers with military men or to military matters, but we have rarely been taken possession of in quite the complete way they will be by a body of Artillery reaching four figures in number, with horses approaching 800, and the usual accompaniment of guns and ammunition columns. We are not altogether far from the steady grind of the coal-trains of heavy transport and the collateral vehicular traffic as were driven through the streets last week-end, or the number of horses one sees at intervals when the faithful trumpeter blows his blast which represents the "stables." But everybody is happy amongst these strange sights and sounds, and the one hope is that all the "lads in the bunch"—to borrow a phrase from the Canadians themselves—are happy, too. In that week many of the men have made their homes with strangers, who, however, are strangers to them no longer. Few are the private houses that have the accommodation have not adopted one or more of our brothers from the Dominion, and fewer still are those who would like to part with them now. A week-ago, a few days—served to rub off any feeling of strangeness that was naturally felt between the two parties on being brought into association for the first time. The Canadians are not slow to make friends, and their civilian acquaintances have done everything to meet them halfway in that social matter, with the result that the lads are now as sons of the respective families with whom they are living and their landlady a veritable alma mater. Whatever minor hardships the lads suffered on the plain in those three dreary months before Christmas—and the public in consequence that such hardships are not a few—the men are being well looked after now, both as regards their messing and their lodgings. In many instances—probably nearly all—officers are being lodged in the town, and in a few not infrequent intervals and in the accommodation provided for the men, and enquire for the fare placed before them. In the great majority of cases everything is found satisfactory on the part of the householders as to the conduct of the men, and it must be

a Canadian soldier to be seen in the streets, save those wearing the police helmet or on piquet duty. As a whole the men are splendidly behaved, and it is a pleasure to record that there has been no serious crime. Monday was pay-day—a long-looked for occasion. Many of the men had a good deal of deferred pay to draw—some receiving as much as £6. Knowing the liberal manner in which the average Canadian deals with his money and his inherent good nature, there might have been some little trepidation with regard to the evening hours. But there was no need for apprehension. Every man regarded not only his own honour, but that of his Battery, and few and far between were the cases in which there was the slightest trouble.

Coming to the town fresh from the grimy plain a bath was amongst the first things sought by many of the men, and the town was quite a run on this accommodation. The civilian population tried to meet their convenience in this way, and many placed their private bathtubs at the disposal of the soldiers much to their appreciation. The bath-room at 20, Northgate street (the premises acquired by the Ladies' Patriotic Club) have been much availed of. The question of supplementing accommodation of this kind was raised at the Board of Guardians on Tuesday, but the Guardians and the Master (like those at Pewsey) were anxious to do what they could for the men the accommodation they had at their disposal was too limited to be of much service. Such as they had, however, they willingly placed at the disposal of the men, and from what our representative saw of the bath-room available, our military guests need not have any reluctance in giving Mr. Fear a look up.

The town has done what it can to entertain the men when they are off duty, and as will be seen by a report in another column two smoking concerts, admirably organized and carried out, were held during the week-end at the Corn Exchange. The officers, too, by their presence have shown their interest in the proceedings. The same building has been acquired for the excellent work carried on by a branch of the Y. M. C. A. without which no concentration of military men is now complete. The Patriotic Ladies' Club at No. 29 Northgate street, have opened their premises to the members of the Contingent. Tea and similar light refreshments are provided at next to no cost, there is plenty of reading matter there, and these coupled with writing materials, different kinds of games, ample light and cheerful fires have already won the gratitude of our visitors. They speak highly not only of the premises and the comfort and convenience provided, but also of the kindly words of the ladies who are so kind to them. The Bateson Conservative Club with its billiard room and facilities for reading, has, with the approval of Colonel Byles, the Divisional Commanding Officer, made all the men welcome at that institution, and the manner in which it is appreciated is shown by those who dwell in to spend a quiet half hour or so. The Working Men's Club has taken the same step, also with the Commanding Officer's approval. Besides these organized facilities for amusement, the Canadians, like typical soldiers are not behind hand in making fun on their own account. An instance of this was afforded when they came out for exercise, and do not mind chewing the straw when the night of their first leave of leave is gone from the rack. Quiet, careworn, steeds when they came in are now quite saucy; as one driver observed if he patted one of his team on its rumping hip it would almost climb the wall. What the horses think of their stables now is seen when some of them from the 1st Battery of the 1st Brigade, quartered in the neighborhood of the Nursery, turn out for water. They are taken to the trough at the top of Dunkirk Hill and a thither docile enough, but like the donkey on the sands they come back at the "double" unless the driver takes care to prevent it. They are sometimes taken out with nothing more than a hold to the harness, but judging by the capers they cut sometimes that will not be safe much longer when they have had an easy week or two coming up in the stables. Evidence of this was afforded last Sunday, when a driver brought one of his team out to water. A couple of dogs following a motor car, startled the soldier's steed, and it began to bolt. For a moment the situation looked ugly, but the driver plucked his horse up, and he restored the horse's peace of mind, and brought it back without any damage being done.

The men drivers and gunners, are not being over-worked; they do not get so much to do as they did on the plain, though there is no complaint that there was ever any stress of work. Revellie sounds soon after seven o'clock when the men turn out for their day's work. The drivers' duties are confined to the stables, the gunners having a different sphere. The 1st Battery of the 1st Brigade has removed its guns from the position where they were at first posted on the Green, and taken them to the open square at the headquarters of the County Constabulary. The men are not having gun practice so far as firing is concerned; some of the batteries were engaged in that before they came over, and others have practiced on Salisbury Plain, in conjunction with the air craft, and are understood to have done some good work both in firing and manoeuvring. The drivers are engaged in that before they came over, and others have practiced on Salisbury Plain, in conjunction with the air craft, and are understood to have done some good work both in firing and manoeuvring. The drivers are engaged in that before they came over, and others have practiced on Salisbury Plain, in conjunction with the air craft, and are understood to have done some good work both in firing and manoeuvring.

AM! MY TIRED FEET ACHED SO FOR "TIZ"

How "TIZ" eases sore, swollen, burning, calloused feet and corns.



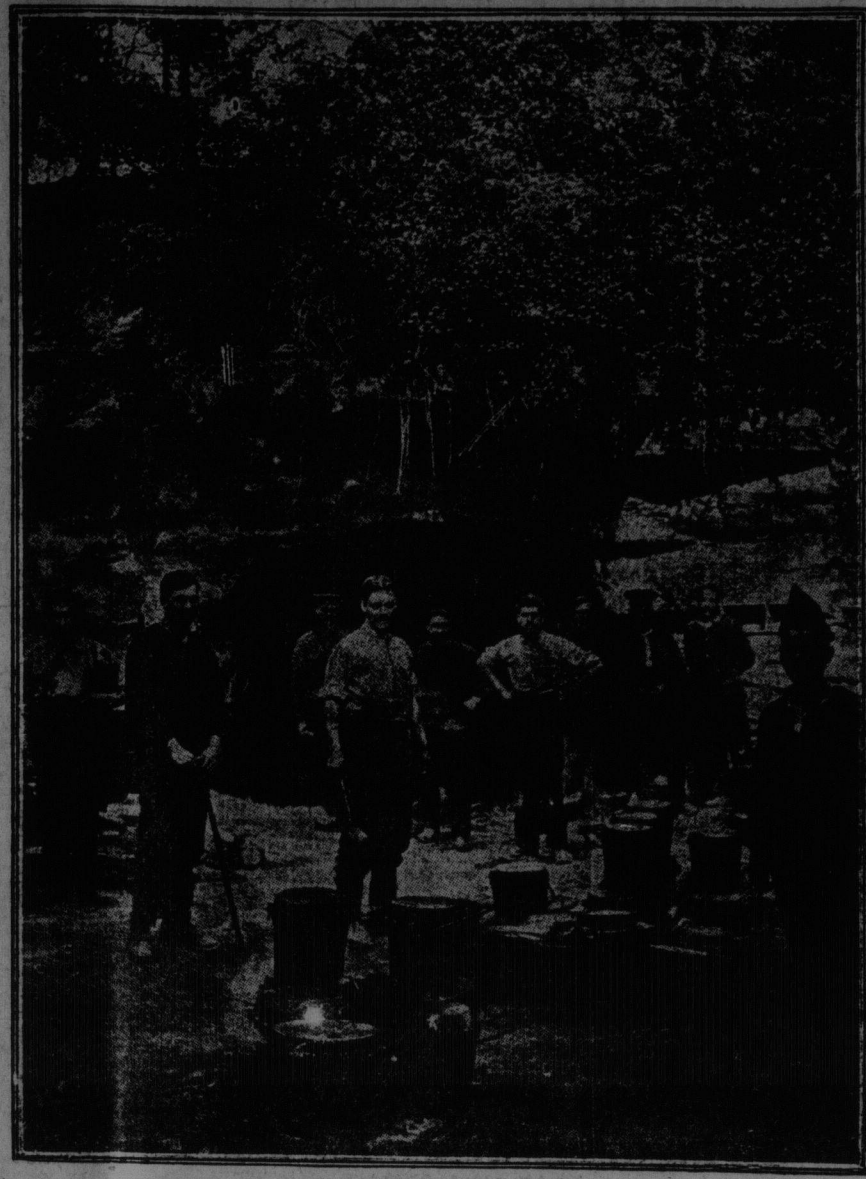
Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, blisters-tortured feet of yours in a "TIZ" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "TIZ" bath.

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There's nothing like "TIZ." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which build up your feet and cause foot torture.

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BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A NORTHERN FRANCE TRENCH.



The above illustration shows a British regimental kitchen which was installed in a trench on the banks of the Aisne. Shortly after the above picture was taken a shell burst at this spot and killed about forty men who happened to be there. It will be noticed that the men above were quite unaware of their danger at the time and were busy with their various regimental kitchen utensils.

town, to some of which local ladies introduced Sunday afternoon to introduce them.

General Anderson, who is in command of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, has been at Devizes during the present week, and has inspected some of the units of the Artillery Brigade. This was not a public or spectacular function; the General, visited the stables and billets and inspected the horses, harness, and accoutrements, and generally went into the question of efficiency. Nothing definite was stated as to the probable length of stay of the Canadians in Devizes, but it is believed that they will be here for a few weeks longer before departing for another sphere where they will be able to put to practical use the experience they have been gaining on the plain and driveway with their various regimental kitchen utensils.

The Gunner's Wedding.

One of the incidents of the week—probably the incident—happened on Tuesday, just after noon. It was nothing less than a wedding—a Canadian wedding, too. The principal figures in such an auspicious event were the bride and groom, and the bridegroom was a young man of the name of Mr. J. W. G. Fellen, a son of the Rev. P. W. G. Fellen, who is a quiet wedding, and it is one which deserves to be described as a "pretty" in other than the hackneyed sense in which the phrase too frequently is used. Few knew of the event until just before the hour fixed for the tying of the nuptial knot, but the fact spread with amazing rapidity. The gathering of a small party of N. C. O.'s and men of the Divisional Headquarters' Staff was the first indication that anything was moving, they assembled at the Long street end of the avenue leading to St. John's church and the happy smiles which wreathed their faces told that it was no ordinary parade. Then some spied their little bags from which fell specks of confetti fell. That was enough. Civilians put their own, and as it happened, the correct interpretation upon this peculiar evidence of the impending event, and quite a knot of interested spectators gathered at a point in the street opposite the entrance to the avenue.

Eventually the military party formed up and marched to the north door on either side of which they formed a guard of honour to await the arrival of the parties. The bridegroom was Gunner Gilbert Tyndale-Lea, of the Headquarters' Staff, 1st Artillery Brigade. When in private life he is in business in New York City, his private home being at Montclair, New Jersey. He is not a stranger to Wiltshire. He was for a year or so with the Rev. E. Anderson, about 1891-3, when that gentleman held the living of Berwick Bassett; it was during the absence of the Gunner's parents when his father was on military service. The bride was Mrs. Anne Barlow Osborne, a young widow from Philadelphia. She arrived in England the previous Wednesday, since when she resided in the Britton.

When the bridegroom arrived, shortly after 12.30, the guard of honour sprang to attention, and just after he and his best man (Mr. E. A. Boyle, of Revelstoke, British Columbia) passed

into the church, the guard followed and took their seats to witness the ceremony, there being a good sprinkling of civilians also present. The presence of the guard of honour, composed of the bridegroom's more immediate friends, showed the esteem in which he was held by them, and this was even more strikingly demonstrated by the attendance of some of the principal officers. These latter included Lieut.-Col. E. W. B. Morrison, D. S. O. (the commanding officer of the Brigade), Lieut.-Col. V. O. H. Dods, Maj. Mills, Captain Cosgrave, and Captain Kelly, of the Headquarters' Staff, besides Captain Anderson and Lieut. Matthews.

Soon after the officers' motor car had brought them to the entrance of the church, the bride arrived, also by automobile. She was accompanied by her cousin (Mr. Jack Clayton), who is well-known in the journalistic profession as the New York Correspondent to the New York Sun. He gave her away. She was attired in a dress of chiffon velvet, with a soft plush coat, black velvet hat, and also wore a set of dark fox furs. Marriage music sounded from within the church (Mr. H. H. Baker being at the organ) as the bride entered, and the congregation rose to meet her. The ceremony was performed by the Rector of Devizes (the Rev. P. W. G. Fellen), and Canon Almond, Chaplain of the Divisional Artillery. The Rector took the preliminary part of the service, also giving the charge and the Blessing, but the actual ceremony was performed by Canon Almond. As the party left the altar rails for the vestry to sign the register, the wedding march was played. The soldiers lined up inside the church for the wedding party to pass through the lines.

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the bride and bridegroom left the church they were showered with confetti, and as they proceeded down the avenue to the waiting motor car the "lads" followed at the double and there was a storm of confetti and rice, officers and men alike joining in this form of showing their esteem for the newly-married pair. The shower was at its height as the young couple entered the automobile, which, however, was soon on the move. Unconsciously to the Gunner and his young wife, the magic words, "We are married," had appeared on the front of the car, while the ceremony was in progress, while attached to the rear were enough old shoes, tin cans, and such like to last more than an ordinary lifetime. Round after round of cheers went up in honor of the soldier and his newly-wedded wife as the car moved away, such as which few can remember, as marking the celebration of a marriage at St. John's.

Later in the day a reception, honored by the presence of several of the officers, was held at No. 9 The Britton, where the bride had made her temporary home since her arrival in England.

On Sunday the men, with the exception of the Roman Catholics, attended service at St. John's Church, at ten o'clock. It was exclusively arranged for the military and the building was well filled, there being over 600 present. Canon Almond of Alton, conducted the service, which consisted of a shortened form of Morning Prayer, the Lesson was read by the Rev. G. H. Parsons, and the Rector gave the address. The choir was not present; the organ at which was Mr. H. H. Baker) led the singing, which was heartily joined in by the men. The hymns were specially arranged, and copies were issued to the men in leaflet form. After the service, which concluded just before the hour for the ordinary Morning Prayer, the men were marched back to the Market Place, where they had previously paraded, and were there dismissed by a crowd of civilians watching the assembly and the dismissal.

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Get a 10-cent box now. You're bilious! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and dissatisfied. Your system is full of bile not properly passed out, and what you need is a cleansing up inside. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physic that irritates and injures. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels are cured by morning with gentle, thorough Cascarets—they work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet, and your head clear for months. Children love to take Cascarets because they taste good and never gripe or sicken.

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