

BREATH O' THE HEATHER

ISSUED BY
 PERMISSION OF
 LIEUT.-COL. PERCY A. GUTHRIE
 o. c. 236th BN. C.E.F.

EDITOR
 CAPT. J. D. BLACK
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 CAPT. PERCY F. GODENRATH

NEW BRUNSWICK KILTIES
 CANADA
 236

No. 2

FREDERICTON, N. B., MAY, 1917

PRICE 5c.



HON. J. D. HAZEN
 Who with Mrs. Hazen will present the colours to The Kilties

Obtain a COMPLETE SETT OF BADGES before leaving. We have a splendid line of
REGIMENTAL SOUVENIRS SUITABLE FOR PARTING GIFTS
 THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED
THE 236th BATTALION CANTEENS

THE EMPIRE CALLS TO NEW BRUNSWICK

Food MUST be Supplied if Victory is to Rest with the ALLIES

Cultivate Every Available Acre. Sow Good Seed. Treat the Seed for Smut

Secure 1 pint of Formalin for every 20 to 50 bushels of Oats required for Seed purposes. Dilute with 42 gallons of water, and use a barrel in which the bags of grain may be immersed for 20 minutes. Spread out and dry and then place in new bags or in bags that have been treated in a similar manner.

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Double the Poultry Flocks in 1917. Set twice as many hens. Set several during the same night. When the eggs hatch perhaps the chicks can be placed with part of the setting hens. Labor is saved.

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Every dozen of eggs and every pound of poultry will have an effect upon the food situation.

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WHOLESALE

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RETAIL



The Kilties' Farewell to Fredericton

Some of us had heard of Fredericton as a city of homes, but after a few days in town the Kilties invariably came to the conclusion that a better name would be "The Friendly City."

From the moment our unit began to take the shape of a battalion, the various societies and organizations, as well as the churches, began to make us welcome. On our part we did our best to enter into the life and spirit of the city. Our festivals, our concerts, each in turn received enthusiastic support from all quarters, and we were made to feel from the start that the people of Fredericton were with us and for us.

But to win the friendship of the individual soldier you must treat him *individually* as a friend, and here is where the good citizens of Fredericton did much for us. Every door mat had the "welcome" sign on it, and the Kilties were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege of home life—a privilege rarely offered as freely as was the case here. As a result, it is the exception, and not the rule, to find a lonely soldier in our battalion. Some of us have renewed old friendships, but the vast majority came here unknown to a single soul. We leave with countless friends in the city. I venture to say that there is not a "single" man in the battalion who has not at least one home available where he can get a touch of that old life from which his new duties must, to some extent, separate him.

But Fredericton had still other gifts in store for us. Since the first sacrifices of this great war were asked and offered, the sons of the city have gone forward in an unending stream to the battle lines of the Empire. They have set a record of service and heroism upon the pages of our history, and it was therefore expected that in our ranks would be found other Fredericton boys determined to carry on the good work. They are here. Many of our officers and men claim Fredericton as their home, as indeed any of us would be proud to do. The City, has, therefore, given us of her

flesh and blood, a fact we will not lightly forget.

It is impossible to mention in this limited space all the societies and individuals who have helped us enjoy our winter in Fredericton. We have tried to show our gratitude to each by enjoying to the full the advantages offered. We have also tried by our conduct to show ourselves worthy of the friendship so freely offered, and we flatter ourselves that we have succeeded.

But no farewell to Fredericton

PARTING

Tight hearts, flowers, furs, and friendly faces;
Books, and deep, soft, throbbing melody,
Laughter, and the lights of pleasant places,
Crackling fires—all the things that we
Have loved—to these we bid good-bye.

A brave farewell—no tears—and smiling even
We drop the hand of friendship. Yet a cry
Mounts up within us though no voice is given.

Yet we'll remember, Time on time, unflinching,
Though lonely, wet and friendless—thoughts
will come,

Thoughts of a life once lived, carefree and
laughing,

Thoughts of the days gone past, old friends,
and some

Whose lips once smiled with ours, and smiling
At our memories, be in mind at home.

T. J. M.

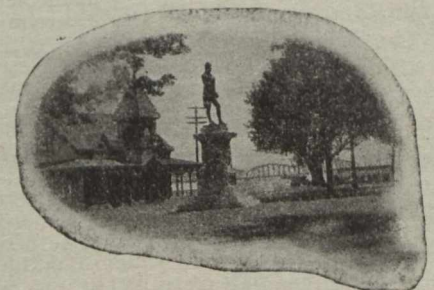
would be complete without some small tribute to the ladies of the city. They have done much for us. And were it not for the fact that each of them will be thanked by at least one Kiltie, I could cheerfully devote the rest of the space at my disposal to the task of telling them exactly how much we think of them. Our dances owe much of the success they have achieved to the enthusiastic support of the girls of Fredericton, while many a lonely recruit has found his

homesickness dispersed by the sunshine of their smiles.

But the delights of this, our first stage of military life must soon end. We must soon leave the land of our friends for parts unknown. "Where" and "When" are words for which the powers that be have little use. It will be a case of "here today and gone tomorrow," when the move does come, but we do know that the day of departure is drawing near.

And so, some bright spring day, the Maclean tartan will vanish from the streets of the City. For the last time the citizens will line the road, as, with pipes bravely skirling, we march away to the measured beat of the drums. To each of us who will march by that day, each street will have associations, each corner its memories, memories and associations that will cling to us all through the new life upon which we are embarking, and which in many cases may lead us back after the war is over. For we have come to know the City and to love it. And as we swing by let those citizens who have helped us, realize that our gratitude, even if not expressed is real and lasting.

And when the long train draws out of Fredericton, as we look back at the crowd and see those many friends, who a few brief months ago were strangers, we will realize to the full what our stay in the City has meant. And when we are no more seen upon the street, in the shops, and in the churches, perhaps the good citizens of Fredericton will have an occasional kind word or thought for the boys who have gone away. P. L. K.



BURNS' STATUE

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE BATTALION

BY THE ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT

In last month's issue of "Breath O' The Heather," the history of the battalion was traced from the time of its authorization through the period of its organization up till the end of March. In this issue Sergt. T. L. McGloan, Orderly Room Sergeant, has brought it down to the 7th of May.

APRIL

- 2nd. Concert Party leaves for Campbellton
3rd. Capt. Irvine appointed temporary medical officer.
4th. Concert party returns from Campbellton. Strength 575.
5th. Col. Guthrie, Capts. Sturdee, Eason, Godenrath and Lieut. McLean leave for Halifax to attend exhibition of B. F. & P. T. at Halifax. Lewis Machine gun course is started in Old Govt. House Bks. 14 men and 1 N. C. O. attending.
6th. Capt. Pidgeon, I. A. R. of M. D. No. 6 inspects records and documents. Capt. Jago, of Engineering Staff here to arrange miniature rifle range in Armoury. Strength 580
7th. Col. Guthrie and others return from Halifax. Two officers, one N. C. O. and five men return from Halifax, after having completed courses in B. F. & P. T.
9th. Meeting of Sergt's Mess.
10th. Lieut. G. H. McKinney reports at Headquarters, and is posted to No. 1 Training Co. for duty.
11th. Strength 584.
13th. 3 N. C. O's and seven men to Halifax to attend B. F. & P. T. School.
14th. Signalling School at Old Gov't. House resumed.
15th. New system of pay inaugurated, pay-books being issued to every Officer, N. C. O. and man and all payments being made in cash instead of cheque as formerly.
16th. Battalion parades to Q. M. Stores for adjustment of equipment issued to N. C. O.'s and men. 11 Officers, 6 N. C. O.'s and 14 men leave for Halifax to attend Royal School of Infantry. "Reveille" changed to 6 a. m. Physical Training at 6.45 daily.
17th. Every available man on recruiting duty, leave, etc., recalled to headquarters for Medical Board. M. O. Capt. Wilson. Concert Party leaves for St. John.
18th. Final Medical Board sitting. Number of rejections very small. Concert Party returns from St. John after their most successful performance, playing to more than 1,800 people at the Imperial Theatre. Ceremonial Guard Mounting with full Bands. Strength 591.
19th. 3 officers, 6 N. C. O.'s and 7 men leave for Halifax to attend R. S. I. First issue Breath O' The Heather published.
20th. Machine Gun Course at Old Govt. House Barracks, 2 N. C. O.'s 11 men attending.
21st. Commanding Officer's Parade on Queen St. Barracks Parade Ground at 9 a. m.
22nd. Battalion parades with E. W. V. A. and W. V. R. et al to Christ Church Cathedral. Anniversary 2nd Battle of Ypres.
23rd. Staff and details commence drilling from 9.00—10.00 daily.

- 25th. Capt. Pidgeon, I. A. R., and Sergt. Major Fraser make final inspection of documents and records. Wearing of winter caps forbidden.
26th. Lectures started at Exhibition Barracks for N. C. O.'s of No. 1 Training Company. Strength 601.
27th. Kiltie Concert Company plays in Opera House, Fredericton.
28th. Major C. G. Geggie, M. O. of the battalion transferred to "B" Unit, Military Hospital Commission Command.

MAY

- 1st. Pay day, \$15,000 disbursed. Two N. C. O.'s return from cookery course in Halifax.
2nd. Major C. R. Mersereau married to Miss Ethel McLean.

- 3rd. Clothing Board composed of Lieut. Col. A. H. Anderson, St. John, Major C. J. Morgan, 236th, and Lieut. K. Love, C. A. S. C. sits at Officers' Quarters.

- 7th. St. John recruiting campaign closed. Capt. T. H. R. McNally, officer in charge, returns to headquarters. Medical Board.



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE BARRACKS

The Old Government House Barracks, at present occupied by the 236th Battalion, was erected shortly after the burning of the original edifice in 1825. They have been successively the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, a Deaf and Dumb Institute and a barracks. King Edward VII, at that time Prince of Wales, spent several days there in 1860 and the room where he slept is now used by the Brass Band. It is proposed to utilize Old Government House as a Convalescent Hospital for returned soldiers after the departure of the Kilties.

"You've got to obey me I'm 'Darkey' B-y-rs," announced Bugler H--st-n as a final effort to make some of his fellow buglers obey his commands.

* * *

Sergt. D-th-- (tragically—on being told that he is "up for office" for not attending P. T. Parade) — I can't stand it, no man can stand it.

* * *

It is said that "a deserter is a thing ordained of God for the benefit of the Quartermasters." We understand that the next unfortunate is to be charged up with our lost Brass Band.

* * *

We regret to report that the "Chief Officer's Batsman" resigned soon after his appointment.

OUR MEDALLISTS---BY LIEUT. H. S. EVERETT

The custom of using medals as decorations to do honour to those who have rendered service to the State in time of war dates back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when in 1558-9 the Armada medals were given to those who had taken part in that great naval battle. From that time until 1813 medals were given for campaigns and also for different actions in the same campaign until they become so numerous that an army order was issued, limiting the medals to be worn for any campaign to one, and granting clasps for the different actions. Up to this time different kinds of medals had been given to officers, N. C. O.'s and men, but after the battle of Waterloo in 1815 the "general" type of medal for all ranks came into use and continues to the present day.

In addition to these campaign medals, which are issued to all ranks taking part in the operations irrespective of personal bravery, there are two other classes of medals—civil as well as military. First, personal awards for special individual service or good conduct, and second awards that are simply commemorative but are usually given to soldiers and are worn as war medals, such awards as the two Jubilee Medals and the Coronation Medal come under this class. Personal awards are divided into: awards for gallantry, for special merit and for long service and good conduct. Awards for gallantry include the Victoria Cross for all ranks of His Majesty's Forces, British and Colonial, and the Distinguished Conduct Medal for N. C. O.'s and men only. The Victoria Cross is given for "some signal act of valour or devotion to their country," which must be performed in the presence of the enemy." In the case of recipients who are not of commissioned rank the V. C. carries with it a pension of £10 a year with £5 additional for each clasp. It is interesting to know that the V. C. cannot be taken away or forfeited except by special order of the Sovereign and also that all ranks must salute the wearer. The D. C. M. is given for "individual acts of distinguished conduct in the field in any part of the world."

Awards for special merit include such medals as the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross and the Military Medal. The D. S. O. is

given only to officers, military and naval. Often it is the reward of actual conspicuous gallantry under fire but its purpose is to reward "individual instances of meritorious or distinguished service in war." The Military Cross for Captains and subalterns and the Military Medal for N. C. O.'s and men are awarded in much the same way. The Indian Order of Merit is awarded for a "conspicuous act of individual gallantry" to all ranks of the native Indian Army. The Order of British India is awarded to native officers of the Indian Army for long, honourable and specially meritorious service.

Medals awarded for long service and good conduct are the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal which is awarded for "long service with irreproachable character and conduct," the qualifying period being eighteen years with the colours. (The



MILITARY MEDAL

qualifying period for the Canadian Long Service Medal is 20 years) and the Meritorious Service Medal which is only awarded N. C. O.'s of, or above, the rank of sergeant who have served for twenty-one years with the colours and have given "long, efficient and meritorious service." It carries with it an annuity of £20.

Medals are to be shown on all kit inspections. If medals are lost by accident or through the exigencies of the service, application may be made for their replacement, but if lost wilfully the soldier may be proceeded against under the Army Act, and if convicted must serve three years clear of a regimental entry in his conduct sheet be-

fore he can apply for a new medal.

Needless to say, the right to wear the little bits of ribbon on the breast is prized highly by all those fighting for King and Country, and the wearer is, and rightly so, honoured among his fellows. We are proud to have in the 236th Battalion a number of officers, N. C. O.'s and men who have been rewarded for personal gallantry and services to the Empire in this and in other wars. I will endeavor to give a short account of each of these.

LIEUTENANT A. O. BUDD

Lieutenant A. O. Budd, who holds the Distinguished Conduct Medal, enlisted at the beginning of the war and went with Lieut.-Col. (then Major) Guthrie's company to Valcartier where he was attached to the 12th Battalion. When the 12th became a reserve battalion in England, Lieut. (at that time Sergeant) Budd was sent to the 10th Battalion with which he went through the second battle of Ypres in April 1915. Later on he was wounded at the second battle of Festubert but refused to leave the battalion until the battle was over. He was recommended for the D. C. M. by Col. Guthrie who at that time was in command of the 10th. He returned to Canada from France in November 1916 and joined the Kilties.

LIEUTENANT D. G. PETERS

Lieutenant Daryl G. Peters was awarded the Military Medal for his part in one of the bombing raids in which the 26th Battalion assisted. Lieut. (then Signaller) Peters carried a field telephone out into "No Man's Land" and there kept up communication with Battalion Headquarters during a terrific bombardment by the enemy. Lieut. Peters enlisted with the "Fighting 26th," when they were first organized in November, 1914, and was with them until returned from France last December to take a commission with us.

LIEUTENANT E. M. SCOVIL

Lieutenant E. M. Scovil enlisted first with the 55th Battalion and was transferred to the 12th Reserve Battalion and later on to the 1st Battalion in France, where he rose rapidly to the rank of company sergeant-major. He greatly distinguished himself at the front and was awarded the Military Medal for gallantry under fire. He returned from France in November 1916 to join the Kilties,

Our Medalists

(Continued)

R. S. M. EDENIRUM BAYERS

R. S. M. Edenirum Bayers possesses the Canadian Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, having served in the Royal Canadian Regiment from 1885 to 1912. During twenty-five years he was never brought up before an officer, a record that every N. C. O. and man in the Kilties would do well to emulate.

R. Q. M. S. JAMES DYMOND

R. Q. M. S. James Dymond accompanied the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment to the Coronation of King George in 1911 and received the medal issued on that occasion.

SERGEANT H. MCKAY

Sergeant H. McKay, the possessor of the coveted D. C. M., has received more decorations than any man at present with the Kilties. He enlisted in 1893 with the 1st Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment. In 1897, under General Gaselee, he took part in the Tirah campaign on the North-west frontier of India where, beside the Campaign Medal, he gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal. During a charge of the Afridis Sergeant (then Corporal) McKay and Corporal Dangerfield went out under terrible fire to the rescue of an officer who lay wounded at the bottom of a hill. The officer was Major (at that time Lieutenant) Cresto, who was killed in the retreat from Mons. Sergeant McKay also participated in the South African war from 1899 until 1902, for which he received the Queen's medal with six clasps and the King's Medal with two. He is a First Contingent man and was a member of the 7th Battalion before joining the Kilties.

SERGEANT FRED WRIGHT

Among the number of South African veterans at present with the Kilties is Sergeant Fred Wright, who went to South Africa in November, 1899, remaining there until May, 1902. He first joined the 5th "Kitcheners' Scouts" and was later attached to Headquarters Staff as despatch rider to General de Lisle and General Knox. He received both the King's and Queen's South Africa Medals, the latter with four clasps. Sergeant Wright also fought in the Spanish-American War, where he served with the 5th United States Rough Riders of Mile City, Montana, and for which

he holds the Cuban Medal. His services extends to about twelve years in all, his first enlistment being with the band of the famous Grenadier Guards.

SERGEANT C. A. L. WAITE

Sergeant C. A. L. Waite, a Canadian by birth, enlisted when a boy of fourteen with the Lancashire Fusiliers, as a bugler and drummer. He served throughout the Natal Rebellion of 1906, for which he has received the medal, being attached to the C. S. A. R. Gun section as bugler to General Hilliard. After his discharge and return to Canada he joined the Canadian Militia, and on the outbreak of war enlisted with the First Contingent and became Regimental Sergeant-Major of the 6th Battalion. He was returned to Canada sick last summer and previous to his enlistment with the 236th was Chief Instructor at the Toronto Recruiting Depot with the rank of Sergeant-Major.

CORPL. A. B. KLIPPERT

Corporal A. B. Klippert enlisted with the Northumberland Fusiliers in 1899. In April 1902 he went out to South Africa and remained there until October, and was discharged from the Northumberland Fusiliers in 1909. He is entitled to the King's South Africa Medal.

PRIVATE W. MURRAY

Private W. Murray served in the South African War from 1899 until 1902. He entered army life with the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment, later becoming a member of the 1st Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment. His total service extends over twelve years. He holds the Queen's South Africa Medal with two clasps.

PRIVATE G. W. RUTTER

Private G. W. Rutter enlisted at Newcastle with "E" Battery, Royal Canadian Field Artillery, in 1901, and accompanied his unit to South Africa where he saw service in Cape Colony, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. He holds the King's South Africa Medal with three clasps.

PRIVATE G. F. FORREST

Private G. F. Forrest enlisted in England with Baden-Powell's Horse in 1901 and proceeded with them to South Africa, where he saw service in a number of districts. He received the King's South Africa Medal with six clasps.

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FREDERICTON, N. B.

WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE

Many newspapers, both those of this province and others, have made highly complimentary references to the first issue of "Breath O' The Heather." We quote the following from The Province, of Vancouver, B. C.

"The initial issue of the "Breath O' The Heather," published by the 236th Battalion—New Brunswick Kilties is just to hand. Its contents include an introduction by Lieut-Col. Percy A. Guthrie, Officer Commanding; a Chronological History of the Battalion by the Orderly Room Sergeant; a short sketch of Brigadier-General H. H. McLean, Honorary Colonel of the Kilties; an article entitled "C. E. F. Papers Published on Active Service" by Captain Percy F. Godenrath, formerly Editor of "The Brazier," published at the front by the 16th Battalion—the Canadian Scottish. There is also a capital military novellette, "The Incompetent," by Sergeant T. J. Wren and much humorous matter. Articles illustrated by cuts have been written about the senior N. C. O's. of the battalion."

In the "Canadian Military Gazette" a well known military publication printed in Ottawa there is a reference to the famous corps the "Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry" It runs as follows:

"A recent interesting event at the Canadian front was the reception given to a draft for the Princess Patricia's Regiment. The colours of this famous regiment are at the front and when drafts arrive they are brought out so that the newly arrived may salute them with a battalion parade. On this occasion Prince Arthur of Connaught attended the ceremony, and made a brief speech,

in which he referred to the splendid record of the battalion, and told of the continued interest of his sister, the Princess Patricia in it. He said that she was greatly desirous of visiting the regiment in the field and hoped to be able to do so before long.

The death of her mother, the Duchess of Connaught, will prevent her from carrying out her desire at present."

Two of our officers, Lieuts. N. C. McFarlane and A. C. McKinnon are from this noted unit.



THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS

The stone Officers' Quarters were built in 1791, by the Royal Engineers, at the same time as the Queen Street Barracks. They were subsequently destroyed by fire during the evening of the 22nd March 1815. Their re-erection was at once started upon and they were again ready for occupation by the fall of that year. Since that time two wooden additions have been made and are now occupied by the Kilties' Headquarters Staff.

We have received from the 231st Battalion—Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, a very interesting "Souvenir" The book contains a descriptive sketch of the history of the Seaforth Highlanders in Canada and is illustrated with many cuts of the battalion. It is evident that the Seaforths have been very successful in athletics for there is a photograph of no less than ten trophies carried off by their various teams.

Among the contents of the "Souvenir" is much humorous matter which is of very high quality. As brother Scots and kilt wearers we all will smile at the following "Ode to the Signallers."

"Scots wha hae on porridge fed,
Scots wha's hair is awfu' red,
Scots wha suffer frae swelled head,
Gang and wash yer knees."

From another page we quote a few "Maxims" the aptness of which will tickle the funny-bone of even the dourst of us:

"He that spareth
the pull-th rough
spoilth the rifle, and
his end is the Orderly
Room."

"He that hath one
stripe and hath not
two, can have but
one taken away."

"A Sergeant-Major
is a pleasant thing.
He waxeth fat on
the land. His toil he
giveth another, but
he hath the reward."

"He that showeth
surprise at whatever
is done, hath been in
the Army but a short
time."

The book is bright
and interesting
throughout and we
wish its sponsors, our
brothers-in-kilts now
over the water, all
kinds of good luck.

The 87th Canadian Grenadier Guards have also issued a regimental album, besides a history of the parent unit, the 1st Canadian Grenadier Guards, and a sketch of the battalion itself. There is a separate picture of every member of the unit. The 87th has set an example which the Kilties would not go far wrong in following.

We have No. 9 of "The Brazier," published by the 16th Battalion—the Canadian Scottish and printed at the front. A great deal of the material is of a humorous nature and some of the poetical efforts are very well done.

The Autobiography of a Sand Bag

By "THUMS-UP."

I first saw the light of day in the small town of Aberfeldy, which, as all good Scotchmen know, is on the banks of the bonnie river Tay. At this town all were working at the different trades which the great war has forced on all the British people. Of my early days I am not going to write at any length, but will take you as soon as I am able to that part of Europe where the whole world is struggling for the upper hand.

The first thing which I remember was being assembled with thousands of my fellows at a centre which I was afterwards informed was London. There I found that I was no longer able to indulge myself in lying about in idleness, but had become a small cog of that military machine at which the whole world has marvelled. After a period of a few days we were bundled into batches of one hundred and there despatched to a sea-port on the south coast. On my journey across the Channel I cannot dwell—the memory is a nightmare—for we were cramped into small space along with other war material, so that it was almost impossible to move, and, owing to the atmosphere, the violent pitching of the boat and the groaning of the ship's parts, conversation was impracticable. But the worst things come to an end, and at last we found ourselves in la belle France. What a change! For at home people seemed free and easy, they took the war as a matter of course, but here, look where you would, there were no smiles, the very women and children seemed to bear a strained, far-away look in their eyes, and it was then that I realized for the first time what the war meant to thousands, yea millions of the people of Europe.

Nine days later I heard an officer telling one who was on guard over us that we were to go to the front that night, and so, later in the evening, some thousands of us were despatched by train towards that line at which my fellow sand-bags were keeping in check the greatest army that civilization has ever known. Our journey across France was uneventful and at last came to an end, with jars and groans, and we were within the danger-zone. Far off we heard the rattle of machine-guns, and away

to the south the distant booming of cannon, while at periodical intervals the whole landscape to the front was made as light as day by rockets fired from our own trenches or those of the enemy.

We were all lying along the track, glad to be out in the fresh air once more and awaiting our turn to be conveyed to our actual sphere of activity. It was not long in coming, for very shortly we were loaded into motor-lorries and started off along the road over which so many had gone, never to return. After a journey of some five miles we were dropped at a place known as "The Dump," which I afterwards learned was in the vicinity of the historic city of Ypres. At this place we were taken charge of by two men who turned out to be Canadians, and who carried us for some three miles towards the firing line. It was with great pleasure that we found ourselves among the "boys of the woods and prairies" for although they were part of a civilian army, yet they had but recently proved to the world that in times of emergency they were to be depended upon.

After an hour's travelling one hundred of us were left by the roadside in charge of a sentry; my rest was to be but short-lived, for presently I was taken up and made to carry loaves of bread to a company of infantry in the first line trenches. This was the first real work I had done for my country and I gloried in the fact that I was doing some small part in helping to feed those who were holding out so grimly against the Empire's foe.

Never shall I forget my first view of that thin line which stretches from the sand dunes of the coast of Belgium to the mountain border of Switzerland, and is mainly composed of millions of my brethren that are holding back silently but surely, the advance of the armies of a fanatic Emperor, many of them becoming worn-out and useless by length of service, and many others meeting a sudden end through the agency of the enemy's artillery.

We went forward into the trenches and after being relieved of my burden I was placed with my fellows in an out-of-the-way corner. I was sure that

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soon my turn would come in helping my brothers on the parapet, by facing the Germans. Early the next morning a tired soldier came along and seeing me picked me up, and took me to his dug-out. Fancy my disgust! Instead of being used to help stay the enemy's advance I had become a foot-warmer for a soldier, while he slept in his dug-out. When the man arose he threw me outside. About an hour later I saw an officer coming up the trench, he approached the pile and suddenly I became aware that he was looking at me. I was sure that now I was destined to go on the parapet. The officer reached down, took me up and—wiped his boots with me. I was overcome with shame, no longer did I care what became of me for I had descended to the lowest levels. Eleven days I spent in this manner, passed on from man to man and used for varying purposes and then at last came the time when I was filled with earth and given a place on the parapet—luckily on top. In my advantageous position I could see and hear all that went on around me, knowing far more of the enemy lines facing me than any officer, however well informed. The conversation of the sentries interested me very much. One night, two of them were talking just below the place on the parapet where I was resting and I could not help but hear their conversation, "It's a long time since we left Canada, isn't it Jack," "Dear old Canada! Yes it is a long, long time—but it will be still longer before we get back." I wondered what kind of a country it was from which these men came and to which they so longed to go back.

For months I did my part in the great struggle which is convulsing Europe. One day there was a great bombardment by the enemy, thousands of my comrades were thrown into the air by the shells and came down torn and useless. I too became a casualty but was not so badly damaged as most of the others. I lay on the ground for some time until a passing machine gunner picked me up remarking that I was the very thing he wanted. His gun had been injured and I was used to protect the delicate parts while the weapon was on its way back to England for repairs. This duty I performed.

I am now discarded as unfit for further service, but I am proud that I have done my part beside my fellows on the firing line in France.

Wattie O' Th' Kilties Greeting to Th' "Breath O' Th' Heather"

Dear Maister Editor :-

Havin' seen yer nice little bit paperie last 'ook A thocht A jist wid write a wee bit letter an' tell foo weel A liket it.

Man, but it's a fine brisk paperie and jist th' thing that wis needet tæ bring a guid feelin' o' freenship amo' the Laddies o' th' 236th, an A hope a' th' Laddies will get a copy of ilka month for the'l get a lot o' guid information oot of.

Weel, maister Editor, A'm glad to see that oor battalion is gettin' inta fine shape an' tæ see an' hear them marchin' oot wi' ther fine ban's is

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST



enuch tæ mak ony cheil 'it has ony spunk in im at a' jist fling doon a' thing an' come an' join up wi' them.

A see yer gain tæ gie a wee bit screed aboot ilka ane i' th' battalion, weel that's a fine idea for it will get's A' better acquaint.

An' then yer jokes wis fine an' some o' oor laddies 'ill hæ tæ take tent, for a chiel is amo' them takin' notes an' faith he'll print it, bit A houp the'l tak it a' in a guid sperrit for if we didna hæ a lach noo an' then wee'd be næ guid ava.

Weel, maister Editor, A maun stop noo, an mabee A'll write ye some mair neist time, an let me tell ye that th' name, "Breath O' Th' Heather," soon's weel tæ

WATTIE O' TH' KILTIES

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES, K.C.B., M.P., F.R.C.I.

When the proposal to organize a Canadian Scottish battalion in New Brunswick, having for its officers men who had seen active service on the Western front, was first mooted and the outlined plans submitted to Sir Sam Hughes, it received the hearty support of the then Minister of Militia and Defence, and it was largely due to his official co-operation that the plans met with such success, to which it might be added that he did us the honour of allowing the corps to be known by the title of "Sir Sam's Own." Since the authority for raising the battalion was granted by Ottawa to Lieut.-Col. Percy A. Guthrie, Sir Sam has taken a warm and personal interest in the organization and recruiting of the unit. The mere fact of General Hughes' resignation of his portfolio as Minister of Militia and Defence does not make us any less proud to bear his name. We are glad to be able to give, in this number of the regimental journal of "Sir Sam's Own," a short account of his brilliant career and to publish a photograph of him in the supplement which accompanies this issue.

Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes, K. C. B., M. P., F. R. C. I., was born in the town of Darlington, Ontario, on January 8, 1853. He was educated at the local schools of his home town, at the Toronto Model and Normal schools, and at Toronto University. He was always a brilliant scholar and, on receiving his degree of Bachelor in Arts, he also obtained honour certificates in French, English, German and History. On his graduation from the Toronto Normal School, he led his class and received a first class diploma.

Sir Sam Hughes entered military life at an early age, he served in the Fenian Raids of 1870 and 1873 receiving the Canada General Service Medal with one clasp. He was gazetted a Lieutenant in the 45th Victoria Regiment, of which he is now Honourary Colonel. In 1878 he was promoted Captain and accepted the appointment of Adjutant of his regiment, ten years later he received his brevet majority, although in 1886 he had been acting Brigade-Major of Military District No. 3. He was made a Major in 1895 and two years later rose to command his regiment with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In this capacity he took part in the military display at London, England, on the celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. On this occasion he was complimented by Imperial inspecting officers on having one of the finest trained units in the Canadian Militia. In October of the same year, war being imminent in South Africa, he tendered to the government the services of the 45th Victoria Regiment to proceed on

active service to any part of the globe, at the same time he offered his personal services in any capacity in which they might be utilized. In 1897 and 1898 he visited Australia, New Zealand and Fiji in the interest of colonial assistance in the Boer War and his mission was productive of fine results. On his return to Canada in 1899 he took up the duties of acting Brigadier at Niagara and carried them out in a very creditable manner. Later in 1899 he went out to South Africa and there so distinguished himself that he was mentioned in despatches no less than three times and rose to a place on the staff as Assistant Adjutant-General of South African Field Forces. He took part in the operations in Cape Colony, south of the Orange River, during 1899 and the early part of 1900. Later in that year he joined the force north of the Orange River and was present at the action of Fabers Put on the 30th May. He was awarded the Queen's South Africa Medal with three clasps.

At the completion of the war, and peace being made with the Boers, Sir Sam returned to Canada, receiving a well-merited promotion to the rank of Colonel in recognition of his valuable services in South Africa. In 1905 he was appointed Railway Intelligence Officer at Headquarters. He has been successively promoted to the ranks of Major-General and Lieutenant-General.

In his civil career he has been no less successful than in the military. In the House of Commons he is noted as a brilliant debater, with an eye to details and facts. Scrupulously honest and upright himself he sometimes failed to see dishonesty in others, but when it did come to his notice it was quickly and sternly punished. In early life he was a school-teacher in the town of Bowmanville, Ontario, and also taught in Lifford and the city of Belleville. Later he became Lecturer in English Language and Literature at Toronto Collegiate Institute, which position he resigned in order to take up journalism. He bought the Lindsay "Warder" and became editor of the publication. Not content with the success he made of his paper, he decided to take up the study of law, entering the practice of that profession in Lindsay.

Sir Sam Hughes' political career opened in 1902 when he was elected to the House of Commons. He at once took a prominent place in the Conservative party, then in opposition. His unusual debating ability and his intimate acquaintance with military affairs, made his assistance invaluable to the party. He attended the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary at London in 1911,

and was presented to their majesties, together with other prominent men from the Dominions. On the defeat of the Laurier administration on the reciprocity question in September 1911, he was selected for a place in the new cabinet formed by Sir Robert Borden and was sworn in as Minister of Militia and Defence, which position he held until his resignation a short time ago. In 1916 he was honored by the King by being created a Civil Knight Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath.

Lieutenant-General Sir Sam Hughes is in every respect a "big" man. Although he has resigned his position of Minister of Militia and Defence he is no less the leading military man of Canada. He is a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, an honor only accorded to the most prominent men of the Dominions who have done great service to the Empire. In his work as head of the military forces of the Dominion his attention was given to even the smallest details and no one can deny that much of the credit given to Canada for her part in this great war, is due to his wonderful organizing genius. The formation of the First Contingent, of which Canadians are so justly proud, was carried on under his supervision and much of the praise that that body of men received from Imperial officers in England can be traced to the careful and thorough training that was given them here.

That Sir Sam had faults is not to be denied, for no one can deny that about any man, but they were far overshadowed by his great abilities and sterling qualities. Even his political enemies have been forced to give him praise. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, leader of the Liberal party, has said of him, "He has done more in his day and generation for the upbuilding of the militia in Canada and in the Empire than any other man." When the very names of those who criticise him today are forgotten he will live on the pages of history as one of the great men of Canada and of the British Empire.

As he was hailed in England, we honour him today—"the Kitchener of Canada."

Final Inspection

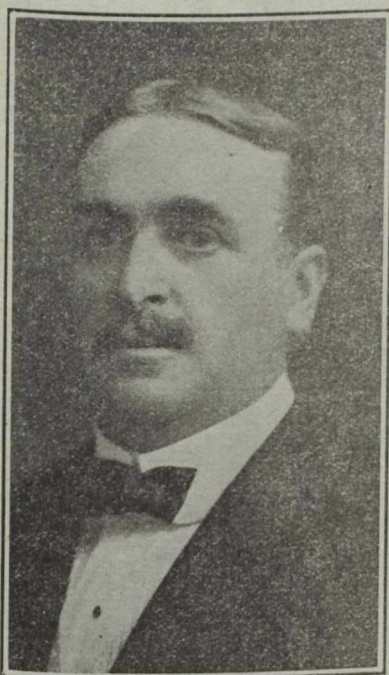
Not since the days when the 1st Bn. Seaforth Highlanders were quartered in Fredricton has the Queen St. Barracks parade ground witnessed a review of Kiltie troops as on Tuesday afternoon, May 15, when, what is believed to be the final inspection of the New Brunswick Kilties took place. The battalion drawn up in line was closely inspected by Major General T. Benson, G. O. C. No. 6 M. D., Brigadier General H. H. MacLean, G. O. C. New Brunswick Command and Major A. N. Jones, G. S. O. No. 6 M. D. In full dress order, the striking colours of the tartan of the Maclean of Duart, added a picturesque touch to the military setting. Both brass and pipe bands played alternately during the inspection, which was witnessed by a large gathering of notable citizens.

SOME PATRONS OF THE KILTIES

Since its organization last fall generous financial assistance has been given the Kilties by numerous patriotic individuals in both Canada and the United States, as well as by Federal, Provincial and Civic authorities. It is the purpose of the "Breath O' The Heather," from time to time to give short accounts of those who have so greatly assisted the Battalion in providing funds for recruiting and publicity, for equipping the regiment in the kilt of the Maclean of Duart and for purchasing the splendid set of Macpherson pipes. The following is a brief sketch of three of the prominent donors.

Lt.-Col. Angus McLean, M.D.

Dr. Angus McLean is a direct descendant of the Macleans of Duart, his ancestors inhabiting the island of Mull, which was one of the original possessions of the clan. Dr. McLean's family have always been associated with the British service, his great grandfather coming to Canada as Paymaster of a regiment in 1800 and after his retirement settling in Quebec. Dr. McLean's grandfather was born in Quebec, but, as a young man, moved to Western Ontario, where the



family have since lived, and where Dr. McLean himself was born on April 9, 1862. When only seventeen years of age he went to Detroit where he completed his preliminary education, later taking up the study of medicine and graduating from the Detroit College of Medicine with the degree of Doctor in Medicine in 1886. His rise as a surgeon was rapid and for years he has stood in the forefront of his profession in the State of Michigan. He is one of the best known surgeons in the Middle West and probably enjoys one of the largest practices in the country. Dr. McLean is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons; Lieut.-Col. in the

Medical Reserve Corps of the army of our latest ally—the United States; Professor of Surgery in the Detroit College of Medicine; Chief of the Surgical Department of Harper Hospital; ex-president of the Michigan State Board of Health, and has occupied many other positions of honor and trust in his state and home city. Dr. McLean's financial assistance to the battalion has been very welcome and we are proud to number him as one of the patrons of the Kilties.

Hon. J. D. Hazen

The Honourable John Douglas Hazen, whose picture adorns the cover of this number, is of Puritan and Loyalist descent. He was born in the village of Oromocto, N. B., June 5th, 1860, and is the son of James K. and Elizabeth Hazen. He received his education at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, and at the University of New Brunswick, obtaining the Degree of Bachelor in Arts with honours in English Language and Literature, in 1879. After his graduation he took up law as a profession and successfully practised first in Fredericton and since 1890 in the city of St. John. During his residence in Fredericton he was successively Alderman and Mayor of the City, and while in St. John was President of the Barristers' Society of New Brunswick and of the St. John Law Society.

He first entered politics in 1896 as member in the House of Commons for St. John City and County, but in the next election was defeated. In 1899 he was elected to the local House of Assembly as member from Sunbury and was chosen as leader of the Conservative party, then in Opposition. In 1908, on the return of his party to power, he became Premier, holding at the same time the portfolio of Attorney-General. He was a member of the Interprovincial Conference at Ottawa in 1910 and in the same year attended the Maritime Provincial Conference. In 1911 he was present at the coronation of our present King and Queen in London and was subsequently presented to their Majesties. At the general election in 1911 he opposed the Taft-Fielding reciprocity compact, and after the defeat of the Laurier government on that question was taken into the cabinet of Sir Robert Borden as Minister of Marine and Fisheries and of the Naval Service.

Besides public offices, Mr. Hazen has held many important private positions, he has been Registrar and Treasurer of the University of New Brunswick and is still a Senator of that Institution. He was also Vice-President of the Victoria Hospital, Fredericton, and a director of several large concerns. He is president of the St. John Horticultural Association and a director of the New Brunswick Telephone Company. His alma mater has conferred on him, besides his degree of Bachelor in Arts, the degrees of Bachelor in Civil Law (1890) and Doctor in Laws (1908). The Toronto "Saturday Night" has spoken of him in flattering terms as "a man of high standing with a record as a statesman of which the province may be proud."

The Honourable J. D. and Mrs. Hazen are to present to the Kilties their colours before their departure overseas, these will

be treasured not alone for their value as "the colours" but also as mementoes of the great service their donors have done us.

E. W. Beatty, B. A., K. C.

Edward Wentworth Beatty, B. A., K. C., was born in 1869 and is a native of Ontario. He is noted for his great common-sense and unusual executive ability. Although but thirty-eight years of age, he has attained a high position in the service of the Canadian Pacific Railway, being numbered among the most prominent transportation officials



of Canada. He is Vice-President, Director, General Counsel, and a member of the Executive Committee of the C. P. R., and also figures prominently in connection with other large corporations, being a Director of the Royal Trust Company and of several other similar institutions.

Mr. Beatty has given large sums of money to various patriotic causes and has assisted in equipping several overseas battalions. He offered to outfit at his own expense a full company of the Kilties and has taken a great interest in the corps throughout its career. His assistance in recruiting has been of great value to the Kilties and also to other units. We are glad to accord his picture a place in our gallery of patrons.

We are told that the tasty arrangement of feathers in H-mphr-y's bal-moral, combined with his general appearance, reminds one of a windmill partially dismantled by a gale.

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Swagger Sticks, Etc.

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Major Hugh H. McLean

Major Hugh Havelock McLean, son of Brigadier-General H. H. McLean, second in command of the Kilties, was born in St. John in 1890. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Yale University in 1913. He entered the "Inner Temple" of the Inns of Court in London as a student of law in 1913 and continued his studies there until the fall of 1914.

Previous to his departure for England, he had been gazetted to a commission in the 28th New Brunswick Dragoons (raised and organized by his father) and in 1913 had attained



his Captaincy. He was attached to the Canadian Cavalry Depot, Shorncliffe, as lieutenant in December, 1914, and transferred to the Infantry in April, 1915. He was later sent to France with the 52nd Battalion, and was returned to England in July, 1916, in order to take the appointment of Major and Second-in-Command of the Kilties. He was attached to the Royal Canadian Dragoon Reserve Regiment as Assistant Adjutant until October, when he came to Canada to take up his new duties.

In the severe fighting in the 3rd Battle of Ypres, the youthful Major found himself in command of his platoon in a very advanced position. He held on for three days and three nights, without food or water, being several times surrounded, holding the position until only six were left when they were relieved.

Major C. G. Geggie

Major Robert Conrad Gogy Geggie was born in the city of Quebec in 1884. He took the degree of M. D. at Laval University in 1909 and later did post-graduate work in European hospitals. In 1913 he started to practise his profession in Quebec. On the declaration of war he was posted to No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance and went with that unit to France. Later he was appointed M.O. of the 10th Battalion. He was invalided back to England with peritonitis, contracted from the effects of German gas and from injuries received at Messines when buried by a shell. He was on the "Hesperian" returning to Canada when she was torpedoed, but continued his trip on the "Corsican." Since his return to Canada Major Geggie has married, his wife being formerly Miss Agnes Shaw, Montreal.

In the second Battle of Ypres, Major Geggie "carried on" in a dressing station behind the front line. With a small staff he struggled through six days and nights treating over two thousand wounded in the advanced dressing station of which he had charge.



At Festubert he carried on his medical work in the field, stopping to administer to his wounded comrades as they fell. On the "Hesperian," though weak and broken in health, he refused to leave the ship, rescuing his C.O. and assisting women and children into the boats before leaving himself. No finer gentleman has ever been clothed in the tartan of Clan Maclean.

PIPE-MAJOR W. H. ROSS

Pipe-Major William Hay Ross, a genuine Highlander, was born in 1873 in the village of Turriff, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He comes of a long race of pipers, having an uncle on both sides of the family Pipe-Major in the Argyll and Sutherland, and the Gordon Highlanders respectively, and a cousin holding the same position in the Scots Guards. His grandfather's brother, William Ross, was Piper to Queen Victoria.

Pipe-Major Ross was educated at the Aberdeen Grammar School, and after his graduation was for some time in the railway service, later he enlisted in the Pipe Band of the Seaforth Highlanders. Two years after he transferred from the Band to the regular portion of the unit and served as Pipe-Corporal-Instructor to the Aberdeen Brass Band. After completing his term of service he entered the Volunteer Battalion of the Gordons as Pipe Instructor. His total service extends over eight years. Shortly after this Pipe-Major Ross came to Canada and engaged in the piano business in Moncton. He entered the band of the 74th Regiment—The Brunswick Rangers—and accompanied them to camp for many years. He also organized the Louisville Fife and Drum Band, and instructed many choirs.



When Col. Guthrie undertook the organization of a Highland Battalion in New Brunswick he secured the services of Pipe-Major Ross, who joined the Kilties in July.

P. M. SERGT. C. Le R. MOOERS

Paymaster Sergeant Clarence LeRoi Mooers, son of C. Q. M. S., F. L. Mooers, was born at Presque Isle, Maine, in 1892. He is of Scottish ancestry, being a descendant of the Macleans of Duart. He was educated at the Woodstock High school and



later at Kerr's Business College in St. John. Besides this he took up the study of music at a very early age, and engaged in piano and vocal studies under the famous Mrs. Tapen Adney.

After finishing his education he was employed for a year with the New Brunswick Telephone Company as operator and linesman. He then spent three years with the Canadian Pacific Railway as stenographer; later he entered the employment of the St. John and Quebec railway. Paymaster Sergeant Mooers intended to enter the ministry of the Church of England, but decided to enlist, and finally was passed as medically fit, and joined the C. A. S. C. in January, 1916. He was detailed for duty in Fredericton, but later in April, was employed as stenographer to Lieut. Col. P. A. Guthrie at Headquarters, N. B. Command, in St. John. When the Kilties were organized Sergt. Mooers obtained his transfer to the unit in June, 1916, and was appointed Paymaster Sergeant of the battalion.

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OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL

A GOOD REASON

Scene—Battalion Orderly Room.

The O.C. (trying a charge of drunk) Corporal MacT— have you ever seen Sgt. MacI— the worse of liquor?

Cpl. MacT—:—Surr. Ah neverr ha' seen hum the waur o' liquor; but mony the time Ah've seen hum the better o' it.

The O. C.—That is not the question Corporal. Have you ever seen Sgt. MacI— drunk?

Cpl. MacT— (sadly) Surr, that Ah neverr ha' seen an' ne'er wull, for lang e'er he's the wee bit slockened Ah'm aye blind fu'.

• • •

CURE FOR COLD FEET

A certain private who has worn the Kilt in Ontario, when it was 48 degrees below zero, says that the heat from it was so great that it felt as if he had a live radiator around his legs. He never has cold feet. Next!

• • •

?

Who is the Recruiting Sergeant who says he can do with a wee drappie more O' the kind of Soda Water that is provided for Majors in St. John?

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What a Soldier Ought to Know

Editor:—THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT

(Note:—This column will be devoted to the answering of questions on military law and notes on proper conduct and customs of the service. Next month it is intended to devote more space to it and the "Answers to Correspondents" will be headed by a short article. All questions should be addressed to the Editor, Care the Publicity Department).

Q. How long can a man be kept in confinement before he is brought before Company Office? S. R. D.

A. When a man is committed to confinement the officer or N. C. O. who commits him should at the same time hand in a charge report (crime sheet) or make a verbal report. If he does not hand in a charge report at the time, he must do so as soon as possible. If the charge report is not received within 24 hours the commander of the guard will take steps to procure it or report to the O. C. that he has not received it. If the charge report or other evidence to justify the continued arrest of the man is not forthcoming, the C. O. will at the expiration of 48 hours from the time of committal, order the release of the person in custody.

Q. What recourse has a soldier who is awarded 14 days Detention for absence without leave of 8 days? R. G. N.

A. An O. C. before making any award of punishment which exceeds 14 days C. B. in severity will *previous to the award* ask the soldier whether he will take his award or be tried by a D. C. M. (K. R. & O. Para. 493). If the O. C. then gives a soldier 14 days Detention for 8 days absence without leave, the soldier may ask to be paraded before the G. O. C. (A. A. Sect. 43) or he may make his complaint to any inspecting general officer (K. R. & O. Paras 128 & 439). Claims for redress of wrongs are to be fully and distinctly stated and such explanations are to be annexed as may be necessary.

Q. What will the N. C. O. i-c a squad do when he passes with his party between the O. C. and a guard presenting arms? V. S. E.

A. If the guard was presenting arms to the O. C. for the first time that day that he had come on the parade ground the N. C. O. i-c squad should give eyes right (or left) to the O. C. If the Guard was presenting arms to anyone else, he should pay compliments to both the O. C. and the Guard.

— TRY —

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SOME INVITATION

A charming young lady gave a Scotch Reading the other night entitled "O' bairnies cuddle doon." A prominent Kiltie who happened to be present, interpreted her to mean "Bare Knees cuddle down," and thanked her at the finish of the piece for her kind invitation.

• • •

ESCORT WANTED

A certain Kiltie (no corps mentioned) was seen lately in company with an old and tried freen', named "Jonnie Walker" in St. John, N. B. To all appearance they were on the way to H— or H—. The R.S. wants to decorate the party who saw them home! R.S.V.P.

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BREATH O' THE HEATHER



A Regimental Journal printed and published on active service by the 236th O. S. Bn., New Brunswick Kilties.

All Mss., Sketches, Contributions, etc., and Business communications to be addressed to The Manager, Fredericton, N. B., Canada.

Pot Pourri from the Officers' Mess

What the 236th does not say: "Who steals our purse (Perce) steals trash."

• • •

Overheard at the Mess

Capt. Bl-ck:—Say, E-s-n, I had fifty-two cases shipped to St. John this morning.

Capt. E-s-n (greatly excited): Cases—! ! Of what, Doug?

Capt. Bl-ck:—Oh, rifles and ordnance stores, you know.

• • •

Enthusiastic Sub:—Plugstreet was so dark that I couldn't see my hand behind my back.

• • •

A. S. C. Officer:—Gee! I miss those band practices at Capt. St-rd-'s. It's SO dry without them.

• • •

At the R. S. I.

Orderly Officer (to sentry):—What are your duties?

Sentry:—I walk from this place to that post.

Orderly Officer:—What else?

Sentry:—I walks back again.

• • •

Capt. St-rd- (to Lieut Sc-v-l, who is boxing the compass very imperfectly):—Say Scov, your father must sell sailor suits.

Class:—Ha! Ha! Ha!

• • •

Please Tell Us

If Capt. M--n-y intends buying one of W-ts-n's horses?

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PASTRY

TWO OF A KIND--By C. S. M. Irving D. Appleby

"No. 4—pay attention a minute; can any of you guys play a mouth-organ?" The sergeant held four little parcels in his hand as he spoke and a smile went round among the men of the section.

"Come on, 'Dutch,' go to it," shouted one, as a stocky-built Hollander stepped forth in quest of one of the little instruments; a lanky youth from the flank drew the second one, a lumber-jack from the rear-rank drew the third, and then for a moment no one came forward. The sergeant grew impatient for time was short: "Come on, take it someone," he called out, "I'm not posing here."

There was a pause for a moment and then a quiet sober-looking man of middle age stepped forward: "I'll take it," he said, "if no one else wants it." A shout of laughter went up from the men as old "Dad" MacFarlane took the little package and returned to his place in the ranks. "What's the big idea, 'Dad'," one called out, but old "Dad" merely smiled and put the little package in his haversack, for the column was already in motion up ahead and a moment later a sharp command of "Form-FOURS; RIGHT; Quick-MARCH," started No. 4 section on its way towards new scenes of action.

This was in the spring of 1915 and the 1st Canadian Division was just marching out of the village of Proven, Belgium, on their way to Poperinghe, from which they were to take over the Ypres salient.

A perfect spring day, warm and sunshiny, with the larks singing overhead and a balmy breeze blowing in from the North Sea; just the kind of day to raise the spirits of soldiers on the march, and up the rough cobblestone road, mile after mile the Canadians marched on.

Snatches of song came in unison from many throats; little impromptu bands composed of biscuit-tin drums, mouth-organs and bazoos fairly rent the air with their weird jingling harmonies, causing great laughter and cheering among the troops. The Officers of the General Staff, who from their position at the cross-roads, reviewed the passing regiments, smiled their appreciation as they passed, for what finer promise could they ask for the future conduct of these men than to see them march for the Ypres bat-

tle-front with a song on their lips and a care-free smile on their faces.

"Dad" MacFarlane was not playing his newly-acquired instrument; the truth of the matter was that he had never played a mouth-organ in his life and he certainly did not intend to begin practising then before the crowd, so the mouth-organ reposed in his haversack all that day and the night that followed, while the division plugged on and on toward their new field of operations.

The following morning saw the First Battalion billeted in and around the old barns and out-houses of a convent at Vlamertinghe; they had arrived in the night and, wearied with their march, most of them had slept well into the morning. Some were grouped around an old pump waiting their turn to wash; others squatted around the edges of the ancient moat which surrounded the main building, and washed in its rather questionable contents. A few others who had risen earlier were stretched out on the green grass basking in the full warmth of the morning sun. It was good indeed to be able to relax so, for a few hours after the stiff march of the previous day.

High overhead a "Taube" appeared, flying in wide circles, while the air around her was full of tiny spurts of flame, which a moment later became little balls of white hanging on the still morning air in the wake of the fleeing machine.

The guns were firing too—rather unusual for the morning hours when things were quiet along the front—and yet, somewhere up ahead, only a couple of miles or so, the thunderous crashing of German shells seemed to voice a warning that trouble was at hand.

"Dad" was lying under a tree in the convent orchard watching the work of the airman overhead when suddenly he thought of his mouth-organ. Now was his chance; he could try a simple tune or two where he wouldn't have any of the younger men to poke fun at his feeble efforts, for he was of a very quiet, reticent nature, and it did not take much to embarrass him. To one of his temperament it would have been easier to make a speech before the House of Lords than to attempt to sing or play before the men of his section.

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He strode over to the barn, found his haversack, took out the little package and returned to the tree, where, seating himself comfortably, he broke the string and unwrapped the mouth-organ.

An ordinary post-card was wrapped round it and upon examining it he found on one side a S. W. London street address, and on the correspondence side the words, "Please acknowledge receipt to Miss M. E. Allerton."

"Well, that's reasonable enough" he laughed to himself, "the poor kid was probably trying to do something to cheer up someone and it's only fair for her to know that her little present arrived, so here goes," and on the card "Dad" wrote a warm and grateful little note, not forgetting to praise the sweet tone of the mouth-organ, which he had never heard as yet.

He mailed the card an hour or two later, after having made some of the strangest attempts at music that ever were heard in the First Battalion; he was propped up with his back to the tree making vain efforts to reproduce the "Long, long Trail," when voices behind him caused him to look

around quickly. He was just in time to hear a corporal answer a question which had evidently been asked him by a comrade who was



with him—"Music!—I've seen a man shot for less than that." That settled it, an hour later Miss Allerton's little gift had changed owners

but the card of thanks and appreciation had gone on its way.

Three days passed, beautiful clear days, days which men could better have spent in peaceful, progressive occupations than in killing one another—and then war in unmeasured horror burst upon the battalion; no one knew just how it all started and the story has been told and retold too often for me to attempt to relate it now; there was a tremendous bombardment, a hundredfold greater than any other that the Canadians had hitherto experienced, and with it came gas, the new and dreadful weapon, leaving death and agony in its wake.

Day after day the battle raged, while Langemarck, St. Julien, Wiel-tje and other tiny hamlets, formerly unknown, suddenly leaped upon the pages of history and became famous in the annals of war, and through it all "Dad" MacFarlane fought unscathed, friends and companions died all around him, men cried out in agony, but "Dad" and a few others came through crisis after crisis unhurt.

(To be continued)

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MEATS AND FISH

PURVEYORS TO THE MILITARY

YORK STREET, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Lady (to P. M. Sergt. M—rs, out for a walk with another) Are you accompanying one of your "slightly corned civilian" friends home?

* * *

Wasn't it an awful crime-sheet that they made out for the B.S. M. while he was in Halifax?

* * *

Where did Lord Dardanelles get that crown?

* * *

It is stated that the "native sons" in the battalion are to be armed with bows and arrows. Is there anyone competent to instruct them in the care of these weapons?

* * *

Who was the Kiltie who appeared out in full Highland uniform — and spurs?

* * *

Wanted by the Kiltie Pipe Band — a competent interpreter. Must be an expert at translating Gaelic oaths.

* * *

H-mphr-ys—Do you take fits?

Young Lady—No. Why?

H-mphr-ys—I am going to tell you some of *my* experiences at the front and I was afraid you would take one

* * *

Would our champion pool-player Sergt. L-rs-n, like to visit the Victoria Hospital again?

* * *

Will the Regimental Butcher carry a revolver? What will he shoot with it? Ask Sergt. K-hr-ng.

* * *

NEW BOOKS ISSUED

"How I catch 'em," by Sergt. Cinq M-rs.

"Two Kisses," by Pte. G. E. H-n-d-rs-n.

"The Joys of P. T.," by Sergt. D-th--.

"The One Horse Shea," by Pte. J. W. B-rn-.

"The Cult of the Carrot-top," by P. M. Sergt. C. LeR. M—rs.

* * *

Who is the "unconscious humorist" of the Orderly Room.



Young lady (at dance) — Girls! my dress is coming off!

Sergt. D-th-- (frantically) — My God! Where shall I go?

* * *

There is a rumor floating around that Corporal Tr—n is shortly to become a benedict. Is it true H. C.?

* * *

The Four Rifle Cleanings of a Recruit

1. The one he intended to give it.
2. The one he dreamt he gave it.
3. The one he actually did give it.
4. The one the Sergeant-Major said he didn't give it.

* * *

There are rings to be found in the park at times, particularly the morning after the night before—at least one of the Sergeants thinks so.

* * *

Drummer X: I'm joining the M. P's soon, a few drinks and 14 days Detention will do it.

* * *

Heard at P. T. (From the fattest in the ring): Here's where I get it. P.T. is said to interfere with the "sleekness of Sergeants-Major."

* * *

H-nr-ks-n (to young lady) I don't know much about love, but just let me hold your hand for a start.

* * *

Heard in the Orderly Room. Time, 6.15 a.m.

Sergt. T-z-r—Wake up Mac. Time for P. T.

Mac—B-z-z-z-z-z-z.

Sergt. W—t—WAKE UP MAC.

Mac—z-z-z-z-z-z-z-r-r-r-R.

A pause.

Mac—Ugh! That's col-l-d.

* * *

Didn't Sergeant Lennard look fine at the right of the line of the veterans in the E.W.V.A. parade? We didn't see his medal up.

* * *

Preacher (announcing text just after "Daddy" and Roy M—rs have sung a duet) What meaneth the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the oxen that I hear?

Who left for Halifax immediately after the publication of the first issue of "Breath O' The Heather" Safety First!

* * *

Chorus in the Sergeants' Mess: We love P.T. Oh, yes!

* * *

Who is the "Coroner of Northumberland Street?"

* * *

We understand that Sergt. McC-f-ry has invented a new breakfast dish —talcum powder and eggs.

* * *

C. S. M. P-nc-mb- (returning home after an evening out): There's a little spark of love still burning.

* * *

B-nn-ll (instructing squad): In turning to the right you turn on the palm of the right foot and the ball of the left.

* * *

Notification has been received in this office that the battle cry of Clan C-mpb-ll has been changed to "I'm gonna get me ticket."

* * *

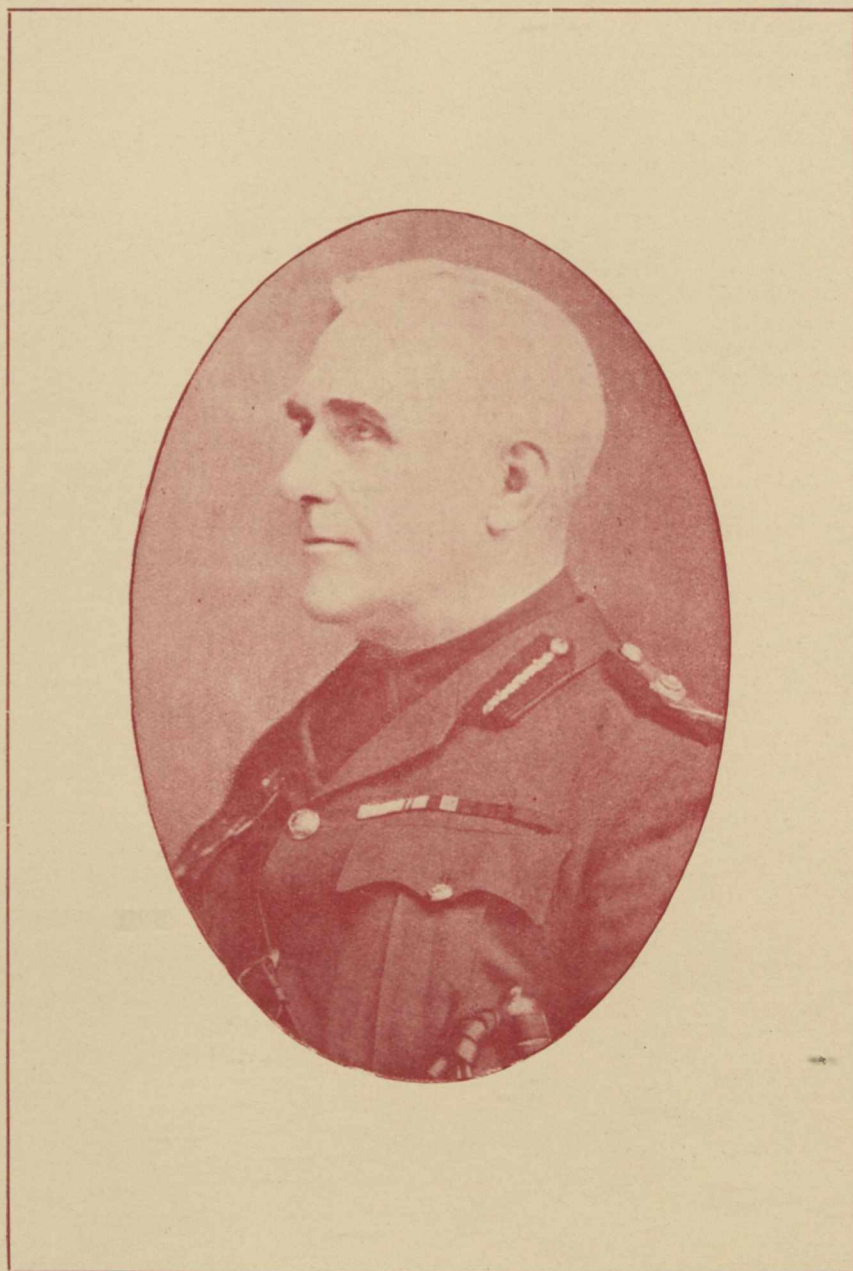
We don't doubt that Sergeant Major Appl-by got the vestments he wore at the E. W. V. A. Memorial Service in the usual manner—but what was that childish voice from the audience that asked, "Daddy, have you got Mama's nightie on?"

* * *

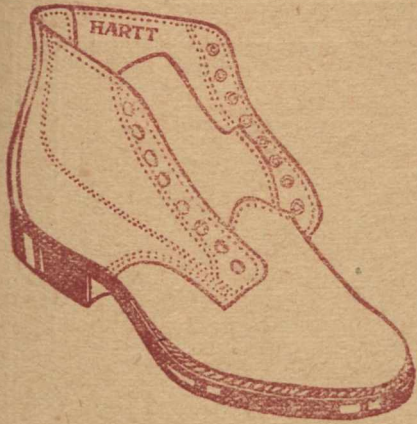
When was Sergeant D-yt-n transferred to the Women's Volunteer Reserve?

* * *

Has a certain C.Q.M.S. improved his method of declining invitations to tea?



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A Canadian officer in England on the eve of departure for France has sent home for the benefit of officers in Canada, who have not yet gone overseas, the following information about certain equipment they should not carry with them from here, as it is of no use; some other things that they should get here and some they should wait until they reach England before purchasing:

"The officers should bear in mind that they are not coming to any permanent abode. They should bring only essentials, which include a pair of heavy Canadian shoe packs, soled, and knee-high—nothing to compare with them here; the frog of the Sam Browne, which must be worn here and which nearly everyone forgets and has to pay \$2.00 or more for; issue boots, if they can get them; their military manuals; a whole raft of sweaters, etc., for this fact must govern them, as he can only take one of each."

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