

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
Manager
CAPT. PERCY F. GODENRATH

No. 3

VALCARTIER CAMP, JUNE, 1917

PRICE 5c



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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.

NEW BRUNSWICK DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

HON. J. F. TWEEDDALE, Minister of Agriculture.

The Kilties' Farewell Field Day

Ever since the issue of the first regimental orders of the 236th. Overseas Battalion—New Brunswick Kilties—plans for a great field day, which would be a thorough exhibition of all phases of regimental activity, had been in the air. In No. 1 Daily Order, a short sketch of these plans had been drawn up, and this was followed as far as possible at Fredericton on 4th. June.

For weeks before the actual event extensive preparations were being made. Trenches were dug for an exhibition of trench warfare, athletic apparatus procured, printing of programmes and other necessities attended to, publicity arranged covering the entire Province of New Brunswick, committees appointed to look after the various departments of the entertainment, and, in fact, no detail neglected to make the day a huge success.

The day was divided into three parts. The first, consisting of a programme of athletic events, held on the lawn in front of the Officers' Quarters. The second, a military tournament, including a spectacular display of modern warfare, held at the Exhibition Grounds. The third, a festival and fair on the Queen Street Barracks Parade Ground. At the evening affair a Major Drawing was arranged, in which over one hundred and twenty-five dollars worth of prizes were offered. The tickets for this were readily disposed of by members of the battalion, Boy Scouts, and the ladies of No. 5 Detachment, Women's Volunteer Reserve. A gate prize of a barrel of flour was also offered.

June 4, the great day itself, dawned bright and fair. Numerous visitors from other points around the province were in Fredericton, and early in the morning a troop of Boy Scouts was busy selling souvenir programmes which had been prepared for the occasion.

On the Saturday afternoon previous, the preliminaries for the athletic events had been run off, thus eliminating many competitors who had no

chance of making a good showing. The first event on the programme was the 100 yards dash. This was won by C.Q.M.S. Paul L. Kuhring, a former University of New Brunswick star, with a time of 10 4-5 seconds. He was closely followed by Capt. W. S. Godfrey, chaplain of the battalion, while Pte. R. Atkins made a good third. The first place in the Sack Race, which was next on the programme, was taken by Transport-Sergeant J. Fred Lawney, with Piper J. Smith a close second and Pte. Hardy, third. The Running Broad Jump

was won by Lieut. A. C. Baldwin, with 17 ft. 6½ inches to his credit. C.Q.M.S. Paul L. Kuhring came second with 17ft. ½ inch, and Pte. R. Atkins, third, jumping 16 ft. 9 inches. Lieut. F. W. C. Wetmore was the winner in the Shot Put, throwing 33 ft. 8 inches, followed by Lance-Corporal K. McKerlick, 32ft. 3 inches, while Lieut. R. L. Brewer was third with 31 ft. 1 inch. In the High Jump, Lieut. A. C. Baldwin was victorious, Sergt. J. A. Skeggs and Pte. R. Atkins tying for second place. C.Q.M.S. Kuhring led the 120 yards Hurdle Race, fo-

lowed by Sergt. B. A. Burden and Sergt. J. F. Lawney. The final event was the mile, won by Sergt. B. A. Burden. Pte. A. Leaman was second and Lee.-Cpl. C. A. Cromwell took third place. Captain, the Rev. W. S. Godfrey was Chairman of the Sports Committee, Sergt. C. A. L. Waite acted as Clerk of the Course, while R.S.M. Edenirum Bayers and R.Q.M.S. James Dymond and C.Q.M.S. F. L. Mooers were judges.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.

The first event of the afternoon's programme was an exhibition of Physical Drill with band accompaniment and without words of command. Forty men in charge of Lieut. C. E. Blair, assisted by Sergt. J. A. Skeggs took part. Twelve exercises, taken from Tables 1 to 8 were chosen and performed in a manner highly creditable to the instructors.

The Physical Drill was followed by a Fat Men's Race, in which the laurels went to R.S.M. Edenirum Bayers, who was closely followed by Lee.-Cpl. Mirabelli and Sergt. Cochrane. In Tilting the Bucket, a team of Ptes. Harris and Overholt were victorious, while Transport-Sergeant J. F. Lawney and R.Q.M.S. James Dymond took second place.

The fourth event of the entertainment was a display of work in Bayonet Fighting accomplished by the battalion. This was carried out by twelve men under Lieut. R. L. Brewer and consisted of exercises in pointing, disarming, defence and assault. The men who took part in this exhibition had been under training for some time and were very smart and efficient in their work.

An amusing Musical Race was the next feature, and was won by Piper J. Smith with his bagpipes, with Bandsman J. N. Semple second and Piper George Clarke, third. Miss Myrtle E. Ross, daughter of Pipe-Master W. H. Ross, then executed a sword dance. Miss Ross had pre-

VALCARTIER CAMP: MIDNIGHT.

Over the hills that watch the
silent river
Steals the young moon—misty as
a dream
Dreamt just at daybreak—and the
white tents gleam.
Sometimes a ripple stirs the
stream to silver
And dies again upon the shadowy
shore.
A sentry's challenge and the
whispered answer.
A breeze of summer, like a fairy
dancer
'Mong the grasses, singing of her
elfin lore.
The shadowy, grey-clad ghost of
Memory
With hosts of other summers in
her train,
Creeps gently in, and softly set-
ting free
Old pleasures, past, and keen,
once-suffered pain,
Lingers awhile, and, parting,
brings to me
One thought—like clouds across
the moon again. —T.J.W.

was won by Lieut. A. C. Baldwin, with 17 ft. 6½ inches to his credit. C.Q.M.S. Paul L. Kuhring came second with 17ft. ½ inch, and Pte. R. Atkins, third, jumping 16 ft. 9 inches. Lieut. F. W. C. Wetmore was the winner in the Shot Put, throwing 33 ft. 8 inches, followed by Lance-Corporal K. McKerlick, 32ft. 3 inches, while Lieut. R. L. Brewer was third with 31 ft. 1 inch. In the High Jump, Lieut. A. C. Baldwin was victorious, Sergt. J. A. Skeggs and Pte. R. Atkins tying for second place. C.Q.M.S. Kuhring led the 120 yards Hurdle Race, fo-

viously been of great assistance to the Kiltie Concert Company on their various tours and her dancing was greatly appreciated.

The seventh event was an exhibition of Swedish and Naval Drills and pyramids by twenty men under Sergt. C. A. L. Waite. These men were all dressed in white gymnasium suits and made a very fine showing in the various formations which they assumed. The calisthenics were followed by a Boot Race, won by Pte. G. Harris, Cpl. McAleese taking second place and Piper J. Smith third. Four pipers then performed the Highland Fling, music for which was supplied by Sergt. A. Stewart.

The crowning event of the afternoon was the exhibition of trench warfare. Operation Orders had been prepared and copies were handed around to the spectators. These orders ran as follows:—

OPERATION ORDER NO. 76

by

LIEUT.-COL. PERCY A. GUTHRIE,
Officer Commanding 236th Overseas
Battalion—The New Brunswick
Kilties—Sir Sam's Own.

1—Information.

Reliable information has been received that the enemy is about to launch a gas attack, followed by an assault on our position.

2—Intentions.

The Officer Commanding intends to attack enemy trenches Nos. 41-43, Ref. Map F.X., this evening at 11.30 P.M.

3—Disposition.

- (a) Captain E. J. Mooney, "B" Coy., with three subaltern officers and 200 N.C.O.'s and men will carry out the attack.
- (b) Lieut. F. H. Ryder, Bombing Officer, will detail 12 bombers to assist.
- (c) Lieut. D. G. Peters, Signalling Officer will establish communications by field telephone and signallers.
- (d) Lieut. N. C. McFarlane, with detail, 25 men, will provide working party, with necessary tools to consolidate. Also ammunition carriers.
- (e) Sergt. D. H. A. Tozer of the Medical Section will be at Company H.Q. dug-out with four stretcher-bearers and establish advance dressing station.
- (a) Lieut. F. H. Ryder and bombers will accompany the firing line and, when within assaulting distance, bomb the enemy trenches, following which the infantry in charge of Lieut. R. L. Drewer will advance to the attack.

(b) Lieut. F. W. C. Wetmore will explode the fougasse, which will be the signal for the attacking party to commence operations.

(c) If the assault is successful in capturing the entire frontage designated, Lieut. N. C. McFarlane and working party will immediately proceed to assist in consolidating the position won.

5—Ammunition and Tools.

A reserve supply of bombs, ammunition and tools will be carried at Company H. Q. dug-out.

6—Reports.

Officer Commanding Company will report the general situation to H.Q. at opening, during progress and at close of engagement.

FRANK EASON,

Captain.

Adjutant, 236th. Os. Bn.,
N. B. Kilties.

Issued 3.30 P.M., 4-5-17.

As seen from the grand stand the final event of the afternoon was spectacular indeed. Down the field a hundred and fifty yards distance had been prepared a series of trenches, representing the front line of the enemy, with communications, listening post, wire entanglements, etc. Immediately beneath and in front of the grand stand had been prepared an open dug-out, as company headquarters with telephone connections, reserve ammunition and bomb supplies, stretchers and medical equipment. The scene opened with the arrival of a company of British troops in full marching order, under command of Captain Eddie Mooney. The troops took position in extended order immediately in front of headquarters, lying down. Slowly ascending from the opposite trenches came the gas. The wind proved unfavourable for the enemy and the British opened rapid fire. (An immense mine was exploded, which tore up the trenches and wire entanglements. The company was put into the attack in waves, the signallers laying their field telephone wires. Meanwhile the interest of the spectators was stimulated by the flash and noise of explosives bursting on the enemy's parapet and wire. Within assaulting distance the bombers came into action and when the trenches had been cleared the final charge carried the British troops to victory. The work of the Medical section was shown, and some comedy introduced when the captured Huns,

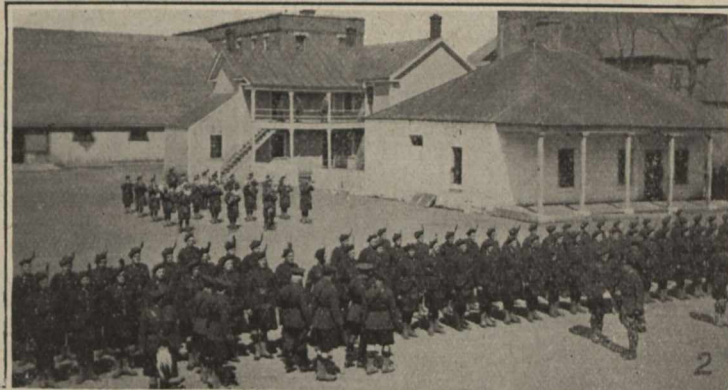
wearing gas masks and full equipment come out and were commandeered by the Stretcher-Bearer Sergeant to carry in the wounded. Lieut. A. O. Budd, who personated the German officer prisoner displayed the treacherous character of the Hun to perfection when he attempted to assassinate Captain Mooney in his dug-out and was forcibly disarmed. The scene closed when the working party, heavily loaded with sand-bags, shovels, picks, etc., crossed No Man's Land to consolidate the trenches. The attack was arranged and carried out under the direction of Captain Percy F. Godenrath.

The Queen Street Barracks Parade Ground was the scene of the evening's Festival and Bonnet Hop. Lights had been strung and booths set up and as soon as the gates were opened the square was crowded with people. A daring "Slide for Life" was executed by Drummer A. Walker and Lance-Corporal C. A. Cromwell, the former sliding along a suspended wire, supported only by a strap on the back of his neck and the latter repeating the performance, hanging from a bar by his teeth.

The winning tickets for the Major Drawing were drawn by Mrs. Hester Harvey and the prizes distributed. The winners were as follows: 1st., a silver tea service valued at fifty dollars, Miss M. G. Buswell; 2nd., a thirty-five dollar suit or overcoat, unclaimed; 3rd., a barrel of flour, George Chappell, Esq.; 4th., a pair of trench boots, Mr. A. W. Coombes; 5th., a pair of army boots, H. R. Babbitt, Esq.; 6th., 10 tickets, Gem Theatre, Mr. H. M. Blair; 7th., 10 tickets, Unique Treatre, Miss Helena Tracey; 8th., 10 tickets, Gaiety Treatre, Cpl. J. H. Burness; 9th., 10 tickets, Unique Theatre, Mr. Ernest A. Belyea; 10th., 10 tickets, Gem Theatre, unclaimed. The gate prize of a barrel of flour was also unclaimed.

The evening ended up one of the red-letter days in the history of the Kilties. Outside the merely financial benefits, there were other far more valuable results. The Regiment had an opportunity to show the people of its native province what it could do and how well it could do it.

Final Inspection of Battalion at Fredericton by Major-General T. Benson
and Brigadier-General H. H. McLean, 15th May, 1917



(1) Presentation of Military Medal to Lce.-Cpl. Moore. (2) Battalion in line, General Officers inspecting. (3) Battalion in line. (4) Battalion in mass. (5) Battalion in hollow square.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE BATTALION

BY THE ORDERLY ROOM SERGEANT.

(Continued From the May Issue.)

In the May issue of "Breath O' The Heather" the Chronological History of the Battalion was traced through the earlier stages of training up to 8th. May.

MAY:

- 10th. Guard of Honour supplied at the opening of House of Assembly of New Brunswick.
- 11th. Kiltie Concert Company puts on show at Opera House.
- 12th. Fifteen officers return from qualifying courses at R.S.I. at Halifax.
- 13th. Col. F. H. Deacon audits battalion records and accounts.
- 15th. Final inspection of battalion at Fredericton by Major-General T. Benson, G.O.C., No. 6 M. D., and Brig.-Gen. Hugh H. McLean, G. O.C. Troops, New Brunswick.
- 16th. Five days' leave granted all ranks.
- 24th. Provincial recruiting campaign commenced under direction of Capt. T. H. R. McNally. Thirteen men detailed for duty in different parts of Province.
- 26th. Second issue of "Breath O' The Heather" published.
- 28th. Open air service held by Capt. the Rev. W. S. Godfrey on Officers' Lawn.
- 29th. Second Sergeant's Dance held at Old Government House Barracks.
- 31st. O. C., accompanied by Capt. T. H. Rand McNally and Captain J. D. Black leaves for Boston to inaugurate recruiting campaign for the Kilties. Muster Parade and Roll Call on Queen St. Barracks Parade Ground.
- 8th. Medical inspection of battalion. Pipe Band visits Chelsea and East Boston for recruiting purposes.
- 9th. Pipe Band visits Quincy, Mass. Advance party of four N.C.O.'s and fifty men in charge of Lieuts. A. O. Budd and F. W. C. Wetmore leaves for Valcartier Camp.
- 11th. Pipe Band visits Everett, Mass.
- 12th. Pipe Band visits Somerville, Mass.
- 13th. Piper Cameron, a Boston recruit, married at Hub. Entertained at Hotel Lennox for bridal luncheon by management. Pipe Band visits Lynn, Mass., and participates in Flag Day celebration and review of B.P.O.E. Col. Guthrie leaves Boston for Providence, R.I., and
- 16th. Battalion arrives in Valcartier Camp. O.C. and Capt. J. D. Black pay farewell call on Mayor Curley who presents regiment with silk Tri-colour kissed by Marshal Joffre.
- 17th. First battalion Church Parade at Valcartier Camp held by Capt. Godfrey.
- 18th. Bunker Hill Day. Celebration at Charleston. Pipe Band marches up Bunker Hill with Stars and Stripes, Tricolour and Union Jack, under command of Captain Percy F. Godenrath. Col. Guthrie addresses gathering at foot of Bunker Hill Monument. Medical examination of battalion at Valcartier Camp. Very few rejected. O.C., with Capt. J. D. Black, Capt. T. H. R. McNally, Capt. Percy F. Godenrath and Pipe Band leave Boston for Bangor, Maine. Lieut. H. A. Seeley left in charge of Boston recruiting office.
- 19th. Recruiting Officers and Band arrive at Bangor and visit Oldtown and Orono, concluding with a mass meeting in Bangor City Hall.
- 20th. O. C. and party arrive at Fredericton and are met by Brig.-Gen. H. H. McLean. 250 Boston recruits parade downtown with colours and Pipe Band.
- 21st. Col. Guthrie and Capt. Black leave Fredericton for New York to meet British Commission to arrange establishment of Recruiting Office in Boston



BRASS BAND, 236th OS. BN.

- ## JUNE.
- 2nd. Preliminaries in sports events run off on Officers' Lawn.
- 3rd. Open air drum-head service on Officers' Lawn.
- 4th. Kilties' Farewell Field Day. O.C. returns from Boston with 10 recruits representing Clan MacKinley.
- 6th. O.C., accompanied by Capt. Percy F. Godenrath, Lieut. H. A. Seeley and 34 members of Pipe Band, leave for Boston. Party arrive at the Hub at 9.30 P.M., when wonderful demonstration is tendered representatives of the Kilties. Muster Parade at Queen Street Barracks.

- in the evening delivers leading address at the Flag Day and trooping of the colours of the Allies, held on the Plaza, under the auspices of the B.P.O.E.
- 14th. Muster parade in full marching order at Queen Street Barracks.
- 15th. Battalion leaves Fredericton for Valcartier Camp. Depot established at Fredericton under command of Lieut. A. C. Baldwin for reception of recruits. Farewell demonstration to Kilties' recruiting party at Mechanics Building, Boston. Silk Stars and Stripes presented to Battalion by Col. Scott, Chief of the Scottish Societies of America.

- for New England States.
- 22nd. 50 Boston recruits under command of Major C. R. MerserEAU arrive at Valcartier Camp.
- 23rd. Kit inspection of battalion at Valcartier Camp.
- 24th. Church parade of all troops in camp.
- 26th. Draft of Boston recruits, from Fredericton Depot arrive in camp under command of Capt. P. F. Godenrath.
- 27th. Kit inspection of battalion.
- 28th. Troops in camp inspected by Governor-General.

WAR POETRY

BY PAYMASTER SERGT. C. LeR. MOOERS.

"Arma virumque cano"—Vilgil: Aeneid, Book 1.

From the beginning of existing records the favourite theme of the poet has ever been feats of arms and the valour of men in battle. Even beyond records, tradition more frequently takes us to the poetical inspiration of brave deeds in war than to more peaceful topics. In our consideration of the poetry of Ancient History, even into comparatively more modern times, it becomes necessary to remember that the poet was often a musician and that the greater body of poems were to be sung. Especially do we find this among the earlier Hebrews, later in the Greeks, the Romans, and finally in the early history of England, noticeably at the time of Richard I.

As instance of this, attention is invited to the Psalms of David, a great number of which are of a warlike character, making reference time after time to such subjects as "strength of armies", "battles", et cetera. Again reference to I 18, Chapters 6 and 7 shows us an example of the reception given to home-coming armies in which the warriors are met with the music of many voices in chorus accompanied by the prevalent instruments of that period. Among the Greeks, and even more so the Romans, do we find the element of co-operative music and poetry relating to the valour of their soldiers.

It is only, however, when we come down to the history of our own nation that the subject of war expressed in poems strikes a familiar chord in the mind of the average reader. Such names as Shakespeare, with his many warlike plays, some of the earlier ones fairly reeking with "battle, murder and sudden death"; Sir Walter Scott, with his poems of border struggles; Campbell, author of "Ye Mariners of England"; Lord Tennyson, with his "Idylls of the King" and numerous others conjure up the pictures of the hard-fought fights of which they have told. Looking farther back even, we see in Chaucer, the father of English poetry, a war poet of high order.

Coming down to our own day, we will speak first of the times before the present war. Kipling we all know and love. He was the author of the incomparable "Recessional", which appeals to both

the student and the business man alike, and also of "Barrack Room Ballads"—tales of gaiety, of hardship, of both peace and war, written with that inimitable touch of humour of which Kipling is the master—which drew a wonderful response from soldiers all over the Empire. "Gunga Din", "Danny Deever", "Tommy", "The Widow of Windsor", "Mandalay", these are familiar to everyone.

It is fitting to mention a few words here of another English poet of the present time—Rupert Brooke. Born 1887 at Rugby, son of an assistant master at that famous school, at the outbreak of the present war we find him entering the Service in the Royal Volunteer Naval Reserve and becoming a member of the famous Hood division in the ill-fated expedition to Antwerp. Later on his way to the Dardanelles he lost his life, dying of blood-poisoning on board a French hospital ship. His poem "The Soldier" comes to us with almost prophetic force, knowing that he died "doing his bit".

THE SOLDIER.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of the foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learn of friends; and gentleness,
And hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Since the beginning of the great war there has come to the forefront as a war poet, a man, who although his writings were familiar to Canadians, had not previously acquired fame outside of his native land. The reference is to Robert W. Service, who for some time has been serving in France with the Red Cross. His volume of poems, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man", is a familiar sight on the book-shelves of Canada. Men of the 236th. Battalion, and indeed the people of the Province of New Brunswick, are perhaps familiar with his poem "My Mate", which, as all will remember, was remarkably rendered in its original words and later in a dramatic setting into which has been interwoven the story of the poem, by one of our number whose name needs no mention to his comrades.

It is not then unusual that the poetical impulse should find its way into the various ranks of the Army, among men perhaps who had never before attempted to write verse, even to some who previously had not cared to read the poetry of others. This is noticeable in the numerous patriotic songs which are familiar not only to all soldiers of the Empire but practically to the whole nation. Such songs as "Keep the Home Fires Burning", "We'll never let the old Flag Fall" and "Laddie in Khaki" are heard everywhere.

Of this class of poetical expression, perhaps the one that most appeals to the soldier is "Pack up your Troubles in your old Kit Bag" which touches the every-day life of the soldier. But Tommy Atkins does not stop there, he changes old songs to suit his own convenience. As an example all Kilties will recall that much sung parody, the chorus of which begins: "When we wore the feather, the 2-3-6 feather."

It is noticeable that the soldier's idea of poetry trends towards the lighter classes, rather than the deeper work of the student—or shall we say the professional poet. Sometimes it is fairly overflowing with pride of race as is the following, the author of which is unfortunately unknown:

Names wi' the air o' the mountain and
glen in them,
Names wi' the sound o' the pibroch's
Amen in them.
Names wi' the ding o' the dour kilted
men in them—
Oh, but they're beautiful, Shiela, my
own.

Names wi' the smell o' the haggis an'
peat in them,
Names wi' the flavour of whuskey sae
sweet in them.
Names wi' some clods o' Ben Lomond's
broad feet in them—
Famous for fechtin' the hale warld o'er.

Names wi' the thochts o' the Bible and
Burns in them,
Names wi' the kilts that fricht babe-
killing Huns in them—
Oh, but they're beautiful, Shiela, my
own.

Names wi' the memories o' Wallace and
Bruce in them,
Names wi' the bond o' John Knox's auld
hoose in them.
Names wi' the skirl o' the bagpipes let
loose in them—
Whaur can ye beat them the hale warld
o'er.

MacDonald, MacDougal, MacNab and
Maclean,
MacPherson, MacTavish, MacKinnon,
MacBean.
MacGregor, Mackenzie, MacDuff and
and MacRae,
MacGregor, Mackenzie, MacDuff and
MacKay.
Muir, Ingles and Chalmers, Scott, Lang
and Dunbar,
Grahame, Gordon and Fraser, from dark
Lochnagar.
Ross, Reid and Dalrymple, Craig, An-
gus and Burns,
Munroe and MacFarlane (that's Irish by
turns).
Campbell and Stewart, Dunlop and Mac-
Neil,
With the Cameron men frae the land o'
Lochiel.

It might be that some member of our
own battalion might feel the spirit arise
within him and add much to the above.
Certainly there is a wide selection of
Hielan' names in the New Brunswick
Kilties.

We come to another variety of war-
time poetry, written, often at the mo-

ment, rarely the result of very lengthy
deliberation, due to the very nature of
its purpose, namely that which expresses
strongly the idea of service for King and
Country, the Recruiting Poem. Many
there are of this class, likewise of many
grades; good, bad and indifferent. But
whatever the ability of the writer or
whatever the character of his work,
there is always the sense of purpose be-
hind it, a great purpose which com-
mands respect, and, though many ex-
amples of this class have been attended
with no great success in calling men to
the colours, let us yet honour the im-
pulse behind the effort. Of the better
grade of this class of poetry, there comes
to us one which in its very nature, as
well as in its associations, touches the
heart of men of the Two Three Six:

"THE APPEAL."

Oh men of the Thistle, the Shamrock,
the Rose,
You men of a land where true Liberty
grows,
Come fight for the women and bairnies
at hame,
Come put on the tartan of good Clan
Maclean.

Come follow the leaders, who gave of
their blood,
That the flag of their country be never
down trod,
Come fight ye with might, and come
fight ye with main,
Come, put on the tartan of good Clan
Maclean.

We want you, we need you, Oh men of
the Gael,
And you of the Green Isle, we know
you'll not fail,
Come out lusty Saxon and strike for
your ain,
Come, put on the tartan of good Clan
Maclean.

Many of us will remember that night
in September, 1916, in the city of Fred-
erickton, when the Fiery Cross was sent
on its way across the Province, how the
lines above quoted were given to our
ears by that Major whom we so much
regretted to lose at a later date. Per-
chance the Muse may touch the heart of
someone, we hope a member of this bat-
talion, who may lend the touch of music
to these lines and thus still further in-
sure their retention in our minds during
the after years. Then can we say, with
truth:—"I sing of arms and a hero,"

McCrackens

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KEYSTONE COMEDIES

A. GORDON CARDINAL, Mgr.

FRIENDS OF THE REGIMENT

MRS. E. ATHERTON SMITH.

Mrs. Smith was born in a small town in Northern New Brunswick. She was educated at Mount Allison Ladies' College, and subsequently graduated at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston.

Her earlier activities were along the line of Missionary work. For years she was the president of a flourishing Missionary Society in St. John, N.B. She has ever shown a lively interest in all benevolent work, such as the Boys' Industrial Home, the Free Public Library, the Tuberculosis Home, etc. She was for several years President of the Social Council of Women, and later a force as President of the Canadian Club of St. John. Following this she was unanimously chosen as Regent of the Royal Standard Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, in which, through her un-



tiring efforts, very much has been achieved. Her zeal in Belgian Relief work has been untiring.

Among her latest efforts was the obtaining of musical instruments for the 26th Battalion, drums for the 115th., a motor ambulance for the benefit of returned wounded soldiers, and last but not least, a set of Pipes for our own 236th Kilties.

The good wishes of the regiment go with her in all the fine work which she has undertaken.

R. B. ANGUS.

Among those who have generously assisted the 236th Overseas Battalion (The New Brunswick Kilties) by kindly donating funds for recruiting purposes and

the purchase of Highland dress, must be mentioned Mr. R. B. Angus, of Montreal.

Mr. Richard Bladworth Angus, Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the Bank of Montreal, the Canadian North West Land Co., and a host of other prominent Canadian industries, is of Scotch ancestry. He was born at Bathgate, near Edinburgh, on the 28th of May, 1831. For several years he was in the employ of the Manchester and Liverpool Bank, at Manchester, and eventually left the Old land for Canada, arriving in this country in 1857.

Here he joined the staff of the Bank of Montreal, and was shortly afterwards placed in charge of the Chicago Agency, 1861. A few years later he was appointed one of the Bank's Agents at New York, subsequently being elevated to the local Managership of the Bank of Montreal at Montreal. In 1869 he became General Manager of the Bank and held that position for ten years, retiring from active connection in 1870.

Mr. Angus was President of the Art Association during the years 1888-1889; he is on the Board of Governors of the Royal Victoria Hospital, and President of the Fraser Institute, Montreal.

As a club-man, Mr. Angus has actively associated with some of the most exclusive clubs in this country, among them being the Mount Royal, the St. James and the Forest and Stream Clubs of Montreal; the Rideau Club, Ottawa; the Manitoba Club, Winnipeg, and the Union Club, of Halifax.

LORD BEAVERBROOK.

Lord Beaverbrook (Sir Max Aitken) is another Maritime Province man to whose generosity the New Brunswick Kilties owes a great deal. Starting early in life as a member of the staff of the Bank of Montreal, Sir Max Aitken's enterprise as an astute financier soon gained him a prominent connection with the Royal Securities' Corporation, of which organization he subsequently became President and Managing Director.

Lord Beaverbrook then became prominent in the promotion of a number of noted Companies in Canada, including the Canada Cement Co. He shortly afterwards left for England where he had a meteoric rise from member of the Unionist party to his present position in the British House of Lords, to which he was elevated but a few months ago.

Lord Beaverbrook is a very hard worker. Indeed it is to that faculty of his as much as to his innate genius for accomplishing things big that his phenomenal rise to prominence has been so largely due. Since the outbreak of the war he has been Official War Correspondent for Canada at the front, publishing a remarkable eye-witness history of the conflict, called "Canada in Flanders".

His prominence abroad has not been responsible for any lack of interest in his native province, his kindly donations to the Kilties Battalion showing that he still remembers those who were once of him.

SIR F. WILLIAMS-TAYLOR.

Another well-known benefactor of the New Brunswick Kilties has been Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal. A Canadian by birth, Sir Frederick claims Moncton, N.B., as his birthplace, and is indeed a credit to our Eastern province. He was born in 1863, and after acquiring his preliminary education at the Moncton High School, entered the service of the Bank of Montreal in 1878 and rose steadily to positions of greater and greater prominence. After being Assistant Inspector of the Bank in 1893, Manager of its Chicago branch in 1903, Manager of the London, Eng., branch in 1906, he finally attained to the General Managership of the Bank of Montreal in 1913. In the same years, also, the subject of our little sketch was knighted by His Majesty.



He quickly showed his aptitude for banking problems, winning, in 1911, the silver medal of the Royal Society of Arts for a paper on "Canada and Canadian Banking". He afterwards read a paper on Canadian Loans in London, before the Royal Colonial Institute.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor is also a Director of the Allan Line Steamship Co., the Royal Trust Co., of Montreal; the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co., and is Vice-President of the Canadian Bankers' Association.

Sir Frederick is a prominent member of the Mount Royal and St. James Clubs, of Montreal; the Rideau Club of Ottawa, and several well-known organizations in New York.

BREATH O' THE HEATHER.



SERG. T. J. WREN, News Editor.

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.

VALCARTIER CAMP, JUNE, 1917.

The next number of "Breath O' The Heather" will be published in Boston and will be of historic interest. It will be profusely illustrated with scenes in connection with the Kilties recent campaign in the Hub and the material will be largely descriptive of our doings there.

* * * *

On our arrival at Valcartier Camp the regiment took up the lines occupied last summer by the 171st. Quebec Rifles. Valcartier is indeed rightly termed "the finest military camp in Canada". Bounded by the magnificent Laurentians and the Nelson River it is, with its level parade grounds, an ideal spot for the training of recruits. Our own lines are exceptionally well placed, the tents are dry even in the wettest of weather. After a few months of training the Kilties will be far better fitted for their work overseas.

* * * *

The Farewell Field Day, held by the battalion just previous to their departure from Fredericton, was from every standpoint an unqualified success. A full description of it is given elsewhere in this number. That success is entirely due to the active and well organized committees in charge of the work and to the ready support accorded our efforts by the merchants and people of Fredericton.

* * * *

We, as a battalion, never realized the great esteem in which the people of our home city, Fredericton, held us until the day of our departure. Hundreds of people, with boxes, parcels, in fact everything imaginable, surrounded the station as the two long trains drew out of their journey for Valcartier Camp. As they wished us God-speed with cheers and tears, we also wish them the best of luck and happiness in the years "till the boys come home".

* * * *

During the past month the training of the battalion has been strenuous. The War Office Syllabus has been rigidly followed by all the class instructors, and results have been uniformly good. Organized Physical Training classes, under instructors who have been trained at the Royal Schools of Infantry, Halifax and Toronto, have improved the physique of the men, while steady drill has done much to promote discipline. Inspections have also been frequent, both of the unit as a whole and of the various branches of hegimental activity. Every man in the Kilties knows the "why and the wherefore" of these things and instead of slacking each individual works himself hard to prepare for the great test which is to come.

* * * *

Quite an amount of matter has been handed in by members of the battalion for publication in "Breath O' the Heather". Some of this has been used and some has not. The simple fact that material is not included in this issue does not cast a reflection on the quality of that material. The size of the paper is necessarily limited and what is not used for one number will be held over for the next. We hope that all members of the unit will continue to help the paper by submitting contributions.

* * * *

The wonderful success of the recruiting campaign inaugurated by Lieut.-Col. P. A. Gutherie, our O.C., in the New England States, has given the battalion a new lease of life. A month ago every member of the Kilties, from the highest to the lowest, was oppressed with the fear of going overseas under strength and being broken up as reinforcements in England. This fear cast a shadow over every phase of battalion life. Now, this shadow has lifted. Up till 23rd inst. over thirteen hundred applications were received at the Kilties' recruiting office in Boston for enlistment in the Canadian Army, besides five hundred for the forces of our ally, the United States. The Kilties have participated in many events which will go down in history. They have carried the Union Jack up Bunker Hill for the first time in one hundred and forty two years; they have been presented with an American flag to be treasured and preserved with the colours of the regiment and finally, that almost sacred relic, the Tricolour kissed by Papa Joffre on his visit to Boston, has been turned over to the corps. We indeed have much to be grateful for.

The Lieutenant was testing the squad in visual powers, "Tell me, No. 1," he said "how many men are in that trench-digging party over there."

"Thirty men and one officer, sir" was the reply.

"Quite right, but how do you know that one is an officer at this distance?"

"'Cos he's the only one not working, sir."

CHARLES CANTIN

WHOLESALE
GROCER



Purveyor to His
Majesty's Forces

Valcartier Camp

Agency for

Timmons' Soft Drinks

Ganong's
G. B. Chocolate
Peppermints

An unusually thick
Chocolate Coating
with a CREAMY
PEPPERMINT
FLAVORED
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Enough for One 10c

Larger Size 25c

WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE

A welcome addition to our exchanges comes from France, in the "Shell Hole Advance", organ of one of the brigades in the Fourth Division, commanded by Brigadier-General V. W. Odum. In this brigade are the Missaugas, Kootenay, Grenadier Guards and Northern British Columbia Battalions. Lieut. R. J. Burde, M.C., is the capable editor of the "Shell Hole Advance". "Dick" Burde was an old time newspaper associate of the manager of the Kilties' journal, and, when war broke out, was Mayor of Alberni, a thriving city on Vancouver Island, B.C. The "Shell Hole Advance" is replete in clever paragraphs and poetical efforts. In the language of the front it gets off the following:

Why not start decapitating
Either that or amputating—
Or the Huns eradicating?
George Rex knows its humiliating
And horribly exasperating;
Why doesn't he get us over?

* * * *

We take the following clipping from the Vancouver "Province". "Boston, June 18.—The British Union Jack was taken up Bunker Hill for the first time today in a military and civic parade commemorating the historic battle between the American minute men and the British red coats 142 years ago. It fluttered at the head of the bagpipe band of the

The "Military Hospitals Commission Bulletin" has also been added to our exchange list. Its title is descriptive of its nature and field. It is indeed highly interesting for gentlemen about to take passage for France, via England, to read reports on the manufacture of artificial eyes, legs, arms and noses with which it is purposed to equip them on their return.

"Colonel" H-mphr--s, we are now pleased to announce, has entered the literary field. His two masterpieces for the "Gleaner", although as yet unpublished, will go down in battalion literature.

* * * *



BUGLE BAND, 236th. OS. BN.

"When we speared them with the bayonet
And we beaned them with the bomb,
It was muddy,
It was bloody,
Making history on the Somme."

Another new cover that made its appearance on our desk this month is the first issue of "Action Front", published by the 53rd. Battery, C.F.A., now stationed at Witley Camp, Milford, Surrey, and under the command of Major V. H. de B. Powell, M.C. "Action Front" is well written and well printed, containing a sentiment in which all Kilties will heartily agree.

Why all this procrastinating,
Killing time, vexations waiting,
Hanging round and vacillating,
Dreary work predominating?
Why this danged inoculating,
This confounded vaccinating

New Brunswick Kiltie Battalion, 236th. Canadian Overseas Regiment, on its farewell appearance before returning home after a two weeks' recruiting campaign here."

* * * *

Copies of the "Canadian Hospital News" have reached the "Breath O' The Heather". This magazine is published for the benefit of the wounded Canadians in the hospitals in England. It is bright and newsy—and above all, interesting—and is priced so that one may obtain a copy even the day before pay day for the humble cent. We wish the "Canadian Hospital News" all luck in its good work.

* * * *

The "Rouelles Camp Magazine" has also made its appearance. Comment on this publication is hardly necessary since for some time it has enjoyed a reputation for quality of contents which is not surpassed by any periodical of its kind.

Young lady—Paul, you've been drinking!

P--l H-nr-ks-n—I'm drinkin' booze because I haf to leave you.

* * * *

P--l H-nr-ks-n—If dey put any more jokes on me in dat "Breath O' The Heather" I'm going to run away. I can't stan' d' dam' laughin'. A fellah hass to keep his darn mout pretty darn close aroun' here.

* * * *

Our infant Sergt. L-w- (lecturing Sergt. Wr-n on his exploits in Quebec)—When you are as old as I am you won't do such things.

And a little child shall lead them!

* * * *

C.Q.M.S. M--rs (at Sergeants' Dance)—Isn't the Sergeant-Major light on his feet for a man of his years?

Young Lady—Yes indeed, but he's awfully heavy on mine.

JOS. POULIOT

Tailor

REPAIRING
CLEANING
AND
PRESSING

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Bowles Bros.

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Lowney's Chocolates
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VIM

The Soldier's Drink

Tobaccos, Cigarettes and General
Groceries

Valcartier Camp

and

St. Catherines, P.Q.

POT POURRI FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS

One in high command (addressing battalion)—I hope to be with you always—until you go overseas.

* * * *

Who was the Subaltern who went to Fredericton Junction by submarine?

* * * *

Who was the Kilted officer who did the ostrich act in an Ontario snow-bank when a certain sled was upset by a sleigh full of young ladies?

* * * *

Is their grief in a certain Major's heart because all the sardine factories are closed down?

* * * *

Who were the two officers who drove to St. Josephs for stuff that does not run under bridges? Did they get it? Poor M. & M.

* * * *

Who gave the waitress the Padre's address?

* * * *

The little old Ford just rambled right along to Quebec—but it didn't ramble back.

* * * *

What did Norm want in the Chateau?

* * * *

"Infantry Training" revised by Capt. M--n-y: At th Halt—Right Turn.

* * * *

We hear that Captain McP--ke has matrimonial business in Fredericton in the near future. It is said that he has been heard singing in his sleep, "I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low".

* * * *

We would like to know if that disciple of Izaak Walton, Herb, has caught anything yet? How many poles did he break and how many sinkers did he lose?

Sandy—I see by the papers that they are trying to find a new name for Berlin Wool.

Donald—Oh, that's easy! They can ca' it 'Hims' Worsted.

* * * *

A party of soldiers had been invited to a good spread, the meal was nearly over, and one of them commenced loosening his belt. Thereupon a waiter came up to him with a plate of fruit, and whispered, "Dessert, sir?"

"Dessert!" exclaimed Tommy, "while I can get a feed like this for nothing. Not me!"

* * * *

If there is any truth in the rumour that the 236th. Battalion at Valcartier is going to be used to fill the gaps in the 226th Depot Regiment?

* * * *

MR JOHN DEVARENNE



For the Soldiers

Next the Valcartier
Camp Theatre

Queen Hotel

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Rooms with Bath
and all the Other
Conveniences

Sample Rooms in
Connection

J. J. McCAFFREY, Prop.

**WHAT A SOLDIER
OUGHT TO KNOW**

Editor:

THE ASSISTANT ADJUTANT.

- Q. What recourse has a soldier when the ten dollars which was deducted from his pay on enlistment is not refunded at the end of six months' service?—R.G.N.
- A. A soldier ought to know that the regulations change from time to time—'tis the way of the Army—and that regulation has changed in this instance since R.G.N. enlisted. The order is now that the \$10.00 deducted from his pay for uniform is to be repaid on his arrival in England or on his discharge in Canada if found medically unfit.
- Q. Under what circumstances is a soldier justified in disobeying or refusing to obey an order?—C.E.R.
- A. A soldier must always obey his superior officer when the latter gives a command for the purpose of the maintenance of good order or the suppression of a disturbance or the execution of any military duty or regulation or for any purpose connected with the amusement or welfare of the regiment or other generally accepted details of military life. A superior officer has no right to give a command which does not relate to military duty or usages or which is solely for the attainment of some private end and a soldier does not have to obey such a command (M. M.L. page 17)
- It is quite obvious also that a superior officer who is incapable of performing his duty should not be obeyed, but a soldier should when possible refer the question to some higher authority. A command that is obviously illegal or an order to fire upon a peaceable citizen should not be obeyed (M.M.L. page 18.)
- In connection with strict obedience to orders reference can be made to Field Service Regulations, Part I., page 31.
- Q. What measures should a N.C.O., in charge of a party on recruiting or other duty away from headquarters, do in the case of an insubordinate or disobedient man, if he has not sufficient men in his party either to keep him in proper custody or send him under escort to headquarters?—L.O.S.
- A. Have the man placed in the nearest civil jail or lock-up and notify headquarters.

Captured German prisoner (arguing with his guard)—Ach, Chermany iss der place where they make der Zeppelins.
Jock (clinging the argument)—Ay, they are made in Germany a' richt, but they're finished in Britain.

**RUMBLINGS FROM THE
BASE**

By "THUMSUP".

Things we want to know

If Sergt. Sh-ff--ld became unpopular with the ladies when acting as O. C. Ropes while the Battalion was entraining?

* * * *

Who drinks all the Weiss Beer now that "D-rk-y" B-y-rs is in Valcartier?

* * * *

Whether the boys in Valcartier still thing Fredericton a h--l of a hole?

* * * *

The reason for the daily cry of the ladies of Fredericton, "Will ye no come back to me."

* * * *

Who changed the words of the popular song "Laddie in Khaki" to "Laddie in Kilties", and if Billie B. had anything to do with it?

* * * *

Who made the remark, "Fredericton is dead, but it's d----d prettily laid out"?

* * * *

If some of the N.C.O.'s at Valcartier don't miss their little evenings at 317 _____ St.?

* * * *

We know who put the rum in Edenirum. The question is now, "Who put the Lawn in Lawney's room?"

* * * *

Who is J-n-s, of the Bugle Band, going to assign that fifteen dollars to?

* * * *

Alb-rt B-ch-n-n, did the little girl weep one night down in Fredericton?

* * * *

We hear that P-- H-nr-ks- is going to join the newlyweds in a very short time. We wonder if the girl in Fredericton is the lucky one.

* * * *

Read the . . .

Quebec Telegraph

*. For the news .
from everywhere
sold at the camp*

*Patronize the
Telegraph Theatre
all profits go to charity*

*The Best Films
The Best Music*

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KILTIES COMPANY COMMANDERS



MAJOR CUTHBERT J. MORGAN.

Major Cuthbert J. Morgan was born in St. John, N.B., and educated in the Public and High Schools of that city. In 1904 he first became identified with the Militia as Lieutenant in the 62nd St. John Fusiliers. He was one of the officers of his Regiment chosen to attend the Tercentenary Celebration in Quebec, 1908, and in 1911 when the Fusiliers visited Boston he accompanied his regiment, having become a Company commander.

At the outbreak of the war, 1914, he immediately volunteered for active service, and went with the detachment from the 62nd Fusiliers to Valcartier, where they were absorbed into the 12th. Bn.

While in England with the 1st. Canadian Division, Major Morgan contracted spinal meningitis, at Salisbury Plains, and was one of the few survivors of those who suffered during the epidemic.

After the 12th. Bn. became a reserve unit, Major Morgan was transferred to the 5th Western Cavalry Battalion in Flanders, served for a year with that Regiment, receiving his promotion to a Captaincy while on active service in the field.

He served also for several months in the arduous capacity of Brigade Wiring Officer to the 2nd Infantry Brigade.

After highly satisfactory work Major Morgan was recommended for the King's Birthday Honor List.

He was wounded near Zilibecke in Ypres salient by rifle grenade, and was later returned to Canada on sick leave, and while at his home was appointed to the 236th Overseas Battalion—The New Brunswick Kilties, Sir Sam's Own—and is now in command of "D" Company. Major Morgan acted as Brig.-Major, Maritime Brigade, at Valcartier Camp, during summer of 1916.

MAJOR G. STEWART RYDER.

Major G. S. Ryder was born at St. Stephen, N.B., in 1891, the son of Capt. George P. Ryder, and was educated at St. Stephen High School. After leaving school he took up the profession of an electrician at which he was engaged until the declaration of war.

In 1905 he joined the 71st York Regiment as a bugler, and in 1909 qualified as Sergeant Instructor. In 1913 he was gazetted a lieutenant in that unit with which he remained until he volunteered for Overseas Service with the 12th Bn., in August, 1914.

As this battalion was left as a base battalion in England and as a large number of these officers were held behind as

instructors, Major Ryder qualified as a Bayonet Fighter, Bomb Thrower, and a Machine Gun Officer, and took several other courses in which he instructed officers and men of the 12th Bn. Base. In August, 1915, he became O.C. No. 1 Co., 12th Bn., and shortly afterwards went over to France where he joined the 31st Battalion, from which he was invalided back to Canada and offered command of "A" Company in the 236 Bn.

Major Ryder is one of four brothers who have served Overseas, and his father, Capt. George P. Ryder, not only enlisted for Overseas Service, but gave up his business that he might get away, and, finding later that he could not pass the medical examination, offered to do recruiting work in New Brunswick, and has done so since the beginning of the war.

MAJOR D. ALLAN LAURIE.

Major D. A. Laurie was born in Quebec in 1892, and was educated at the Quebec High School, and at Bishop's College School at Lennoxville. He entered the Bank of Montreal at Quebec and remained in the employ of that institution until the outbreak of war. His first military experience was gained with the Bishop's College School Cadet Corps from 1906 to 1911.

Immediately after leaving school he enlisted in the 8th Royal Rifles in Quebec, and less than a year later was gazetted a lieutenant.

At the outbreak of war he proceeded to Valcartier with the 8th Royal Rifles detachment which later formed a part of the 12th Overseas Battalion.

When the 12th Battalion became a reinforcement depot he was transferred to the 2nd Ontario Regiment in France, and was serving with that corps when he was wounded at Givinchy on June 15th, 1916.

He was invalided back to Canada and after becoming again physically fit served for a time on the staff of the New Brunswick command. He relinquished

this appointment to take command of "B" Company of the New Brunswick Kilties.

MAJOR CECIL R. MERSEREAU.

Major Mersereau was born at Chatham, New Brunswick, the 2nd of July, 1891, the son of Mr. J. Mersereau of that place, and was educated at the Chatham Grammar School. After leaving school he worked with his father for some years in the photographic business, later giving up his profession, and at the time of the outbreak of the war was a student at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B. Before the war he had been a lieutenant in the 73rd Regiment, and

when war was declared he obtained a commission with the 12th Battalion, and after crossing to England was held at the base as an instructor. He received several certificates while in England and gave instruction to many officers and men at the 12th. Bn. Base. Later he was made O.C. No. 2 Company, 12th Bn., and at his own request was sent to France where he joined the 22nd French-Canadian Battalion. He remained with them for some weeks, but later transferred to the 26th Bn., and was seriously wounded in the second battle of Hooze, June 3rd, 1916. Having returned to Canada for his convalescence he was appointed to command "C" Company of the Kilties.

TWO OF A KIND

BY C. S. M. IRVING D. APPLEBY.

(Continued from the May Issue)

At last it was over and the shattered Division, broken but unconquered, slowly withdrew while fresh troops took their places.

Down the line the First marched and back to rest billets in Bailleul and here they received mail—the first in many days—and here also "Dad" MacFarlane got the surprise of his life for there was mail for him also.

In all his career as a soldier, he had never received a letter from anyone; he was a lonely man, his parents and his one sister were dead and he made few friends.

Always honest, steady and purposeful, he had won the confidence of those he had served under but not made any very close friendships, therefore there was no one to weep over him when he left Toronto on the troop train at the beginning of the war.

Here were the two letters, both from the same person as the handwriting testified, but with the dates on the postmarks a full week apart.

The remnant of No. 4 section was living in a loft over a barn, and to the quietest corner of that room, "Dad" hurried with his letters. He opened the oldest one first, as most methodical people do, and found it to be a warm and friendly epistle from the hand of Miss Allerton; the letter was beautifully written, straight to the point and very interesting. "We were wondering, Mother and I," it said in part, "if you have friends or relatives who write you; we can well imagine how desolate and lonely life would be for a man who receives little or no mail in that dreadful Flanders, and we want you Canadians to realize that we English people honour and respect you for the sacrifices you are making for us and that we are eager to befriend you and bring whatever comfort we can into your lives when you are so far from the care of your own womenfolk".

Much more than that it told. It asked with a tone of kindly interest for whatever information he wished to give

concerning himself or his comrades, it paved the way to friendship, it asked for permission to send him some cigarettes or a box of home-made candy; taking it altogether it was some letter and "Dad" was like a kid with a new toy.

He opened the second one, "Dear Mr. McFarlane," it read, "I wrote you about a week ago and since then we have heard the story of the terrible battle which you have gone through and how gloriously you held the line, our line, for us; Mother and I are so anxious to know if you are alive or not, you are the only one we know in the Canadian forces, of course we don't really know you yet but we almost feel as if we did, and we are really quite concerned to know how you fared in this big fight. Do write soon, if just a line, and tell us if you are alive so that we can send you something. We had special prayers for all you Canadians in our Church Sunday morning and we want you to know that we both thought of you.

MacFarlane stared long at the two letters and then—"Well I'll be damned," he muttered, "all that interest gone to waste on an old buck like me". Long and earnestly he pondered over the situation, wondering how he should act, wondering why something like that hadn't happened earlier in his life, and then a new question burst suddenly on his mind and he asked himself again and again, "I wonder what she's like?"

It was a little hard to picture her somehow, her letter seemed so girlish in its straightforward innocence and yet there was a strong masterful tone in it as well, that spoke of something he could not quite define.

"Dad" suddenly came to one decision at once and that was that it was his duty to answer, no matter how much or how little pleasure was connected with that duty, and a few minutes later he was stumbling haltingly over the sentence, "Avez-vous papier et enveloppe, made moiselle" in a little French department store. He obtained what he wanted,

selected a table in the far corner of a quiet estaminet and went to work. Now "Dad" could write, and write well; away back in his school days he had been leader of all his classes when it came to composition work; his teachers claimed that he had a rare gift in descriptive powers, and that afternoon in the old estaminet instead of writing the little note of gratitude that he had intended, he turned out a long, cheeful letter full of gripping interest.

He did not talk of war or hardship, but told of his home and his former life on the borders of Lake Ontario; he thanked them warmly for their interest in him and gave them the name of another one such as he, who had no one to write to him. In closing he forbade them sending him presents for, he assured them, he was splendidly fed and cared for—it wasn't like "Dad" to work on the sympathies of women—and he could buy his tobacco in France or Belgium without having to bother them. When the letter was finished, re-read and carefully sealed it suddenly dawned upon him that he had made no mention of his age. It worried him for the moment and he paused in the every act of mailing the letter. "Gosh!" he said, "what if that little girl should get the idea that I was a handsome young guy about twenty-four and get kind of attached to me?" That would certainly never do at all he decided, but the next moment he laughed and dismissed it from his mind; after all he wasn't trying to marry the girl.

But "the girl" wrote back, a lovely letter indeed, with a short enclosure from her mother, congratulating him on the nice letter he had written and informing him that they had handed his comrade's name to a girl friend of their's who was going to write to him in the near future. The promised parcel arrived with the letter and "Dad's" eye lighted up when he saw the good English tobacco. "No 'Arf a mos' this trip Jack", he told his pal as he showed him a box of a hun-

dred "Players". And that was not all, there was a fine deck of cards, a box of home-made fudge, a "London" magazine and a little round fruit-cake. "Dad" had a good chance to take advantage of the gift that very afternoon and it was well that he did so far the Division was on the move again and the next day was facing the enemy in a little section of the country which will never be forgotten by the survivors. The French called it "Festubert" and if "Festubert" is French for "Hell" we will agree that it has been well named. "Dad's" bayonet was painted red twice during that engagement and his Lee-Enfield for a time got so hot in his hands that he could scarcely use it. It was dirty, horrifying work and many a brave lad was left there when the First moved back—but "Dad" came through.

They moved to another part of the line and before they had scarcely ceased talking about Festubert, were sent forward in a terribly fierce attack against the ridge at Givenchy. It looked for a time as if a glorious victory would be the result, but undreamed of accidents happened—accidents which could not very well be blamed on anyone in particular—and the Division drew off again, badly cut up and with little else than their glory to show for it.

"Dad" came out on top once more, but this time he showed the strain of what he had been through. Fifty-two years of age does not stand hardship and terrible shock as well as twenty-two and the old boy was on the verge of a nervous break-down when he came out of the Givenchy scrap.

It was a long time since he had written the Allertons; three welcome letters and another parcel were waiting for him when he came out from the Festubert region, but he was marched on into the next fight before he had made up his mind just how to answer them.

A Field Post Card with the meager information that he was alive and well was all the writing he had attempted before Givenchy, and after it he was too nervous to bother with writing for a while. Later, however, he wrote a second letter, fairly eclipsing his former effort and telling them of the receipt of their recent favours. Then slowly "Dad" realized that their letters were becoming very dear to him; he looked for them eagerly in each batch of mail that came to the battalion and began to answer them regularly.

He would have been lonely, indeed, now but for them, for most of his former comrades were scattered, many dead, many in hospitals or invalided home and the men of the Third Contingent drafts were strangers to him. So months passed; a cold cheerless winter found the First holding the line before Messines, and day by day men went down the line in large numbers from frost-bite and rheumatism: the hardships did not do much good for "Dad"; he was growing old rapidly and was very tired. They had promoted him three times in recognition of his steadiness and good example and he was now a full sergeant, but in his own heart he knew

he was losing his grip on himself and on those beneath him.

Hil one comfort, through all that winter campaign was the warm and steady friendship of Mabel Allerton and her mother, but even in their case he had to take the bitter with the sweet, for he knew that he would never dare to meet them. He was practically an old man and she—well she was perhaps twenty-five or so and deep down in his heart he knew that there had been a tone of tender solicitude creeping into her letters during the last few months, a little feeling of affection toward him which he knew was his duty to kill but which was too sweet and valuable to be forfeited. "What the devil would I do without her now-a-days", he used to say when he was tempted to confess his age and give her up.

Late in the winter the Division moved again, back to a place of memories, and the boys of the First found themselves once more on the Ypres salient with the German foe still holding sullenly to his line. There hell broke loose, German and British alike seemed possessed of the idea of making history—or perhaps geography, and each strove to push their lines ahead. Both sides were strong and well reinforced and the battle raged with the utmost ferocity and on the fourth day of the fight "Dad" got his "Blighty".

A well thrown bomb exploded just beside him and his left side was terribly torn and one rib badly shattered; he came very near bleeding to death where he lay in his trench but an officer who knew him well and knew his worth, ordered him taken care of at once and in a few minutes he was carried into a hospital dugout and the blood stanchied.

He was removed by painful stages first to Bailleul, thence to Boulogne where he was held for three weeks while they extracted crumbs of metal from his side. "Dad" was surely up against it for a while but he kept a stiff upper lip and won the praise and admiration of his nurses; they all liked him and his old nick-name stuck.

He did not know whether to be glad or sorry when they informed him that he was to start for "Blighty" next day. "Just think," said the night nurse, wistfully, "springtime in England, you're lucky, 'Dad'".

So over he went, bound for parts unknown. The staff on the ship did not know where he would be taken, people on the dock who carried him to the train could not tell, but on the train the nurse told him that Epsom was his destination. "That settles it", he muttered, "she will be over to see me before I'm here a day".

They carried him to his cot in Ward 8, and after a careful examination pronounced him as practically out of danger but informed him that his days as a soldier were numbered, he would never shoulder his old pack again.

A long, lonely week drifted by, which "Dad" found lonelier than any former one had been, for now he was receiving no letters and dared not write one, nor give his new address. He was in a bad

hole and one from which only the gift of youth could extricate him. There seemed finally to be but one way out of it, he must confide in someone better able to deal with the situation than he. Who could be better than his ward sister, a rosy-cheeked Devon girl of thirty, who had already made a favorite of her veteran patient? Miss Blakely heard him through to the end, encouraging him when he faltered in his confession and then she laughed long and heartily but it was not the heartiness of her laughter that caused the tears to start from her eyes; people laugh sometimes to cover a deeper emotion within and there was something pathetic, something deep, genuine and lasting in this old warrior who had never sought the heart of a woman in the days of his youth and was now trying nobly to forget the first woman who had brought sunshine into his life.

Two hours later one might have seen Sister Blakely in earnest conversation with a certain Sister Allerton, not Mabel E., in the nurses' quarters and whatever passed between them caused them to laugh suddenly and shake hands as if in solemn agreement over something.

Nurse Blakely was in buoyant spirits that afternoon, she patted old "Dad's" iron-grey head and told him to buck up and that she would have some great news for him soon.

That evening Nurses Blakely and Allerton went away together smiling mysteriously and resembling a pair of overgrown school-girls. They boarded a motor-bus and journeyed to Clapham Common, London S.W., to the home of a cousin of the latter. Just what took place there will never be known but the two nurses were fairly "walking on air" when they emerged and started for the hospital.

Nurse Allerton went straight to her quarters but Nurse Blakely took the trouble to go to the ward for a moment where "Dad" lay; his side pained him badly and he was wide awake when she came to him. "Dad," she whispered, "what is that funny word you Canadians use when things are all right? Is it 'Jake'?" He nodded, puzzled beyond speech by her visit and her question. "Well 'Dad'", she hurried on, "it's all 'Jake' and there's going to be big times in this ward tomorrow," and with that she was gone and he was alone, more bewildered than ever before in his life.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful and Ward 8 presented a cheerful picture. The boys grouped around playing games; some convalescent and gaining strength were helping the nurses tidy the ward, the V.A.D. girls were making up the beds for the M.O.'s visit and Sister Blakely was just putting the finishing touches to "Dad's" little "dug-out" as he called his cot. A big vase of freshly cut English roses had arrived from somewhere that morning with a card which read, "Sergt. 'Dad' MacFarlane", and they were nicely arranged on his locker.

For the twentieth time that morning the ward sister looked at her watch and then called out, "Now, boys, all who

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like can go out in the garden, but keep
within call in case the M.O. wants you".

In a few moments the ward was prac-
tically clear and the nurse stationed her-
self near the door which connected with
the offices.

Sharp on the stroke of ten the door
opened cautiously and a voice that trem-
bled with emotion asked, "May I come
in?" Sister Blakely's face was radiant
as she led the way to the "dugout"
where "Dad" reclined on his side with
his back to them. The nurse leaned
over him and whispered "Dad, how
would you like to meet the girl who
wrote you all those nice, cheering let-
ters while you were in France?"

He turned his head sharply, "I didn't
think you would joke over that, Sister",
he replied in an injured tone. "I'd give
a leg to see that girl just once, but I
don't think she is collecting souvenirs
in the shape of old men."

He had turned away as she spoke and
hardly noticed when the nurse quietly
withdrew and another took her place.
A cool hand brushed his forehead for a

moment, it awoke not the nurse's hand and
he turned in wonderment to look into a
pair of tear-dimmed eyes, eyes of pure
English grey, but filled with troubled
concern.

"You poor old boy", she whispered,
"if I had only known that you were here
all the time!" He did not ask her who
she was, only one woman in the world
could have addressed him like that—but
was it possible?—was this the "girl"
that he had longed yet feared to meet?

"You shouldn't have come," he man-
aged to say finally, "There was some-
thing I wanted to tell you first, but now
it's too late. You thought I was just a
young man and—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, laying her
hand on his lips. "I know what you
want to say, but I'm not going to let you
say it, if you start confessing to me I
will have to confess also and I don't
want to do that. Now", she went on, "I
have come for the day, I am going to
read to you till I am tired and then I
shall sew while you tell me about Can-

ada and that great lake which you used
to speak of in your letters".

His eyes followed her while she placed
things conveniently near. She was good
to look upon with that clear complexion
which is only found in England, those
steady grey eyes, her graceful carriage
and gentle manner. Her age was hard
to guess, possibly forty or even forty-
five, but she was splendidly preserved;
a great flood of happiness and content-
ment surged over him and he smiled.
"What is it?" she asked and then she
paused for she read something in those
honest eyes which caused a blush to
crimson her face.

"Miss Allerton," he asked, "do I look
very old?"

"Not older than the average man who
has been through all you have, Mr.
MacFarlane," she parried.

"Cut that 'mister'; won't you" he said.
"The boys call me 'Dad'".

"The girls at home call me 'Mabel'"
she answered, and then—peace reigned
in Ward 8.

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3 Packages for a Quarter.

Who did Captain McP--k- tell to stop whistling on Pay Parade.

* * * *

Sleepy voice from Daddy M---rs tent (to astonished Orderly Officer at Reveille)—Get the devil out of this or I'll knock your head off.

* * * *

We understand that Sawhgint-Majah M-ck-nn-n of "My Hospital", was the adored darling of the aristocracy of Fredericton on his recent birthday.

* * * *

It is said that Quebec Province has gone "dry" for soldiers. We hae our doots, for the last two nights we have slept with a pool of distinctly cool rain water next our left ear.

* * * *

What happened to the keys of those boxes that R-th-rf-rd bought in Quebec? The tartan nose must have been in evidence again.

* * * *

We want to know when R.Q.M.S. D-m-nd joined the transport section and—WHERE did he get that horse?

* * * *

It would be advisable if Sergeant D--t-n would make up a nominal roll of the uncles, aunts, sisters and cousins who met him with parcels at the various stations on our way to Valcartier. Several members of the battalion feel deeply grateful to them.

* * * *

We would remind a certain medical gentleman in Fredericton, that pride, in the shape of fawn gloves and "Sam Brownes", always comes before a fall.

* * * *

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED.

"How I Left Billee" by Cpl. C. S. B-nn-ll.

"Daily Orders and How to Write Them" by Sergt. G. L. Cr--g.

"From Hospital to Clink" by Sgt. E. B. Mack-nn-n.

"R. C. R." by R. S. M. Ed-n-r-m B-y-rs.

"How to be Unhappy Though Married" by Sergt. C. W. W-n-m-k-r and Pte. E. F. H-mphr--s.

* * * *



We have heard that Sergeant S-mps-n's wife received a telegram stating that her husband had found a watery grave. It must have been in the "old green river".

* * * *

Why did Sergeant L-w- have his hair shaved off? What was biting B-rt--?

* * * *

We fancy from "Pussy's" letters that one of Sergt. D-l-n-y's Christian names must be Tom.

* * * *

Will R.S.M. B-y-rs, Sergt. L-w-n-y, and D-dlums please tell us who "Rose Petal" and "Dimples" are?

* * * *

When did Sergt. C. wash his feet last?

* * * *

When did Cpl. C-mpb-ll's game leg come in handy?

Chorus from the Orderly Room—On the March Past.

* * * *

Sergt. B-ll—We seem to have more bad habits than ever up here.

Sergt. M.—Yes, when we were down in Fredericton we didn't have to mix with that Exhibition gang, now we do.

* * * *

We hear that H-mphr--s is desirous of taking a commission on his arrival in England.

* * * *

"Now, George, you just stop that foolishness of saying that you can't get along without me."—Extract from an epistle received by Sergt. R-ssb-r-gn.

* * * *

Lance-Corporal and Acting Corporal B-nn-ll—I don't like to wear that beastly sporrán. Billee doesn't like me in it.

* * * *

It is a wonder that C.S.M. Appl-by doesn't have a tent fixed for him on the artillery range. He would feel quite at home with the shells bursting around.

* * * *

Will Daddy M---rs take any more medicine Saturday night?

* * * *

H-nd-rs-n (to M-ll--)—What's losing one stripe and getting ten days C. B. to three days with you?

* * * *

Could Corporal Tr--n find the ring for the girl in Fredericton?

* * * *

What made Corporal Tr--n's tooth ache on his way to Valcartier? Too many tulips?

* * * *

Cpl. C-mpb-ll—What is for dinner?
H-nd-rs-n—Stew, my child.
Cpl. C-mpb-ll—If Edna could only see me now!

* * * *

We understand that Sergt. W-n-m-k-r didn't want to leave Fredericton a bit. Shortly after his arrival in camp he was investigating as to the proper manner of starting his first letter to wifey. The R.S.M. furnished a solution, but that didn't help matters at all.

* * * *

It is published for the information of all concerned that Sergt. L-b-ns has a girl in Valcartier Village.

* * * *

We would like to know who Sergt. C-nq M-rs writes all those "mushy" letters to.

* * * *

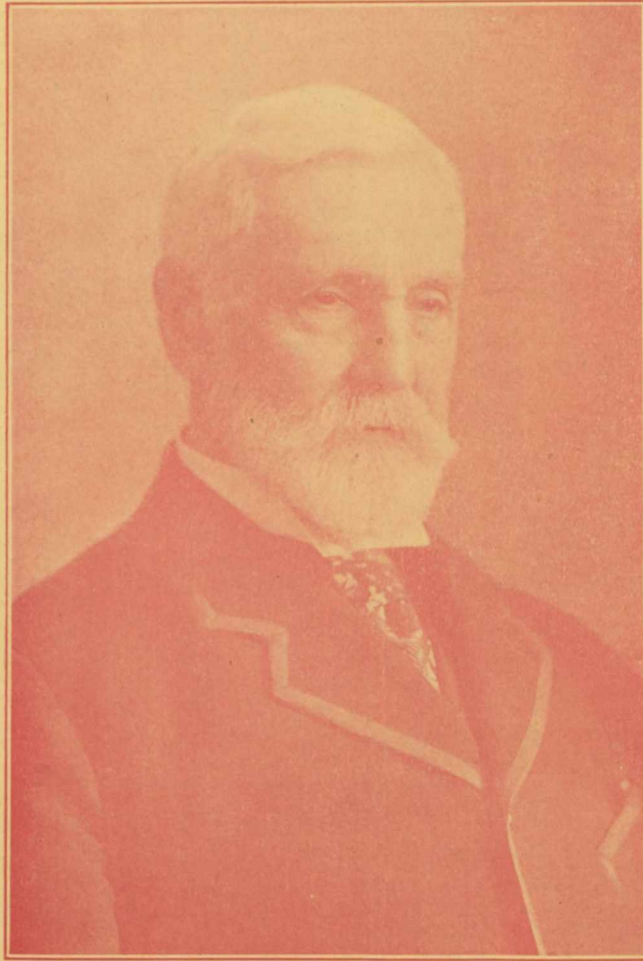
Who is the military policeman who signs his letters to Fredericton "Yours lovingly, Harry"?

* * * *

We are told that the G. O. C. on presenting the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to R.S.M. B-y-rs stated that it was "a reward for twenty years of undetected crime".

* * * *

A Friend of the Regiment



R. B. ANGUS.



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