
SUPPLEMENT
To the
OCTOBER, 1915,
Journal of Education
February, 1916.



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1916.

FEBRUARY SUPPLEMENT TO THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

15 FEBRUARY, 1916.

TO THE TEACHER.

Lieut. Colonel A. H. Borden, the well known and efficient Commanding Officer of the 85th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F., Nova Scotia Highlanders, has been authorized to recruit three more Highland Battalions in this Province.

A great recruiting scheme is being planned to impress upon every man, woman and child the necessity of filling up these battalions at once in order that they may, with the 85th, take their place at the front at an early date.

The complete satisfaction of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men serving with Colonel Borden in the 85th, their good conduct, sobriety and rapid advance in their preparations for war enables us confidently to urge every medically fit man to enlist now.

Men are wanted from all parts of the Province. 3,500 will be required for the three battalions. This is a large number; but the needs of the Empire are urgent, and it must be now or never. It is a time for men who have been hesitating to decide to enlist to ensure the safety of those institutions and conditions which we all hold as dear as life itself.

The Council of Public Instruction has authorized the sending out of this "Supplement to the Journal of Education" to aid in bringing the recruiting scheme to the attention of every one within each school section in Nova Scotia.

It has been decided to set apart *Friday, 25th February, 1916*, in the schools of the Province, as "*The Nova Scotia Schools Recruiting Day.*"

It is expected that all teachers will on this day bring before their pupils the very great needs of the Empire at the present time, and that Patriotic Recitations and Songs by the pupils, and stirring Patriotic addresses by special speakers will be the order of the day.

In schools where it is possible to have pupils massed in an Assembly Room, part of the morning session might be devoted to "talks" by the teachers to the pupils of their grades as a preparation for the afternoon exercises, when a program similar to the one given below might be carried out. A rehearsal of the songs to be sung would be necessary during a few minutes on the preceding days. It should be understood that this is a "suggested" program only, and may be modified to suit the special conditions prevailing in different sections, according to the judgment of the teacher.

The object is, thru the medium of the children to bring the need of recruiting to the attention of every one in the homes of all the people. A "roll of honor" containing the names of those who have already responded to the call of Empire in the school section should be placed in a prominent position in the school.

Many of our women (and not the least among them, women teachers) have done noble work in various ways since this war began, and here is an excellent opportunity for them to bring the matter before the boys and girls of the land in even the most remote localities of the Province, and of doing their "bit" in using their influence in this very urgent and important work for the empire and civilization.

On Sunday, the 27th, the clergy in all the churches will be asked to give the call for recruits a prominent place in their sermons.

On Monday, the 28th, with the further preparation which the press will be able to give to the movement, the recruiting campaign will begin, and it is confidently expected that the required number of men will be obtained in record time.

The words of a number of Patriotic Songs and Recitations not commonly used are being printed in this "Supplement." Some of these can be copied and learned by the pupils and sufficiently rehearsed to be sung or recited on "Schools Recruiting Day." Use the good old songs already familiar to the pupils first, and as often as possible.

This "Supplement" also contains photos of the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders, and views of the men at their training at the present time.

You will find enclosed the little Song Book of the 85th Battalion. Your pupils may sing the songs. Invite parents

and others to the school on Recruiting Day. Have stirring recitations, some of which are reprinted here for your convenience. Have no address longer than ten minutes. Make this Day the biggest, brightest day ever known in your school section. Remember, teachers, your effort that day will be a contribution to the saving of the Empire. See how well we can each do our "little bit" in the great cause.

☞ Within one week from the date of this school exercise, each teacher will report to the Inspector, briefly, how the program was carried out, how it was received by the public, and its estimated effect. The Inspectors are ordered to report all schools in which nothing is done (with the cause).

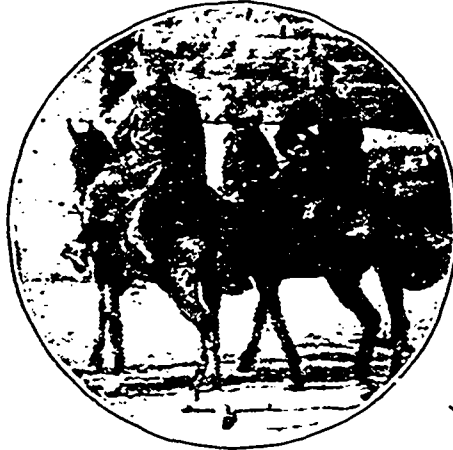
SUGGESTED PROGRAM.

1. Song: "We'll never let the Old Flag fall." *Song Book*.
(Followed by Saluting the Union Jack).
2. Reading: Colonel Borden's letter to the Boys and Girls.*
3. Recitation: "Your King and Country Need you."*
4. Song: "Soldiers of the King."
5. Address: (10 minutes).
6. Recitation: "The Knight's Chorus." (From "The Coming of Arthur.")*
7. Song: "Till the Boys come Home." *Song Book*.
8. Address: (10 minutes).
9. Song: "Rule Britannia."
10. Recitation in Chorus:
"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

On the next page is the letter from Colonel Borden addressed to the boys and girls of the schools of Nova Scotia, which the teacher should read to them in each school before the day set apart as "*Nova Scotia Schools Recruiting Day*" as well as on the occasion of the Program exercises.

*Reprinted on following pages.



A LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE NOVA SCOTIA SCHOOLS.



Lt. COLONEL ALLISON H. BORDEN, O. C.
Nova Scotia Highlanders.

The Armouries, Halifax, N.S.

Feb. 14th, 1916.

Dear Boys and Girls:-

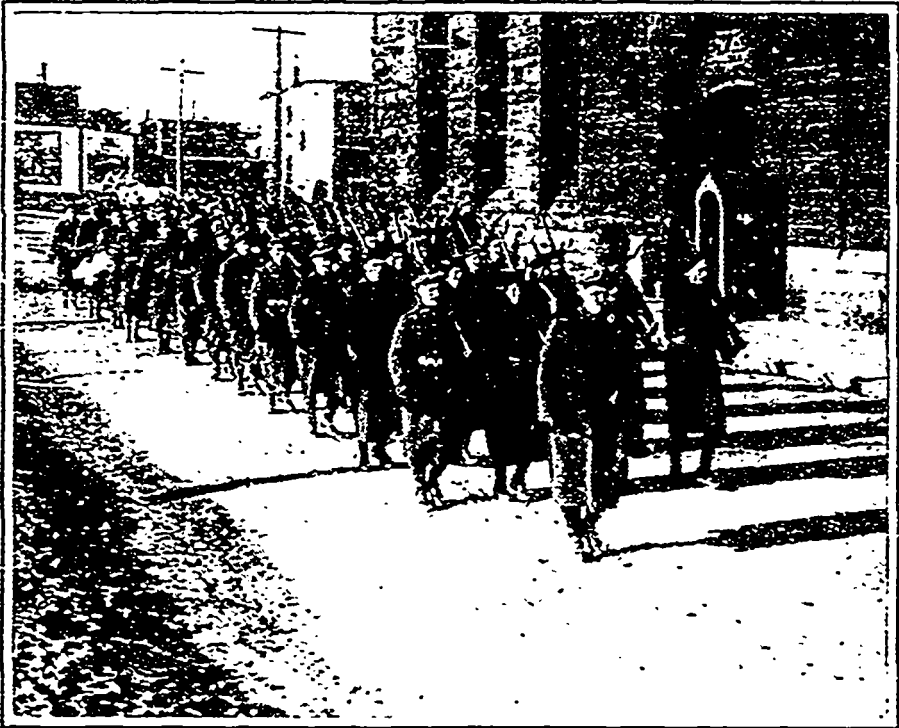
I am writing to ask you to help me. Perhaps I had better begin by letting you know who I am and why I need your help. I was once a Nova Scotia school-boy; now I am a Nova Scotia soldier and I have been asked by the King to get together in this Province of ours 3,500 men who are willing to become soldiers, and go across the Atlantic with me to help beat the cruel Germans who are trying to destroy our Empire. They must be got quickly, in fact it is necessary that we have these 3,500 men—your fathers and big brothers or any men who are strong and well in your section between the ages of eighteen and forty five—within a month from the time you receive this letter. Now you will understand that it is very hard to persuade quiet people who chop in the



“He’ll travel to Berlin across the Rhine,
“Wi’ his 85th Highlanders, bonnie and fine.”

woods, plow the fields, work in the mines, fish in the sea, or work in shops and offices, to leave the peaceful occupations to go far across the sea to fight the faithless Germans. But if the Nova Scotia men do not cross the sea to fight the Germans in France, the Germans may come to Nova Scotia and take or destroy our farms and houses.

So you see I really need your help very badly. You must help me to raise these 3,500 men. You may say to me, “What can boys and girls like us do?” Well, you can carry this letter home and show it to your father and big brothers and you can ask them to come with me and other grown up Nova Scotia school boys in the defence of Nova Scotia, Canada, and the Empire. Also ask them to write to their friends and relatives not now living at home, to return to Nova Scotia and enlist with us in this great cause. Then, on your Nova Scotia Schools Recruiting Day, you can sing the songs of Britain with your whole voice and heart and soul. Or if you have a piece to speak about the brave deeds of some Canadian soldier boy, you can speak it and be proud that you too are a Canadian. Perhaps you may touch the heart of some grown up boy in your village and be the cause of his joining the Nova Scotia Highlanders.



These brave men of the 85th,
 Are six foot four or so;
 I reckon when they get to France
 The Germans will lie low.

You must know, boys and girls, that while all seems quiet and peaceful in the little Nova Scotia villages, this is a time of great danger for us all. and that we can only win this awful war which you have heard so much about, if every man, woman, boy, girl, and little child helps. We men must go to fight. You boys and girls must stay at home. If daddy and all your big brothers go, you must be very good to mother. If you are boys you must cut the kindlings, keep the wood-box filled, throw down the hay for the cattle, carry water from the spring and do as much of the work of the men who are away as you are able to do. If you are girls you must help mother with the dishes, learn to sew and darn stockings, and also do as much of the work of the men who are away, as you are able to do. And remember that if you really help at home in these



When you are tucked up warm
in bed,
And the roof is thick with snow,
The sentry of the 85th
Goes pacing to and fro.



When Highland laddies march to
war,
They carry on their back
Their blanket, kit and water bottle
And roomy haversack.

simple duties that are often so tiresome, you will have helped to win the great war and save the British Empire. Boys and girls of Nova Scotia. I am depending on you to help fill up the three Nova Scotia Highland Battalions.

Allison H. Borden

RECITATIONS AND SONGS.

This England Never Did.

This England never did, nor ever shall,
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.

King John V. 7.

YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU.

Your King and country need you,
 So enlist.
 You're wanted now, they tell you.
 To enlist.
 Do not wait another day,
 Never mind what shirkers say,
 Show "the other chaps" the way,
 And enlist.

The boys in France, they call you
 To enlist.
 To help them, they implore you
 To enlist.
 Is it that you fear to go
 And help our lads to fight the foe—
 As a man, you'll answer "No"
 And enlist.

The voice of conscience bids you
 To enlist.
 To avenge the wrongs of Belgium.
 Go enlist.
 Duty tells you what to do:
 Help a cause that's just and true.
 And the men who fight for you.
 And enlist.

Sing "The Maple Leaf Forever."
 And enlist;
 Have no use for a white feather,
 But enlist.
 Show your true Canadian grit,
 Get a rifle in your mitt,
 And enlist.

(F. Stevenson, Toronto, Aug. 20, 1915.)

THE KNIGHTS' CHORUS.

Blow trumpet! for the world is white with May:
Blow trumpet! the long night hath rol'd away;
Blow thru the living world: Let the King reign.

Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm?
Flash brand and lance, fall battle axe on helm,
Fall battle axe and flash brand! Let the King reign.

Strike for the King and live! His knights have heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle axe and flash brand! Let the King reign.

Blow trumpet! He will lift us from the dust!
Blow trumpet! live the strength, and die the lust!
Clang battle axe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is King, and ever wills the highest.
Clang battle axe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle axe and clash brand! Let the King reign.

The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battle axe and flash brand! Let the King reign.

Alfred Tennyson.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line.
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies:
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling.

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH.

By Lilian Leveridge.

It isn't the way of the British,
 In the fight for country and King.
 On the fair, white field of their valor,
 The shadow of shame to bring.
 There isn't a man in the army,
 There isn't a lad on the sea.
 Would dim the light of his honor,
 By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain
 To grasp with greedy hand,
 And hold with a despot's power,
 Domain in a friendly land.
 But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"
 She dies for "an old colored rag,"
 When the one is her word of promise,
 And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British,
 With ruthless hands of hate.
 The priceless things of a nation
 To plunder and desecrate.
 Not 'gainst defenseless women
 And children their guns are turned:
 Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—
 That isn't the way they've learned.

It isn't the way of the British
 To strike like the heathen hordes,
 To torture the hapless captives
 They take at the point of their swords.
 That was never the way with Britain,
 Tho her strength is the strength of ten;
 For her sons in her far-flung warfare,
 Fight ever like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—
 It was but a week ago—
 Who were called to a post of peril,
 In the path of the furious foe,
 It was certain death, and they knew it;
 But the valor in each heart burned—
 "Good-by, good-by to you fellows!"
 They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons,
 And there dashed thru the sulphurous smoke,
 With the same farewell to their comrades,
 While a wreath of smile outbroke—
 Thirty to follow the thirty;
 And the eager ranks closed in.
 That is the way of the British,
 That is the way they win.

This is the way of the British—
 In the strength of their righteous cause,
 Upheld by the hosts of heaven,
 They strike for their King and laws,
 From what do they shrink—our soldiers?
 They may lose in the fearful fray,
 Their lives, but never their honor,
 Who fight in the British way.

Then here's to the men in the army,
 And here's to the lads on the sea;
 To the hands that are strong and steady.
 To the hearts that are true and free!
 Tho long it be ere the dawning,
 It cometh at last—the day,
 When all that you've fought for, bled for,
 You shall win in the British way.

BRAVO.

Fred E. Weatherly in the London Daily Mail.

Kitchener sat in his London den,
 Silent and grim and grey,
 Making his plans with an iron pen,
 Just in Kitchener's way.
 And he saw where the clouds rose dark and dun,
 And all that it meant he knew;
 "We shall want every man who can shoulder a gun
 To carry this thing right thru.

Bravo Kitchener! say what you want,
 No one shall say you nay!
 And the world shall know, where our bugles blow,
 We've a Man at the head—today!

Jellicoe rides on the gray North Seas
 Watching the enemy's lines,
 Where their Lord High Admirals skulk at ease
 Inside of their hellish mines,
 They have drunk too deep to the boasted fight,
 They have vowed too mad a vow!
 What do they think—on the watch—tonight?
 What toast are they drinking now?

Bravo, Jellicoe! Call them again,
 And whenever they take the call,
 Show them the way, give them their "Day"
 And settle it once for all!

And French is facing the enemy's front,
 Stubbornly day by day,
 Taking the odds and bearing the brunt,
 Just in the Britisher's way,
 And he hears the message that makes him glad,
 Ring thru the smoke and flame.
 "Fight on, Tommy! stick to them lad!
 Jack's at the same old game!

Bravo, Tommy, stand as you've stood.
 And whether you win or fall,
 Show them you fight as gentlemen should,
 And die like gentlemen all!

So Kitchener plans in London Town
 And French is standing at bay,
 Jellicoe's ships ride up and down,
 Holding the seas' highway.
 And you that loaf where the skies are blue,
 And play by a petticoat hem,
 These are the men who are fighting for you!
 What are you doing for them?

Bravo, then for the men who fight!
 Shame to the men who play!
 It's a fight to the end for honor and friend,
 It's a fight for our lives today!

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!
 Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
 A flash of color beneath the sky—
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
 Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines—
 Hats off!
 The colors before us fly:
 But more than the flag is passing by.
 Sea-fights and land-fights grim and great,
 Fought to make and to save the state.
 Weary marches and sinking ship,
 Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and years of peace;
 March of a strong land's swift increase:
 Equal justice, right and law,
 Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong
 To ward her people from foreign wrong;
 Pride and glory and honor—all
 Live in the colors to stand or fall.
 Hats off!

Along the street there comes
 A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
 And loyal hearts are beating high—
 Hats off!
 The flag is passing by!

Henry Holcomb Bennett.

FALL IN! FALL IN!

Fall in! Fall in! The bugle sounds!
 Your country calls again for men,
 Your chums are gone, their lives, their wounds,
 Are calling out, where have YOU been?
 Fall in! Fall in! A mother weeps,
 Cruel war has robbed her of a son,
 But in our Empire's nobler deeps,
 Her mother's sacrifice will win.
 FALL IN! FALL IN!

Fall in! Fall in! A widow mourns,
 And lusty childhood's watching eye
 Seeks father's form, as eve returns
 And seeing not, it asks YOU why?
 Fall in! Fall in! A wondering world
 Is wondering why you're staying here,
 The flag of Freedom's long unfurled
 And Freedom's sons are mustering there.
 FALL IN! FALL IN!

Fall in! Fall in! All-seeing God
 Is watching o'er a trembling earth:
 An Empire's sons are fighting hard
 For you, Oh, if YOU value worth,
 Fall in! Fall in! And when sweet peace
 O'er earth's broad surface reigns supreme,
 Amongst her heroes take YOUR place.
 By deeds you've won her laurels fame.
 FALL IN! FALL IN!

OTHER SONGS SUGGESTED.


1. "Now we wear the feather," see 85th Song Book.
Tune: Tulip and Rose. Music procurable at any Music Shop.
2. "We'll never let the old flag fall," 85th Song Book. Music procurable at any music shop
3. "O Canada," 85th Song Book. Music procurable at any music shop.
4. "Till the boys come home," 85th Song Book. Music procurable at any music shop.
5. "Tipperary," 85th Song Book. Music procurable at any music shop.
6. "Here we are again," 85th Song Book. Music procurable at any music shop.
7. "Rule Britannia."
8. "The Red, White and Blue "
9. "The Maple Leaf."
10. "God Save the King."

OTHER RECITATIONS SUGGESTED.

1. "Charge of the Light Brigade."
2. "The Revenge."
3. "Ye Mariners of England."
4. "News after Flodden."
5. "Horatius at the Bridge."
6. "There's Something in the English after all."
7. "Admirals All."
8. "The Highland Brigade "
9. "August."
10. "The Lion Led the Line. "
11. "Going and Coming."
12. "The Brave at Home "
13. "The Younger Son "
14. "A Casualty in the Ranks."
15. "Last Leave."

The copy of the Song Book of the 85th is presented to the teacher for the school library; not as a model of war-time songs which are sure to be improved during the campaign, but as a sample of what we are actually starting out with.

Some teachers may be able to prepare a better program than the one outlined; and many, to make one more suitable to the conditions of the locality. But so long as "The Day" is celebrated *and the inclosed letters are distributed thru pupils to all families having men from 18 to 45 years of age*, the teacher's work will be well done.

 Numbers of copies of Colonel Borden's letter and a form of letter ready made for filling in, signing, inclosing in a stamped envelope, and mailing to Captain E. C. Phinney, Adjutant, N. S. Highlanders, Halifax, for any further information desired, are inclosed; one of which the teacher will carefully give to each pupil from any family in which there are men who may desire to join other patriots as soldiers of the King.

The following table is cut out of page 15 of the Second Annual Report of the Executive Council of the Strathcona Trust, published at Ottawa. It shows how the teachers of Nova Scotia, under the guidance of the present Colonel Borden (when organizer of Cadet Corps and Physical Training) led all Canada in the movement to aid which the late Lord Strathcona presented the Dominion with a fund of half a million dollars

To the credit of our teachers in this Province, not only did they lead the teachers of the central and western Provinces of Canada by three or four years; but they did it without demanding or obtaining an extra grant for it. That is a bit of history we can always be proud of; and in the present and future we have confidence there will be no degeneration.

Report by the Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, Headquarters, on Military and Physical Training Instruction for Public School Teachers, 1908-1912.

1. The following table shows the total number of certificates issued in past years, up to the 31st August, 1912, as reported by Officers Commanding Divisional Areas and Military Districts:—

	School Year					Grade "A" August, 1912	Total
	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911		
	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912		
Nova Scotia.....	50	1170	2670	3228	3831	33	3864
New Brunswick.....			300	1200	1826	38	1858
Prince Edward Island				300	494	29	523
British Columbia.....				200	472	88	560
Ontario.....					193	208	401
Manitoba.....					590	23	413
Saskatchewan.....					347	10	357
Alberta.....					116	23	139
Quebec.....					146	55	201
Total.....	50	1170	2970	4928	7809	507	8316

Colonel Borden has already expressed the opinion that the rapidity with which his present 85th Battalion was recruited was due to the active assistance he received from both the women and men teachers thruout the Province, and realizing the support they will give him has had the courage to attempt this task three times as large.

He expects every teacher to send him at least one recruit. If you cannot persuade anyone in your school section to enlist, you may know some one who has left Nova Scotia to whom you might write to encourage him to come home and join the Nova Scotia Highlanders. Do it.