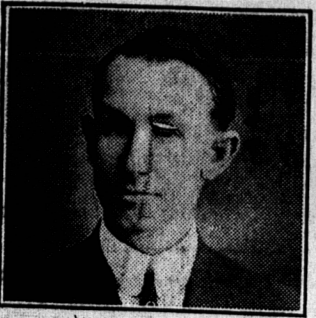


MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-tives"



D. A. WHITE, Esq., 21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO, Dec. 22nd, 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-tives"...

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take "Fruit-a-tives"...

Ellis Montague

Best place in Montague to buy School Supplies, Stationery all kinds. We carry the L. Waterman fountain pens which are guaranteed...

Ellis Pharmacy Ltd.

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Sailings

Table with columns for destination (LONDON, HALIFAX, LIVERPOOL), departure dates, and times.

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Eastern S.S. Corporation

International Line WINTER FARES

St. John to Boston.....\$5.00
St. John to Portland.....\$4.50
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

DIRECT ROUTE MARITIME PROVINCES TO MONTREAL

"THE CANADIAN," MONTREAL TO CHICAGO

THE "IMPERIAL LIMITED" Famous Transcontinental Express

Unexcelled Dining Car Service

W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R. St. John, N. B.

Geo. Waller, Local Representative, Dominion Express Building, Charlottetown.

TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES

A rifleman in the Rifle Brigade at the front writes home to a friend: I was out with B company today playing them along to the bagpipes...

Comforts in the Trenches Captain Viney, of the Dorset Regiment, writing home says:— I first went to see the colonel, and wonderful trenches I have ever seen...

As to the German infantryman's courage, we should not be misled when he says he was not brave. These men were forward in a way that would almost shame the fancies of the Sardinians...

The next thing was that the German infantryman was a magnificent digger, he burrowed, sapped, and dug with infinite pains. The Germans were extremely busy with their digging...

Here we were in a dug-out, and the water in the kettle had reached boiling point, and he was about to make the tea, when crack came a "Jack Johnson" and whipped the roof from the house...

Our men have just been supplied by a friend, who evidently studied the British soldier, with some mouth organs. These are an unfailing source of gaiety and amusement during the many long hours we have to spend in our pits doing nothing...

One of the things that strike you most in this war is the entire absence of visible life, except for the above-mentioned civilians. One knows that the whole plain is alive with troops and guns, but they are so well concealed and live such an underground existence that one could easily imagine it to be a peaceful and peaceful wintery scene of the country...

MEANNESS OF THE HUMNS. In a letter to his uncle at Sanguhar, Bandeman Glencross, of the 12th Lancers, says: "The Germans did not do much brutal work here—only a lot of looting. The woman of the house has two little girls, and each of them had a small tin bank on the mantelpiece containing only a few coppers..."

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THE BELGIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE FUND. The Hon. J. A. Mathieson, Premier has been advised that the Admiralty has placed at the disposal of the Nova Scotia, P. E. Island and New Brunswick Belgian Relief Committees the Steamer Trenegloss for the purpose of carrying further supplies to the stricken people of Belgium. This ship will be available about December Twentieth and will sail on or about December 25th. The Belgian Relief committee has authorized me to request further donations of cash, clothing and food stuffs. Persons within the city who desire to contribute clothing or food will please send same to the Dill shed, or advise the Secretary who will have the goods sent for. Cash donations may be forwarded to the undersigned and will be promptly acknowledged in the daily press. All donations of food and clothing from outside the city will be received and forwarded free by the railway and steamers if addressed to the Belgian Relief Committee and same will be looked after and forwarded to destination.

D. J. Riley, Secy Treas 6034 12-11M14

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and also plenty of light, so we are extremely lucky in that respect. Our gun is in position in the farm- yard, and the inhabitants still live in the house itself. Some of them keep coming in to see us occasionally. There are about five or six here now, mostly females, and they are having a good laugh between them at my ex- pense.

We had a little amusement here the other night, caused through our lit- tle. But first of all I should tell you that our guns have been named by us. The one is called "Mother," and the two are "George" and "Mary," re- spectively. Well, our happens to be "George." It happened like this: Yesterday week we (or "George" rather) fired at and smashed a certain German target which we had orders to do. The next night it appeared in orders published from headquarters that the "Mother" gun had done ex- cellent work in smashing up the target. Of course it was us, as the "Mother" gun had fired that day at all. So our major informed them at head- quarters of the mistake, and a few nights later it appeared in orders again, pointing out the mistake and adding, "the error had caused friction in the family evidently." We all had to do a smile over that when it was read out to us."

TOO MUCH WAR NEWS. (From the Rochester Post-Express.) Certain light-minded persons seem to have criticised New York papers for devoting so much space to news from the theatre of war. * * * It is doubtful, however, if any intelligent reader with anything approaching an adequate conception of the importance of this titanic struggle in history and in human affairs deprecates the fact that space is given to every item of significant news concerning the war. It is not only the most terrible but the most momentous drama enacted on earth since our planet rolled formless and void in space. Tens of thou- sands of books will be written on centuries yet unborn, and when it is as far in the past as the war of Troy, or as Marathon and Salamis lie behind us now, it will still be regarded as the crucial point in human history and the chronology of man- kind may be dated from this year 1914 when an older order perished and a new age or dispensation began on earth. * * * It is our privilege far removed from the maelstrom of vol- eed and in a land which obtains its full narrative of events as they occur, to watch this drama of the ages unfold and to live through events of which the future will read in fascinat- ed horror.

A dozen cables, a thousand wires and the whole ambient ether are throbbing with the story of the vials of the wrath of God are being out- poured on the world; yet child mind- ed people complain that their papers tell too much about it. They had bet- ter go out in their back yards and play horse with the children, or at all events keep the evidence of their men- tal vacuity out of sight and out of the public prints.

do much brutal work here—only a lot of looting. The woman of the house has two little girls, and each of them had a small tin bank on the mantelpiece containing only a few coppers. The Huns broke open the banks and took the wee girls' pennies away. They are guilty of such mean and low tricks, and also with stealing the rings off the women's fingers."

A LITTLE MUSIC HELPS. A Lombardier in the Royal Horse Artillery writes: The snow has thawed, leaving the roads and trenches in an awful mess. We are covered in mud from head to toe, a more motley crowd you could never wish to see. Ah, well, this is war and leaves no time for parting one's hair, shave and wash.

We have been fighting night and day in the trenches for three weeks: makes you feel as if you could do with a clean up and a decent night's sleep. I was up the observation station with one of our officers, observing the effects of our shells on the Germans. Across the road was a ruined public house with one of those huge barrel organs with a penny-in-the-slot arrangement. A corporal of ours dared me to go across the road, running the gamut of the German snipers, and start it. Well, I nipped across, wound it up, and an out- cry, "The Marsellaise." It was great to have a bit of music, but I bet it riled the Germans in the trenches."

This is what we get up to, to break the monotony of life in the trenches. One of Willie's crack regiments, the Bavarian Guards, made an attack on our trenches a few days ago, and I'm afraid I got back to tell the tale. They advanced in mass doing that ridiculous goose-step, and a sort of ramble chanting their national air, "The Watch on the Rhine." A wire entanglement then put in a terrible fire on them, slaughtering them in hundreds.

SENSATIONS UNDER FIRE. Describing in a letter to a friend his first sensations on being in action Private J. H. Gemmel, of the London Scottish, says:— When first you go into it, the noise of the shell-fire is terrific. The vibration of the big shells is so great that you would think a big, hefty professional footballer had kicked a ball against your ear from a distance of four yards. So far, I have been very lucky in escaping any injury, but I have had several narrow shaves. In the meantime we are resting at a quiet little French village, and I can assure you I have need of this respite. For five days and six nights we were in the trenches, ever on the alert. We lost more than half our company, and now we have none of our original officers left.

TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES ON LAND AND SEA. A subaltern of the Royal Field Artillery, writing home to his parents, gives a vivid account of a daring night attack upon the German trenches. He says:— Soon after midnight a patrol of one officer and seven men, dressed in white from head to foot, climbed over our parapet and crawled off across the German trenches. They first visited a hole where they had seen two men asleep and snipe up a tree the night before, but no one was there. They then went on to the main German trench. They hit it ran to the rear at right angles. A sentry popped his head over, saw our fellows, and was at once plugged by the officer. The patrol then fired five rounds "rapid" in the three directions down the communicating trench and back along the trench.