

Warm Weather Needs for Baby

Here are little things that will make it easier for mothers to insure their baby's comfort during the warm months to come. Don't deny your child the use of these everyday necessities.

- Baby Talcum
Baby Foods
Teething Rings
Rubber Sheeting
Nipples
Nursing Bottles
Skin Soaps
Sponges
Lime Water
Castile Soap
Olive Oil
Castor Oil

Let us help you to take care of Baby during the hot months.

E. A. Foster Central Drugstore

LAST LETTER RECEIVED FROM LIEUT. ROGERS

The following is taken from the Chronicle of Brookline, Mass. Capt. Rogers was a half-brother of Mr. W. K. Rogers, and a son-in-law of Mr. J. A. Lawson of Charlottetown.

(The Chronicle, Brookline, Mass. June 17th.)

Word has just been received that Lieutenant Ralph B. Rogers, brother-in-law of Alfred P. Waterman of Brookline, has been killed in action in France. The news was called by the British War Office to Halifax, and details are lacking. It is assumed, however, from the fact that he was killed "in action" that he gave his life in the recent fighting in which the Canadian troops lost so heavily when they were driven back later to regain their old positions.

Lieutenant Rogers, who leaves a wife and two children in Prince Edward Island, was an officer in the Canadian Militia when the war broke out, and like many others could not refuse to perform service in Europe though he had a family to support, and immediately enlisted.

Only about three weeks before he died, Lieutenant Rogers wrote an interesting letter to his next-of-kin which came through unharmed by the British censor, and here it is:

On the field in France, May 16th, 1916.

Dear Sisters:— Our old battalion, the 55th was on arrival in England converted, like a great many Canadian units, into a reserve battalion to supply reinforcements for the first and second divisions at the front. Nearly all our men and eight of our officers are now in France. Three of the officers, including myself have been transferred to the 25th Nova Scotia Battalion of the 2nd Division.

We left England one evening at 7 o'clock and were in the trenches the following night. Our journey from the coast through the lovely landscape of Northern France was a very delightful one, and we saw few signs of war, except that all through the fields women and old men were doing the work of a few young men being seen except those in uniform.

The last stage of our rail journey was made on a train crowded with a Regiment of blue-coated French Infantry, moving up like ourselves to their place in the line. Then in the early afternoon we alighted at the rail-head with its bustle of troops and trains and transports, and with the sudden growth of the guns coming amid the mixup we discovered a London bus, one of the many hundreds of its kind that are doing duty in these unfamiliar surroundings, and on this we made our way along roads choked with transports of all kinds to our battalion base.

Our battalion is in the trenches four miles ahead, and as soon as darkness permits we have to join it. We are mounted now on horses, and have the quartermaster as guide. Movement of men on horses on roads within several miles of the firing line is possible only at night, and during that time all supplies for the troops in the advanced trenches have to be brought up. The enemy keeps peppering the roads in the rear of our line with shrapnel and high explosive shells during the hours of darkness in the hope of hitting our transports, which he occasionally does. Of course our guns are doing the same thing to the roads in the rear of his position. On the night of our first trip up, there was just enough shelling going on to keep us interested and on arrival at a ruined village some 80 yards from the front line, we lit the horses with candles and proceeded on foot to battalion headquarters some distance farther along, where we reported to the Colonel in his dug-out, and were detailed to "D" Company of the battalion, which on that particular night was holding the support trenches. We reported there, and there we spent the night and the following day, with just an occasional shell and a little rifle fire coming our way.

Next night our company moved up into the front line trenches, and then it was that we had our first real experience of being under fire, with a sergeant and ten men, we detailed to relieve the garrison of a detached post in the front line and to hold the position until we ourselves were relieved. To reach the place we had to cross about 600 yards of open ground, swept continuously by the enemy's fire. By good luck and using all possible caution we got across without any casualties occupied the post and held it for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time we were relieved. We were under continual rifle, machine-gun, and shell fire, but once inside the parapets we were fairly safe from all except the shell fire, from which there is usually no protection except Providence. We were very fortunate though a number of shells fell very near us. Getting into and out of the front line trenches is by far the worst part of it. I have been through the ordeal many times since, but I shall not soon forget my first experience. Even when our battalion is not occupying the trenches, it is frequently the officer's duty to go up front in charge of working parties or patrols, all of which work can be carried out only at night and then under difficulties. The enemy's trenches at this point are only about fifty yards from our own, and he keeps constantly sending up flares which are something after the style of skyrocket, and which illuminate the road for hundreds of yards, as a guard against possible surprise by us. Our party formed in single file with intervals of several yards between men, groped its way across the shell-torn area. A flare shoots up, and we stand stock-still, or throw ourselves into any position, resembling as much as possible a lump of mud. The flare dies out, and we jump up and hurry along, taking advantage of the few seconds of darkness while the snipers' rifles which have been almost silent during the interval of light begin to crack again all along the front. Off on our flank a machine-gun begins to bark, and we listen as its traversing fire sweeps around toward us, then we flatten ourselves on the ground as the spray of bullets hisses above us. By this time a shell is about due, and in a moment more we hear it shrieking up from the distance, and again we duck, until it strikes and explodes, or bursts, in the air scattering its shower of shrapnel. If we are lucky nobody is hit, but occasionally we hear a groan or a suppressed cry, and then the whirring summons is passed along the line, and someone is placed as a stretcher-bearer this way and that, and the bearers pick their way back across the fire zone to the dressing station in the rear.

We spend a few days in the trenches, then a few in rest billets in the rear, then a few in support or reserve positions. Our battalion is at present holding a ruined village just in front of the firing line. This village has been changed, however several times since the war began, and has been the scene of some of the most desperate fighting of the whole war as the opposing armies have swayed backward and forward through this portion of the war area. The place is now only a heap of ruins. Not a single building remains that has not been battered by shell fire. Most of the inhabitants have fled long ago. Those who did not go were buried in the red ruins of their homes when the flood tide of German invasion swept through here in its mad rush toward Paris. I have been through a great deal of country adjacent to the firing line, and the devastation is terrible. Whole towns and villages are reduced to heaps of ruins, every farmhouse within range are torn into huge craters by the high explosive shells. It is a desolation which a generation of reconstruction will scarcely efface. Every here and there you find the little mounds with a rough wooden cross at the head. You come upon them in unexpected places. In the shelter of a battered hedge, in the centre of a shell torn field, by the side of a ruined cottage wall, you will find them; graves of Imperials, Canadians, Belgians, French, buried for the most part just where they fell with such penciled or carved inscriptions above them as time and material allowed. These are reminders of the men who were first in the field, and who bore the brunt of the first German onslaught, when we of the later armies were just stretching our limbs and awakening from our lethargy.

In our present position we get a good deal of shell fire by day and night; the enemy sweeps the village at intervals with machine-gun fire, but our casualties are remarkably

few. Yesterday we lost a Sergeant killed, and one private wounded. There was some heavy shelling this morning, but it died down to an occasional shrapnel, and I am sitting at the door of my dug-out enjoying the sunshine and the fresh air. I say "fresh" air, but the term does not apply, for such a thing is almost unknown in the war zone. The whole country is full of foulness and gives forth such a variety of odors as would make a street in Frisco's Chinatown smell like the rose-embowered lanes of Golden Gate Park.

There are many things I would like to tell you, but for various reasons I cannot tell you of them now, but shall have to reserve them until after the war is over.

It is a horrible business, this war, and God grant that it may soon be over, but so long as it lasts I would not, in spite of its hardships and horrors, choose to be anywhere but where I am. I thank Heaven that I am in uniform today and not standing in civilian clothes while someone else is out here doing my share of the fighting.

RALPH B. ROGERS, Lieut. 25th Battalion, 5th Infantry Brigade, 2nd Canadian Division, France.

Lieutenant Rogers was a native of Prince Edward Island, and before the war was engaged in the insurance business in Summerside, P. E. Island.

He leaves four sisters in this country, Mrs. Ernest A. Porter, Mrs. Robert H. Clark, and Mrs. Alfred P. Waterman of Brookline, and Mrs. Clara R. Chase of Boston.

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A Big Day Next Wednesday

In Charlottetown, Dollar Day

The City merchants are putting on unheard of bargains. All records in bargains will be smashed. All catalogue prices will be knocked to pieces.

Special Trains, Low Rates

Table with 3 columns: From, To, Rate. Rows include Elmira (\$1.00), Summerside (1.00), Souris & Geo'town (1.00), Murray Harbor (1.00)

with corresponding low rates between stations.

Everybody is coming in, and from morning till night the streets will be crowded. It will be a busy day for Charlottetown merchants.

They have authorized the Guardian to state that they will knock all other special shopping bargains ever given on the Island to pieces.

Watch their ads.

RECORD PRICES FOR ISLAND PELTS EXPECTED ON NEW YORK MARKET

The fox industry undoubtedly has taken a turn for the better this year. This is due to the great demand for the silver black fox being taken up seriously by commission houses, jobbers, and manufacturers. It is confidently expected that this year will prove the greatest season for the sale of silver fox pelts that the New York Market ever had. This September they have partly sold their birchbright in disposing of so many of their foxes or American capital at prices so low that some of the poorest pelts of last year will command higher prices than the best of this year. At the same time every pair sold and pelted means a competitor in business.

Dr. Leo Frank has received an enquiry from one of the leading furriers in New York asking him if he can undertake to deliver on or before December of this year five thousand pelts, under condition of sale to be that the New York concern will send a representative to select and grade. What he object of this communication was the doctor could not quite understand, excepting that there will be a phenomenal demand for Island pelts because of a certain texture of Island fur is now recognized. It seems quite strange that about two weeks ago so many representatives of the fur industry from New York and St. Louis should take such an interest as to jettison air that this Province is noted for without even unpacking their fishing tackle talk shop, right away, drifts of the conversation being as follows:—

"Do you think that the rancher is pressed for money this year?"

"I do you think that by advancing the rancher a certain sum of money he will pledge his merchandise to us when the pelting season commences?"

"Do you think the Island can supply this year 2500 pelts?"

"These questions deserve a great deal of consideration, because if 2500 pelts can be marketed this year without depreciating the market prices it will simply mean that, practically, every fox in captivity in P. E. Island, standard-bred would be slaughtered, and the industry put to an end, except for Western foxes, patches and culls."

Now everyone realizes that 5,000 pelts is out of the question for delivery in the New York market this year. The ranchers will consider themselves fortunate if they can deliver 1,000 pelts. There is only one answer to that question, and that is, that the prices of pelts this year will be fully 50 per cent. higher than last year, so that it will be well for ranchers not to give away something for nothing or to listen to agents who are expected to arrive on the Island very shortly ready to take up the purchase of pelts, circulating stories that the New York market for pelts will be poor this year, and that they are but mere speculators.

Dr. Frank's suggestion, when asked

INCREASED PENSIONS FOR CANADA'S SOLDIERS

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, June 21.—The increased scale of pensions recommended by the special parliamentary committee on pensions last session is now being paid to Canadian soldiers and their dependents. Pending the appointment of a permanent pensions board the present body has been given authority to pay the new scale in its entirety. It has furthermore been made retroactive to August, 1916 so that those who have been receiving the old scale since the early months of the war will be entitled to arrears. Some 5,500 pensions are now being paid by Canada,

or something like three millions per year. The schedule adopted means an increase of nearly twenty per cent. over the old rates. It is expected that after the casualties in the recent fighting in which the Canadians took part have all been accounted for the number of those receiving pensions will have risen to something like 10,000 involving an annual payment of perhaps six or seven millions of dollars. It has also been calculated that if the war lasts as long as conditions would seem to predict and there is further heavy fighting Canada's pension bill may yet reach the total of \$20,000,000 per year.

105TH BATTALION IN VALCARTIER

REGIMENT NOW SETTLED DOWN TO HARD TRAINING, BEST IN VALCARTIER CAMP.

The 105th Battalion which left Charlottetown at 2.30 a. m., on Tuesday morning the 18th inst., arrived at Valcartier on Wednesday. The Prince Edward Island, on account of extreme foggy weather did not arrive at Picton until about 7.30 a. m. At Picton two special double headers awaited the arrival of the boat and A. and B. Companies along the Reg't Staff got away on the first train about 10.30. The baggage and stores were soon transferred and C. and D. Companies took up the second train which left Picton at 11.30. Fine weather added greatly to the enjoyment of the journey to both officers and men, who viewed with much interest the fine scenery of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Quebec. To many of the boys it was their first trip of the Island which made the trip more interesting to them.

At Moncton the train stopped for 30 minutes and the Battalion had a parade through the town. The 105th Band headed the parade of A. and B. Companies while the Moncton Band rendered some selections at the station. On arrival of C. and D. Companies the Moncton Band headed the parade and marched through the principal streets. They also rendered several patriotic selections at the station, and just before the train pulled out the boys gave three rousing cheers for the Moncton Band. Arriving at Point Levis in the afternoon of the 14th inst., the Battalion was transferred to the steamer which crossed to Quebec City, there changing again to the Canadian Northern Ry., which ran out to Valcartier, a distance of 18 miles, "A" and "B" Companies and staff arriving about 5 o'clock, while "C" and "D" arrived about 9.30. The advance party which left Charlottetown on the previous Friday had everything in readiness and the men were soon comfortably settled in their new surroundings.

The 105th Battalion is now settling down to real hard training and every man is working hard to get in shape, as this is their personal desire to get to the firing line as soon as possible.

The Battalion is reported to be the best in Valcartier Camp which speaks well for the material that comes from Prince Edward Island. Few changes have taken place in the Battalion since leaving Charlottetown.

SELDOM SEE

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will clean it off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required as an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book B free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for man and horse. Reduces Painful Swellings, Eczema, Glands, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, Various Venereal Diseases, Old Sores, Allays Pain. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle of English or Metric. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P.O. Box 141, Hyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr., are made in Canada.

BASEBALL

Smarting under their defeat last week the baseball team of the Royal Bank, on Wednesday last challenged the Bank of Nova Scotia team to a game to be played to a finish and the championship yesterday afternoon. It was played before an immense crowd of fans, friends of the contracting parties so to speak. The Royals played a royal game and met with a royal defeat, the score being 11 to 1 against them. Cullen of the Royals played a good game and made a home run. Paoli also did good work, but he was up against it. For the Nova Scotia team, Dunbar, Jepson, Kerr and McNeill played to win from the first, each making some splendid hits and some home runs. The Nova Scotians now claim the championship of the Island bankers and are looking longingly towards Summerside for fresh victories. The line up was as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Position, Name. Rows include L. Paoli (Catcher), E. Henry (1st Base), C. Blake (2nd Base), P. Crockett (3rd Base), E. Cullen (S.S.), J. Collings (L.F.), G. Buntain (C.F.), A. McInnis (P), G. Kerr (P), L. B. Jepson (P), U. Pincou (P), R. Nelson (P), W. Dunbar (P), L. Gordon (P), Chisholm (P), M. Beer (P)

BRINGING UP FATHER

