

FRIDAY

Nov. 12, 1916
The weather here is not like what we would have at home; the past two days have been exceptionally fine for the time of year.

the Earl of Meath owns it. We were shown through the grounds after which we left for Kingston another very pretty spot. Then at night came back to Dublin to catch a good show.

During this week I met quite a number of islanders, George Nicholson, Charlotte town, Isaac Pound, do, Allison Stanley, son of the late George Stanley do, Wilfred Duffy, Lot 48, LeMcCourt, son of Peter McCourt, Eddy Byrne Charlotte town, Sherman Melish, Montague, Leo Doucette, Frank McDonald, Frank McPhee Arthur Phillips James McCarthy and Jack McManis, you know him all right; he worked at the Guardian, as monofin operator. Did not see any of the 105th boys, but some of the other boys have and they are feeling fine. Charlan Taylor, and Lieut. McLean were up to see us yesterday. Capt. C. McMillan is also at the same camp as you. You will no doubt remember something of two fellows by names of Gallant and Barnes, Mutt, and Jeff. that used to have musical recitals in Charlotte town. They were also at the last camp we were at. I saw Barnes' picture in the Daily Mirror as being the smallest soldier in the British Army. There is also a number of islanders whom I am not acquainted with. The day we left, our last camp, Jack Lowe was coming there with a Regt. from Western Canada. I am going to try and go to see the 105th bunch, some time about the last of the week.

Every body, in our section that is number two, is fine, but our other three sections are at present under quarantine for measles and are not, with us, but will be back any day now. I got five Guardians of late days now, I was mighty glad to get them. The only trouble my back gets sore from having the other fellows laying all around to get the news.

No. 1261412
Gr. R. A. McDonald
No. 272nd Canadian Siege Battery, R. G. A.
c/o Army Post Office
LONDON, ENG.

Mr. Percy Boyce, City has received the following letter from his brother, Sgt. H. Boyce of the 272nd Siege Battery, (formerly No. 5) now at Witley, England:—
Dear Brother:—
Eveshot, Eng
Well Percy, it is quite a while since I wrote you, and its a whole lot longer since I heard from you. However, I guess my mail is all over this country as I have been moving quite a lot lately. I hope you're well, as for myself I am in the pink of condition. I haven't had any word except one letter from Charlotte town and some from Boston to date but I guess they are on the way somewhere. I have been promoted since coming across. Three bars now—Sergeant and I like it fine ago. I wrote you when I was at Witley, I hope you got it all right. I sent you a card from London when I was there on furlough. I was there for six days and had one fine time. London is some city all right. It is some time going around at night all in darkness, but strange to say things go on just the same as if nothing was wrong at all. I visited the places of interest and they certainly do give the Canadians a good time too. Was to service at Westminster Abbey on Sunday morn-

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ing also all through with a guide—stood on the grave's of all the old "High Brows" also all through the Houses of Parliament, and St. Paul's. Was in the whispering Tower, you might hear them speak about, it's wonderful. Oh, yes I stood on the grave of Lord Roberts. Also the Tower of London, was all throughout that it is where all the old excursions used to take place. Saw the Crown Jewels of the present King, was all around Buckingham Palace of course not inside, and the Royal Stables all through them. Some class to us, and the last meal I had in London was at Sir Ian Hamilton's with Lady Hamilton, also. Say but he is an intelligent man. So you see we were travelling in some class in London. The whole Battery was on furlough at the same time. Art and I were together of course. There was a lot of the boys at the same place so it was great company.

Now I must tell you about our luck here's only one section here the rest are in Bramshot quarantined for measles only a few of the boys took them but it was funny, its getting better now, but for a while there were fellows in Hospitals at Eveshot, England. They come strolling in to barracks every day from elsewhere, but nothing serious. We have very good quarters in barracks, an English camp only three batteries of Canadians here the rest are all conscripts from all over. Well Percy old boy I hope to get a letter from you one of these days. Well, I must close for this time. Be sure and write to get the news. I hope you are well and having a good time. Give my regards to all the old folks about the City. This is an awful country for rain. It can rain any time and it does too. I don't know yet what the address is here so you can send to the Army P. O. As you will notice our No. has been changed. Will say goodbye. As ever

I am your
Loving Brother
HARRY
No. 1261301
Serge. H. Boyce
272nd (Canadian) Siege Battery
c/o Army Post Office
LONDON, ENG.

The following was clipped from the Lynn, Mass., Telegram of recent date. Mr. Etwart referred to is a native of Belle River, P. E. Island, who doubtless would at this time be fighting in defence of the Empire and the liberty of his nation: "It were not for the fact that he is incorporated for services:—

Believing, as we do, that a newspaper is a forum where those who honestly differ with us in the expression of opinions are entitled to the same consideration that we give ourselves, the following communication from Allan A. Stewart, 20 1/2 Stewart Street, is gladly printed. He says:—
"Having read your editorial page for some time, always with interest and generally with intellectual advantage. I take the liberty of pointing out a few slight misapprehensions in regard to British affairs, but erroneously conceived, editorial of July 26.
You seem to forget that, primarily England's duty toward the Entente Powers in case of war was to guard the seas interests, while France and Russia were to assume charge of the military forces. It is well within the mark to assert that had France and Russia done their share as efficiently as Britain has done hers, the war would have been done long ago.
"Let me quote from you: "The haranguing and threatening and cajoling of the British sergeants available nothing and made necessary the Lord Parly Conscriptio Act." This is unworthy of the Englishman, for four millions of patriotic Englishmen had rallied to their country's call before this act was put in operation. No other nation has ever accomplished such a feat; no other nation but England could show such patriotism.
"it ill becomes a nation which has boasted so much of her humanity, not to have some thought and consideration for those nations who are practically fighting her battles. You and who is reaping the harvest from all this slaughter? You say "What Canadians will never forget the horrors of Neuve Chapelle?" I am a Canadian, and let me say that Canada's faith in the mother country was never stronger than it is today and every Canadian knows that half of the Canadians killed at Neuve Chapelle were born in the British Isles.
"this, marvellous sentimentality, these cheap tears for the avowed Irish traitors are merely nauseating. Consider if you can for a moment, the hundred of lives—many of the civilians and some of them women—sacrificed in Dublin because of the insane vanity of the executed rebels. What do traitors expect, pray, as the reward of treacherous and unsuccessful treason against the state, plotted and carried out in a time of foreign war? Bouquets and fetes? The English government, alas, decided otherwise and rightly so.
Never has the magnificent race of England appeared more glorious than in this present struggle. With-out fear or anger, but with the true British love of fair play and justice England huris herself into the breach to stem the tide of violence and oppression as she did in 1688 and in 1815. Aristocrat and laborer, and all the nations in arms, the psychic energy of a people working with a common hope and a faith moti-

THE TORMENT OF WAR

The turmoil of war was in the background—thousands and scores of thousands of men moving in steady columns, forwards and backwards, in the queer tangled way which, during a great battle, seems to have no purpose or meaning, except to the directing brains of the Headquarters Staff. Vast convoys of transports choked the roads with teams of mules harnessed to wagons and gun limber, with trains of motor ambulances packed with wounded men, with infantry brigades plodding through the slush and slime, with divisional cavalry halted in the villages, and great bivouacs in the boggy fields.

The heroes of a week of battle passed and repassed in dense masses, in small battalions, in scattered groups. One could tell them from those who were filling their places by the white chalk which covered them from head to foot, and sometimes by the blood which had splashed them. Famous regiments who have gained new fame in recent hours, which will last through the unforgettable records of history, went by silently, and no man cheered them. Legions of tall lads, who a few months ago marched smart and trim down English lanes, trudged towards the fighting lines under the burden of their heavy packs, with all their smartness sapped by the business of war, but splendid to see because of their hardiness and strength, and the enduring look they had.

Further away, within the zone of the enemy's fire, the traffic ceased, and I came into the desolate lands of death, where there is but little movement, and the only noise is that of guns. I passed by ruined villages and towns. To the left was Vermelles (two months ago death nearly caught me there), and I stared at those broken houses and roofless farms and fallen churches which make one's soul shiver, even when they stand clear in the daylight. To the right, a few hundred yards away was Masingarie from which many of our troops marched out a few days ago to begin the great attack. Not far away were the great slag heaps of Meux le Mines and all around other black hills of the flat plain. It was a long walk through narrow trenches towards that Loos Redoubt, where at last I stood in the centre of the whole battle line. There was the smell of death in those narrow winding ways. One poor fellow, whom death had taken almost at the entrance way, knelt on the fire stop with his head bent, as though in prayer.

England's well known astrologer, Raphael, whose predictions have always awaited with interest, has just issued his almanac for 1917, in which he predicts the end of the war in 1917. He says that the President of the United States will be in danger during the winter, as well as some notable citizens of the States. He predicts a serious naval disaster in the United States during the summer months. The inauguration of a religious crusade against places of amusement.
In regard to the war, it is significant that astrologers in the United

A later letter received reads as follows:
My Dear Mother:—
I hope you received my other letter written the eight of this month. If you haven't you will not know what I have happened to me for I know the way you worry. I sent you a card when in the Hospital in France but did not give you any address for I was only there four days.
Well, Mother I went under an operation the eleventh of this month. They had to open my leg and put in rubber tubes so as to let my leg drain, and when I came to I was on a hard board bed which stood about six feet high, but the worst part of it was my feet were elevated two feet higher than my head making it very uncomfortable. They kept me in that position till I could stand it no longer then they let my feet down level with my head. It seemed to me they were trying to make me as uncomfortable as possible but of course the doctor knows what he is doing. Well, Mother Dear I do not mind the pain of my wound very much at all. It is the rheumatism that has got me. I suffer dreadfully with it at night, it is something awful all over my body, and when it gets in my broken leg it is desperate, for I cannot move at all as I am feeling a little better than those last couple of days, beginning to get my appetite back again. For a few days I could not eat anything but oranges. They were the only thing I craved for from the time I got wounded and I never got tired of them. Lots of ladies come to visit the hospital and one lady when she found out I liked oranges sent me a big box of them. Lady Boston comes to visit here once a week and she brings enough in the hick for the sixty patients in the ward and a bunch of flowers for everybody. She always has a long talk to me and she is sending you a weekly report of how I am getting on. She is also going to have the island papers sent to me, I think it so very kind of her. Well, Mother it has been raining here for three days and has been very cold. I see by the papers the war having very wet weather in France where our boys are still advancing. I think we are losing pretty heavily, but the Hunn must be using twice as many. I do not believe the war will end this winter and if it ends by next winter, 1918, it will be doing pretty well. Well I suppose George has the crop all gathered in before this. Were they good? Well, I do not know there was not going to be much fruit. I just received the island papers, have not read them yet. They came very quickly Lady Boston had them sent to me.
Now I must close and please excuse last of this as I am trying to finish by lamp light and cannot manage very well. So Bye Bye, remember me to all.
Your loving son,
HAROLD.

Writing from General Headquarters, Philip Gibbs says:
I went to-day into the centre of the great battlefield, where heavy fighting is still taking place, and stood near the famous Loos redoubt, where the German dead still lie in heaps. A little distance away, looming up grim and gaunt against the grey sky rose the tall steel columns of the "Tower Bridge"—those mining works at which I had stared several times from afar through a thick veil of smoke as an inaccessible landmark within the German lines. Now they are within our lines, in the centre of that town of Loos, which will ever hold the memory of a great British victory, and no longer are our troops angered by those high pillars and girders which, as one of our officers told me, seemed to "leer" at them across the lines.
I can hardly put to words the picture of the scenes through which I passed yesterday up to this historic ground, nor the strange and rather dreadful aspect of the battlefield, in which the sun shone in splashes of light through the piled storm clouds,

THE DAWN OF "MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

The dawn of "More Bread and Better Bread" arrived the day the sun first shone on PURITY FLOUR

10 years of better home-made bread.
"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

States have also predicted the end of the war in 1917, the majority of them fixing the date about July 27. Raphael says that in the fall and winter of the present year (1916) there is an ominous direction of Mars and Saturn, which portends the defeat of Germany, the overthrow of kingly power and the establishment of a German republic; 1917 will see the end of the war and the Kaiser, too. Raphael also sees trouble in Great Britain after the war, and adds: "Our king's troubles will not end with the war, for his sun is nearing the place of Mars at birth, which threatens renewed troubles, serious disturbances in the land, strikes and bloodshed. The economic war will be coming on, the battle between capital and labor, or master and man. It will be a most anxious, harrowing time, which will continue for some years. Troubles threaten his majesty on every side." Raphael also sees trouble for the Russian empire—sluister and sedulous influences within the empire—and these will be augmented with the end of the war.

He predicted that the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph would occupy the throne of Austria before many months had passed. In the horoscope of President Wilson Raphael sees trouble brewing at so. "President Wilson is a clever man," he says, "but trouble awaits him. His Jupiter is in Aries near our king's ascendant, which is decidedly favorable, and he cherishes no ill will against this country, but we must not overlook the fact that his Mars by progressive motion comes over our king's ascendant. There are strong indications that the president will make an effort to secure peace on a footing favoring Germany. We must watch and give him to understand that we want no outside advice when the day of reckoning comes. It must be no 'give and take,' but a clean, decisive job."

It took some time to get through the crowd at St. Urban and Laurier, but the procession started eventually with quite a throng of children following, carrying Goodwin's pennants. The route was well lined with people, and after passing St. Huber, and Sherbrooke streets, some thirty or forty automobiles filled with children, joined in. Arriving at the store at half past five, Santa Claus immediately proceeded to climb the large chimney, belonging to the Goodwin power plant, in the rear of their store.

It was pitch dark, and thousands of people, who stood in the streets for blocks around, could see nothing until the searchlight was thrown on the chimney. From Phillips Square it was a spectacular sight, as Santa climbed with the searchlight following him to the top.

MONTREAL, Nov. 27—Santa Claus arrived Saturday, and it was indeed an ideal day for his coming.

For four miles the streets were lined on both sides with children and their parents. Owing to the manner in which Santa Claus came, the idea appealed not only to the younger people, but to the grown ups as well. At the corner of Laurier avenue and St. Urban street, the crowd had assembled for an hour previous to his coming, and when he appeared in the distance, the mounted police had great difficulty in making a passage way to allow the procession to get through. At this point bands from Kitchener's Own and the Irish Rangers were waiting to follow in the procession. The tank he came in was indeed one. It measured thirty-five feet in length and had great difficulty getting under some of the lower branches of the trees on Boulevard St. Joseph. It had two large traction wheels, eight feet in diameter and numerous spurs out of the sides and top. On top of the turret sat Santa himself, bowing to the children, and carrying with him the Union Jack.

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Pale Weak Nervous Children

SCHOOL days are anxious days for parents as well as for children. At the most critical time in their lives girls, and boys, too, are subjected to the enormous nervous strain which examinations and excited ambition entail. To many children this means nervous breakdown, with weakness of the digestive system, headaches, fainting spells, and a run-down condition, which makes them fit subjects for coughs, colds and contagious diseases. The blood has become thin and watery, and the nerves are being starved, as is evidenced by weakness of the optic nerve and the necessity of wearing glasses. The rational treatment for this condition is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. While gentle and natural in action, this food cure is wonderfully potent in restoring strength and vigor to the exhausted nervous system. Experience with many thousands of cases has proven that this restorative treatment is just what pale, weak, nervous children need to build up their systems and to help them back to health and vigor. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.



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