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 H. G. HARRIS,
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VISITED KENTVILLE

From Bear River news in Monitor we read:
 Mrs. Percy Read and little grand-daughter Jennie Alexander, left for Kentville on Friday.
 Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Lovett and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Clarke motored to Kentville on Saturday.
 Pte. Alfred Banks of the 85th Battalion, Kentville, spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Banks, Lake Jolly.

The service in the Canning Methodist Church next Sunday evening, 24th inst., will be conducted by Corral, Rev. William Owen. Mr. Owen is a Welshman whose forefathers for three generations in direct descent have also a member of the Nova Scotia Conference.

Through the courtesy of those interested the Musical Service will be directed by the Pipers and a quartette from Aldershot. Crowds are attending these services. Come early.

Rev. James and Mrs. Strothard are back in residence at the Methodist Parsonage. Mrs. or three weeks was a visitor with her daughter, Mrs. Hockin wife of Rev. John Hockin, at Aylesford. Mr. Strothard for some two pretty valley town to accompany his wife home.—Truro News.

Miss Marie Calder, of Somerset, returned last week from a visit to Boston. She was present at the reception given to her cousin, Mrs. Livingstone Blake, whose marriage was recently announced in the Register.—Register.

The price of mackeral dropped from twelve cents a pound to six cents in Portland, Me., on Friday, when incoming fishing boats brought in the largest catch of mackeral that has been secured off the Maine coast in fifteen years.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Deliciously Good Food and Quick Service

Hundreds are going to **TEDDY'S KHAKI RESTAURANT** where every patron gets

Delicious, palatable Food that is so good you come back for more and bring your Friends

TEDDY'S Restaurant service is the Service of TO-DAY, and with this wonderfully quick and efficient service goes the real test of a successful Restaurant.

TEDDY never has to catch up—He always is ahead in the Restaurant Business.

BOYS IN KHAKI will find here just their heart's desire in Meals and Lunches.

PEOPLE from the surrounding Towns, Villages and Farms will find a **Prompt, Palatable and Rapid** service where gentlemen can entertain their lady friends and relatives.

Full **DINNER SERVED** from Six o'clock p. m. **FOUR COURSES**

Teddy's Khaki Restaurant

Cor. Main and Aberdeen Streets Kentville

CORRESPONDENCE

Sir:—

Somebody called a meeting at Halifax during Exhibition week to discuss good roads. I do not know who called the meeting, but from the reports published in both the Herald and Chronicle I should judge that he had the whole thing cut and dried in advance. Of course the farmers attended and a lot of people other than farmers attended, but the reports savor to me of an attempt to help Premier Murray out of a hole. I may be wrong, but I notice that the moving spirit was G. Fred Pearson, the bosom friend of Premier Murray and the managing editor of the Chronicle, the paper which was as dumb as an oyster on the good roads question at the time of the local elections. Mr. Pearson's paper has recently been advocating the taking of the good roads question out of politics and the proceedings of the meeting held in Halifax as given in Halifax papers seems to let the cat out of the bag. From that report I glean that Councillor Schurman, of Hants, urged the roads be taken out of politics, that statute labor be abolished and that some form of direct taxation be adopted. Dr. Smith of Dartmouth, moved that the meeting declare itself in favor of the abolishment of the statute labor law and G. Fred Pearson thought that such a resolution should be left until after the municipal elections.

There's the whole story. Abolition of the strange labor law, direct taxation for good roads, but the postponing of these drastic measures until after the municipal elections. Mr. Pearson may consider himself very shrewd but there is not a farmer in the Province who will not see through his little game once it is brought to his attention.

Who is going to pay for the good roads? Not the city man with his high power auto which cuts up the roads and makes them worse than ever. Not the men in the towns. Then who? Why, the farmer.

But don't do anything with it until after the municipal elections. Don't let the farmer know or he will get on his high horse and spill the beans.

That is a great solution surely. The Government will be asked by the good roads association to abolish statute labor and to resort to direct taxation. It will gracefully bow to the wishes of the association and then it will take the question "out of politics"

by appointing an "independent" commission and if the farmer kicks he and the "independent" commission will get the blame.

Nice little scheme that to help the Hon. George Murray over his hill. Will the farmer stand for it?

I understand Premier Murray has a good roads scheme which calls for direct taxation and this looks as though he were trying to get the approval of the farmer without letting the farmer know what he is approving of. It looks to me as though Mr. Murray, through Mr. Pearson, gave the farmers the "once over," at this meeting, but once they get wise to the little game they will not be fooled the second time.

Let the farmer keep his ear to the ground. Don't let him be caught napping. Direct taxation forsooth and the farmer pay the piper. Not on your life if he knows it.

FARMER JOHN

HUN HAS SON WITH CANADIAN AT FRONT.

London, Sept. 23—A naturalized German in England has lately expressed himself in favor of the Allies. He fought as a young man in the Franco-German war and that sickened him of war. The cheap victory placed the German people under the heels of the insolent military caste and in 1872 the Rhinelander a Christian lover of freedom and peace got himself denationalized and settled in England where he might breathe freely and not be subject to the insults of every officer and uniformed functionary. He has a Canadian farmer son fighting in a Canadian Division in Flanders.

MEN ENLISTED IN CANADA REACH OVER 350,000 MARK

More Than Three Thousand Recruited Last Two Weeks Under Old System

Ottawa, September 23—During the last two weeks of the old system of recruiting 3,175 men enlisted in Canada, bringing the total to 365,000.

The fortnight's figures give Toronto district 469; London, 367; Ottawa, 278; Montreal, 705; Maritime Provinces, 238; Manitoba and Saskatchewan, 229; British Columbia 534; and Alberta, 346.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Designed this year it will ornament and enhance the good appearance of the tidiest kitchen in all Canada.

McClary's Kootenay Range

Come in and I'll show you why the Kootenay stays as good as new long after other ranges have to be repaired or replaced.

"SOLD BY W. W. ROCKWELL"

A Zeppelin Air Raid

Dear Sir:

I thought the following letter from my father in England might be of interest to some of the readers, so am sending this clipping along. It gives us a little idea what sort of times they having now and then.

Mrs. J. Mullett, Canning

My dear daughter,—

I am sending this letter to tell you that we have just come through one of our biggest air raids, and I do not know what kind of garbled account you may have had of it. You have no doubt been told that one of the airships was brought down near us, but we are all quite safely through it. But, as the bringing down of the Zepp is an historic event, I had better tell you what really happened and you will have a good idea of the sort of things we have to put up with on raid nights. Just then I was on the day-shift, so was home on Saturday night. At about 11.45 p. m. I was just taking off my boots ready to go to bed (the last one up as usual), when someone knocked at the street door and Clem called out to me to go and tell them he'd be down in a minute. I opened the door, and someone in the pitch darkness said:— "Quick! You know special Constable, and we knew then that a raid was on. I put my things on and your mother and the girls came down into the breakfast parlor with a few valuables they have in a little box all handy. You know that the lowest part of the house is the safest, as a bomb dropped on the roof shatters the top rooms and the lower ones often escape. Well, I went to the top of the house to have a look round, the house being a three storied one we can see for miles round back and front. On looking round I saw the sky dabbled with patches of light flitting about the sky as if pieces of cloud had broken up and "come to life." They were seeking the Zepps you must know that they can cut off the beams of search light so that you can't see where they came from. I could not see or hear anything about, but I know that all the factory were all shut down, and in silence waiting for what might come. I should have liked to have gone into the fields where I could have had a wide view, but could not leave the women by themselves, so we sat in the parlor and waited. At last your mother called out "Hark! there's the guns and bombs going and the shells flying up hear them in the distance, so I ran upstairs and looked out of the window, and then could both see and hear the guns going and the shells flying up from all points. Then the big guns behind and in front of us began to send their shells shrieking over us and bursting with a roar and a black SHRDL with a roar and a flash, and I knew it was about time I went down stairs because the pieces of shell and shot coming down a great height may crash through the roof. Just as I was about to turn from the window I suddenly became aware that I had stopped a bit too long, for the shooting seemed to be coming right at me; and I could hear the downward rush of the

bombs as they came through the air. So I rushed down stairs and got your mother and the girls into the middle passage so that if a bomb struck either the front or back of the house we were in the safest place. It dropped several bombs before it reached us and on the other side of the road just a little further on. Then the firing stopped for a bit, and when it began your mother said "Hark, that's a pom-pom,"—(a machine gun) up in the air." I heard it was past us, over the fields in front so I opened the door of the shop to look out of the big window, and suddenly there was a burst of dazzling light as if the sun had blazed out, and we saw the Zepp in a mass of flames. It turned over and came down endwise, burning fiercely like a great fire-balloon, drifting away in the direction it was going when struck by the aeroplane. It came down in a field about 3 miles away and did no harm to anything in falling. Later in the day I walked over and saw the soldiers packing the remains of the Zepp into motor lorries and taking them away. The girls were plucky and kept quite cool, though of course were a bit shaky. At daylight Clem and I went around to see what damage was done.

Well, you may talk of wonders of the past, but what do you think of this? With all these bombs dropped there was not a single person hurt all round us or anywhere in London. Plenty of windows and houses damaged but no one (but a little girl I was talking to, who told me she had a bump on her head) really hurt. As a specimen of what a bomb can do, take the case of a cottage up a lane opposite here. The folks all came down and sat in the parlors, and it dropped into the back yard, smashed the whole back of the house upstairs, and down, washing machine and flung it into the fields. And never hurt a soul. Five bombs were dropped onto the field and fell into clay and did not explode. Almost wonderfully lucky was it not? Don't waste any sympathy on us because in passing over a little village down Harboro way they dropped a bomb onto a group of innocent woman 2 little sisters (the children of the blacksmith) and wounded 28 others. I am sending you a paper with some of the pictures I saw taken. Now I must stop. Lots of love to all. From FATHER

SELF SACRIFICE

Could anything better illustrate the point of self-sacrifice than the following anecdote:

One scorching day when his comrades were nearly prostrated, he was seen carrying his own gun and another's, two cartridge belts, two knapsacks and a dog. The colonel stopped him.

"Look here, you marched all yesterday and fought all last night," the colonel said.

"Yes, sir," said the young soldier respectfully.

"Well, then, what are you carrying that dog for?"

"—cause, colonel," said the soldier, "the dog's tired."