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We are going to win this war. The length of
time it takes depends on Men and Munitions.
Those, in turn, depend on Money. You are
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A Complete List in Stock

SUNDAY SCHOOLS
OF CANADA

UNITE TO HELP
VICTORY LOAN
BY
WAR MEMORIAL



ONE MILLION SCHOLARS!
ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

Mr. J. M. Card of Billtown has
just received word that his son J.
Wylie who enlisted with the Ameri-
can Army has been slightly wound-
ed but soon was ready for duty
again. Mr. Card left Kings Co. many
years ago and before enlisting was
an artist in New York. Mr. J. M.
Card also has another son Foster
in Europe with the Canadian Engi-
neers and two sons Will and Wald
have been called and is training
or ready for training.

News From the Noble 85th Letter From Greenwich Boy Full of Interest

The following letter is from Everett
Fraser of Greenwich to his relatives.
He refers frequently to his brother
Kenneth who is a Corporal in the
same Battalion.

Blighty, Sept. 30th., 1918.

DEAR HOME FOLK:—
Arrived here last night or at least
this morning, and guess I might as
well tell you the whole history.

Last Wednesday Sept. 25th after-
noon we left our rest billet and
marched four miles to Arras station
where we were to board the train
for a trip up the line. We were to
go by train some distance, then
march four more miles to trenches
about three miles behind the front
line. The following night we were
to go three miles to the assembly
points, and the next morning go
over the top. The Brigade landed
at Arras about six o'clock and as
the train was expected in a half-
hour, we all went into some old
freight sheds.

The moon came up about nine
and it was a lovely night,—just
the kind of night that Henie likes to
come over and drop bombs. Of
course we were all packed in there
thick. The bands were playing,
fellowly talking and laughing etc., so
on account of the noise we did not
hear his machines. Ken, another
guy and myself were standing in the
middle of the floor chewing the rag,
when Ken glanced up thru the sky-
light and said, "Henie is over," and
went on talking. He had hardly
spoken the 'w' when, WHANG! WHANG!
two big aerial torpedoes dropped,
one on either side of the building
both striking within two feet of it.
The floor sat up about three feet off
the ground on a wall. If it had not
been for that there would not have
been many of us left.

Where Ken and I were standing
was about twelve feet from where
one struck and twenty-five feet from
the other. Concussion knocked us
flat. Big timbers, iron cross-beams,
tiled roofing and everything else
kept falling for what seemed like five
minutes, but in reality was about
one minute. When things stopped
falling I found I was piled up on top
of somebody, so I yelled, "That you
Ken?" "Ye," he answered. "Are
you alright?" I asked. "Jake-a-boo!"
said Ken. We had to grope around
until we found our steel lids, then I
commenced to feel a stinging in my
left arm. We both helped to lift
beams, iron crosspieces and other
things off the fellows, helped dress
wounds etc. In the darkness we
became separated but after a time I
went outside then I heard Ken giving
orders to his platoon. He had taken
them over in a field and scattered
them about in shell-holes in case
any more bombs were dropped. His
sergeant got hit, so he, being first
corporal, had to take the platoon as
platoon sergeant I went over where
he was for awhile then joined my
own platoon which was also in shell-
holes.

Our search-lights picked Henie
up in their beams and held him there
until our planes or anti-air-craft
guns got onto their job, and it was
not long before we saw two of them
coming down in flames.

After I had rejoined my platoon
awhile, I began to think something
must have penetrated my arm by the
way it was feeling, so I got a fellow
to feel and sure enough he found a
hole thru my greatcoat and tunic
and got his fingers smeared with
blood. We took off the coats and
he put on a field dressing. A lot of
fellows had beat it a long time before
that to a field ambulance over far-
ther in the town, so I decided to go
too. I suppose it was a good thing
I did as it turned out, as going in
the line with that piece of shrapnel
in my arm might have caused blood-
poisoning. I went back to say good-
bye to Ken, but he had moved some-
where else and I did not have time
to hunt him up. However he would
know before they started that I had
gone out, and it would not surprise
him as I had told him that I got hit
before they started. They inactivated
all of us at the field ambulance, gave
us cocoa, bread and jam etc. then
sent us by motor ambulances to belong
to the 4th Can. division. Here they
fed us again, gave us more cocoa,
pieces of chocolate etc. and as fast
as they could they ripped off the
dressings and redressed our wounds

They took me in a room next to the
operating room, stripped me, put
me into a pair of pyjamas and one
of those shirts that button from the
bottom up, laid me on a stretcher
and covered me with blankets. "Go
to sleep Jock" he then said, so I
obeyed orders and did so. (all kilties
are called Jock by other fellows)
Well my turn in the operating room
did not come until after daylight,
then they carried me in, laid me on
the table, held some blooming thing
over my nose until I passed into a
blissful slumber, slushed it out, sewed
it up again and when I came to they
had the bandage nearly all on.
"You've got a dandy Blighty there,
Jock," the M. O. said to me, "You
will go down to the base today and
from there you will soon be sent to
Blighty." Afterwards they present-
ed me with the piece of shrapnel the
doctor had taken out of my arm, I
will send it home for a souvenir. No
train came that day, but the next
day we went. Arrived at No. 4
Stationary Hospital at 1.30 A. M.
was marked for Blighty that day
and left again at 4 the next morning
for Calais where we boarded the
Hospital ship. We landed at Dover
at 1.30 p. m. boarded the train
again and arrived here at midnight
last night. The first thing was sup-
per, then a bath and into bed. This
is not as good a place as the hospital
I was in last winter, but this is only
a clearing hospital, we only stay
here a few days then they send us
out to V. A. D.'s which are in towns
near here. If you remember I was in
a V. A. D. last winter, they are the
best hospitals in England. The
Field Ambulance at Arras was a
Imperial, the C. C. S. was Canadian
the Hospital at Etapes, Imperial
and this one is Imperial.

Some think Henie saw the lights
of the fellows smoking that night
but I believe he was aiming to bomb
the railheads, that is what he gets
after the most. Of course we would
not have all been crowded into
buildings if train had not been ex-
pected so soon. "C" Co'y had the
most casualties as we were the
nearest to where they struck. Fred
Abbot was wounded that night by
the bombs, don't know how badly,
but I think he must have been a
stretcher case, as I did not see him
among our casualties (in the batt.).
I heard our casualties in the whole
Brigade about 340. It would kind
of weaken them for going over the
top, but I expect they got reinforce-
ments. I was talking to some of
the boys of the Bde. down at the
Base who had been wounded going
over, they said the 85th had our
trouble taking their objective. Our
objective was the town of Bourlon
just to the left of Bourlon Woods.
The town had three hundred houses
and every one had a cellar under it
all of which were connected by tun-
nels. Then there was a long tunnel
which ran five miles back of the Ger-
man lines, and all the tunnels from
the cellars were connected with it.
According to last night's paper, our
line is now miles beyond that town
—part way into Cambrai.

Good news in last night's paper.
Official report that the Bulgarians
have surrendered unconditionally.
That is the beginning of the end,
Turkey will cave in next then Austria
Germany won't be able to do much
alone. The morale of her troops
for the most part is rotten; they
won't fight. Our casualties in all
our fighting this summer were small
after all when one comes to think
about it. When we were advancing
toward him, (us out in open) he
would be dug into trenches or shell-
holes or somewhere we couldn't get
a crack at him, and would be pump-
ing lead just us fast as his old
machine guns could work. It would
seem by the hail of bullets that no
man could live to get across. But
we always did get across—lots of us
and the reason was this. He had
his "wind up," was so badly scared
his knees would be knocking to-
gether and he couldn't shoot straight.
When we got too close lots of them
would leave their machine guns and
run like sheep for the rear—couldn't
see their heels for dust—few of them
got very far the some of them would
run toward us with both hands up,
we would send them to our rear
where somebody would collect. Some-
times off them. Others would
stick to their guns firing at us with
one hand while the other hand was
stuck up in the air, and they would
be yelling, "Mercy Kamarad."
Those guys got a lot of mercy, be-
lieve me. They say they are liable
to be shot by their own officers if

they beat it to the rear, so they
would rather take a chance with one
hand pulling the trigger and the
other in the air.

Of course there are different
breeds of the n. One day down on
the Somme we fought against the
Prussian Guards, they fought like
Devils but we got there just the
same.

None of them like the Canadians.
When they find out it is the Cana-
dians coming over on them they
get the "wind up" for fair. When
we went over on the Somme, the
whole Canadian Corp went except
one Bde. they went to Belgium.
Two nights before we went over the
top, the Bde. in Belgium went over,
so the new went along their lines
that the Canadians were in Belgium.
We only moved in the nights that
time and laid low in the day time,
so he didn't get wise and attack was
a complete surprise to him. Our
last night's march landed us in a
big wood eight miles behind the line
There were over thirty Divisions in
that wood. We stayed there all
day and went up the line in the
night, and the next morning over
after him. The time we went over
at Arras, they thought we were in
Flanders. One of the prisoners said
to me, "Canadians here, Canadians
down Somme Canadians up North,
Canadians everywhere."

Well this is getting to be quite a
history; so guess I had better quit.
Bye-bye, love to all from,
Everett.

Victims of La Grippe Left Weak Disheartened and an Easy Prey to Other Troubles.

A Nova Scotia Man Tells How He Found New Health and Strength

If you have had an attack of la
grippe, or Spanish influenza you
are not out of danger until your
blood is restored to normal.

Influenza leaves behind it weak-
ened vital powers, thin blood, im-
paired digestion, and over-sensitive
nerves. In this condition the system
becomes an easy prey to deadly
pneumonia, bronchitis, nervous
prostration, rheumatism and even
consumption. Ask anyone who has
had an attack of Influenza what
their present condition of health is
and most of them will answer
"Since I had grippe I have never
been really well." This general feel-
ing of weakness will continue until
the blood is built up again, and for
this purpose nothing can equal a
fair treatment with Dr. William's
Pink Pills. From first to last these
pills make new rich red
blood which reaches every organ
and nerve in the body, and through
this weak, despondent victims of
influenza are transformed into cheer-
ful, healthy, happy men and women.

Among the many victims of la
grippe who proclaim the value of
Dr. William's Pink Pills is Mr. Amos
Kaulback, of Petite Riviere, N. S.
who says:—"I was taken down with
a severe attack of la grippe or in-
fluenza. After a time the early sym-
ptoms of the trouble left me, but I
did not regain my usual strength,
and I had always been a strong
man. There were times when
I felt I could hardly crawl about
and I was so run down I could
scarcely go about my business. I
continued taking medicine but it did
me no good. Then I found the
trouble was affecting my digestion
and the disagreeable feeling from
this added to my general misery. I
was finally advised to take Dr.
William's Pink Pills, and I decided
to try them. I had only been tak-
ing the pills a few weeks when I
found my strength and still contin-
ing the use of the pills a few weeks
more found me restored to my old-
time vigor. I can most strongly re-
commend Dr. William's Pink Pills
to all who have passed through an
attack of influenza, as a safe medi-
cine for renewing their strength."

You can get Dr. William's Pink
Pills through any dealer in medicine
or by mail at 50 cents a box or six
boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Wil-
liam's Medicine Co. Brockville Ont.

For Sale.—One good cook stove
6 dining chairs full size or bed
tables. Apply at Advertiser Office.

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Women's Knit Vests, and
drawers, good weight in white
or natural shade vests are high
neck with long sleeves, each
piece 50 c. or \$1.00 a suit.

Girls Vests and Drawers to
fit girls from two to twelve years,
prices the same for all sizes,
each 50 c.

Boys Fleece Lined Shirts and
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fourteen years, Heavy warm
good wearing quality, each
75 c.

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natural, two to ten year sizes
each 50 c.

Boys and Girls Ribbed Hose
medium and heavy weight
price a pair 25 30 35 50 c.

Women's Hose plain cotton
35 c. pair, Heavy Fleece lined
40 c. pair Black cashmere, 75 c.
pair.

White Flannelette heavy
weight 25 30 and 35 c. yard
Fancy Striped Flannelette yard
30. 35 c.

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LOST.—From Kempt Dyke
Lower Canada a 2 year old Steer
color red, white belt on left side
back of fore shoulder, tag in left ear
marked W. R. P. Grafton anyone
knowing of same kindly notify W.
R. Pearson Grafton or C. C. H.
Eaton Canada. 2ms

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erywhere.