



"Cheer Up and Thank God for the Y.M.C.A."

Vast Issues Depend Upon the Welfare of Our Boys!

TRY to picture yourself in the muddy, cold trenches after exciting days and long nights of mortal danger and intense nervous strain. Rushing "whiz-bangs" and screaming "coal boxes" are no respecters of persons. You are hit! But despite shock and pain you still can face the long weary trudge back to dressing station. Weary, overwrought and depressed, you are prey to wild imaginings of that other coming ordeal with the surgeon. There are other "walking wounded," too! You must wait, wait, wait. And then—

Up comes a cheery Y.M.C.A. man, the ever present big brother to the soldier, with words of manly encouragement. Close beside the dressing station the good, generous folks at home have enabled him to set up a canteen. He hands you biscuits, and chocolate or coffee.

"In thousands of cases," writes an officer, "it was that first hot cup of coffee that dragged the man back to live and sanity!"

The tremendous helpfulness of the Y.M.C.A. as an aid to the "morale," or fighting spirit, of the soldiers is everywhere praised. No wonder the Germans make every effort to smash the Y.M.C.A. huts out of existence.

The Y.M.C.A. is everywhere. You first met the helpful, manly Y.M.C.A. worker in camp, then on train and boat, at camp in England and in France, close to the firing line. Often he risks his life to reach you in the trenches. He has won the warmest praise from military authorities, statesmen—the King!

Have you a precious boy at the front? You cannot be "over there" to guide him away from fierce temptations of camp and city. You cannot comfort him in his supreme hour of trial. Your parcels to him are necessarily few. But the Y.M.C.A., thank God, is "over there," going where you cannot go—doing the very things you long to do—doing it for you and for him.

Will you help? This vast organization of helpfulness needs at least \$2,250,000 from Canada for 1918. For your boys' sake be GENEROUS! If no campaign has been organized in your community to raise funds, write to National Director for information about how to organize.

National Council Young Men's Christian Association

Campaign Directors for Red Triangle Fund:

Ontario: Dr. John Brown, Jr., 120 Bay St., Toronto

Quebec: P. S. Dobson, Y.M.C.A., Sherbrooke

Boys! "Earn and Give" Campaign

Here's your chance to do a fine stroke in the big war! Help the Y.M.C.A. to help your big brothers overseas by joining in the

Six thousand Canadian older boys are invited to earn and give at least Ten Dollars (\$10) to the Red Triangle Fund. That means \$60,000 in all! Splendid! Five Thousand Dollars will be used for boys' work in India and China; another \$5,000 for the National Boys' Work of Canada, and \$50,000 to help big brothers in Khaki. Ask your local Y.M.C.A. representative for information and a pledge card. When you have subscribed one or more units of Ten Dollars, you will receive a beautifully engraved certificate.

War Work Summary

There are:—96 branches of Canadian Y.M.C.A. in France—79 branches in England.—Dozens of Y.M.C.A. dug-outs in forward trenches under fire.—300,000 letters a day written in Y.M.C.A. overseas buildings.—\$133,000 needed for athletic equipment. (Helps morale of soldiers.)—Y.M.C.A. saved hundreds of lives at Vimy Ridge by caring for walking wounded.

Y.M.C.A. Red Triangle Fund

\$2,250,000, May 7, 8, 9

Canada Wide Appeal

- Thousands of soldiers decide for better life.
- Y.M.C.A. sells many needful things to soldiers for their convenience. Profits, if any, all spent for benefit of soldiers.
- Service for boys in Camp hospitals.
- Red Triangle Clubs for soldiers in Toronto, St. John and Montreal. Centres in Paris and London for men on leave.
- Out of Red Triangle Fund, \$75,000 to be contributed to the War Work of the Y.W.C.A.

troops. Realizing that the ship was settling fast with a pronounced list to starboard and astern, Col. Low, after first having ascertained that every man had his lifebelt properly fitted, ordered that all boots should be removed. He then addressed the men and explained that it would be necessary for them all to take to the water and warned them against becoming panicky, which advice was followed in practically every instance. The colonel also warned them to get as far away from the ship as possible in order to avoid the suction when she made her final plunge. Within a very few minutes the ship settled and went down. In the meantime a British destroyer arrived on the scene in order to render assistance to those in the water.

"Col. Low was amongst those picked up by the destroyer and he immediately assisted in the work of rescuing those who still remained in the water. Noticing one young lad who appeared to be in great trouble, the colonel took off his lifebelt and threw it to him. This action undoubtedly saved the life of the young lad, who was rescued shortly afterwards. After about an hour had been taken up with the rescue work, those on board were horrified by feeling a tremendous shock and concussion, which shook their little craft from stem to stern. They instantly realized that for the second time inside an hour they had been torpedoed by an enemy submarine. Col. Low states that the shock of the torpedo threw up an immense body of water which submerged them for some few moments.

"Having given his lifebelt, as mentioned, Col. Low realized that if he was to save himself he would have to divest himself of all surplus clothing. This he immediately did, and as the destroyer was settling rapidly the colonel took to the water with the hope that he might be picked up. After swimming around for what seemed to be ages a trawler hove in view, and as it sat near Col. Low, who by this time was becoming quite exhausted, a rope was thrown, which, however, he missed. In describing this instance Col. Low states: 'I can hardly describe the feeling of dismay that crept over me when the rope was thrown from the trawler and I missed it. It seemed as though I had utterly lost any chance of being rescued. Like a flash the thought of my dear wife and children in Canada rushed through my mind and in despair my thoughts gave utterance to what they would think if I were rescued. I was not among those rescued. Almost instantly, however, a bright young lad on the trawler, having noted that I had missed the rope, grabbed a coil of canvas and threw it overboard. Seeing that the canvas continued to float, I made one last and supreme effort and reached it, whereupon I was drawn towards the boat and pulled up over the side. I can only remember my knee touching the gunwale, and then I was pitched forward unconscious to the deck. When I came to I found that my head was resting on a Tommy's chest, while another Tommy lay across my body. We had been placed in this position by the crew in order to make room for the rescue work. My face, hands and body were covered with black crude oil, which had escaped from the destroyer after she had been sunk.

"We finally reached Alexandria, and I shall never forget the great reception we received there. A number of the officers on board ship who had been rescued were on the dock and when they saw my predicament, being practically naked, and realized that I had been saved, they broke into cheers and grabbed me and insisted that I should shake hands all around. I can assure you I was in a very embarrassing predicament until a dear, kind old lady came forward and handed me a bundle containing a suit of underwear and a pair of pyjamas, which I immediately put on under the protecting screen of one of the sheds on the dock. Having lost everything with the exception of my identification disc, I went to the quartermaster's stores and was issued a full suit of Tommy's clothing. These I wore for about a week while the tailor was replenishing my wardrobe. I am indeed grateful for having come through in safety. Of the 3,000 souls on board ship we lost approximately 915. The many heart-rending scenes that I witnessed will remain engraved upon my memory for many a day. I only wish that I could erase some. To those who were lost I fervently offer up the hope that they may rest in peace until that great day when the sea will give up its dead and all sorrowing hearts will once more become gladdened."

GREEN POINT
We again hear the hum of the aeroplane and quite a number have been seen by the people of the shore.

Mr. C. Shorts lost a valuable horse last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Anderson and little Marguerite spent a few days at Frankfort recently.

The regular Red Cross meeting was held on Wednesday last at the home of Mrs. W. Shorts.

Mr. Wm. VanShiver, our milk drawer for the season, has started his regular trips to the factory. Our assessor, Mr. Anson Lowery is making his annual call.

Guests of the week, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Anderson and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brooks at Mr. J. Reynolds on Tuesday evening; Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson and Miss Eva at Mr. W. Shorts, Mr. and Mrs. A. Roblin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Parks at Mr. E. F. Andersons on Sunday evening last.

Rev. Mellor took dinner at Mr. Hamblin's on Sunday last.

To-Day

Yesterday is but a dream. Tomorrow is only a vision. But today, well lived, makes every yesterday a dream. Of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

A Bit of Local History

The passing of the old Orange Hall, Tweed, by fire last week, has set old residents to scratching their heads in an effort to recall to memory the time and associated events of its building.

At the time of its burning an old resident told us it was built in 1864, but we find that it antedated even that long by-gone date.

Mr. Jerry Porritt is in possession of the old records of the society and has kindly furnished us the following information.

At a regular meeting of Tweed L.O.L. No. 747 on April 2nd, 1860, a motion was made by Bro. Reid that a new lodge room be built. This was carried.

Bro. Pomeroy then moved, seconded by Bro. Howell that a tax of five shillings be imposed on each member for the building fund. This was also carried.

The Building Committee was composed of Bros. Howell, White, Reid, Wagar, Yeomans, Embury and Oxford.

Donations were received from William Potts, Samuel Curry, Chas. Rath, James Gaskoy, William Martin.

On June 30rd, 1860, the members met for the purpose of laying the hall and stoning up under it.

On July 12th, L.O.L. opened at 2 a.m., formed in procession and proceeded to Belleville, met with the brethren there and returned at 10 p.m.

On the morning of Nov. 5th, 1860 the lodge was opened, the W.M. of District Lodge No. 2 being in attendance.

A sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Fleming, speeches were delivered by Mr. Johnston and George Benjamin, P.G.M., after which the lodge adjourned, resuming again at 8 p.m.

The lodge room was then dedicated by Bro. George Benjamin, following which he delivered a very able address.

The National Anthem was then sung with Bro. Bowell leading. The receipts of the evening were 162, 14s 10 1/2d.

The officers for the year 1860 were: W.M.—Wm. Wray. D.M.—Ed. Oxford. Treas.—Jas. Reid. Secy.—T. E. Pomeroy. Sr. Chap.—Thos. Houston. Jr. Chap.—Russell Dillebeck.

—Tweed News.

FOXBORO

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Hagerman took tea at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Davis on Monday evening of last week.

A memorial service for the late Sergt. Claude Caverly was held in the Methodist church on Sunday afternoon at 2.30 p.m. A large crowd attended.

Mrs. W. R. Prentice returned home on Saturday after spending a week at her brother's, Mr. J. Gossell Kingston. She also visited her son, Mr. Kenneth Prentice who is training there.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Coulson returned home on Tuesday after visiting friends at Thomaburg.

Mr. Robt. Reid, Zion Hill visited Mr. Charles Stewart on Sunday.

Dr. J. A. Paulkner spent a day last week in Toronto.

Quite a large crowd attended the sugar social on Thursday evening, all present fully enjoyed themselves. The many friends of Mrs. Byron Foster are in deed sorry to hear of her illness.

Mr. Roy Bartlett, spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Morris Rose. The many friends of this vicinity extend their sympathy to Mr. C. Macdonald and family in their bereavement.

The Thrilling Experience

OF LIEUT.-COL. LOW WHILE EN ROUTE TO EGYPT.

The London Times and Mail Give Description of the Torpedoing of the Steamship Aragon.

hand regarding the thrilling experience of Lieut.-Col. Chas. A. Low while en route to Egypt on a special mission for the War Office. Recent issues of the London Times and Mail give a further insight into the awful episode, and quotes the experience of several of the nurses and officers. One account reads as follows: "It was on Sunday morning, Dec. 30th, when the good ship Aragon, carrying 3,000 troops and a number of nurses, was nearing Alexandria.

Communion service had just been held, and everyone was looking forward to an early ending for the trip. It was a beautiful day; the sea was calm and the sky was bright. Suddenly a warning was received by wireless from the captain of the Aragon that enemy submarines were reported in that locality. Acting under the usual procedure, the ship began a zig-zag course, with the expectation of making a safe detour. It was then that the ordinary matter of some- or

other the news leaked out that the submarines were about, and everybody on board the ship was in a quiver of nervous excitement. With a sharpness that struck a thrill through all on board, at about 11 o'clock a.m. a tremendous concussion was felt throughout the ship, and it was realized by all that she had been torpedoed. Lieut.-Col. Low, who was officer commanding troops, was in his cabin at the time and was thrown violently across the same by the force of the shock. Har-

riedly seizing his revolver and lifebelt, he rushed on deck in order to take charge of the discipline of the men. After the men had fallen in at their respective stations, the boats were lowered and the large number of nurses placed in same. As the boats containing these swung away from the doomed ship the men cheered and cheered and sang "The Lone Long Trail" and "It's a Lone Way to Tipperary." Their conduct added fresh laurels to the heroism that is now traditional with British

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Howly

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by Revolver

From

Hayderman, a narrow escape yesterday morning.

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