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**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of



**In Use For Over 30 Years**

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## Middleton

February 28

Mr. William Muir is the guest of his sister, Mrs. H. E. Reed.

Ptes. Ryan and Layton of the 64th Battalion spent a few days in Middleton.

Pte. Doucett of the 55th Battalion is the guest of his brother, A. Doucett of this town.

We are glad to report Mr. G. W. Crowe able to be out again after a severe attack of lumbago.

Mrs. Lennox returned a few days ago from Virginia, where she had been the guest of her brother.

Willard Charlton of Vancouver, son of Capt. J. H. Charlton of this town, arrived last week and is the guest of his father.

Another of our old and highly respected citizens in the person of Mrs. Charles Marshall passed away on Friday last at 1 p. m. Mrs. Marshall was 85 years old and had been ill only about two weeks when death took place. She leaves to mourn their loss three daughters, Mrs. J. H. Charlton, Mrs. F. E. Bentley of Middleton, and Mrs. Stout of Massachusetts, and two step-sons, Thomas Marshall of Middleton, Byard Marshall of Hampton, N. S., and one step-daughter of Springfield, Mrs. Roop. Mr. Marshall predeceased her seven years ago. Interment took place in Pine Grove Cemetery on Saturday afternoon. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. The many friends extend their deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

## INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE TRENCHES

From Frank Smith to His Cousin, Mr. W. B. Price of Bridgetown

The trenches are a perfect maze, and in wet weather are 2 or 3 inches deep in mud and water. I invariably lose my way in the maze of trenches that extend from rear to front. The principal duty I have had is Duty Officer. This means wandering around the whole time along the front line trench, seeing to the Listening Posts last night, and again from 4 a. m. to 6 a. m. During the day we do 4-hour stretches. We sleep during the day or night in snatches, when we can. I have a small dug-out for this purpose about 4ft. by 12ft., just in rear of the front trench. It abounds in mice who scamper about the place the whole time, so I know you would not like to spend much time in it. The first time I must admit was not pleasant, but oh! how I longed for that dug-out last night, tramping about in the mud while the water everywhere at least 2 inches deep, and how glad I was when the time came for men to arouse the next man for duty, and go and lie down in that despoiled dug-out. The life of a soldier is not easy, and I shall gladly retire when the war is over. How would you like to be a listening post on a wet night? They have to sit in the open for 4 hours perfectly still, 2 hours they can sleep and the other 2 hours remain awake and listen.

The sentinels have to do the same standing, looking over the parapet for 2 hours at a time, a harder task than this I cannot conceive. I can wander round which passes the time, but these other men have to remain perfectly still, not talking being allowed. Yesterday I watched three British aeroplanes aloft observing. The Bosch opened machine gun-fire and shelled them and it was interesting to watch these shells burst, none went near, and the planes calmly wheeled up and down the German lines and then few back and reported. Our artillery have been giving the Germans a little lately to go with—the result, I don't know. I should be sorry for any Germans near these bursting shells, but hope plenty were in the vicinity all the same.

Tomorrow we are to be relieved and go back eight miles to our rest billets and it will be nice to take off my clothes, have a bath and put on clean clothes. Oh! the mud in the trenches after 24 hours rain—fairly light rain too. What will it be like after two or three days of it, and we are certain to get a long spell of rain later on. Visiting the listening posts at night in wet weather is the worst.

A sap is cut nine or twelve inches in width and this winds and winds out to a little hollow about 40 or 50 yards away, so you can imagine the difficulty of getting out on a dark night when this gets filled with thick mud and water. You tumble up against the wall either side and this is mud too, so you can see our clothes are none too clean after one hour of this work. Up to now, the Germans have given us a much quieter time than we have given them, they put a few shells at our trenches today but did no damage. These trenches were taken over from the French and are still known and labelled with their French names, so you get some idea how places are described, such names occur as Zena, Guda, Beron, Napier, Non Vallier, Surcoff. I am getting a much better idea of finding the way about these trenches now, but I easily get lost still and have to wander some hundreds of yards further than I intended. I know the five trenches now pretty well, as I have had so many hours by day and by night wandering along its length. At night I reckon it takes me three-quarters of an hour to be once at each of the four sentry posts and four listening posts and stopping a few minutes at each to hear if they have anything to report. Two of the listening posts are beasts to get out to, very narrow passages to get out to them, very slippery, very muddy, with stretches of some yards of water three or four inches deep, and I am very thankful when I have done my tour of duty here. Tuesday afternoon I was on. I don't know when I have seen the atmosphere so clear. Great care was needed on this account, but one could obtain a splendid view of the German lines. Again I was on at 12 midnight till 2 a. m. Wednesday morning, or rather 3 a. m. as my relief overslept himself and I had to wait. I had never known a night better for listening, a full moon which seemed to light the place like day and the air dead still. We could distinctly hear German working parties at work, and occasionally a voice raised; also at one time I heard a mandoline or some such instrument, away in the German lines. It was really quite a pleasant tour of duty that night, but I did not appreciate turning in at 3 a. m. and having to turn out again at 5.15. I was to get breakfast and go on duty at 6 o'clock till 10 o'clock and then have a hard day's work, changing over to these

billets. However, that is over for the present, and I had a good night's rest last night with breakfast at 9 o'clock. We seem to be dropping in for lively times here now, and this village has been shelled a good deal the last few days. Yesterday morning I was out and shells were dropping all round. A new battalion had just come in for instruction purposes in the trenches and this was their reception.

As I was walking down the street a shell pitched and burst about 50 yards behind. I passed an officer and a group of men of this battalion and just stopped a minute to chat. I walked on a little further, when two or three more came down in my neighborhood. I then met another officer of this battalion who asked me where the dressing station was, as he had been hit in the back, so I turned round and walked back with him, and when we came to the first officer I found him on the side of the road and a great patch of blood coming through the knee of his breeches. They had sent for the stretcher, so I waited to help lift him in; he fainted as we lifted him, but came to again very quickly and on the way looked at me and said with a smile, "Do you get it like this every day here?"

Rather rough work for this battalion who had just arrived, and not even been in the trenches, to have two officers knocked out. I fancy they must think they have come in a warm corner here. The weather is very hot and we are in for a rotten time in the trenches.

We are doing our time in the front trenches, the condition of which are indescribable, thick muddy water up to the knees, hardly a dug-out, all deep in mud, all over the place. We are covered with it and pretty wet. In this condition we eat, sleep and live, sleeping accommodations limited, but the charge for beds not excessive. We come off duty and lie down where we can, if the beds (2) are occupied, we sit on a chair, lie on the ground, or on straw, whatever there is. I hope our next turn of duty will not arrive too quickly. It usually rains, but last night had snow for a change. We get all the pumps we can and keep them going day and night and bale besides.

We arrived back at our billets after a hard time in the trenches; the dug-out where we messed, was not large, and had in it a few chairs, small table and 2 beds. This was used by five or six officers for meals and sleeping; rain dropped through in several places, everything inside muddy, each of us covered thick from head to foot; so you can stand at a time. It took one half hour to come here, along the communication trench to the front one, so our time off duty was considerably cut into. You will all think of me, I know, on Christmas day and I shall think of you home people and wish I could peep in and see you all. I expect to be in the village just behind the front trenches next. Lately the Bosch have shown a great liking to shell, in fact, it has been as dangerous as the front trenches. We have just received a brigade order that there is not to be any truce whatever at Christmas and if any German exposes himself he is to be shot at. Probably both sides will choose the day for an extra exhibition of hate.

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THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND Index No 8  
Nova Scotia Branch

County \_\_\_\_\_ 1916

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The Canadian Patriotic Fund, Nova Scotia Branch  
H. A. FLEMMING, Treasurer, Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax  
A. S. BARNSTEAD, Secretary, Halifax

## PORT GEORGE

February 28

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. David Weaver on the birth of a daughter, Feb. 22nd.

Louis Slocomb left last Friday for Halifax where he is in training for Captain's rank.

We are sorry to report Mr. Lindsay on the sick list with la grippe. He was not being able to fill his appointment on Sunday.

The Good Templar's Lodge which was organized four weeks ago is progressing fine. Eight new members have come in and there are more to follow.

Capt. James Parks is ill, threatened with pneumonia. His daughter arrived from Lynn last Wednesday and his son Charles Parks from Port Wade on Saturday.

## Obituary

Death visited our community again on Feb. 19th, and claimed as its victim, Miss Lizzie Woodworth, at the home of her sister, Mrs. David Warner, after a lingering illness of paralysis. The deceased was a daughter of the late Capt. Elias Woodworth, was a member of the Advent Church and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. She was 48 years old, and is survived by four sisters and one brother. The sisters are Mrs. William Saunders and Mrs. Leon Neely, North Kingston; Mrs. David Weaver, Port George; Mrs. Croft and one brother, John Woodworth, Manchester, N. H. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Lindsay from the Baptist Church. The remains were laid to rest in Port George cemetery. Much sympathy is felt for the family in the loss of their sister.

## FALKLAND RIDGE

February 28

Miss Gladys Hunt, of Hastings, spent Sunday last with Miss Annie Roop.

Mrs. Mary Sproule has gone to Aylesford to assist in the care of Mrs. Young.

Aubrey Marshall came home on Saturday from East Dalhousie where he has been working in the woods.

Robt. W. Swallow, Willard L. Swallow, Ira Stoddart and Lester Starratt, attended County L. O. L. at Paradise on Feb. 25th.

Miss Hazel Wright of East Dalhousie and Miss Helen Mason of Cherryfield, spent Sunday the guests of Mrs. Harold Mason.

Mrs. Elias Charlton returned on Saturday from Aylesford where she has been spending the past few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Young, who is very ill.

## HAVE YOU WEAK LUNGS?

Do colds settle on your chest or in your bronchial tubes? Do coughs hang on, or are you subject to throat troubles? Such troubles should have immediate treatment with the rare curative powers of Scott's Emulsion to guard against consumption which so easily follows.

Scott's Emulsion contains pure cod liver oil which peculiarly strengthens the respiratory tract and improves the quality of the blood; the glycerine in it soothes and heals the tender membranes of the throat.

Scott's is prescribed by the best specialists. You can get it at any drug store.

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## Second Letter

I am afraid my last letter was very brief, but I wrote it in my dug-out, on a small rickety table crowded with odds and ends and I was not feeling any too cheerful, what with lack of sleep and the sad news of P. G. Irvine's death. To add to it, we had an awful night of it last night, and I think all our nerves are fairly well shaken up, and we are glad of a few days' rest. The 6th Battalion's attempt was fairly successful, they got hold of useful information and one part of them got into the German trenches and did some execution; they shot one sentry, bayoneted another and came across a big dug-out full of Germans. They threw a lot of bombs down there and must have killed many—they have all got back but two, who I believe were killed. Several were more or less wounded, but the damage done to the Germans must have been well in excess as all next day we could see Red Cross wagons taking away the wounded, so altogether the authorities are very pleased with the result. Some sort of retaliation was expected and last night it came and we (the 4th), had the brunt of it. I was on duty from 9 p. m. till 12 and about 9.40 I was standing by our sentry post when crack, crack, crack, came bullets, over our head. We all ducked below the parapet and for the next three or four minutes had it thick from rapid fire machine guns. You could hear the bullets traversing right and left, high and low, then they slowed down and died away. This kind of thing continued every half hour. At 12 o'clock I handed over my duties, took off my boots and got under the blankets. At 1 o'clock I was awakened by a perfect storm of shells and Newke came dashing in to say, "stand at at once." I pulled on my

## THE BEST PLACE

It's fine to be back home at night when we've been gone all day. The minute dad turns on the light, we boys begin to play. And Rover's fairly wild with joy—He nearly eats me up. He knows it really takes a boy to "preciate a pup."

I look at all my playthings, too! My aeroplane and gun And train of cars—they all seem new And splendid every one. My mother's busy as you please, When we've been gone somewhere. But father reads and takes his ease Stretched out in his great chair.

I tell you home's the very best. Of any place I know to rest; And tho' it's fun to go away Sometimes, still, home's the place to stay.

Notice has been posted that no one will be admitted to the Royal Victoria Museum, now used as a parliament building, unless vouched for personally by a senator, member or an officer of the house. Persons admitted in this manner must, on each occasion, on entering the building, give his name to the officer at the door, a daily record will be kept for the commissioner of Dominion police. The police have very strict orders to enforce the rule, without exception. Sessional cards previously issued for the galleries have been cancelled.

When a lady patient living at Blue Mountain had to telephone for a doctor, she apologized for asking him to come such a distance. "Don't speak of it," said the doctor cheerfully. "I happen to have another patient in that vicinity and so can kill two birds with one stone."—New Glasgow Enterprise.

The alien enemies interned in Britain are: civilians 32,274; naval and military 13,475. Besides these, prisoners of war in Britain total 21,265. The grand total is 66,954 prisoners.

boots and overcoat and seized my revolver and out I went, hardly knowing what was coming or what to do. Every few seconds would come sharp bursts of whiz bangs, so called because all the noise you get is a whiz bang almost at the same time and these bursts throw off steel splinters in all directions. Interspersed with these were the ordinary shells, which came with a sickening noise and often a terrific bang as they strike the ground and bursting with H. E. I crouched against the parapet, showing my head over between each shower, to see if I could see any preparation of a German attack on us. Newk, who was duty officer had crashed off to the sentry post to see how they were and was putting up fairy lights, a kind of rocket, which flooded the place with light and he had a very narrow escape. One of these beauty shells came right in the box he was standing in, and exploded within a few yards, without touching him at all; everything seemed right as regard sentries, etc., then he went to the telephone to let Gwterboch, who was in a dug-out further away, know how things were going forward, and then we remained in our dug-outs watching developments. By this time they turned on to us a couple of heavies, and these quite put everything else into the shade. You could hear them coming a tremendous distance away, first a faint noise, and then growing louder, and about four seconds after they seemed to pitch quite close to our dug-outs, and at other times would sail far away; but the explosion of those near would make you duck your head.

Even in the dug-out it simply shook the ground. We had all the men standing in their dug-outs with only the sentries and listening posts out ready to dash out at a moment's notice, should the Bosches try an attack in person. Altogether it lasted about one and one-quarter hours and I am thankful to say we had not a single casualty. There were some marvellous escapes, and it must have been an awful ordeal for the sentry and listening post men. One of the latter (4 men), had a shell pitch on the ground three yards away and leave them all untouched. They all simply laid flat on the ground, but how they escaped is wonderful. The part my platoon occupy had the worst of it, and had been standing to, several of us must have got knocked out. At 3.15 a. m., everything was quite normal, and Newk and I put sandbags on our boots, and got under the blankets. I was on duty again from four to six a. m., and after the above experience you will not be surprised to hear I did not sleep. My hour of duty was quite uneventful and at 6 o'clock I was relieved and slept with boots off until eight o'clock. We have since marched here, and I am looking forward to a good night's sleep. As far as we can see the idea of the Bosches was to get us to stand to, expecting an attack, and then shell us. Our last two tours have certainly not been pleasant, the last time was the weather and this time the Bosches; next time there will be no moon, and heat I do not like.

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