

Obituary

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

Dear Sir.—Grant me space to record the death of our late friend, Doris Normore, aged 10 years, the beloved daughter of George and Annie Normore of this place. As a Sunday School scholar we shall miss her from our class. Her illness was a short one, but she was waiting for the call. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents and sisters and brothers. May God comfort in this, their deep sorrow.

Over the river they call me,
Friends that are dear to my heart,
Soon shall I meet them in glory,
Never, no, never to part.

IDA EDISON.

Botwood, Nov. 3, 1915.

700 PRISONERS INTERNED AT AMHERST.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 31.—That a large number of Bulgarians got away from Toronto before war was declared, and that a party of twenty-one have been captured in New Brunswick, and are interned at Amherst, was the statement made last week.

Sir Wm. Otter is just back from inspecting the Amherst camp. The men had over \$1,000 in their possession. The internment organization has now in its possession \$100,000, belonging to the 7,000 interned prisoners and a separate account is kept for each man.

READ THE MAIL AND ADVOCATE

Port-de-Grave Appreciates Visit of Coaker and Grimes

(Editor Mail and Advocate)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—To allow the visit of Mr. G. F. Grimes and President W. F. Coaker, M.H.A.'s, to Port de Grave, to pass without comment will not do at this very interesting time when so much depends on the right word in the right place. You have had several notes, Mr. Editor, about the splendid meetings we have had here, and the speakers who did such noble work for the cause of Prohibition. Please find space for a word re our last night's meeting, which was held in the L.O.A. Hall.

The chairman, the Rev. Mr. Severn, called upon the band to give us a few selections of music, and guided by Bandmaster Leander Mugford the music was delightful and several beautiful pieces were rendered.

Mr. Grimes, the member for the district, was the first speaker. He needed no special introduction, and for one hour he had the close attention of the large audience while he spoke on the various subjects affecting Prohibition and the results of strong drink. The revenue, the labor or earning power, the loss of labor through drink; the asylums and other institutions, all came in for their share. Mr. Grimes did not say nearly all he would have said, as the sound of rousing guns and cheers for President Coaker announced the fact that that gentleman had arrived from Brigus by motor car, where he had just delivered an address.

After a few more lively selections from the band, Mr. Coaker was asked to address the meeting. Mr. Coaker was well received by the audiences, and enthusiasm was seen on all sides. His speech lasted 90 minutes.

The speaker touched upon many and various subjects in connection with Prohibition and its great benefits to the country should it become law, which he felt sure it would in a comparatively short time.

G. R. P.

Port de Grave.

Nov. 4th, 1915.

Nurse Loder, of Snook's Harbor, T.B. Writes From France

Describes German Air Raid on Red Cross Hospital—Says This Was Their Third Attempt

No. 5 Stationary Hospital, B Section, B. E. F., France, Oct. 10, 1915.

DEAREST MOTHER.—I am very sorry to hear about your cold and hope sincerely that it is better now. If it is not, of course, you have had a doctor's advice before now. Let me know whether it was just an ordinary cold or whether it was something else, when you write. I know just what you are like and how difficult it is for you to rest; but I do hope you will let things go rather than work when you are not able to.

I believe I told you on my last letter that we had been visited by German airships twice and had several bombs dropped, but no damage done or loss of life. We had another air-raid this morning and twenty-five bombs dropped. I have not heard the extent of the damage done yet, but I don't think there were any lives lost. I heard they dropped bombs near the Red Cross Hospital Lane and knocked down a house on the opposite side of the street.

Of course they could not get what they wanted, they were after the station, it being headquarters. The airships were fired on very quickly and they had not time to slow down to drop their bombs on any particular spot, so they just fell at random. It was quite exciting, we could see the shells bursting. It was the first time I have seen shell fire.

We were very busy, just beginning to do the dressings in the Surgical wards, and I was very glad the raid did not last long, as all the orderlies absented themselves to see what was going on and I could not get a man to do anything.

This is the third attempt without success to them, and I am thinking they will not succeed very well, as

ON THE FIRING LINE SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS

Terra Novian Soldier Writes of Life at the Front—When Germans Blew up Trenches "It Was Like Hell Let Loose"

LETTERS AND PAPERS ARE MUCH APPRECIATED

An Amusing Incident of How Cocoa Was Made While the Enemy Kept Throwing Bombs to the Trenches

Somewhere in Flanders,

October 17, 1915.
DEAR MOTHER.—Your most welcome letter of Sept. 15th I just received, needless to say how pleased I was to hear from you and to know that you are all well at home, and I know you will be glad to hear that I am still in the same condition and trying to do my little bit as best I can.

You cannot imagine how good I felt after reading your five pages of news, for you know there is nothing like a good long newsy letter from home or the "girl" for a fellow in the trenches; it does him more good than anything you can think of.

Since writing you last I've been in some pretty hot corners but came through without a scratch, and here is a description of what was called

this place is so well protected they do not stand a chance. They had to scout pretty quickly this morning for they were fired on right and left.

Now I think that is enough about the old Hun. We have had a very busy time just lately again but Deakin and I are quite enjoying ourselves. I wish you could see us some times when we are going to bed, we act the giddy goat and have real good laughs and pay up for all the awful things we see and do in the day.

I hope father and all are home now and that they have had a good summer. Lost of love to you all from

MONA.

P.S.—Old Deakin sends her love and says she is coming home with me for a holiday after the war.

"M."

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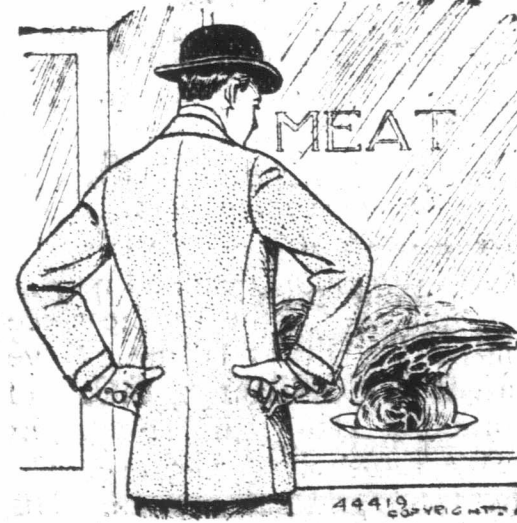
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a fellow has time to think, it is of Mother, the girl and dinner. The Army Service Corps provides the latter and generally speaking does it famously.

Yes, we get fed pretty good in the trenches, in fact better than we do when we're out; only some days we have to go without dinner when our cook makes too much smoke, then "Mr. Hun" sees it and sends over a couple of wizzbangs, but very seldom makes a hit; the cook stands by with a flag and waves him a miss. We all enjoy the fun, but if he happens to register a hit that means no dinner and the music starts before going in the trenches.

This week myself and my chum bought some cocoa, milk and sugar for the purpose of having a nice hot cup when we were off duty. We were only thirty yards from the Huns and they throw bombs at us quite often, of course our fellows return the compliment. I made a fire and started to make the cocoa while my chum kept watching for the bombs. As soon as "Mr. Hun" saw the smoke he began to throw them; if you were here you would have to laugh, my chum would shout "bomb left." I would grab the cocoa and run



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to the right, or if he saw one coming to the right we would run to the left. That is what we call "cooking under fire." We managed to make the cocoa but I swore I would never try it again.

I received the papers o.k., many thanks, I assure you they are much appreciated and are being read with interest, not only by myself but by my Canadian chums as well; please send along all you can.

Have you heard a word from Allan yet, hope he will pull through all right. I heard a rumour of his regiment being in action in the Dardanelles. We are soon going out for a walk now; we have six days in the trenches and then we go out for six, in which time every man is given clean clothes and a bath, after which you feel like a new man.

Must close now or the censor may get cross for having to read all this trash. I shall write again soon; my best regards to all.

Your affectionate son,

T. H. STEELE.

[The writer of the above is a son of Mrs. Albert Dale of Northern Bay. He joined the 94th Argyle Highlanders Regiment in Louisbourg, C.B., and volunteered for the front in Nov. 1914. He has a brother Allen serving with the Newfoundland Regiment.]