

GAVE 140TH FINE RECEPTION

So Writes Pte. S. G. Barter who is Glad He Went

Dear Observer: I will write you a few lines trusting it may be of enough interest to place in the columns of your newsy and progressive paper.

We, the 140th, landed safely at Liverpool and marched to a nearby train. It was 3rd class service but still had nice upholstered seats; doors opened in sides of cars and the seats were cross wise, so aisles ran from side door to side door and four people could comfortably sit in each seat. We started out almost immediately and plunged into a tunnel, passed under the River Mersey and came out on south side of river and away from Liverpool. The country was beautiful in landscape and in its foliage.

I was much impressed by the fine herds of cattle. They were larger than our New Brunswick cattle and flock after flock of sheep were passed, and horses without number.

The land was well tilled, even side hills which would be left idle at home were like gardens here. Far away to our right were hills which I took to be the hills of Wales. We just fairly flew along, the speed of trains is remarkable to one used to our railways at home. Track was double; no up grades; train followed the road right under hills and under or over every street or country road. City, country, always pretty even in autumn followed each other; town, country, village and peaceful country side again. We were all much impressed with what we saw. Man after man would break out in praise of the good heavy and well kept horses and the abundance of sheep and cattle. The effects of war was only noticed by the scarcity of men. Women were working everywhere. It was hard to see an able bodied man. Women and girls were working at railway stations, on farms, in far cleaning sheds. Some very pretty, healthy girls waved us a hearty God-speed as they stood by an engine in a yard. They were dressed in neat blue suits. Women were driving teams and motors.

Oh! what a reception we got! No brass band, and healthy men to play, no big crowds of men to wave hats, but as we swept past at a 40 to 60 mile an hour rate of speed, the old men, the lame men, and boys and women ran out and waved hats, canes, handkerchiefs, wash rags, papers, flags and several waved their wee babies in their arms, while little ones crept to the doors and waved chubby hands. Women threw kisses, some times with both hands to us. Why? Not because they were wanting to know us but because they knew we were coming of our own free wills to help their fathers, sons, husbands and sweethearts out of the life or death struggle. Several women ran out with pictures enlarged of their men folk. They pointed at them, waved them, threw kisses after us. Some burst out in tears and kissed the pictures. Were they sons? Were they fathers? Were they husbands or sweethearts? Only they and God know, but we understood and knew our reception was genuine one from the heart; and we felt glad that we were unselfish and patriotic enough to have come. We had heard the call and we need no patent of Nobility to call honest people from their work to greet us as brothers.

Oh! my people! war makes us all akin who feels the call. We passed through London, the heart of the world, and since the war has shown it up, we see it is the soul of the world, too.

You Christian people at home who rest in peace and comfort while the beast of Greed walks abroad in Europe trying to crush out human liberty and truth and the civilization of years could you only listen to an Army Chaplain as he preaches to us, how much dearer it would sound to you than doctrines and creeds we have listened to from childhood. God seems very near to us over here within hearing of the heavy guns, and you would be surprised at the cheerfulness exhibited by officers and men.

We passed quickly through the outskirts of London and south and east to Folkestone which is 6 miles from Historic Dover, and here, within half a mile of Folkestone, we are encamped in canvas tents, 12 to a tent in Caesars Camp, where Julius Caesar camped almost 2000 years ago. Plainly we can see out lines of his earth works on top of Caesars hill. Here, 55 B.C., stood Caesar, great-

LEATHER LIMITED: RUBBER SUPPLY STEADY

Comparison of Supply Makes Answer to Footwear Problem Simple for Economical Persons. Wear Rubbers and Overshoes

There is a limit to the shoe leather that a cow can provide, but the world's production of rubber to-day is almost level as far as the requirements of the rubber-using part of the world is concerned, and that is the average person's answer to, at least, one part of the high-cost-of-living problem.

The thirty man or woman will wear rubber this winter. Rubbers and overshoes will be worn for two reasons—first, because they are a means of protecting the health, and second, because rubbers solve the question of wear and tear on the leather, whose cost has increased because the cow can provide only so much.

A cow hide costs almost as much now as a whole cow did before the war. Rubber costs just half as much as it did before the war. The British Government gave us cheap rubber—why not be patriotic, and at the same time economical, and wear rubbers?

est warrior of his time, looking out over this plain where we are encamped, a people from "Lands Caesar's legions never knew."

I trust all is going well at Hartland.

Yours, S. G. BARTER.

END STOMACH TROUBLE, GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diapepsin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how useless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach trouble. It's the quickest, surest, and most effective remedy in the world. It's worth it.

NOTE: Hereafter the Observer will be issued on Thursdays instead of Wednesday afternoons.

In The Old Country

(Composed by a Soldier Boy)

Up in mighty London at the close of an August day, As the sun threw forth its golden gleam

On that city old and gray, I sat in my bedroom window, about seven stories high, Looking across that city of old, Thinking of days gone by.

Where back in dear old Canada so far, far away Lives sisters five and a mother dear And a father aged and gray.

But the Gods of War came down as before Our British pride to crush, And the call to arm was our King's alarm, And to answer this call, we must.

Now remember the song, We have sung so long, "Britannia rules the waves" And rule it we will Through might and skill Our country's honor to save.

Now the shells may burst And the bullets fly, And the cannons around us roar But the German foe we will meet half way

And beat back the wolves from our door. So if we never return to the land of our birth When the bloody war is done You must shed no tears, you who are left, For we will meet in our Home to come.

The foregoing was composed by Ora E. Wallace, son of S. J. Wallace of Upper Woodstock, who is with the Canadian soldiers. The verses were written in London.

Three vital questions: Are you full of energy, vital force, and general good health? Do you know that good health is the foundation of good health? (Pape's Diapepsin)

THE FOREGOING WAS COMPOSED BY ORA E. WALLACE, SON OF S. J. WALLACE OF UPPER WOODSTOCK, WHO IS WITH THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS. THE VERSES WERE WRITTEN IN LONDON.

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Lower Windsor Items

Miss Anna Murdoch has been ill with tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Foster spent the week-end at Dan Melvin's.

Miss Lena Belyea has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Shaw.

Mrs. Robert Simms and little son have been visiting Mrs. John Glass.

Harry Belyea and T. H. Belyea have gone to the woods.

Miss Elta Belyea was visiting friends at Rockland on Sunday.

Mrs. Will Laskey spent Sunday at her sister's, Mrs. Henry Crow.

Miss Velma Henderson was a guest of Violet Foster on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Albright were visiting friends in Hartland on Friday last.

Raymond Belyea is working for Fred Smith.

Joseph Craig is busily working on his new house.

John W. Foster and Cole Paget left on Monday on a hunting expedition.

Mrs. Annie A. Kimball is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Foster.

Miss Flora A. Belyea is working at the Florenceville Hospital.

Red Cross Acknowledgments

The Hartland Red Cross wishes to acknowledge contributions as follows:

Casual—J. T. G. Carr \$3; Clyde Rideout, Mrs. D. H. Nixon, C. A. Nelson each \$2; M. L. Hayward, R. W. Cameron, C. J. Connolly, A. W. Kyle, H. N. Boyer, Mrs. S. M. Boyer, Mrs. A. Thornton, Mrs. H. C. Jensen, Mrs. Allen Waters, A. A. Rideout, H. R. Nixon, Emma Cogswell, Rex L. York, T. J. Hurley, Mrs. H. Teddie, Mrs. A. Aiton, Mrs. A. Nevers each 50c; S. M. Boyer 40c; Frank Shaw 42c; S. Hagerman, A. D. Kennedy, J. Rogers, Allen Ward, Mrs. Kincaid, A. Y. Dickinson, H. N. Dickinson, Mrs. Seeley, Mrs. Peoples, Mrs. J. Day each 25c; Mrs. Lee Clarke, 20. Total 25.11. Monthly—C. S. Baker \$2; Rev. P. J. Trafton, A. F. Campbell each \$1; H. H. Hatfield, Claude McMullin, each 75c; Roy Hall, Ray DeWitt, A. W. Clarke, J. W. Montgomery, each 50c; L. M. Reid, Dora Robinson, Sadie Currie, Sadie Barnett, Harry Gillin, Mrs. George Boyer, each 25c. Total \$9. Grand total November collections \$34.11.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" IF BILIOUS OR COSTIVE

For Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Sluggish Liver and Bowels—They work while you sleep.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—Indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months.

The Origin of Pyrography. About a century ago an artist named Cranch was standing one day in front of a fire in his home at Axminster. Over the fireplace was an oaken mantelpiece, and it occurred to Cranch that this expanse of wood might be improved by a little ornamentation. He picked up the poker, heated it red hot and began to sketch a bold design. The result pleased him so much that he elaborated his work and began to attempt other fire pictures on panels of wood. These met with a ready sale and Cranch soon gave all his time to his new art. This was the beginning of what is now known as pyrography—Exchanging.

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Good for the whole family

A good cough remedy is one that can be depended upon to cure coughs. Not one that cures some particular cough, but coughs in general.

While the causes of all coughs are primarily the same, yet the condition of the patient is what makes the difference in the nature of the cough itself. Coughs of healthy persons are easier to cure than the coughs of invalids. The more powerful convulsive cough of a big man is harder to cure than the cough of a baby. If you get a remedy that will cure a big man's cough and yet not be too powerful for the baby, you have a good cough remedy.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

is just this kind of remedy. It is good for any member of the family. It relieves coughs of all kinds. It is composed of things which cure easily and soothingly without harming the delicate tissues of the throat, and is the ideal remedy for coughs, colds, croup, influenza and whooping cough.

Yours for Health—G. W. Chamberlain

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Eastlake Steel Shingles

Are Always Economical, Reliable

They are more economical, durable and quicker to apply than any other, fitting accurately and therefore most easily laid.

They have been thoroughly tested in all kinds of climates, invariably proving Fire, Lightning, Rust and Weather Proof.

If you're building, make sure of satisfaction by ordering Eastlake for the most reliable information if you write.

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