The Morning Cup well begins the day.

KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE

The "Extra" in Choice Tea

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For Sale

Horses, Wagons, Harness, Sleighs, Cows

I will sell at private sale all the Livery Stock of R. A. Backman, deceased, either in bulk or singly, including 8 horses, wagons, harness, sleighs, boots, etc, which belong to stable equipment.

BELLE BACKMAN,
Sole Extrix.
Lunenburg, N. S., Aug. 1, 1918. 4tfc

M B C

No Holidays

This year except Christmas and New Year days.

Enter any day and "carry on" till your training is completed.

TUTION: 13 weeks $35 or $12-50 per month.

None so good as the

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At once, two maids for an Institutional Laundry. Good pay and good conditions. For further particulars, apply to

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Lunenburg.
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We have in store 700 tons ice. Fishing vessels calling at this port during spring and summer can be supplied with this commodity and accommodated in any way they may desire.

G. J. Giovaninni,
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FEEDS

300 bags "Ground Special"
300 bags "Ground Standard"

Both these feeds for fattening purposes or general use.

Special price on 5 and 10 bag lots, also Regal Flour, Union Feed and a small quantity of middlings.

Leave your orders at

RITCEY BROTHERS LTD.
4tfc. Riverport, N. S.

Weeds For Hun Food

In Essey, one of the towns captured, the German general quartered there has a mess hall fitted out with fine furniture, a hotel range, fine china and silverware, which were all left behind. The officers of his staff had individual coffee cups with the Iron Cross and pictures of the Kaiser and Hindenburg on them. Two silver forks with Hindenburg's likeness engraved on the handle had been used by the general. The general had electric lights and call buttons an and elaborate assortment of food. The haste of the fight is shown by the fact that he left behind two cases of boche beef. In the office of this same luxury-loving general were found large numbers of copies of a pamphlet for distribution to the soldiers, telling how to use weeds for food. A long list of weeds is set forth as good enough for food. There was a recipe to make soup from nettles and salad from sorrel, and many other recipes of the same sort. At the bottom the leaflet said the soldiers should develop the use of weeds for food, adding: "This will be valuable after the war."

Captured letters said the Americans were in the war as a sporting proposition, and regarded it as a big picnic, and regretting they did not cast their lot with the Germans and expressing wonder why the Americans did not pick a winner and side with the kaiser. One letter from an officer's wife took him to task for remonstrating with her for asking 700 marks for a new dress, saying that was the cheapest she could get it under the prevailing high prices in Berlin.

In a captured document is a very formal note signed "Wilhelm," calling on all good Germans to mourn for eight days the brave and illustrious ally, the Sultan of Turkey.

New Travelling Regulations.

Under an order issued by the Secretary of State, Washington, effective November 11th, 1918, all persons going from Canada to foreign distinctions by way of United States seaports must procure permission for embarkation before leaving Canada.

Such permissions must be arranged for either by executing declaration and procuring vise on pastport before one of the American Consuls in Canada or by making formal application before any of the United States immigration officers located in Canada upon forms furnished by the said officers.

In order to allow sufficient time for investigation, transmission of papers to Washington, etc., applications should be filed either with the Consul or the Immigration Officer at least 17 days prior to the date of proposed departure.

The State Department invites special attention of prospective travellers to the fact that unless they have obtained vise by an American Consul, the said Department must decide whether or not departure from an American port will be allowed, such decision being based upon the application submitted through the immigration officers. Passengers are accordingly warned not to proceed to the port of embarkation until they are in possession of either the Consular vise, or proper certificate from the U. S. Immigration authorities showing that permit for departure has been granted.

100 YEARS

and more, people with chest and throat troubles have tried to cure them by pouring cough syrups, lung tonics and the like into their stomachs. All a mistake! The Peps way is different.

Peps are tablets made up of Pine extracts and medicinal essences, which when put into the mouth turn into healing vapors. These are breathed down direct to the lungs, throat and bronchial tubes—not swallowed down to the stomach, which is not ailing. Try a 50c. box of Peps for your cold, your cough, bronchitis or asthma. All druggists and stores or Peps Co., Toronto, will supply

Peps

Advertise It Pays

OUR BOYS IN FRANCE

VILLAGE WITH WHICH THEY GROW FAMILIAR.

An Interesting Description Given by a Canadian War Correspondent of the Places In Which the Men From the Dominion Live When They Are Not Fighting.

IN the beginning, when the code of nations was laid down, there was handed to the French people a mould from which they have produced several thousand towns, afterwards adding variety by the simple process of altering the slant of the streets and the architecture of the Hotel de Ville. You might drop a Canadian in any one of them, and unless he tripped over a familiar cobblestone, he might locate the town anywhere from Poeringhe to Arras, with a range in depth of twenty-five miles or so from the fighting line. Which is about the extent of the Canadian soldier's knowledge of France and includes enough hundreds of towns to make the following description indefinite in location. The French town about which the Canadian force is centred—or rather splashed—has little distinctive from its fellow products of the common mould. It is so typical that a sketch of it should bring every mother in Canada over to France—if I can do it justice—to see what surrounds her boy so many months of the year.

Picture a spilling of uneven lines from a celestial balloon and you have the plan of the streets. The man who charted them must have been out late on a fete night and have felt the necessity of an unlimited uncertainty of direction. His most convivial evening would never leave him at sea on the streets of a French town. Always there would be a twist ahead to fit into his course.

Having got that thoroughly in mind, one may add the houses. Once the street lines were laid down, builders came along with competitive sizes of residence in mind (though seldom of plan) and pointed roughly to the location they desired. The size might not fit into the space, but such a trivial obstacle was overcome by jutting the corner into the already zigzag street line. It cut in so seriously on the sidewalks that they completely disappear at unexpected moments and oppose a blank wall. And to protect the obtruding corners from the passing traffic, stone posts were stuck in the edge of the roadway — which the wagons struck at their peril.

Roughly speaking, the town centres round the square. The French town without a square flanked by the hotel de ville (in ordinary English, the town hall) isn't yet on the map. The square provides a place for the market, public proclamations, evening gossip, and a temporary storeroom for things in general—usually, during the war, lorries and motor cycles. The idea is that the mayor may look from his official window and satisfy himself that his flock is behaving in a comely manner.

The market is weekly, with monthly editions de luxe to encourage the idea that bigger things are possible on effort. The weekly market is a department store, a live stock farm, and a rummage sale combined. You can buy anything from face powder to live pigs, from rope-soled slippers to cherries. The Caledonian market in London, plus the Farringdon street market in the same city, added to the farmers' markets in the large cities of Canada might produce something resembling the cosmopolitanism of a French town market. We go there for buttons, shaving soap, and fresh eggs for the mess. We pay, but we get thrown in a foreign flavor and a Cook's tourist atmosphere not to be obtained in the available ordinary and cheaper forms of commerce.

When you see a red-tabbed officer bravely examining a stand of notions you know a button has come off his shirt. Tommy patronizes the market because it gives him a chance to air his French and develop his sense of comparative values. The French people attend for the time it saves, the freshness of the produce, and the opportunities for gossip. I haven't discovered that anyone goes because it is cheap—which reminds me of prices at St. Lawrence Market in Toronto in the days before the war.

A carefully devised scheme in connection with the French town is the condition of the streets. They are paved with cobblestones, sidewalks and roadway. You may travel at fifty miles an hour up to the outskirts, but there you must slow down in self-defence to six or eight, or lay up for repairs. They have signs in the suburbs establishing a rate of ten miles—then the man who hung the signs goes behind a post and deftly watches you try to exceed the limit. The ordinary warning to pedestrians—most of whom are sooner or later in their peregrinations forced into the road—is the dislodgement of your car fittings on to the stones.

French streets are usually clean. I do not know whether that is their nature in peacetime, or because when the soldiers are in town they are bound by the regulations to clean the streets themselves. To be sure the women and girls of the homes are out at eight a.m. scrubbing the cobbles almost to the middle of the road, but the first half hour's traffic undoes all that. The only unsightliness is the day's wash-up within doors. Whether it is a factory, a stable, a blacksmith shop or a house, the scrubbings find outlet into the street, and the khaki street gang come along and see that they do not block the traffic. It is all a clean sort of dirt.

Another result of cobbles is that street sauntering is reduced to the minimum. It is too hard on shoe leather and ankles and muscles. That is why the soldiers favor inch soles in their shoes, so that they may cover a French street without feeling more than the larger unevennesses or falling between the stones. Not every lad temporarily missing is a prisoner of war.

The houses are quaint. There is a similarity of design, but no symmetry of line. Each house and store has its own walls and roof, its own height, its own finish, and color, though the prevailing tone is white. The roofs are always steep; and I am informed by the Canadian artists now attached temporarily to the force that this is artistic. It is at least effective — in France. One or two towns have the gable ends facing the street, like Arras. But usually the peak runs parallel with the street. A burglar has little chance of escape either by French roofs or French streets.

One grows accustomed to the peculiarities of the French civilian dress, but it still retains some novelty for me. Small girls dress normally enough, but the small boys wear large aprons with yokes buttoning down the back and resembling at a distance the garb of certain religious orders. The women vary as they do elsewhere, with quite as good an average. Just now the fit men are in French grey, which makes a sightly uniform. The trousers of the others are peculiar. They are loose at the top, ending at the ankle in a cuff. The volume of the top establishes the home and origin of the wearer. Some require a whole road to pass each other; others use patience and perform the feat on the sidewalks by turning sideways.

Everyone is kindly and pleasant-faced, despite the war. The children are full of life, but not rough or disturbing noisy. The Canadian soldier takes to the people, and they to him, with a camaraderie which makes a real pleasure of a rest camp.

When the mayor wishes to speak to his people he sends round a crier with a brass plate and a wooden mallet. At the clangor the people gather round and receive instructions. There may be a distribution of sugar at the town hall, or a warning to deliver in connection with the war. And, like the boy with a new whistle, the crier does not stint his job.

Just now two of three stores are estaminets or tea rooms or restaurants, some reserved for officers. There are no street names, and the only visible numbers have been put there by the military for billeting purposes. Many signs are in French and English. Any Canadian soldier in France learns enough French in a fortnight to prefer the French signs as a step in his education. By the way they flock to the stores I suspect that they make purchases at times largely to extend their French vocabulary.

But over all hangs the grit of the French, the nonchalance and insouciance of the Canadian soldier, who knows how to extract the utmost from the comforts and pleasures of any variation of the output of that mould for French towns. There are airplanes, and guns, and barbed wire, and a wall of fighting men out there in the east to guarantee to him the safety of his time of rest. French towns may be turned from a common mould; they are never uninteresting—they are indissolubly connected in the Canadian soldier's mind with his many bright moments in a war even the ingenuity of the Hun cannot render entirely uncomfortable.

R.M.C. Record Amazing.

In talking the other day with a newspaper man in regard to the number of cadets of the Royal Military College at Kingston that have gone to the front, the number killed, wounded and missing, etc., it was stated that few would credit what the college had done in this respect unless they had the figures before them. It may be said that few people knew really the influence this college exerts upon the young men of Canada who are fortunate enough to secure an education there. The cadets are not only educated in the ordinary sense of the word, but they receive a training in all that makes them physically fit, mentally alert, and manly young men, and from there they can graduate to any of the universities.

The new term began on Sept. 2, with over a hundred and fifty cadets in training. The college is not large enough. It should be able to accommodate at least three hundred puplis. The work of the college is closely allied with the present war, and the Government should see that it is not stinted in the work. If we remember correctly, an appropriation has already been made by Parliament to have such an extension made, but has been held up, we believe, by the Minister of Public Works, who is anxious to keep down all unnecessary expenses while the war lasts. But the college is really a feeder for the army, and it should be looked upon as such.

An addition to the college buildings could be made a most fitting memorial of the cadets who have already given up their lives for king and country. The extensions should not be needlessly delayed.

He Got Justice.

James Wask, of Carville, Vaughan Township, was cruelly beating his little son recently when neighbors intervened, hearing the lad's imploring: "Please don't kill me, daddy!" The cruel father was permitted to go on suspended sentence, the magistrate explaining that it was "for the sake of the children." Wash was not satisfied and appealed, whereupon the Superior Court imposed two years' imprisonment.

Holiness Crosses Border.

In consequence of the recent dissensions and divisions in the Holiness Community of Eastern Ontario, "Bishop" Horner is removing his headquarters of his own particular faction from Montreal to Watertown, N.Y., and many of the brethren are following him across the boundary line.

Notice

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Patrick McGuire, late of Lunenburg, in the County of Lunenburg Esquire, deceased, are requested to render their accounts duly attested to within 12 months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to,

AGNES McGUIRE,
Extrx.
Lunenburg, Nov. 4, 1918. 3-28c

NOTICE

ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of Thomas Heckman, late of Young's Landing, in the County of Lunenburg, fisherman, deceased, are requested to render their accounts, duly attested to, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to

WELLESLEY YOUNG,
ARCHIBALD BACKMAN,
Executors.
Lunenburg, July 29, 1918. 48-33p.

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We Lead in the Above Lines. Our Cash Prices are Lowest, Lumber, Cordwood and Produce of All Kinds Taken in exchange and Bought

C. U. MADER MAHONE BAY N. S

Women's Meetings.

ANGLICAN.
MONTHLY.
Ladies Aid :—1st Tuesday evening.
Women's Auxiliary—Senior :—1st and 3rd Tuesday afternoon.
Women's Auxiliary—Junior :—Weekly, Friday at 3.30.

PRESBYTERIAN.
MONTHLY.
Women's Missionary Society :—2nd Thursday—8 p. m.
Ladies Aid :—1st Wednesday p. m
Mission Band :—Fortnightly—Monday 3.30.

LUTHERAN.
Ladies Aid :—Quarterly as announced
Aid Society Sewing :—Weekly, Tuesday evening.
Mission Society : — Monthly — 1st Thursday.

METHODIST.
MONTHLY
Ladies Aid :—1st Monday—8 p. m.
Reading Circle :—2nd Thursday—8 p. m.
Women's Missionary Society : — 1st Wednesday—7.30 p. m.

RED CROSS.
Weekly :—Thursday afternoon.

DAUGHTERS OF EMPIRE.
Monthly :—1st Monday—4 p. m

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.
Monthly :—Last Monday—3.30 p. m

W. C. T. U.

REBEKAH'S.
MONTHLY.
1st and 3rd Thursday.

TRUE BLUE'S,
MONTHLY.
2nd and 4th Tuesday.

L. T. L.
FORTNIGHTLY,
Friday afternoon

In the teeth of the gale

Atlantic Underwear protects its wearer against the benumbing cold.

Men who sail the seas, or tramp the forests, or those whose work keeps them out-of-doors all winter, know that

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

means warmth, comfort and long, sturdy wear.

The extra heavy weave protects against cold and blows, yet fits so easily that the muscles have full play. Ask for Atlantic Underwear—and see that every garment has the Atlantic Trademark, the guarantee of long wear.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR LIMITED - MONCTON, N.B.

ATLANTIC UNDERWEAR

15

The Women's Institute met on Monday, after being closed for several meetings, owing to the prevalence of Influenza. The officers for the coming year were elected, Mrs. Arthur Hebb being the new president, with a strong staff of officers and directors.

On Friday, Dec. 20, the regular monthly meeting will be held for December, at which time the retiring officers will serve tea. This meeting will combine with it the annual charitable meeting and every member is asked, as on previous occasions, to give something to make a happier Christmas in some deserving home.

Last year there was a fine array of jams, pickles, vegetables, cooked food, candy, clothing, toys etc and knowing the strain caused by the high cost of living and that every little bit helps, the charitable committee feels assured that each member will exert herself to contribute something extra this year, to ease the burden and gladden the heart of a recipient at Christmas. Giving is the only act on earth that brings genuine pleasure. Two are made happy—the one who gives and the one who receives. Of your abundance then spare something to those less fortunate. Every member is asked to be present at this meeting.

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