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MR. ALLISON AND MR. ALLIN WRITE OF VOYAGE

Late Secretaries of Belleville Y. M. C. A. Tell of Seasickness and the Other Pleasures of Crossing the Broad Atlantic From New York to Liverpool.

Masters Albert Duesberry and Marie Taylor of this city have received the following unusually vivid and valuable letters from Mr. W. W. Allison and Mr. W. V. Allin, who recently resigned the respective positions of general secretary and boys' secretary of Belleville Y.M.C.A. to enlist in the overseas service of the association.

S. S. Carmania, Mar. 19th 1917
Dear "Daddy":
Just a little story of our trip on the Carmania. We left N. Y. 9.10 p.m., Sat. Mar. 10th and soon found our ship steaming down the Hudson past the Statue of Liberty and out through the gap into the ocean. When we awakened on Sunday morning we were out of sight of land and moving so slowly and smoothly that we could hardly tell whether we were on an ocean liner or in the Y.M.C.A. Sunday passed off quickly. We had no service of any kind on board. Toward evening our boat began to roll a little, but it was not rough by any means of course being a hand lubber and having indulged myself at all kinds of restaurants in N. Y. for two weeks I found my stomach unequal to the rolling motion so about supper time (dinner) I had to make my first contribution to the fish fund. I went to bed and rested pretty well, but our state rooms are stuffy, because of the fact that they are almost air tight sealed, port holes and ventilators, so that no light escapes whatever. Monday a.m. I was able to go to breakfast, but I could not seem to eat and toward noon I went to bed, "all in." I was in bed practically all the time until Saturday when I began to feel better. I was able to get up again but could not eat anything and even now, Monday noon have no appetite whatever. I must say the stewards were kind indeed to me and I was offered anything to eat they had on ship and they did go to all kinds of trouble to make things tasty for me. I often thought of Dickson's ice cream and so many other delicacies I had enjoyed in Belleville I often thought of how you and I used to run out to the "Rhmanan" restaurant and bolt almost anything, but now I could not compel myself to eat anything. So much for my personal inconveniences since there are only a few passengers aboard about 70 in all. The only recreation is to promenade the decks and gaze out into the ocean for ships or subs. I must say that we, or I was not very anxious about the subs. We did of course feel a little concerned on Saturday night when we really entered the real danger zone, but all day Saturday we basked in the sunshine, little fearing that danger was far or near as the case may have been. Sunday night about 7 o'clock a destroyer loomed up in the semi darkness and she has guarded our path all day. They are great little craft and have tremendous speed, she just crossed backward and forward ahead of us all the time. She is great company however and we stand by the hour and watch her. I got a glimpse of the coast of Ireland Monday morning at about 9.30 a.m. it was foggy, but calm. It is a welcome sight to see land again after nearly 9 days.

The officers are a fine lot of fellows and perfect gentlemen. Capt. Charles is a very benevolent gentleman and is regarded as a man who stands out among men. He is a Commander of the Bath Royal Decoration and of the Royal Navy Reserve, C. B. R. D., R. N. R.

The purser Mr. Lawler is too a kindly fellow and took the church service yesterday, Sunday morning. The service was somewhat of an Anglican service, but most impressive. It was at this service where 1st and 2nd class passengers joined together in the 1st class Drawing Room. About the only recreation on board besides promenading the decks is a game called deck shuffle sort of interesting game played on deck and quots. Nearly in fact every man 2nd class smokes and they smoke on board of cigarettes that are the rottenest I ever came across. I think that it was this smoke that kept me sick so long and it did seem strange too, that if any of them come to my room to talk or inquire after me they usually tip up one of these infernal weeds. I think they must be made of hay or rope or fact anything but tobacco.

Mr. Allon has fared pretty well, the far and really with the weather Emp' State Express. It was a de- have had there should be no one lightful trip across England though

sea sick, but I attribute my difficulty to a real bad stomach before coming aboard. I have not been in the dining room for a meal since Monday a.m. 12th. The very sight of it or in fact the sound of the dinner bell is repulsive to me. Anything I have eaten at all has been served to me in my stateroom or in the lounge room. We have been moving our watches ahead about 40 min. a day so that now we are 5 hours ahead of Belleville time. We have a paper issued every two days and so are pretty well posted on the world events. This paper is printed on board and of course is but a single small sheet, however there is quite as much real war news in one of those little additions as in a N. Y. paper of 78 pages and with front page headlines, that could be read a mile away. This news of course is wireless to our boat.

There is a 6 in. gun mounted aft and it is a mighty formidable looking weapon. I would not care to be near it when it "coughed." The smoke screen is a very simple device but of course was not used at all. The cigarette smokers will make quite as good a showing as far as order goes at least from about 10 o'clock this morning (Monday) we have been in clear view of Ireland. I tell you it is great to look upon the old isle of which we have heard so much and sung about. Spring seems to be just setting in because there just a faint tinge of green to be seen Her hills and peaceful valleys are enchanting and do seem so welcome to one's view after the long vigil of the ocean. Just to think this is our first view of the old world and of the Mother Country.

We have been guarded by destroyers all day, and this afternoon we saw many, many mine sweepers, saw small boats scurrying here and there, having some over our bows, in our way because these treacherous as are the subs.

We had life-boat drill one day and really there is little to this drill except familiarizing each person with the location of the life-boats, how to adjust the life-belts and so on. Almost immediately we came aboard at New York, each one were given the number of their life-boat. Mine was number 7 on the port side. There are sufficient boats to accommodate all on board. Each boat will I think, accommodate 30 or so persons. The signal for danger or to make for the life-boats is two long and two short blasts from the whistle. Fortunately, so far we have not heard this call except on the day of drill. It is absurd to think of passengers sleeping with their life-belts adjusted on, but in the latter nights of the voyage we did not disrobe entirely.

Our ship is made as obscure as possible. The painting of battle-ship grey is very deceptive. There is not a light of any description to be seen at night; even passengers are forbidden to smoke on deck after dark. The first message we got from the destroyer that picked us up was that there was a light showing some where from our ship and of course a close survey was made to discover where this was. I suppose it was located. There is no flag flying from any part of the boat but, however, while lying in N. Y. we did display the good old Union Jack.

Well, we awakened on Tuesday in the mouth of the Mersey River and in sight of Liverpool. A tug hooked on to our steamer and after a great deal of puffing and shunting and so on, we eventually were docked at our pier at noon. During the morning alien officers had boarded our boat and passed us all, and we set foot on terra firma about 12.20. It was grand! Our luggage was passed by the customs, put on a dray, and we packed up on a sort of bus, and we found ourselves swinging madly through the congested traffic of Liverpool to Lime Station which is about two miles from the docks. Here we had our first dinner (no lunch) in Great Britain. We booked passage on the Northwestern Ry. for London, and at 2 o'clock sharp pulled out.



MAKING PERFECT BREAD
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a little early in the season to see the grandeur of it all. Even now the farmers are on the land and in some places the sheep and cattle are nibbling the first suggestions of the green grass.

The farms are spick and span and as clean as a floor, with hedges dividing the fields instead of fences. All the buildings are built of brick, even the barns, which of course are smaller than the Ontario farmer's barn.

Well, we arrived in old London at 7.45 p.m.—of course after dark, and it is dark in London these times. All lights are out except just enough to guide the traffic. One could not recognize another after dark in London. All the shades are drawn on stores and houses. We landed at Easton Station which is very close after all to Tottenham Court Road where the Y.M.C.A. is located.

When we arrived at the 'Y.' we were greeted most kindly but could not be accommodated, the place being simply full of soldiers and they just possess the building—and rightly so. We were directed to a hotel close by and soon located there. After a wash we started out to look for something to eat, and you know how hard it is to find any place in London after dark. But we soon came across a place and entered, had our 'eats' and returned to the Y.M. We were shown over the building with every kindness by one of the secretaries, and such a fine building too; just a bit different to the Canadian building but mighty attractive and ringing with good cheer. We returned to our hotel and retired. The place was clean and comfortable but cold, and I had cold feet until about 4 a.m. Wednesday morning.

We got up and went for breakfast after which we looked up Mr. Carter, of the National Council, who was to fix us up. He is a gentleman of rare charm, and did so treat us as friends, though strangers. He took all our particulars and arranged to meet us again at 5.45 tonight. We do know, however, that we must take a course of training for a week, after which we will be sent to our field of work. Where that will be we are not sure, but it may be some place of work. Where that will be we are not sure, but it may be some place of work.

The Y.M.C.A. is a wonderful thing among the soldiers and is held in the very highest regard. Even this morning when we were with Mr. Carter in his office a lady called and offered her home with fuel, light, janitor and all free to the Y.M.C.A. for whatever use they cared to make of it.

I like London even better than great deal of it before I return. Well, "Daddy," I mention you and the boys every day in some connection or other and we do miss you all but are not homesick. This is a man's job we have tackled. "Daddy," and I am going to see it through. I feel for the fellow who has not the opportunity I have and even now feel my life and character uplifted. The need of helping at these times is impressed on me on every side. Women everywhere are doing jobs that some men would think beneath them, and I want to take off my hat to those mothers who are sacrificing themselves for old England and her glory. I pray for you, "Daddy," and in fact in the quiet of my heart name you all over before God. I want to bring back a better life, and a richer and deeper and more Christian experience to you all, and want that you fellows who read this will stand fast and stand by each other and Allin and me.

I am enclosing address that you must make known to all so that they may receive the glad tidings of great joy from Belleville. Am well and happy and anxious to get into the real game.

Make this letter known to all who care to read it. Pardon all the mistakes and remember it was written under peculiar circumstances. It is but the humble expression of one who loves you all. Write! Write! Write!

Sincerely and ever yours,
Bill

R.M.S. "Carmania,"
Monday, Mar. 19, '17.

Dear Eric,—
As this is probably our last afternoon on ship if all goes well, I've going to write up our trip across now while I have plenty of time. Will hang on to this letter until I get to London and find out what my address will be.

Please consider this a general letter to all the people in Belleville who may be interested as I cannot write to all personally.

First of all, about the ship. Well, she's quite a tub. Some 660 odd feet long, she has a displacement of 20,000 tons. There are five decks in all, I think. She has a speed of 17½ knots an hour, and usually makes the trip from New York to Liverpool in eight days.

We have the run of a promenade deck, a trip around which is quite a little jaunt. Then there is the lounge, a beautifully furnished room for reading, writing and socializing, the dining room and our cabin; but before I describe them I must stop for breath.

Of course we spend many delightful half-hours in the dining room. Excuse me; I should have put that subject in the singular for Mr. Allison has had very few meals there. He doesn't like the general atmosphere of the place. There are eighteen at our table and we have three waiters or 'table stewards' as they are called.

In our cabin there are beds for four, but only three of us sleep there. Our cabin-mate is a marine engineer, a Scotchman, who is on his way home to recuperate after a severe illness and an operation. There is only a very narrow aisle between the two sets of bunks. There is a small folding wash basin and running water, a mirror and a bottle of drinking water in the cabin, so we have been very comfortable. Luckily we have an outside cabin so that although we are not allowed to open the port-hole, we get good ventilation through the small ventilator over the port-hole. When I say "good" I mean comparatively speaking, for although the ventilation isn't as good as we get at home, it is better than that in the inside cabins.

Now for a few words about our fellow passengers. There are 31 travelling with us (I mean counting ourselves) in the second class cabin. Of this number I believe 15 are sea-going people, many of them engineers going home for a holiday, and nearly all are old-country people. There are four women, one of whom is a returning missionary. There are 6 Americans, young fellows, connected with the International Harvester Co. They are going to set up and demonstrate some tractors which their company sold to the British Government for agricultural work.

No doubt the boys will be interested in the meals that are served. We get three regular meals and tea and bread and butter in the middle of the morning and afternoon. The meals are good but altogether too heavy to my way of thinking, though I have seen these sailors start at the top of the menu card and order every last thing on it. They go clear from soup to nuts just telling the steward to "bring on the next thing." There are several kinds of meat served at every meal. A couple of times I have had the steward bring my meals to the cabin as that is the only way to get the fruits and lighter foods that I am accustomed to eat. Some of these men will eat, for instance, soup, fish, beef, chicken, including potatoes and another vegetable with each meat course; pudding, rolls, salad, coffee, crackers and cheese, and nuts, and only stop then because there's no more on the "score card."

Now about the trip itself. The weather has certainly been delightful, as we haven't had what one might call a stormy day or a stormy sea. It has been a wee bit slow because there are few passengers, and at night there isn't a bit of light allowed out on deck or even through the windows. These last few days the men have been forbidden even to smoke on deck. We have been playing deck quoits and shuffle board in the latter you push a wood endisc along the deck with a wooden 'pusher' the end of which is shaped to fit on the deck and divided into spaces each of which has a certain value and into which you try to push the disc. Yesterday we had a tournament with this game. Aside from these games our time has been occupied with reading and walking the deck.

One day we had a boat muster, or boat drill. The whistle blew just as though a submarine had planked a torpedo into us. We all grabbed life-belts and rushed to the boat deck. We had previously been assigned to certain boats which are designated by numbers.

All yesterday and today we have been running in a zig zag course, changing direction every fifteen or twenty minutes. Last evening just at 7 o'clock a destroyer came alongside and escorted us until this morning when another one took up the job. Evidently each one has a certain 'beat' to cover, and then leaves the ship to the tender mercies of the sea; destroyer. The first one to convey us was extremely fast—about 35 or 40 knots an hour—and just ran circles around us. The others have been of different type and are not so fast.

We are now on the south coast of Ireland and if all goes well will dock some time tomorrow morning. This is a mighty lengthy letter for me. No doubt Mr. Allison will write to one of the boys, and from the two accounts you ought to get a pretty fair idea of the trip.

I don't know what the censor will do to our letters from over here. We'll have to find out by experiment I suppose.

London, 3-21, '17.
Got here last evening at 6.45, in a London rain. Landed at Liverpool yesterday morning and had no difficulty with the customs or immigration officials beyond a little delay waiting for the former to get around to us. Spent last night at a hotel but now have a bed at the Central Y.M.C.A. We'll be here for a week's training and then will be sent out. Met a Toronto man here this morning who will be going to an English camp, probably tomorrow. Another Toronto man has been sent to Mesopotamia.

Write me care of the Central Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, London. They will forward mail from here.

Please let Miss Forman read this letter and take down the address for any boys who may be inquiring. More about London in next letter. Sincerely
V. W. A.

PAY AS YOU RIDE

Let the Maxwell help you pay—it will add enjoyment, earning ability, and make you more successful. Buy your Maxwell now—on our partial payment plan. Ask us to give you full details. You don't need to wait longer to own the kind of a car you want. We also have a Semi-Plan that will interest you.

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L. J. BUCKLEY,
Victoria Building, Belleville.

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A NATION THAT IS GOING DRY

RAPID SPREAD OF PROHIBITION IN THE DOMINION.

Has Spread From The Pacific To The Atlantic Like Wild Fire and in Most of the Provinces the People Voted For the Measure by Very Substantial Majorities. Showing Overwhelming Change of Sentiment.

Demon rum is fighting for its life in Canada to-day, and the Dominion has gripped him by the throat with such force that his death seems to many of our editors to be inevitable. During the year 1916 a great prohibition wave swept over Canada from west to east and has leaped on to the neighboring colony of Newfoundland.

In reviewing this aspect of the year's work, The Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press writes.

"The movement has blazed across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific like a prairie-fire, leaving but one or two oases, which at any moment may be visited by the cleaning element."

"Saskatchewan blazed the trail in 1915. In the summer of that year the Government closed every bar in the province and took over itself the wholesale stores, greatly reducing their number. It was originally provided that a referendum on the dispensary, or wholesale-store system, should be taken in 1919. But the system did not possess vitality enough to survive more than a year and a half. At the municipal elections of last year several of them were voted out of existence and so strong was the temperance sentiment in the province that the Government decided to bring in the referendum in 1916 instead of three years later. The result was that on December 11 last, the remaining score of dispensaries went out of existence by a vote of seven to one."

"Manitoba came next. The citizens of the province, by a vote of two to one, decided that they could get along better without liquor-licenses of any kind. The vote was taken on March 13, 1916, and on June 1 following Manitoba was a dry province. Just one month later prohibition came into effect in Alberta, though the electors of the foot-hills province had a year previously voted out the liquor-traffic by a large majority."

In British Columbia the movement was attended by one unique feature. "A referendum on prohibition was taken in the coast province last September and carried by what seemed a safe majority. However, a provision for a soldiers' voice was attached to the referendum, and extraordinary as this may appear, the voting has been proceeding among the British Columbia soldiers ever since."

Since the Free Press wrote the returns have come in, and the soldiers in their wet trenches have voted "wet" by a small majority. "In Quebec, where 85 per cent of the municipalities were under local option a modified form of prohibition, patterned on the Gothenburg plan, has been introduced, a measure which, says The Montreal Star, "tried to satisfy everybody and has pleased no one." The Free Press continues.

"The Ontario Government has introduced provincial-wide prohibition by means of legislative enactment. On September 16 last all hotel and wholesale licenses went out of existence but the legislation provides for a referendum on the question of re-introducing the traffic, to be held in June, 1919."

"The last citadel of the traffic in the maritime provinces, namely the city of Halifax, fell to the temperance forces last fall."

"One must not forget that the representatives of the temperance organizations of all the provinces conferred with the Dominion Government at Ottawa and asked for Federal legislation to supplement the measures taken by the provincial legislatures against the liquor traffic. Specifically the delegation asked for Federal prohibition of the manufacture or importation into Canada of intoxicating liquor as a beverage or as an alternative, that a referendum be taken next June on national prohibition as a war-measure."

Britain's oldest colony went on the water-wagon on the first of January. At midnight the whole island of Newfoundland went dry. A prohibition act, becoming effective, stops the importation, manufacture, or sale of intoxicating liquors of every kind within the colony. After this it will be impossible to obtain any alcoholic compound within the colony, except for medicinal, manufacturing, or sacramental purposes; and in order to prevent evasion of the law a long list of patent medicines has been placed under the ban.

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DEGLER K. HAY WRITES HOME.

His Father and He are Now at Seaford, Sussex, England.

Mrs. William Hay has received the following letter from her son Degler Kitchener Hay, who is now in England.

Seaford, Sussex, March 20, '17

Dear Mother,
Just a line to let you know Pa and I are well and hope this will find you and little Earl the same. We have moved again, but I think this will be the last one for a little while, anyway. Pa is back with Col. Adams again in the Eastern Ontario Regimental Depot and he is going to take me over with him. I will be there before you get this letter most likely. You know Leslie Gordons, that lived next to Brockhurst's, well he is down here in Seaford with us fellows. It is great to camp down here just about five minutes' walk from the sea. Talk about chalk cliffs, you can stand up on top of these cliffs and look down at soldiers walking on the beach and they look like a little speck. I have not had a letter from you for quite a while unless I get one tonight. I guess I will close at present so goodbye.

Your loving son,

Kitchener.

DEGLER K. HAY.

Eastern Ontario Reg. Depot,

Seaford, Sussex, Eng.

P.S.—Pa and I got our pictures taken and will send some in next letter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Herbert and family of Winnipeg who have been visiting Mr. Allan McPeck, leave today for Los Angeles.