

YOUNG HANTS COUNTY AVIATOR
HOME ON LEAVE

Flight Lieutenant Ellis Anthony of the Royal Naval Air Service, eldest son of Mr. A. M. Anthony, Selma, arrived home on Christmas Day after an absence of one year and ten months. He had expected to land at Halifax, but hearing by wireless at sea that the city had experienced an awful explosion in which 5,000 had been killed his steamer changed its course and landed at another Atlantic port.

Young Anthony was the only Nova Scotian in a company of 18 Canadians to have a two months training about two years ago at Halifax on the Niobe, taking a signalling course in connection with aviation, after which he sailed for England from St. John on the Missansable in February 1914.

Arriving at Plymouth he was given two weeks' leave to visit London.

Then followed a two months course in navigation at Portsmouth, after which he took a course in discipline at White City. From there he went to his first air station in Yorkshire.

Here he practised flying with an instructor until he was able to fly alone. He used to rise at three for his flying lessons, and later in the day took classes in various subjects connected with aviation.

His next training place was at Linton, where he completed his training with faster machines. He then went to a Germany School on the coast where he learned bomb-dropping and shooting at targets in the air attached to a harbor. When he completed this course he went to Dover, where he was on War Flight which patrols the coast. During this period of his experience he had the misfortune of crashing two machines, but escaped practically intact.

In December 1914 he crossed from Dover to France, and to prove that notwithstanding his wings he was still human, he had a shocking experience of sea-sickness.

He spent the first month and a half on the Continent with his squadron in Belgium doing patrol work. From there he went to the Somme, and was in the region during the retreat of the Germans to the Hindenburg line.

Then he came to Arras. He was in Peronne and Baupenne, and witnessed the devastation that marked the retreat of the foe. In Peronne and the Germans blew the houses to pieces with bombs before evacuating, while in Baupenne they burned them. In the latter city however, they left the Town Hall standing, placing in it a time clock, killing several British deputies and British officers.

At Peronne he saw a mile of wonderful German dug-outs beautifully equipped with electric lights, bells, telephones, tapestry.

Later he was present at the capture of Vimy Ridge where he had many encounters with German airmen. One in particular will always dwell in his memory for on the 23rd of April he was nearly shot down by a German machine which put three bullets thru the fuselage behind his seat.

From Arras he went to Bailuel where he remained for three and a half months. Here he lost many of his friends fighting in aerial encounters with the Germans. He was wounded himself on the 20th of September, being shot in the foot while only 200 feet from the ground. He flew home a distance of 6 miles in about 3 minutes and to show how expeditiously work is sometimes done at the front, in fifteen minutes after he was shot he had been operated on in the hospital near the lines. Off was taken by hospital train to Abbeville, then to Havre and afterwards sent across to England and placed in the Naval Hospital Portsmouth.

Later he was sent to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. He speaks in terms of the highest praise of England and the English. Everyone was extremely kind to him but when, unsolicited leave of absence was given him until February 6th he gladly returned and is now enjoying his brief furlough at his home in Selma and with friends in Hants County, Wolfville and Halifax. The Tribune with hosts of friends extends congratulations and very best wishes for a successful future for this promising young man—Windsor Tribune.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

Our neighbors to the south are making some discoveries about the gentle nature of the German people, which are bringing home the facts to them. They were told all about the Belgian outrages in the Bryce report; and their representatives abroad have had ter-

rifying tales to tell of acts of wanton and bloody cruelty; yet on the mass of the people these revelations made comparatively little impression. It is probable that the official report of General Pershing that an American sentry's throat had been cut after his capture by Germans, has done more to show the bulk of Americans that the nature of the foe they are opposing, than all the accounts of Hun ferocity toward other peoples which had previously been published. Americans, especially during the Civil War, have shown themselves determined fighters; their generals have not hesitated at ruthlessness when a military purpose was to be served; but to slaughter captured sentry like a sheep does not come under the definition of legitimate warfare as it is understood by Anglo-Saxon peoples.

Needless to say, many Americans have been painfully shocked by the revelation; just as we Canadians were shocked when we learned that our own boys had been crucified through sheer lust for blood and a constitutional aptitude for cruelty. No longer is any Canadian, or any Englishman, or any Frenchman, surprised or shocked by such revelations as that made by General Pershing. We know the nature of the beast; and we know that the beast must be slain at whatever cost if the world is ever again to become a fit place for civilized peoples to live in.—Saturday Night.

A farm hand who had worked every day in the week from dawn till late at night, finishing his duties by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of month and said:

"I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work."

"Well, haven't you one?" was the astonished reply.

"I said the worker. 'There are three or four hours every night I don't have anything to do except fool away my time sleeping!'"

The new maid had just arrived, and the mistress was explaining her duties to her. She was anxious to make the girl feel at home, in the hope that she would not desert her as quickly as her predecessor had done.

"I hope, Mary," said the good lady amiably, "we shall agree. I am not very difficult to suit."

"That is just what I thought when I set my eyes on the master, replied the girl dryly.

He sat in the millionaire's study, while perspiration and pleadings fell from him in a torrent.

"I love your daughter, sir!" he breathed earnestly. "I have nothing to offer her—nothing—nothing out of the great burning love in my heart. I know I ought not to ask this favor, but the love I have for her is so consuming that I dare aspire to win her little hand. Life would be a blank without her!"

The millionaire listened to this passionate outburst quite sympathetically, and then said gently:

"But I have four daughters, you know. Which one do you want to marry?"

The swain's eyes, gleamed hopefully.

"Sir," he said magnanimously, "I leave that matter entirely in your hands!"

A canny Scot was traveling from London to Birmingham one day in a smoking compartment. Turning to the man opposite he asked if he could let him have a match.

"Certainly," replied the man. But a search in his pockets revealed the fact that he had left them at home. The Scotsman then turned to the other two male passengers, but they both expressed their regret that they had come without any.

"Ah, well," said the Scotsman with a sigh, as he put his hand into his pocket. "I'll have to use one of my ain."

A party of tourists were examining the curios in a little shop on a back street in a certain European city. The aged dealer, desirous of making a sale, picked up an ancient looking sword, and said:

"You see, my friend, this most wonderful sword. This is the sword that Baillan killed the ass with."

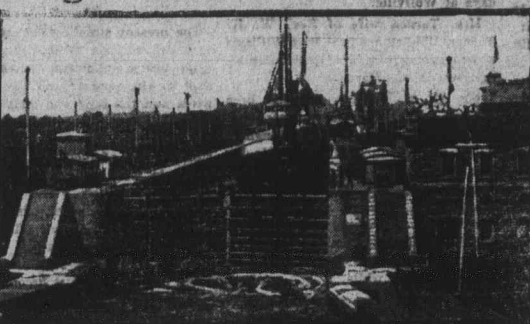
"But," said one, "Baillan didn't kill the ass; he only wished for a sword that he might kill her."

"Well," said the dealer, "this is the one he wished for."

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Algoma and an Author



Sault Ste. Marie.

If an author can be said to be the product of any particular district—and why not, just as much as a variety of flower, or fruit, or grain?—Alan Sullivan, the distinguished Canadian poet and novelist, should be most properly identified with Algoma, that curiously shaped county of Ontario, which stretches from the cities and settlements of the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, up through the 2,000 square miles of the Mississauga Forest Reserve, to the great furtrading territories three hundred and sixty miles north, where it is bounded by the Albany River, the chief tributary of James Bay. The southern shores of this county were colonized some thirty years ago at the instance of C. P. R. agents, by hardy pioneers from the older counties of Kincardine and Bruce, but the city of Sault Ste. Marie has its roots in the remoter past, as it was a trading post for the voyageurs, who travelled for the furtraders of Montreal into the far West. Alan Sullivan, whose father was Bishop of the Algoma Diocese, was at one time engaged in the work of construction and ballasting the Algoma branch of the C. P. R. between Sudbury and the Sault Ste. Marie, and uses the local color in several of his short stories. "The Inner Door," he says, "in those days to watch the psychological effect of the arrival of the track, or even of the survey party on the settlers. They brightened up, and looked at their farms with new eyes. They were in touch with the world that heretofore had seemed so distant. The bush fires, the miners



Alan Sullivan

the hunters, the mail carriers, the Indian agents, and the trappers have provided rich material for Alan Sullivan's stories, some of the best of which have been collected in the volume called "The Passing of Time." More recently he has entered his field, and in his latest volume "The Inner Door," he has written a small industrial novel, "The Mill," which is still in Ontario, and which it all the more interesting to Canadian readers, who take an interest in the new growth of distinctive Canadian literature.

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AWARDED FOR BRAVERY.

Pte. Carl Vroom, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Vroom, of Deep Brook, has been awarded a Military Medal, for bravery at the front, instead of a Military Cross as reported a few weeks ago. Carl was one of the youngest boys to enlist, also among the first to show the true spirit of patriotism in this great struggle. Deep Brook is proud to have so many loyal sons.

Pte. Sable McIntosh, of Clementsport is awarded the much coveted honor, the King George V. Medal for bravery on the Western front. Pte. McIntosh enlisted in a Western battalion and has been for over two years in the firing line. Owing to his skill with a gun he has been detailed to the duties of a sniper. He has been wounded once, in the face, but after a few hours reported again for duty. He is a son of Rev. A. N. McIntosh, pastor of the Baptist Churches of Clementsport, Deep Brook and Smith's Cove.—Monitor.

WOOD ALCOHOL KILLS WOMEN

Spirits Deadly in Halifax and Man Half Blind.

HALIFAX, Jan. 30.—Elizabeth Sanchez, age 22, colored, married, was found dead in bed today, following a carousal at which the principal beverage was "alcohol split" a substitute for real liquor. A young colored man who also participated in the Victorian General Hospital half blind and still unconscious. His condition is serious. The tragedy was caused by the purchase of a bottle of Columbian spirits, or wood alcohol, in mistake for pure alcohol.

"WITH BOTH FEET."

The times.—The crimen are CD'ue The times.—The Americans are going into the war "with both feet." They are not diverted for a moment—they will not be antagonized—by the new suggestions of a peace to be based on cash that their influence on the war shall not be diminished by any risks of conflicting counsels in Europe. The true answer to the Kaiser's speech is that the Allies are not only more determined in spirit, but that they are powerfully reinforced in numbers, and that they are tending every day towards greater unity of purpose and control.

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