

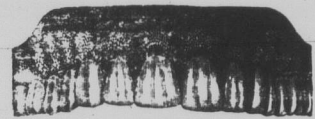
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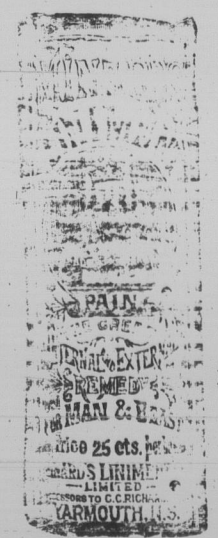
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Jan. 6-1 mo.  
Someone said the other day that the recruiting of 500,000 men of military service age would mean moral corruption in Canada. So it would. And so it ought.

### PRINCESS PATS LIGHT CANADIAN INFANTRY

London, Dec. 18th.—This is the story of the beginning and the end of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry,—"the finest fighting force the world has seen." It begins on a bright, brisk day a year ago last September, in Quebec, when the Regiment, with every man wearing a previous service ribbon, swung on board a transport amid a babel of sound and riotous colors.

It ends in a crescent shaped trench at Ypres, on the eighth day of last May, amid a green vapor of strangling poison and a grey surge of German infantry, with bayonets fixed, writhing over the broken sand bag ramparts. There the men of "Pat's Own" wrote their names into history and disbanded at the command of the greatest of all commanders—Death.

Of 1,126 picked men who stood proudly in review before King George and Lord Kitchener at Salisbury Plains as they strode down the lines only twenty-three are uninjured. There's still a regiment of "Princess Pat's Own" in the trenches on the west front. But in place of the sturdy men garnered from the marts of the world are fresh faced youths, just from the scholastic halls of McGill University, in Canada. They're upholding the traditions—so newly made-of the men who went out before them.

Yesterday Corporal William B. Kysch of "Princess Pat's Own"—that regiment which went to the front a little more than a year ago—told the story of its beginning and its end. He told it in jerky snatches between quick intakes of cigarette smoke, while a hand, scaly and maimed from shrapnel, stroked his yellow face.

A Regiment of Veterans.  
"I'm sorry I can't tell y' more of this," he apologized, "I never was much of a speller at best—and now, I'm rotten. Nerves gone, y' know—can't eat, can't sleep."

Yet Corporal Kysch was a seasoned soldier, as were all of his comrades, when he took the Kings shilling in Quebec and donned the British uniform. He was Sergeant William Kysch of the Twenty-ninth, United States Volunteers in the Spanish-American War, and Corporal Kysch, of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders at Ashanti. In between he has been a pursuer on board passenger steamships running to Europe and the Far East. He was born in England, but he is a naturalized American, as were so many of the men who died at Ypres or before Ypres was reached.

"Princess Pat's Own" left Quebec on September 17, 1914, on board the Royal George, under convoy. They were part of that great first contingent, which has given such a magnificent account of itself on the west front. The regiment was made up of veterans only one man who had seen service in South Africa, Egypt and the Sudan. From the far flung heights and valleys of the world they gathered under the ensign of Great Britain.

After three weeks at Salisbury Plains the regiment was attached to the Eightieth brigade, making up part of the Twenty-seventh division, composed otherwise of British regulars just back from service in India. The transfer followed the review by the King and Lord Kitchener. The British Field Marshal, they say, as he passed down the line and saw the service ribbons across the coats of "Pat's Own," said softly:

"Now I know where all my old fighters are."

Into the Trenches at Once.  
The first week in December saw the regiment off to the front. There was a march from Winchester to Southampton, and there the troops embarked on board the Cardiganshire for Havre. Havre was reached in the darkness and after one night's stop the regiment marched to Bleiringhen, behind the firing line. All day long they dug reserve trenches. And then that night the word came to relieve Dikelsbusch. All of these points are within a radius of twenty-five miles from Ypres—where the fiercest fighting on the western front was progressing.

"We came up under a rain of whizz-bangs—they're star shells—machine gun fire and hand grenades. We lost three men occupying the trenches, and fine fellows they were. They were Dywer, of Huntington, L. L. and Meyers, of Indianapolis—fine boys, and Captain Newton. Dywer I liked especially; always with a laugh or a pun no matter what happened. And he went out before he'd seen a trench."

"Well, we left out of the trenches after seventy-two hours and marched back to West-Outer, where we rested for forty-eight hours; then back into hell again. For this time that was where we went—into trench C 10 on Hill 60. You've heard of Hill 60? Just a little sneaking mound, but it was worth something to both sides, so each killed and killed to get it. Guess it's smashed to pieces now, for they certainly wasted explosives enough to blow up a mountain just to get it."

"After forty-eight hours back we crept to West-Outer again to spend our Christmas there. We left some dead and some wounded behind. I guess it was eleven killed. Snipers picked off some; machine guns, shells and hand grenades got the others. So we went back and forth, thinning the ranks a little each time, until February 28. Then we made our first charge."

"Our artillery shelled the Germans for two days while we lay in the trenches waiting for the word. They answered back, of course, and once in a while one of our fellows would go, with an arm off or a head smashed in. At four o'clock in morning the word came to charge. We scrambled over the trench and ran toward the Germans, sixty yards away. They swept us with machine guns and bored us with hand grenades. Big "Jack Johnsons" screamed from behind the lines at us, and over our heads went back our own artillery's answer. The Germans came up over the trenches to meet us, and we used the bayonet. We slipped and fell; rose and fell again, stabbing and cutting; there was no chance to shoot."

Cold Steel Routs Germans.  
"Then the Germans gave way. They can't eat cold steel. They were piled up in the trenches, dead and dying, so thick that it was untenable, and after a while we had to abandon the place we'd won and go back to our own trench."

"We left seven or eight men behind in the little strip of twisted mud between the trenches. And from C 10 for days afterward we watched those fellows lie there and change from dead men into things. I wake up these nights and see one of 'em—a fine young Canadian, with blond hair, who grew a yellow mustache. When he fell, he fell face upward, and day by day I kept looking at that fellow's face and his little mustache, until there wasn't any face."

"Behind trench C 10 was a farmyard we called it Shelly's farm. There had been a battle there early in the war, right after the Germans were turned from Paris, and all the time the dead had lain there unburied. The farm was shelled continuously, night and day, and it was across this path that we had to come at night, leaving and entering the trenches."

"I didn't like to creep through there. It smelled so, for one thing, and then the star shells lighted up the bodies. They lay almost as they had fallen, twisted about, and the flare of shell and whizz-bangs brought them into faint relief. Legs, arms and heads—see them, too, at night now when I can't sleep."

"After we went back to our own trench the Germans used to shoot when we came in to relieve the retiring regiments: 'Oh, there you are, Pats—well fix you!'"

Own Artillery Kills 120.  
"Well, we charged the Germans again on March 4. We lost more men, and again had to abandon the trench we won. The dead were too thick and the trench was too terrible. That's what is meant when they say the trenches are 'untenable.' In this charge Colonel Farquhar, of our regiment, was killed. He was directing the digging of trenches just behind the first

Catastrophic Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

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line when a shell got him.  
"We had to stay in C 10 for six days after this. We were shelled, shelled shelled. Day and night they rained about us and behind us, cutting our relief. We lost sixty-five men killed and a number wounded. Then we got out and the King's Royal Rifles relieved us. From then on until May 3 we went back and forth, in and out of trenches. We missed 'em and blew 'em up; we sniped a little and threw hand grenades."

"And then we were ordered to Ypres. Ypres lies about five miles southeast of Hill 60, or rather St. Eloi's where we took our relief. We marched into the trenches there without delay."

"We went in in a rain of artillery fire and got caught in a vortex from our own artillery and the Germans'. An observer gave the range wrong to our artillery and we caught it. One hundred and twenty of our men went down before the range was righted, but we kept on and occupied the trench. The Germans were right across from us, about two hundred yards away. We held a crescent shaped trench, and on May 5 we routed the Germans, but we had to duck back, for the fire was too heavy and their trench was useless for protection."

"From then until May 8 the Germans shelled us. They poured tons of lead about us. No one could leave the trench; no one could stick his head out.  
Our nerves went dead from the occasions, and our eyes were glazed from the sights about us. The dead lay under our feet and the wounded crept back as best they could to where they could get first aid."

First Attack by Poison Gas.  
"Early on the morning of May 8 the Germans charged. We knew they were coming, and we were waiting. They came over their trenches in quarter columns, a solid, swaying mass of blue gray. They shouted and ran forward as we mowed them down like grass. Our machine guns, four to the section just waved in a semicircle and waved back again. We fired our Lee-En-Fields as fast as we could pump them and no bullet was wasted."

"They lay in piles in front of the trenches, and the piles were always wriggling around as some of the injured underneath tried to creep out. A whole battalion of them were put of the way before they drew back and formed for another charge, behind cover of their trenches."

"And this time we saw poison gas for the first time. It was the second assault, about eight o'clock in the morning. We could see that something was coming off, and then suddenly there spouted up a thick green cloud, that hid everything in front of us. The fellows under the German piles wriggled harder than ever and everybody in our trench asked: 'Well, what's comin' off anyhow?' The wind was wrong for 'em, and the Germans went back, and there was quiet until ten o'clock."

"This time their gas came in. It rolled along the ground like a moving wall about eight feet high. Behind it we knew the Germans were coming but we couldn't see them, so we left fire through the cloud. The gas had holes blown in it and the force of the bullets swayed it a bit, but before we knew it the gas was rolling in the trenches."

The End of "Princess Pat's Own."  
"I heard men cursing at one end of the trench where the gas struck first just as a shell buried me, and then I got the gas myself. I got it light, for I was half buried but the fellows about me screamed and rolled up as if they were burned, cursing and praying. It caught you by the throat and burned its way into your lungs; then you couldn't breathe out, and you burst or slobbered. I crept back on my stomach, for I had a bit of shrapnel in my stomach, and the fellows who could stand knifed 'em with bayonets or bit and fought them: I saw four of my pals—right fellows they were—lying almost over each other all of them with gas in them."

"Oh, Christ, Kysch! one of 'em called 'get me a drink. Get me'—and a German drove a bayonet clear through his throat and lungs before he could finish it. And then the same German knifed the other three boys."

"That was the end of 'Princess Pat's Own.' Long before the Germans came the last time there weren't sixteen men of the sixteen platoons of the regiment who could defend themselves. I fired 170 rounds myself from my Lee-En-Field, and it was so hot I couldn't hold her. I crept back and somebody put me in a Maltese cot and got me to Dikelsbusch. I spent six months in a hospital at Beechbury Park and then came over to Quebec, where I got my discharge."

And Corporal Kysch, still moving the hand that was raked with shrapnel over his yellow face, lighted another cigarette.

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### Jas. R. Henderson

OPPOSITE I.C.R. DEPOT CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

### BLACK POINT

I think it is time some of our young people were waking up a bit. The weather for some time has been very pleasant and the young people have been taking advantage of the good roads and moonlight nights.

Messrs John Black and James Harvie left last evening for a trip to the south where it is expected to spend the winter.

Mrs. Chas. McCormick has been visiting in Black Point for some time the guest of Mrs. Alex H. Dickie.

Mrs. Edward was the guest of Mrs. James Dickie for the past week. The stock has once more visited Black Point and left a bouncing baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alex H. Dickie. (Congratulations.)

On Dec. 27th, a very enjoyable evening was spent in the Temperance Hall in River Louise. When the young people of Black Point gave a concert and basket social for the aid of The Red Cross.

The young people deserve much credit in the way they carried on the programme. Mr. Nat. McMillan acted as chairman and Miss Lena Chalmers presided at the piano.

The programme was as follows—  
Chorus—Soldiers of the King.  
Recitation—Dead of Britain, Miss Ima Currie.  
Song—Irish Eyes of Blue, Mr. John and Miss Ada Haley.  
Dialogue Matrimonial Advertisement.  
Song Little Gray Home in the West, Miss Ida Haley.  
Song We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall, Miss Lena Chalmers.

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caused by enlistment of those who have answered, and those who will answer their King and Country's call, must be filled. Who will qualify themselves to take advantage of those great opportunities?

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CHAS. J. SCHMIDT,  
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This is Canada's year of opportunity for service to the Empire and civilization.

It seems that while some branches of munition manufacture are flourishing the production of such necessities of life as 1916 Calendars is in a very languishing state indeed.

A British Soldier who lost a child on the Lusitania killed five Turks in revenge. It is not in Turkey, however, but in Germany, that the child murderer was planned.

In some respects, notably in the -and of its war news, 1916 appears to be no improvement over last year.