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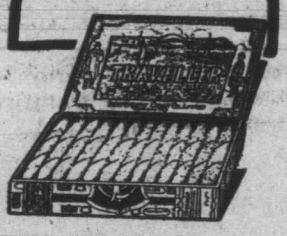
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For Sale—1 horse, 6 yrs. old, weight about 1300 lbs, good worker and fair driver. 1 mare, 5 yrs., good worker and excellent driver, weight about 900 lbs. Budd Forsythe, White Rock

For Sale—A lot of good eating Potatoes. Apply to Harry Hilsley, Coldbrook, 3a

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Interesting Narrative from Capt. Dr. Hugh S. Moore now in France

May 14, '16.

Dear Grandfather:

As it is a long time since I have heard from you I am beginning to think that you did not receive my last two letters, and so I am going, to try again. This time I will try to give you an account of my experiences since Xmas.

After two weeks spent with a regiment relieving another medical officer I returned to my ambulance and was at once sent up to take charge of the "Advanced Dressing Station," which was a rather unhealthy locality, as the Huns used to shell it every day. One fine afternoon a Hun aeroplane came over flying very low and a sniping officer, who was living with me in a dug-out ordered the snipers to shoot it. It was not a wise thing to do, as we soon turned to sorrow, for an hour after, the Huns commenced to shell us like blazes, with their "heavies." They used to come in pairs every minute, and we sat in our dug-out and shivered and wished we were somewhere else. One big "crump" was so close it made the dug-out rock to and fro and blew the door in, knocking down my servant, who was standing near it at the time. After sending over seventy-eight big ones the Huns stopped, much to our relief, and we took a look around to see what damage had been done. Luckily the damage was limited to our nerves and the landscape, which was badly disfigured in that neighborhood. Some of the holes were so large they would have held a horse and wagon, and jagged pieces of shell were scattered over the ground in all directions. For several days after this the Huns used to send over a few big ones at certain times, and I was much relieved to hear that another division was taking our place, and we were going out for a month's rest. The field ambulance, which took our place, after hearing our report, very wisely decided to select a new site for their "Advanced Dressing Station."

It was about the middle of January when our division left the trenches for their well earned month's rest which was to be spent in various villages about twelve kilometers behind the line. I rejoined the main part of my field ambulance which as I have told you before had an old brewery for a hospital, and the next morning after saying "au revoir to the belle of the village, started in charge of the transport away from the roar of the guns for a village called A— where we were assured of a month in peace and comfort. Luckily it was a beautiful day clear and cold, and as the horses were fresh we made good time along the hard white roads lined with elms and poplars, so characteristic of France.

As is always the case on a clear day in Northern France there were many aeroplanes flying about both Hun and British and you could follow their flight by the puffs of wooly smoke from the bursting shells of the anti-aircraft guns. Shortly after we started on our journey we noticed the Tommies along the road and the natives at the doors of their cottages all gazing skywards and talking excitedly. We looked up and perceived two aeroplanes hovering around each other like two big hawks, while we, far below, could hear their machine guns spitting wickedly. It was an aeroplane duel and evidently a machine would be above the Hun, and then the Hun would manoeuvre and get above ours. This went on for about fifteen minutes when suddenly a lucky shot from our plane which was again above hit the Hun in a vital place and turning nose first it plunged straight for the earth like a shot duck, followed by cries of "tres bon," "tres bon," from the excited inhabitants.

We resumed our journey through a pleasant farming country the fertile fields stretching away on both sides of the white pave road and even at this season stretching industriously tilled by the women and girls with big white horses and old fashioned ploughs. In the distance we could see the great slag heaps so common in Northern France and which puzzled me very much the first time I saw them resembling as they do the pyramids of Egypt. Farming and coal mining are the chief industries in this part of France and even with the young men away fighting are being carried on successfully by the women the young boys, and old men. Many of the boys and the more robust of the girls work in the coal mines and you will often meet them on the roads in the late afternoon going homewards, the boys with their round black caps and blue overhauls, and the girls with red bandanna handkerchiefs tied around their heads and dressed in blue calico, all of them looking very grimy but always smiling and greeting you with "Bon jour Monsieur!"

About midday I halted the transport at a small red-roofed village where the horses were given feed and the drivers ate their haversack ration of bread and cheese, while the village children ragged and dirty gathered around, begging for a "souvenir Anglais," the souvenir required being either a cigarette or a penny. Just before we were ready to start again we witnessed a rather amusing incident which might have been tragic, however, and was certainly not amusing for those directly concerned. A big motor-lorry came along and stopped beside our transport. Just then a man of the "Army Service Corps," came along riding a large horse. Passing us, and going in our direction was an old French woman with a donkey and cart evidently on her way to market in the next town, for the cart was laden with eggs and butter and several young pigs (alive.) The horse that the A. S. C. man was riding became frightened of the lorry and bolted between the lorry and our transport collided with the old lady in the donkey cart. A shaft of the cart got caught inside the girth of the A. S. C. horse and before we could do anything there was a hopeless struggling tangle of man, horse, donkey, market-cart, eggs and butter. Luckily the old lady had been thrown clear into the grass beside the road when the cart overturned and so escaped serious injury. The man had fallen with his horse but managed to struggle free and escape the kicking hoofs of horse and donkey. With the aid of several of my drivers, who cut the harness from the donkey the mix-up after some difficulty was straightened up without anyone getting hurt, although the old lady's eggs and butter rather worse the wear and the pigs which had escaped from their box when the cart overturned were running about in a nearby field. The only lady was very angry and as I was the only officer present she addressed her remarks to me, she talked very rapidly with many gestures my French was not equal to the occasion. As near as I could gather however she wanted the Tommy who had collided with her to pay for the eggs and butter or be severely punished. I tried to explain to her that we were all very sorry but that the occurrence was purely accidental and that the man was not to blame. She would not be pacified, however, so I decided it was time we resumed our journey. As we rounded a bend in the road I looked back and the last I saw was the old lady with three men from the motor-lorry trying to corner three little pigs, which running and squealing dodging this way and that refused to be caught. My experience with the old French market-woman caused much amusement when told over our portwine and dinner that night.

We reached our destination two hours afterwards without

HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 316 1/2 W. 5th St., Frankfort, Ky.



No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be an unsurpassable tonic and invigorant for the female organism.

All women who are troubled by any of the ailments mentioned in the enclosed circulars should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—45 cent confidential.

further incident and were greeted by the inhabitants of the little village, as the ambulance had rested at the same place several times before. In my next letter I will tell you how I was sent as permanent medical officer of a regiment and my experiences while with them. If I make this letter any longer I'm afraid it will not pass the censor.

I'm glad that Kings County is doing so well in recruiting. I think that its up to every young chap to come out, unless he has a real good excuse for not coming. The Huns are a lot of "swine" and must be wiped out. Please give my kind regards to all my friends. Hoping you are real well and that Kentville is flourishing.

Your grandson,
HUGH.
P. S.—The other day I signed on for another year's service with the R. A. M. C. I will receive £60 gratuity for good service; will be promoted to Captain and get two weeks leave.

Major Stanley Jones Again Wounded.

The recent severe fighting last week around Ypres has brought with it its terrible toll of dead and wounded. Among the latter are Major Stanley L. Jones, formerly of Wolfville, who enlisted from Western Canada with the Princess Patricia. This is the third time he has been wounded. He is determined to do his share in safeguarding the Empire. He enlisted as a lieutenant and has been rapidly promoted. His wife, who is nursing the wounded in a hospital in France has been given the rank of lieutenant by the French military authorities for valient services. Mr. Jones' sister, Ida, is Mrs. B. J. Lawson of Amherst.

A GUARANTEED MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely guaranteed by a government analyst to be entirely free from opiates, narcotics and other injurious drugs. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. Concerning them Mrs. Sanford Boyce, Spring Grove, Sask., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets an excellent remedy for my twin girls and can strongly recommend them to other mothers." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.