

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY & STEAMERS

Kentville Time Table effective Nov. 1st 1915. (Service daily except Sunday)

LEAVE
Express for Halifax 6:00 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth 10:18 a.m.
Express for Halifax 4:00 p.m.
Accom for Halifax 12:00 p.m.
Accom for Annapolis 3:00 p.m.
Accom for Kingsport 11:00 a.m.
Accom for Kingsport 4:05 p.m.
Accom for Kingsport.

ARRIVE
Express from Halifax 10:10 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth 3:51 p.m.
Express from Halifax 6:10 p.m.
Accom from Halifax 2:15 p.m.
Accom from Annapolis 11:25 a.m.
Accom from Kingsport 8:55 a.m.
Accom from Kingsport 2:35 p.m.
Accom. fm Kingsport, Sat. only 5:52 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7:05 a.m., 5:10 p.m., and 7:50 a.m. from Truro for Windsor at 6:40 a.m., 2:30 p.m., and 12:50 p.m. connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth. Buffet parlor cars run daily (except Sunday) on Mail Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Canadian Pacific Railway
To ST. JOHN and MONTREAL (via Digby) (Daily Sunday excepted)
S. S. YARMOUTH leaves St. John 7:00 a.m., arr. Digby 10:15 a.m. Leave Digby 1:50 p.m., arr. St. John 5:00 p.m. making connections with the Canadian Pacific trains at St. John for Montreal and the West.

Trains run on Atlantic Standard time
BOSTON SERVICE
Steamers of the Boston and Yarmouth S. S. Co., sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays
R. U. PARKER, Genl. Passenger Agent
GEORGE E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

NOTICE

Bring your Carriages and Automobiles in and have them touched up. The improved appearance will delight you

Bike Wagons For Sale
Auto Painting a Specialty
AUBREY YOUNG
Paint Shop opposite Aberdeen Hotel

FOR SALE
At a bargain, a small farm of six acres, containing 115 apple, plum, pear and cherry trees, 2 1/2 miles from Kentville. Comfortable 7 roomed house, barn and other out buildings on premises. For further particulars apply to E. R. Reid, White Rock, N. S., Oct. 25th, '15.

TO LET
The Store on Main Street, Kentville, lately occupied by J. W. Ryan & Co. Floor space of main floor, carpet room and basement—5000 square feet. sw Apply to J. W. RYAN

FURNESS SAILINGS
From London From Halifax
Shenandoah Jan. 29
Jan. 28 Kanawha Feb. 12
Feb. 9 Rappahannock Feb. 26
From Liverpool From Halifax
via Nfld. via Nfld.
Tabasco Jan. 29
Jan. 29 Dromore
Feb. 11 Graciana Feb. 27
Durango Feb. 29

FURNESS WITTHY & CO., LTD.
Halifax, N. S.

REASON ENOUGH.
"What caused you to become a tramp."
"The family physician, ma'am. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after them ever since."
Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM DR. H. S. MOORE.

Received Last Week by His Grandfather—Mr. A. A. DeWolfe.

At the Front, Jan. 6th, 1916.

Dear Grandp:
Just received your Christmas card and the Kentville papers and, needless to say I was much pleased to get them. We learn to appreciate news from home out here although it takes me a long time to get any, because I've been with so many different regiments and ambulances, my letters and papers follow me about four weeks before I get them.

Well another Christmas has come, and gone and it's the first one I've spent away from home. It was not a very pleasant one, but fair under the circumstances, plenty of champagne and French wine. We were planning on a big dinner for Christmas in my ambulance, which is stationed in an old French brewery, but on Dec. 22nd, I received orders to join a regiment for temporary duty and so missed the big dinner. Just as well I guess, because two of the officers drank so much they have been drinking "Vichy Water" ever since, ha! ha!

The regiment which I joined were stationed in a battered French village just behind the firing line and we officers had our mess in an old French farm house. While we were eating lunch on Christmas Day, the beastly Germans were very rude, and put two shells into the farm. One landed in the yard and broke all the windows out of the house and the other went through the roof of the barn where the Machine-gunners were billeted. They all scrambled down the ladder shouting and laughing as if it was a great joke. The British Tommies don't seem to care if they get hit or not especially when they are full of French beer.

The day after Christmas we started for the trenches. It was a cold rainy night and after riding my horse for about two miles I sent my servant back with him, and marched the rest of the way with the men. The part of the line which we had to hold was a very bad salient and as we neared the trenches the German flares seemed to be going up all around us. Its very weird marching along the road at night, when you are near the firing line. Even on dark nights the star shells make everything as light as day. The Germans have three different colors, red, blue and white, but what they mean I don't know. They go up like a sky rocket and then burst and the white ones are like big arc-lights. The French star-shells are attached to a sort of a parachute and remain in the air much longer than the German shells. When you are slinking along a road about a thousand yards from the German lines and these flares go up you duck your head and wish the earth would open and swallow you up for then the bullets begin to hum like bees and sometimes shrapnel and pip-squeals. But we were lucky and only had three men hit with stray bullets. I had to stop and dress them the best I could, beside the road in the dark and rain. One poor chap was shot through the stomach and so I gave him a grain of morphia and sent a messenger for the ambulance.

When we finally arrived at our headquarters we found that the regiment which we were relieving had a very hot time that day and they strongly advised us to change our quarters. We wisely took their advice and found another cellar some distance away. I was unable to find another cellar for the dressing station however and so had to keep the same one, where the Germans had been shelling that day and killed 4 men in a dugout and buried three more close by. But it's part of the game to take chances and we do it every day. In fact most everyone gets too

reckless after a time and a good many don't live to tell about it.

The first day was quiet and there was only a little shelling but the second day they commenced in good style and gave us very little rest. At first they sent shrapnel and whizz-bangs, but when they got the range they started sending over the big stuff "eight inch." The stretcher-bearers and I sat in the cellar and shivered expecting the next big one to be our last. But the luck broke with me again and they came all around but none on top. Towards night they let up some and we were not sorry. I tell you Grandp one of those big shells coming for you shortens life about a year, and longer than that if it hits you, ha! ha! They make a noise like an express train going in to a tunnel and then there is a tremendous crash which shakes the earth for hundreds of yards around. A big cloud of black smoke goes up and the air is full of flying bits of shell, sticks and dust. One morning it was so bad I thought we would have to leave, but we stuck it out for seven days and a regiment was relieved.

Every day I used to take a walk up to our front-line trenches and found them in very good condition. Most of the trenches have boards now, which keeps them quite dry and the Tommies are quite cheerful. Many of them were broiling bacon over open fires which they made on the freestep, regardless to the fact that they were making an awful smoke for the Germans to see, who were only two hundred yards away. Some of the trenches in the front have very deep dug-outs I went down in one which was about thirty feet deep and was large enough to hold about two hundred men.

My respect for the British Tommy grows more and more every day. He takes everything as it comes and never complains. He does not know the meaning of the word fear and would rather fight than eat. But I think the Scotch Highlanders are the pick of the lot anyway you take them. The English Tommies call them the "Jacks" and the Germans call them "The Women from Hell." I saw them fight on the 25th of September and you bet they made the dirty Germans run, but it was the last fight for a good many of the gallant Jacks.

On New Year's Eve the Germans all got drunk. We could hear them shouting and singing and playing concertinas until the dawn of New Year's day. Their artillery celebrated the New Year by giving us an awful straying, but did not do much damage outside of killing two poor chaps on the road. Its peculiar how this war hardens a person. In peace times back home if a citizen of the town is accidentally killed there is a great hubbub and many lamentations. And yet not a day passes out here that I don't see fine young fellows killed or mutilated and very little said about it. One day you are drinking wine in a French cafe with a bunch of officers and the next day you hear that one or more of them has been killed by a shell or sniper. I often marvel how they stick it so well. But when the Huns commenced this war they forgot one vital factor and that is the bull-dog tenacity of the British and that's what will lick them in the end, mark my words. Two weeks ago I had seven days leave in London and except that its very dark at night there are few signs that England is at war. All the theatres and music-halls were crowded afternoon and evening, and everyone cheerful. On my next leave I expect to visit Paris. I hope you are all real well and Kentville is flourishing.

Your affectionate grandson,

HUGH.

The result of the Prohibition vote in Three Rivers, Quebec, was announced, the vote being 100 for prohibition. There ought to be no difficulty in enforcing a prohibition law in that district.

Your Help Required.

For New Subscribers to Advertiser
UNPARALLELED OFFER FOR PRIZE WINNERS

This is the season of the year when everyone makes plans for their winter's reading and also for the newspapers they desire to enter their homes throughout the year.

The Advertiser is Kings County's leading newspaper now read by more people than any other journal published between Halifax and Yarmouth. It gives the news from all sections of the County, and is published every Tuesday and Friday. Subscribers get 102 papers every year or 832 pages of reading for only One Dollar in Advance. Other papers in the County give 208 pages a year, and one 416 pages for the same price of subscription. Thus in reading matter alone we give about double the value besides the premiums we offer to every new subscriber.

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The Plunger—Hawley Smart	The Avenger—Headon Hill
The Evil That Men Do—Shiel	The Dorrington Deed Book.
The Temptress—LeQueux	The Shadow of the Czar
The World's Finger—Hanshaw	The Powers of Darkness
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The Eye of Fate—Meadows	The Outsider—Hawley Smart
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Again we have obtained a large quantity of

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