

Letters From Our Soldier Boys.

PICTOU COUNTY OFFICER WANTS NO SQUEALING AT HOME

The following are extracts from a letter by a Pictou county officer to his mother. The Canadian papers are making everyone sick over here, and not only the papers but the authorities. The English papers reprint everything, and lately Canadians in Canada have been complaining about our holding the Ypres salient. It makes us boil every man of us. For eighteen months British divisions held that salient through terrific fighting and stood up to every kind of terrific fighting all through it. Our first division was only in the salient two or three weeks (if that long) last year, and then after holding a "health resort" for nine months, the second division six months. Now because we are put in to hold the dirty spot in the line people at home squeal. It has been perhaps unfortunate that during both our tenures the Huns have seen fit to attack, with, of course, heavy casualties. Nobody likes the salient. It's known as a mighty dirty spot in the line. But British divisions held it while we were having a long loaf in a health resort, and I've never seen a fellow here yet who growled for a single moment about a square deal, or questioned as to why we should not hold the salient. It's the business of the higher staffs to say if the place is to be held. They know the cost in lives do our share at holding it. Many a time in our old area, after being there five months, I heard fellows say when we heard terrific firing in the salient: "It will soon be up to us to hold that place. They can't leave us in this sort of spot for ever." And now we have some papers and public people at home are squealing at "making Canadians hold the salient." It makes us the laughing stock of the English Tommies after all the "blow ups" we have received the past year. For goodness sake if you hear people squealing like that at home, mother, tell them to shut up, as it hurts us more than we can say. We have had mighty good treatment from the imperial authorities, and our defects are our own, and they are all our own political ones. We have been really lucky up here, outside the dig crater fights in April and the big scrap in June. The month of May was a real scare again for all of us. In the old days some British outfits were six months with hardly a rest here, and fighting all the time.

It seems to be a case of nerves the people home are afflicted with. The Dardanelles and Mesopotamia gave the English people nerves last winter, and the casualties and the coughs with Kitchener's dead seem to have done the same to Canadians. Cheer up. It's a long hard grind, but the side with the best nerves will win. I'm a great believer in gum chewing, and cigarettes. Several times when things were hot and my nerves started to shake I have used both cigarettes and gum, and they are a great help. The man who says he isn't scared of shell fire is either a liar or a fool, or both; and while there are some nervous fellows who don't worry much, most fellows do, let me tell you. After a hair-raising experience I bank on gum and cigarettes as a nerve tonic.

"IT MAKES YOU THINK QUICK WHEN STRUGGLING IN MUD"

London, Aug. 25.—A wounded young company commander who has come home to "Blighty" gives a vivid description of one of the incidents in the "Big Squeeze." He says: "Our adjutant came along about three, checked up watches and gave us divisional time. Mine was all right; never stopped once from the day I bought it till that left wrist of mine was hit. It registers my first hit, 3.36. I'll keep that souvenir, but I'm afraid it's done as a time-keeper. "Just before three I got my position, right in the middle of my company. We were going over at 3.25, you know. The trench was deep there, with a hell of a lot of mud and water, but there was no set parapet left; just a gradual slope of mud, as though car loads of it had been dropped from the sky by giants—spilled porridge.

From Rum Case. "I wanted to be out first if I could—good effect on the men, you know—I couldn't trust myself in all that mud, so I'd collared a rum case from 's' dugout, and was nursing the blooming thing so that when the time came I could plant it in the mud and get a bit of a spring from that. Glad I did, too. "I passed the word along at a quarter past to be ready for my whistle; but it was all you could do to make a fellow hear by shouting in his ear. Our heavies were giving it lip then, I can tell you. "I was in a devil of a stew lest some of my chaps should get over too soon. They kept wriggling up and forward in the mud. They were frightfully keen to get moving. I gathered from my sergeant their one fear was that if we couldn't soon be going our artillery would have left us 'strafing' for us to do. Little they knew their Boche if they thought that. "Stick 'em, stick 'em.

"On the stroke of the twentieth I got a good jump from my rum box and fell head first into a little pool, whizz—bang hole, I suppose; something smart. It loosened two of my front teeth pretty much. I'd my whistle in my teeth, you see. But I blew like blazes directly I got my head up. Never made a sound, whistle full of mud. "But it didn't matter a bit. They all saw me take my dive, and a lot were

in front of me when I got going. But I overhauled them and got in front. "You think you're going strong and woot! You've got your face deep in porridge. Fall in a shell hole. I'm trip over some blimey thing and you turn a complete somersault and you're on again, wondering where your second wind is. Look you haven't a notion whether you're hit or not. "I felt that smack on my left wrist, going with a dozen other smacks of one sort or another, but I didn't know it was a wound for an hour or more. "All you thought about was trying to keep your rifle muzzle up, and I guess the fellows behind must have thought a bit about not sticking up with their bayonets more than they could help. I was shouting "—, the local name of the fort, you know the boys like it. But my sergeant who was close to me, was just yelling "Down 'em, boys!" and "Stick 'em! Stick 'em!" for all he was worth. "No Parapat Left. "My lot were bound for the second line, with No. 12 Platoon with thirteen of 'D's' were to look after cleaning up the Boche first line. There was no real parapet left in that Boche front line. Their trench was just a sort of gash, a ragged crack in the porridge. Where I was there was a hole in the trench, but you know, one didn't feel it a bit. You can judge a bit from my rags what it was like. We went at it like fellows in a race charge the tape, and it didn't hurt us any more. "One thing that did hurt us was the porridge and the holes. Your feet sinking down made you feel you were crawling, making no headway. I wish I could remember that in a bit better. It was all a muddy blur to me. "But I made out a line of faces in the trench, and I saw a couple of the devil of a yell as we jumped for those faces. Lost my rifle there. "Makes You Think. "Afraid I didn't stick my man, really, because my bayonet struck solid earth, just smashed my fellow. We went down in the mud together, and another chap trod on my neck for a moment. "Makes you think quick, I tell you. I pulled that chap down on top of my own Boche, and just took one good look at the sun and the sky, but Boche and then gave him two rounds from my revolver, with the barrel in his eye. I killed the under one, too, but can't be sure. "Good Beer—But German. "Next thing I knew we were scrambling on to the second line. It was the wire of the second line that I got my knock-out—in the shoulder and the spine, and my hand. Boche! "I was out of business then; but as the light grew I could see my chaps 'hauled down' in my hand. Boche! "I was in a bit, and I got a drink of beer in a big Boche dugout, down two separate flights of steps. My hat, that beer was good, though German!"

GERMANS HELD RED CROSS NURSES AS PRISONERS AND SERVED THEM JAIL FOOD ONLY London, Aug. 23.—There recently arrived in Berlin a batch of 60 or more Red Cross nurses, who had gone out to Serbia from Scotland last September to fight typhus. They were taken prisoners by the German authorities at the head of the Austrians, forces which, invaded Serbia, kept prisoners for three months in Hungary, and were on their way home. Dr. Alice Hutchison, the tiny medical woman in charge of the expedition, at the head of her band of nurses, reached Salonica some time in September, 1915, and was immediately moved on to Nisch, where they all went to work in their derelict there. It seems, were Tycheites, great, will give good-natured fellows, who grew steadily attached to them. Three weeks of nursing the wounded—for the typhus epidemic was practically over when they arrived—and then the place was taken by the Austrians. Gloom days, these, with the hospital in German hands, and taciturn German surgeons, silently watching them as they continued to take care of their wounded, though expecting every day to be told to pack up and start for the frontier. Given Prison Fare. It seemed strange as time went on that they were not returned to the Allies, but were taken away from their families, put on prison fare, and restricted as to their movements. At last there was no doubt about it—they were prisoners. This seems an unthinkable state of affairs. Red Cross sisters as prisoners of war. They were finally told to get themselves ready to go. A cart took their luggage, the big pieces, the smaller pieces they carried in their hands. "We tricked eight miles," said one of the nurses in the big reception room of the Bernerhof, where the British Legation was entertaining them. "And don't you think it awful to make us walk and carry our own bags?" "And you're being taken to us on all sides," said another nurse. "What do you think they shouted to us from the shore—and they took a big megaphone to be sure we'd hear it?" "What?" "The sergeant is no fool in Heaven for you!" and we yelled back. "Well, if you're going to be there we'll be willing to go anywhere else." "At one time they were told they would be interned until the end of the war.

"That did discourage us!" confessed one nurse, an Irish girl. "But it was only part of the part of how they told us. Oh, the Germans! I never in my life imagined anything as devilish as they are!" "Paddy? O Paddy!" came laughing protests from all sides. The nurses' spirits were high, and climbing higher. Their troubles behind them, and were they not on their way home? "Didn't a German officer give you a letter?" asked one of the others. "True for so," assented Paddy, and passed on, and someone told the story: One Decent German. When they had arrived at a little unpronounceable place in Hungary they were quartered in rooms 17 by 16 feet in size, 17 women to the room. They had straw pallets, which, they rolled up in the daytime and spread out at night. The water they had to draw from the well outside, and one day, as "Paddy" and her chum were fighting with the well rope, two German officers passed by. One of them turned and came back, saying, in perfect English: "Are you English Red Cross nurses?" "Yes," said Paddy. "Well, what on earth are you doing here?" he pursued. "We are your prisoners," she answered. "Prisoners? Nonsense. Red Cross nurses can't be prisoners," he insisted. "Yes, I am a nurse," she answered, trying. "Nevertheless, here we are!" "Are you well treated?" he asked. "No, no, as a matter of fact, they give us prisoners' fare, and it is very bad." The officer seemed very much disturbed about it, and, walking on, joined his companion. The well rope was particularly bulky that day, and before the nurses got their water the officer was back with a big paper parcel, which he held out saying: "Here's a tea cake. I don't like to think you're hungry."

"All Germans Not Alike." "Paddy's fingers trembled," she confessed, for she was hungry, but she said: "I thank you," and started off with the water. "Nurse, nurse," he begged, "take the cake." "I won't take anything from a German," she answered. The officer was plainly distressed. "Nurse," he protested, "don't be like that. Here, take the cake, and remember that—all all Germans are not alike." Whereupon Paddy's heart melted, and, taking the cake, they separated.

German and Austrian. There was some questioning as to how the Germans and Austrians stood with each other. "The Austrian army is largely officered by Germans," said one nurse, "much against the will of the Austrian officers. These latter were inclined to be nice to us, and one of them, either half American or bred up in America, one day took up for a walk. The doctor dropped back to talk to him, and he, greatly amused, begged her to go on ahead, leaving him to bring up in the rear alone, until they passed the German officers. It was a small incident, but it was a straw!"

A BAND OF HEROES. Newfoundlanders in the Advance Dominion Losses. (London Times). Further details are now available of the fighting in France in which the Newfoundland contingent recently took part. It fell to the lot of six Newfoundland men to take the brunt of the attacking and after an intense bombardment they leaped from their trenches, and made off across the "reary space between our position and the enemy's." There was a hard fight in more than one sense for they never reached the German trenches. Long before they had reached the enemy position, the hidden machine guns and the spreading shrapnel had taken such a deadly toll that the battalion was a broken wreck. They struggled on, facing a good odds as any force of men has ever been asked to face, and did not win through. They died with a cheerfulness that has been the chief attribute, next to their courage, of the little force from the smallest of our overseas dominions. What a prize will mean to the Australian and New Zealand troops helms to the immortal 29th Division, and New Zealanders, a Regiment which has been heard of the Atlantic. They have an unerring quality of reticence, and it is only recently that a great many people in England are aware that there is a Newfoundland contingent at all. They are not a numerous body, but they have proved that they "can pull their weight and more" as the general told them after the battle. A large number of men have come from Newfoundland, most of whom have never been away from their island home before. Large numbers also are being trained for the navy, and of these the same things may be said. The fishing banks have produced some of the finest sea men that have ever donned the blue jacket. Out all the year in the driving fogs to reach the rich sea harvest from beneath the long, heavy swell of the North Atlantic rollers, they must of necessity learn a great deal that even our own men who trade the seven seas all their lives have never learned. For 25 years Newfoundland has been training men for the British navy, and her foresight has been more than justified. It is a recruiting ground that should always furnish men for the senior service, and that it will seem certain. A good guarantee of the enthusiasm of the men of the Dominion for the sea service is to be had in the fact that immediately after the news of the Jutland battle the recruiting for the navy was greatly increased.

At Louisville man killed his wife because she didn't fry the steak as he like it. Still, a man who likes steak fried would do anything.

I HAVE NEVER INSPECTED A FINER BODY OF MEN.

Halifax, Aug. 7.—"I have never inspected a finer body of men than I have today," said his royal highness the Duke of Connaught, governor-general of Canada, at the general review of the Nova Scotia Highland brigade at Alford's, on Saturday. The 85th battalion was the best battalion he has inspected in Canada, was the opinion expressed by the governor-general when congratulating the officers of the brigade. The men of the 85th have all the appearance and the earmarks of seasoned troops," said his royal highness. Then, turning to the officers of the other battalions, the governor-general said the longer training was, of course, the reason of the excellence of the 85th, but the brigade as a whole was the finest body of men he had ever inspected. The governor-general and party left for Ottawa on Saturday night.

MARTIME MEN FOR OVERSEAS.

There are quite a number of Maritime men among the 29th Division who are mentioned to go overseas as unattached subalterns. Following are the names: Lieuts. Carl Stagner, Halifax; Harry Henry, Halifax; A. T. Lewis, Halifax; Lawrence L. Henshaw, G. E. McGregor, M. J. Mullaney, K. A. Campbell, R. L. Curry, H. N. Gannon, Barker and Foster of Nova Scotia, and Lieuts. S. P. Gerow, F. D. Clements, J. G. Kelly, R. N. Gilmour, D. R. Macleod and F. A. Reid, New Brunswick.

A WORD FOR MOTHERS

It is a grave mistake for mothers to neglect their aches and pains and suffer in silence—this only leads to chronic sickness and often shortens life. If your work is tiring; if your nerves are excited; if you feel languid, weary or depressed, you should know that Scott's Emulsion overcomes just such conditions. It possesses in concentrated form the very elements to invigorate the blood, strengthen the tissues, nourish the nerves and build strength. Scott's Emulsion is strengthening thousands of mothers—and will help you. Try it. Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

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