

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY & STEAMERS

Kentville Time Table effective July 1st, 1916. (Service daily except Sundays)

LEAVE
Express for Halifax 6:00 a.m.
Express for Yarmouth 9:57 a.m.
Express for Truro 11:33 a.m.
Express for Halifax 4:02 p.m.
Express for Halifax 2:25 p.m.
Accom for Annapolis 2:45 p.m.
Accom for Kingsport 11:30 a.m.
Accom for Kingsport 4:05 p.m.
Express for Kingsport (Sat. only) 6:10 p.m.
Express for Kingsport daily 7 p.m.

ARRIVE
Express from Halifax 9:49 a.m.
Express from Yarmouth 3:53 p.m.
Express from Halifax 7:01 p.m.
Express from Halifax 2:00 p.m.
Express from Yarmouth 7:05 p.m.
Accom from Kingsport 8:55 a.m.
Accom from Kingsport 2:15 p.m.
Accom from Kingsport (Sat. only) 5:10 p.m.
Express from Kingsport daily 6:30 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7:05 a.m., 6:00 p.m. and from Truro for Windsor at 6:25 a.m., 1:30 p.m. and connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Canadian Pacific Railway To ST. JOHN and MONTREAL (via Digby)

(Daily Sunday excepted)
S. S. EMPRESS 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, daily except Sunday. R. U. PARKER, Genl. Passenger Agent. GEORGE E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

THE ROUTE MARCH.

We've got our foreign service boots we've 'ad 'em 'alf a day; If it wasn't for the Adjutant I'd sling the brutes away; If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd give a fortnight's pay, And chuck 'em in the pair I got this morning.

We've marched a 'undred miles to-day, we've 'undreds miles to go; An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll tell you 'ow I know; I've measured out the distance by the blister on my toe, For I got my foreign-service boots this morning.

We've got our foreign-service boots—I wish that I was dead; I wish I'd got the Colonel's 'orse an' 'im my feet instead; I wish I was an acrobat, I'd walk upon my 'ead, For I got my foreign-service boots this morning.

We're 'oppin' and we're 'obblin' to a cock-eyed ragtime tune, Not a soul what isn't limpin' in the 'bloomin' 'ole balloon; But back you up, my com-e-rades, we're off to Flanders soon, For we got our foreign-service boots this morning! —Punch.

THANKS

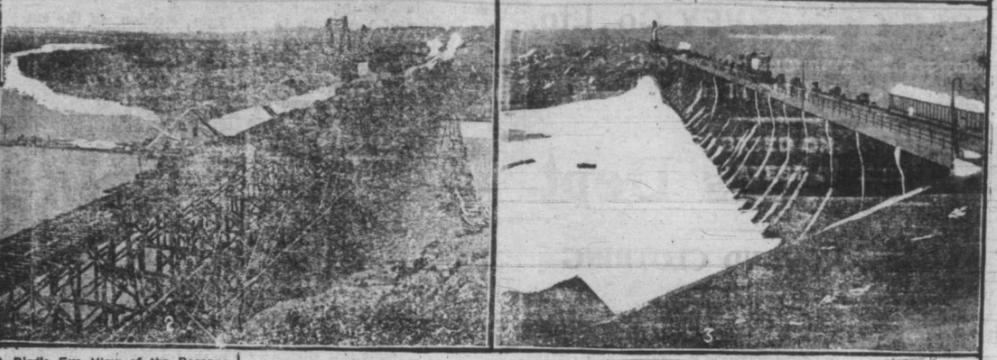
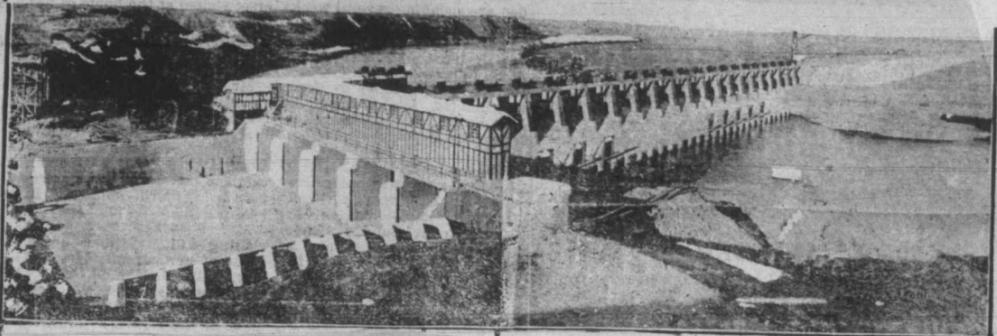
From N. S. Highlander.

Captain Chaplain J. F. Tupper, of the 193rd Battalion, wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of Commission vessel, linen clothes etc to be used during our stay in Aldershot Camp, from the following:—Rev. T. C. MALLON, Deaconess ALICE WEBSTER of Kentville, Rev. Dr. V. E. HARRIS, Sec. of Diocese of Nova Scotia and from All Saints Cathedral, Halifax.

Miss Marjorie Hutchinson of Truro, Miss W. P. Hammersley of New Bedford, Mass, Miss Bessie Hutchinson of Milton, Mass, and Miss Hattie Lawrence of Cohasset, Mass, are spending a few days in Kentville, visiting Lieut. L. S. Hutchinson of the 193rd Battalion.

For Sale—Either one of four superior cows. Ansley Bishop, New Minas. \$10.

TURNING DESERTS INTO GARDENS



(1) Bird's Eye View of the Bassano Dam. (2) The Dam Under Construction. (3) The Sluice Gates Open. (4) Distributing the Water.

OUT on the prairies of Western Canada and among the mountain valleys of British Columbia, deserts are being turned into gardens by the application of life-giving waters.

Every desert is a potential garden if this one chief necessity is met, though it is not fair to use the word 'desert' or even an arid region, for Alberta is neither arid or desert. But nature may often be assisted in her great task of production, and this is what the irrigation systems of the Canadian West are doing.

In Alberta the Canadian Pacific Railway is developing the largest individual irrigation project on the American continent, with an area larger than the total irrigated area in either Colorado or California. Portions of a tract of three million acres will be included in this prosperous and fertile so-called "dry belt" region.

The western section is already completed, including sixteen hundred miles of canals and ditches. The eastern section is in process of development where twenty-five hundred miles of canals and ditches will be required for the service.

On April 25, 1914, the great irrigation dam at Bassano, Alberta, was opened. Built across the Bow River, eighty miles east of Calgary, the huge structure, 1,000 feet long, will convey the water of the Bow for the eastern section. Another great engineering work, which will serve the same tract, is a giant aqueduct at Brooks, thirty miles east, two miles in length, which carries the waters of a branch canal over a wide valley.

One has only to visit this great undertaking of the Canadian Pacific Railway to realize not only its magnitude but the results it will, indeed, produce. Here is one of the smaller radiating ditches, filled with rippling water. On either bank nature has responded with a luxuriant growth, and a garden of productivity is the result. The wheat fields extend in another direction, showing a fine head of grain after imbibing the thirst-quenching waters, for nature thrives as do humans. All kinds of growths prosper—fruits, cereals and garden truck, while dairying and live stock growing flourish wherever there is an irrigation canal. The country is filling up with what are called dry farmers for the waters ensure a practical certainty of crop. A six-year yield of Marquis wheat on irrigated land ran forty-four bushels to the acre, compared with only 29 on non-irrigated lands. Here the C.P.R. provides their Ready-Made Homes, where the settler is assisted generously in establishing a foothold.



Through southern British Columbia is shown in the flourishing orchards of the Okanagan Arrow and Kootenay Lakes country, along the Cariboo road and in many another section. Thus this most ancient of natural aids is the most modern, dating from the Garden of Eden and continuing to the Alberta Irrigation system is one that has contributed to the world's productivity and to Canada's wealth.

MANLY MEN AT CAMP ALDERSHOT

Aldershot Camp today is perhaps the best, the quietest, most hard-working camp Canada has known. On the whole the men of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade are healthy and happy and contented—that is, contented to await with a fine impatience the word that spells a struck camp and the overseas voyage.

Certainly we hear little bits of complaint. That's human nature. Private A. or Sergeant B. thought, after a hard route march—right after that route march—that it was pretty tough going. Certainly it was. Route marches always are—that's the idea. But when the blister on his heel cooled down, and he had supper, he forgot that he had tramped 10 or 12 miles and that he had complained. He'd feel a bit sheepish if reminded of the latter fact. For you see we try to be MANLY men here.

Ask any soldier in the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade—on a Sunday, say—if this isn't all very true.

And do you know why Aldershot is a splendid, hard-working, King's-business camp today? I'll tell you, for I verily believe it to be so. We have

no professional newspaper reporters here, such as I was before I "got into the game." We have none of those boys with the ready, coloring pencil, trained to make a "mountain out of a mole-hill," to involuntarily write into his reports, perhaps, that intangible something bound to magnify trivial, everyday complaints and weakness to which human flesh is heir.

Mind you, I am not saying that Nova Scotia newspapermen would do this. I do say, regardless, that they would be liable to let their pencils run away with their better sense, as others have done in Canada—and very recently, at that.

Letters home are the REAL TEST of what men really feel, "when the mortar has set." And I'll take a long chance bet that few grumbles go out of Aldershot Camp from the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade lines.

Mrs. Gunn and Mrs. Masters, Miss Hazel Gunn, Miss Evelyn Gunn, Master Campbell Gunn, of Hantsport, and Miss Laura Holmes, of Glace Bay, were guests in the 193rd lines on Sunday.

Mrs. (Major) Legallois and children are summering at Hillcrest Orchards.

Captain Chaplain Gillis has been away on a short leave this week.

Lt. Col. Stanfield, 193rd, is on leave of absence to Montreal. Major Langford is in command of the battalion during Colonel Stanfield's absence.

Mrs. D. Cunningham, wife of Lieut. Cunningham, of the 193rd is spending the summer at Kentville and vicinity.

The first heavy order route march for the battalion was on Wednesday morning and none of the men on the march seemed any the worse for the extra equipment carried.

Capt. J. Welsford Macdonald, Adjutant of the 193rd, spent the week-end at his home in Pictou. This was Capt. Macdonald's first leave of absence since he assumed the duties of Adjutant some two months ago.

Lt. Col. Day, O.C. 185th Battalion spoke to the men at a muster parade held at 8 p.m. Wednesday, and several points of discipline and military etiquette were presented to the men. At the same time he asked for the co-operation of officers and men in working the battalion conspicuously smart.

Sergeant Bagnell and Corpl. R. H. McKenzie, both former 94th men, have been attending courses at R.S.I. during the last three weeks. A number of other N.C.O.'s are also qualifying.

Haying passes will mean that a large number of the 185th O.S. Battalion will journey to Cape Breton about the first two weeks of August. Nature in Cape Breton is considerably behind the fair Annapolis Valley in the matter of time for reaping crops.

W. F. Carroll M.P. has completed his course in the military school and is now Lieutenant Carroll. He is with his battalion, the 185th at Aldershot. His many friends will congratulate him on completing his course and having "gone through the mill" in the ranks will make him even a better officer.

Baltimore, July 22 — It was plain today that some mysterious set back will prevent the Deutschland from sailing for the next few days. Nothing is wrong with the crew or cargo, but something momentous, known to Captain Koenig and the agent has happened.