

### WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

#### Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINGEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, headache, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This famous remedy, the medicine ingredients of which are derived from native American herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Miss Agnes G. McGuire, of Lunenburg, is now editor and manager of the Lunenburg Progress-Enterprise. Miss McGuire not only wields a facile pen but has a wide knowledge of the Province and Provincial affairs. Her qualifications are of such a nature and her energy so decided that it is safe to predict that under her guidance the Progress-Enterprise will be both a business and a journalistic success.

The Japs are ready at a moment's notice to rush troops to the port Vladivostok in eastern Siberia. The Bolsheviks appear to be in control, but allied in arrears there must be guarded from 80,000 German war prisoners in that district.

### DELIGHTED AT RESULT OF OUR ELECTIONS

#### General Sir Arthur Currie Pleased at the Good Things Said of the Canadians: Will Maintain Their Record.

London, Jan. 5—General Sir Arthur W. Currie was in London today. He says the Canadian corps was delighted at the result of the Canadian election, especially as it was achieved independently of the soldiers' vote. Sir Arthur was naturally and justifiably pleased at the good things that had been said of the Canadians during the last year, and has every confidence that they will maintain their record.

### AMERICAN WIN THE WAR PLANS

Washington, Jan. 2—Constant and speedy despatch of American troops to the European battle front is the principal recommendation made to the government by the American who recently returned from the inter-allied war council at Paris.

Speeding up of the merchant ship-building programme and closer cooperation with the co-belligerents are

### TWO BROTHERS KILLED AND BUSINESS DESTROYED

Mr. William Orr, Manager of the Richmond Printing Co., Halifax, was in Truro this week. He was accompanied by Mrs. Orr, who for the present will remain in Truro, with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Crowe.

The establishment of Mr. Orr was destroyed in the great explosion, two of his brothers were killed, together with many of the employees. The family of one of his brothers, Samuel Orr, were killed all but one, out of eight of a family. The survivor is in Truro with Mrs. William Orr.

Mrs. Orr, is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buchanan, former residents of Truro and made their home with their daughter. They are now in Berwick, at Mrs. Buchanan's old home.

Mr. William Orr, with characteristic pluck, is starting business again and expects to be under way in the course of a few days. News.

## A Great Air Duel

The old days when armies ceased fighting to watch their two champions in single combat have come back again. It was on the Western front, and the engagement that resulted in the death of Immelman the Falcon, Germany's most distinguished Ace, was in very truth a duel—no chance meeting of men determined to slay one another, but a formally arranged encounter, followed a regular challenge, and fought by pre-arrangement, and without interference.

The battle, says the Literary Digest, was witnessed with breathless interest by the men of both armies crouched in the trenches, separated by only a few feet of No Man's Land, while the fire of the anti-aircraft guns on both sides were stilled.

The victor in the spectacular fight was Captain Ball, the youthful English pilot who was killed in France recently, after winning a magnificent series of victories in the air. The story of the duel, which was declared to have been one of the most sensational events of the war, is told in a letter written by Colonel William Mackin, of the Canadian troops, to a friend in Newark, New Jersey. Colonel Mackin was one of the eye witnesses of the fight.

"One morning Captain Ball, who was behind our section, heard that Immelman was opposite.

"This is the chance I've been waiting for; I'm going to get him," declared Ball. Friends tried to dissuade him, saying the story of Immelman's presence probably was untrue. Ball would not listen.

"Getting into his machine, he flew over the German lines, and dropped a note which read:—

"Captain Immelman:—

"I challenge you to a man-to-man fight, to take place this afternoon at two o'clock. I will meet you over the German lines. Have your anti-aircraft guns withhold their fire while we decide which is the better man. The British guns will be silent.

BALL."

"About an hour afterwards a German aviator swung out across our lines. Immelman's answer came. Translated, it read:—

"Captain Ball:—

"Your challenge is accepted. The German guns will not interfere. I will meet you promptly at two.

IMMELMAN."

"Just a few minutes before two o'clock the guns on both sides ceased firing. It was as though the commanding officer had ordered a truce. Long rows of heads rapped up, and all eyes watched Ball from behind the British lines shoot off and into the air. A minute or two later Immelman's machine was seen across No Man's Land."

The letter describes the tail of the German machine as painted red, "to represent the British and French blood it had spilled," while Ball's had a streak of black paint to represent the mourning for this victims. The machine ascended in a wide circle, and then says Colonel Mackin:—

"From our trenches there were wild cheers for Ball. The Germans yelled just as vigorously for Immelman.

"The cheers from the trenches continued. The Germans' increased in volumes; ours changed into cries of alarm.

"Ball, thousands of feet above us, and only a speck in the sky, was doing the craziest things imaginable. He was below Immelman, and was, apparently, making no effort to get above him, thus gaining the advantage of position. Rather, he was swinging around, this way and that, attempting, it seemed, to postpone.

"We saw the German's machine dip over preparatory to starting the nose dive.

"He's gone now," sobbed a young soldier at my side, for he knew Immelman's gun would start its raking fire once it was being driven straight down.

Then in a fraction of a second the tables were turned. Before Immelman's plane could get into firing position, Ball drove his machine into a loop, getting above his adversary, and cutting loose with his gun, and smashing Immelman by a hail of bullets as he swept by.

"Immelman's aeroplane burst into flames and dropped. Ball, from above, followed for a few hundred feet, and then straightened out and raced for home. He settled down, rose again, hurried back, and released a huge wreath of flowers almost directly over the spot where Immelman's charred body was being lifted from a tangled mass of metal.

"Four days later, Ball, too, was killed. He attacked, single-handed four Germans. He had shot one down, and was pursuing the other three, when two machines dropped from behind the clouds and closed in on him. He was pocketed and was killed, but not until he had shot down two more of the enemy."

Ottawa, Jan. 4—An ambitious programme of national shipbuilding is to be undertaken by the Canadian government. The matter for some time has been under consideration, and Hon. C. C. Ballantyne today announced plans designed to utilize to the full capacity the Canadian yards and establish rolling mills as essential to the industry.

## Lumberjacks Winning Fame at Our Army

An article in an English periodical describes the effects of music on trench tired and war-worn troops.

"A Canadian regiment came swinging down on the roads back of Ypres," it read. "Tired, jaded, some caked with blood and all with mud, they stolidly plodded along, shoulders bowed as if under a mighty load and faces showing the great fatigue and the great strain."

Suddenly in one of the companies approaching a soldier started to sing. Another joined in and then another and another. Soon half the regiment was roaring in unison. It wasn't a very nice song, one of their trench chansons, I suppose. I remember catching something about 'gutters running with whiskey' and 'boys so frisky.' But its effect was magical.

"It was as if the men had drunk deeply of the red fluid they were singing about. Shoulders straightened, steps quickened, faces cleared and eyes lightened. Fatigue and strain seemed to vanish in the thin air. Verily, music, if that rade song composed in the trenches by those fighting Canadian could by any stretch of imagination be called music, had its charms."

"No, it wasn't a very nice song. The motif, the spirit of it, is one and the same with that of 'Here's to Good Old Yale, Drink Her Down,' but it lacks the polish of the college drinking song, for it was fathered by men with the bark on and born deep in the Big Woods far, far away from the softening, refining effects of culture and civilization."

But how was the English war correspondent to know it was not a song composed in the trenches? Ask G. L. Underwood in the New York Sun. How was he to know it was an old, old chantey that has been sung in every lumber camp from the Miramichi to the Yukon? Yes, and it oft has echoed among the pines of Maine and the giant redwoods and sequoias of California as well. Where is he who has "rassled logs" or redded the white water, north or south of the Canadian order, who hasn't heard or doesn't know "When the Drive Comes Down"?

So "When the Drive Comes Down" is being sung "over there. One might have known it, for at least ten per cent of the Canadian overseas forces are composed of men previously engaged in the lumber industry, and many more are the sons of lumbermen.

The bulk of Canada's population is rural. Seven-tenths of the Canadian recruits are men from the open. These men from the Big Bush, with cow camps, wheat fields, the mines and the fringes of civilization, are by nature and vocation ideally fitted for soldiering. The Potsdam despatches grudgingly pay tribute to their prowess by announcing to the German people "Even the Canadians could not stay our advance."

Not long ago (says Mr. Underwood) I spent an interesting evening with Capt. Tom Flanagan, of the 134th Canadian Expeditionary Forces, better known as the "Sportsman's Battalion," and Bill O'Hara, the former outfielder of the New York Giants, who went through the battles of the Somme, Vimy Ridge and Ypres with the Twenty-fourth Canadians. Capt. Flanagan was loud in his praises of the Sportsman's Battalion.

"We've got the greatest bunch of fighters that ever was banded together," he enthusiastically declared. "Boxers, wrestlers, runners, weight throwers, swimmers, oarsmen, baseball, hockey and lacrosse players compose our outfit. There is a scarcely a man in the Battalion who hasn't done things in some branch or other of sport. They take to soldiering like ducks to water. Ours is a picked regiment and no doubt if in all history there ever was one like it."

"They're right there with the bells on, Tom," affirmed O'Hara. "Yes, the 134th is a great bunch. But they haven't got anything on the 24th. No, sir-ee, Bob. The 24th outlasted and outstayed every outfit in the front line trenches. You want to know why? I'll tell you. Sixty per cent of my outfit is made up of lumberjacks. That's your answer."

"Athletes? Shucks! Say, Tom, you know I was something of an athlete. At least that is what the papers used to call Giants. But if you want to see a real athlete just make goo-goo eyes at the next lumberjack you see."

"Ah, they're the athletes for you, tougher than hickory, hard as nails and wiry as a broncho. A lumberjack may not be able to run 100 yards in ten seconds or bust the old ball out of the lot. The only reason he can't, however, is because he is not trained to it."

"But when it comes to the Big Game over on the French front, say Bo, there's where Mr. Lumberjack becomes captain of the varsity! I'll outlike the outfit, outdog, outlast any athlete that ever got a head line on the sporting page. After living three weeks in ice water up to his neck on the spring logging drive, what is the cold, the mud and the damp of the trenches to him? What are the labors of digging in to a guy who has been rassing big pine and spruce butts ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper?"

"He'll march thirty miles with a regulation kit on his back and do a backwoods breakdown at the end. His lungs will stand a gassing that would send the soul of an ordinary man on the Long Trek. When the rations run low he'll live on stuff that wouldn't keep a chipmunk alive and only draw his belt up a couple of notches and cuss the king to hades and back. Yet the next minute he'll joy in going over the top and giving his ornerly life 'For King and Country."

"Fight? Say, Tom, a lumberjack would rather fight than eat! You ought to have seen some of those woodsmen at Wipers and Vimy Ridge! The only way to stop 'em was to kill 'em, and if a cat has nine lives, a lumberjack has nineteen. There's no way of killing a lumberjack except to blow him to smithereens. A wallop that would knock the ordinary man grovelling in the blood and mire of No Man's Land only will send the average Shanty boy on the faster."

"I remember when we went over the top at Wipers. Next to me a fellow had his left arm taken off at the elbow clean as a whistle by a piece of shrapnel. It gouged a piece, out of his side too, did he stop, lay down and wait for the him? No, sir-ee! Biting at that poor, bleeding stump like a wild animal, he waved his rifle with his good arm and plunged on roaring. 'You Boche's I'll get you for this! Say, that fightin' backwoods man wanted to get his revenge out of the whole Germany army."

"If I remember eharng of it rightly, Bill," broke Capt. Flanagan, "they got you at Ypres, too, didn't they? It was in the left shoulder, wasn't it? What did you do, stop or keep on?"

"Well, Tom," chuckled O'Hara, "when that bullet hit me it flopped me right on my back and I felt a lot like staying there. But I didn't. I crawled onto my pins and went moseying along after that fighting devil with his arm lopped off. You see I couldn't have any boy from the backwoods making any quitter out of me."

"I couldn't have any boy from the backwoods making any putter out of me"—the remark exemplified the value of the Shanty Boy element scattered among the Canadian troops. Their iron stamina and endurance bulldog courage and devil may care attitude inspire and encourage their associates.

The real reason for the success of the Canadians as soldiers is the preponderance of men from the open in the makeup of their regiments. The element of tough, sturdy, hardened men from the lumber camps, the ranges and the fringes of civilization stiffens and strengthens the entire structure.

The lumberjack, especially, is almost a trained soldier before he puts on a uniform. He is the veteran of many shortless and shellless campaigns. Long, strenuous hours of labor in the biting cold of the Northland have given him a physique of iron. He has the strength of the pines in his make-up and the rush of the river in his heart.

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**Loyalty.**

Loyalty to our country is good, but loyalty to our town and our neighbors is just as important, although rarer. To send money out of town for things that may be obtained from townsmen and neighbors is not loyal, and does a serious injury to our schools, churches, and other institutions supported by local taxation or philanthropy.

Support good roads, good churches and good schools. Spend your money at home. You will get just as good or better value, and can see what you buy before you pay for it, instead of after.

Read the advertisements and deal at home.

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