

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Are Your Children Learning to Save Money?

Each maturing son and daughter should have a personal Savings Account in the Union Bank of Canada, with opportunities to save regularly, and training in how to expend money wisely. Such an education in thrift and saving will prove invaluable in later life.

Belleville Branch: J. G. Moffat, Manager.

Pictou Branch—C. B. Beamish, Manager.

Established over Forty-one Years THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

ASSETS OVER \$48,000,000
The A, B, C of Banking
Save Systematically
Take Care of the Cents and Ultimately Become Independent
We solicit your account in our SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

John Elliott Manager Belleville Branch.

Rednersville Branch open Wednesdays.
Shannonville Branch, open Mondays and Thursdays.
Foxboro Branch open Tuesdays and Fridays.

Merchants' Bank of Canada

CAPITAL \$7,000,000
RESERVE \$7,000,000
ASSETS, \$85,000,000

Your Savings Account Invited

Interest will be added to your balance every six months. Small or large amounts (\$1.00 and upwards) may be deposited by you at any time. Our statements show figures which guarantee the utmost security for your money. We help you to save money. Cheese factory accounts a specialty. Banking can be done by mail.

A general banking business conducted.

BELLEVILLE BRANCH H. SNEYD MANAGER

Advertising Pays

Men's Blue Serge Suits For \$8.00



Notwithstanding the sharp advance on all blue serge cloths we have succeeded in landing a line of hard finished Serge suits to sell at \$8.00. (Even last year we could not get them). So you see war prices have not yet reached this store.

The Better Lines

We also have the better lines at \$10, \$12 and \$15, every suit equal to last year in value.

So far not a single article in our store has been advanced in price.

Oak Hall

The Money Saving Clothiers

IN THE MIDST OF THE GREAT BATTLE

Letter From Belleville Soldier Who Saw Some Real Fighting About Ypres.

The following graphic description of the fighting about Ypres and Large marck was received yesterday by Mr. Wm. Craig, Bleecker Ave., from his old friend Driver R. W. Felstead. The latter's ability as a letter-writer is well demonstrated in the most interesting communication.

Belgium, 23rd April, 1915.

Dear Bill,

Just a few lines in answer to your most welcome letter and bundle of papers received here today. You will see by the above that we have made a considerable move, from our last place, where we had the pleasure of continuing the hitting at the Germans without being hit back, though mind you at times they have been very close to giving us a taste of their shells. Well Bill, during the last two months, I have seen more of the actual fighting than I did in the previous five, for we have been in the firing line now for over seven months. Now it is not much use me telling you about things that have happened weeks ago, so I will tell you as near as I can what has actually happened since the evening of the 15th, for on that night we commenced to leave France behind us; we had been there a long time and the enemy were pretty quiet around there, and they had good cause to be for we had been giving them more than they wanted since the 10th of March. Well we arrived here in the small hours of the morning on the 17th, and came straight into action again, we commenced to bombard the enemy at 7 p.m., and kept it up all night long, so that it impossible for them to bring up reinforcements, even the (censored) were ordered to attack and capture a very important position at Hill No. 3. You must guess that it has been in the papers, and you will no doubt have seen it before you get this letter; well the (censored) captured the position with only one man wounded. They also captured a German officer and 15 men whom I saw myself. By the way, I had a narrow shave myself that night or rather evening, for it was shortly after the bombardment commenced that a gunner and myself were making our way up the road towards our observation post, when the Germans began to return our fire, and they were firing 8-inch howitzers. Well three of their coal boxes dropped fairly close to us, so we thought it the best thing to do would be to take cover, so we dived down the cellar of a deserted house, and it was a good thing we did for we had not been down there 5 minutes when a coal box hit the roof sending the better part of the house to glory, also

sending us spinning dizzily to the other end of the cellar; well we picked ourselves up after awhile, covered in dust and dirt, but otherwise unhurt; you can guess we both felt a bit queer, for we just looked at one another neither saying a word for a few seconds then we both burst out laughing, really surprised at being alive; by this time the house was burning, and we had to quit and make the remainder of the journey to the observation post through the hall of shell and rifle fire, though the majority of it was going over our heads. But every now and then a bullet or a shell would whistle past our heads and they are not very pleasant, you know Bill, at close quarters. Of course we get used to them and don't take very much notice of them now, for you begin to realize after awhile that it is very little use trying to dodge them in the open, and as long as you can hear them it is quite bright, for we shall never hear the one that hits us, if they ever do. But I am rather beginning to think they won't hit me, though they have tried more than once to get me with their snipers. But they have missed so far and if I had the chance, I would be pleased to shoot the fellow who shot at me, for being such a bad shot. Now, my duties are in the observation post every day, and we have to pass along the second line of trenches and go over the top of them for about 100 yards which is quite open to the German lines, and where we shall stop a bullet if anywhere; well we have a piece dug in the hill to observe from, and we are between the 1st and 2nd line of trenches, and of course being there we get some pretty warm times, and more than once have I seen a young pine tree cut down by a shell or chipped by a rifle bullet not 5 yards from me, so you can guess from that Bill, it is not all honey being here, even in the Artillery if you are on the Observation Party, for when the wires get broken we have to go out and repair the break never knowing when we shall get a souvenir from Germany.

1,200 Reduced to 240.

Well, Bill, there has been some terrible fighting going on just here, and between the trenches, hundreds of the dead can be seen. Now under cover of our artillery fire the infantry have captured a lot of the German trenches but poor devils they have suffered terribly. The (censored) went into action 3 days ago 1200 strong with 18 officers, they came out of action last night 240 strong with only 1 junior officer left of the whole regiment. The (censored) also went up to replace them and went into action up to full strength at 7 a.m. next morning, and at 11 a.m. they had lost 8 officers and 400 men. The Germans are dirty fighters; only yesterday two stretcher bearers were carrying a wounded man down to the dressing station when one of their snipers shot the two bearers. Our fellows never have or will fire on a Red Cross. We have had a big victory here, but it has cost a lot. The German prisoners have told us that they know they cannot get back the ground they have lost, so they are shelling the town with Jack Johnsons and Black Marias. The first day they commenced to shell the town (the name is hard to pronounce, Ypres) they killed a lot of woman and children, it has been a fine town, but is now a heap of ruins. It is a shame and a mean revenge to take, but the woman and children have been sent away by our government for safety. It is pitiful to see the poor people running away and they are terror-stricken. Some of the holes made by the shells are 15 feet deep and 25 to 30 feet wide, for they are 11-inch and 16.8-inch shells they are using. But I feel pretty certain they are nearly beaten now, and are now fighting not to advance, but to save themselves from annihilation. I don't think we shall be long before we are at home now. Well Bill, I must now begin to answer your letter. I guess I have plenty of friends in Belleville; yes, I remember J. S. McKoown, well I have had many a chat with him as he rather liked to know what India and other places were like.

Say, Bill, there is a real war on here. I am writing this with a telephone receiver to my ear strapped around my head, as I have to receive and send messages in between writing, or I should never get my letters written, the banging of guns and crack of rifles makes it pretty difficult to, but we have to put up with that and they won't stop for a letter to be written. Good job they don't, for we want to wipe Germany off the map and we shall do it too. Say, Bill, I nearly forgot to tell you, but there are an awful bunch of Canadians here from Toronto. I haven't met any I know yet. Well, I guess Walt is about right, the first shell you hear is the worst, and as you say

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache, Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1642 Junista Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another Woman's Case. Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand, and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework, so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABRIEL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women are what our physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases they are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.

If a piece of it hit you, it would mean a long sleep (How nice?) I had no sleep for 3 nights and two days, and then I think I had a trance for about 10 hours. I had a P.C. from Walt, but I have lost his address, so can't write again until I get it which I hope will be soon now.

Say Bill, I guess we can do with the 2nd contingent, and if they do as well as the first have done, they will do well. I guess you are kept pretty busy writing letters, but you write a good letter, and heaps of news. I have had two or three German helmets, and if I get another, well I will try and get one along to you, if it is at all possible, though at present it is rather a difficult article to get hold of as the Germans are getting wise and are wearing caps. I read the account of the Jack Johnson fight and the nigger has had to come down some now. Well, Bill, I must dry up for now, with best wishes to you and all the boys in Belleville, I remain,

Yours as before,
Dick.

P.S. Address all letters as follows: No. 2244 Driver R. W. Felstead, 110 Heavy Battery R.G.A., British Expedition Force, Belgium.

The Canadians are covering themselves with glory here, they are still driving the Germans in front of them and are doing remarkably well.

Letter From Pte. W. Dingman

Belgium, April 22, '15

Dear Mother,
I received your letter of April 2nd last night, also, bundle of papers which I was very pleased to receive as it is surely a treat to get some home news sometimes.

Regarding parcel you sent to me along with other parcels that were sent to the 15th, Capt. Eddie O'Flynn just heard from London the other day regarding the box they were sent in. He was telling me there had been some mistake made in the freight charges and he had sent the difference to England and told them to forward the box at once. We expect to get it any time now, and believe me we will be quite glad when it does get here as we are always looking forward for something from home.

Charlie Gibson is still with us, in fact all the Belleville boys are still together. I would like to tell you where we are at the present time, what I mean is, what part of the firing line and where we are likely to do our future fighting, but of course we are not allowed to give those secrets away. We can only leave billets at certain times as we may be called on anytime. We are here as reinforcements. The fighting here is of the heaviest sort, they are shelling at the present time. You should just hear the big guns, the noise is something terrific. Well the boys are all out watching so I guess I will join them.

Good-bye for the present. Love to all. I remain,
Your Loving Son,
Willie.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Hollaway's Corn Cure will remove them.

THRILLING ESCAPE OF PRIVATE C. J. PEPPIN

In the Great Battle at Langemarck--Now in the Hospital at Boulogne With a Damaged Foot.

The following intimate and thrilling description of the great battle at Langemarck is written by Pte. C. J. Peppin of the 14th Batt. R.M.M. from the hospital at Boulogne and forwarded to his mother Mrs. C. J. Peppin at the Ontario School for the Deaf.

Boulogne, April 26th, 1915.

Dear Mother,—
I have arrived at the base hospital after a very exciting time. I have got my foot hurt during the battle at Ypres, in which we Canadians shined, but it is not bad and I am going back soon. I had some marvellous escapes while in action, but I will start at the first and tell you how things went up to the time I left. We came out of the trenches on Wednesday night and on Thursday we were billeted in the village behind the lines. At 4.30 in the afternoon we were shelled unmercifully with "Jacks" and those poison vapor shells. We got under cover in the fields as much as possible and were there about an hour. We then saw the French Algerians retiring, and some of the R.A.M.C. men told us they never stopped running until they got to Sperringhe. Their retreat left the left of our line open, and the Germans had us on the lip, as they thought, but the Highlanders, who held the left, eased back and the reserves made fresh trenches. We went out on the road in a terrible fire and drove the Germans away from the road, but we lost heavily. I had a narrow shave as a bullet drew

blood from the lobe of my ear. A miss is as good as a mile, however. The Captain fell down on top of me, dead, and I began to see the grim side of war. We got into a field behind the road and were helping the artillery to turn their guns around when I got my foot caught under a wheel. Lucky for me it was in the mud and I was not badly hurt, but I walked around for 26 hours after that and that did not make it any better. We then moved off to the north of the road, and spent the night digging trenches. At daybreak Friday, I, with ten others was sent back through the village and out northwards into a manget field to dig trenches. We had to skirmish to the east of "the dead" and "am Rhein" but we got ourselves dug in. My foot was very painful then, as English boots are torture when you have anything wrong with your feet. After dark the sergeant told me to make my way to the dressing station. It took me all night to walk about a mile and next morning I was sent down to a clearing station. The Germans shelled the Red Cross every time they got the chance, but when our fellows get after them with the bayonet they beat it for fair. Our artillery got up some I believe, but I have heard nothing of the Belleville boys. I suppose my name will be in the casualty list, but do not worry as by this you will know I am O.K. Well good bye for now and will write again soon and perhaps at more length.

Your very fortunate son,
C. J.

WOUNDED BELLEVILLE SOLDIER TELLS STORY OF THE BIG FIGHT

The British Red Cross Society and St. John Ambulance
The British Hospital,
Hotel Bellevue,
Wimereux,
April 26th, 1915.

Dear Mother and Father,
Just a few lines to let you know that I have been wounded, but not seriously. I am now in a British hospital as you will see by the letter-head, and am having a good time. Plenty to eat, all kinds of cigarettes and tobacco, graphophone and good nurses and doctors.

I was wounded last Sunday morning at 9 o'clock by a piece of shrapnel, one piece went into my right thigh and the other grazed my right side just below the arm. I have been operated on, had the X-rays first and chloroform and had the piece removed. They were both only flesh wounds and did not amount to much. I have the pieces of shrapnel that were in me and am going to keep them as German souvenirs.

I have been up to-day walking around the hospital and am only a little lame. Expect to be sent to England or Rouen, France, for a rest and maybe will not see the firing line again for a month or so to my sorrow, as I am afraid of not getting back to the 2nd Battery; they may draft me to some other crowd and I do not want to be with any other battery. Our guns were closer to the Germans than any other of the British

guns and we were certainly doing good work by blowing their trenches all to pieces and were practically in the open with no shelter whatever to only a few trees. They got wise to our position and started to shell us heavy on Saturday. We had many a close call, but managed to escape them all. Saturday afternoon we must have fired over 1,000 rounds at them, we could hardly find room around the gun to walk for empty cartridges. On Sunday morning at 8 o'clock they started to shell us again. We had to get in our fine holes or dug out as we called them. Our dug-out consisted only of a few 8x8 inch timber built up and them some more 8x8 laid on the top of these so that left the sides practically open.

Their shells were bursting over us for a half hour, but they managed to drop one just over the trail of the gun, not 16 feet from our dug-out, and Mr. Shell exploded and came in one side of the dug-out. There were 6 of us wounded by the same shell, but as luck happened our wounds were not serious, and we will get a chance to have a good rest.

I hope you will not let this worry you, as it is really a mere trifle, compared to some of the wounds that has happened to our lads.

Will write you soon again. Hope you are all well.
Your loving son,
Gr. E. G. Blaylock,
C40364,
2nd Battery, 1st Brigade.

P.S.—Excuse this writing as I am sitting up in bed.

Belleville Boys in the Front Line of Famous Charge

At Langemarck—Story Told by Private James Gorman Who Was Wounded.

The following letter under date of April 23, was received this morning by Mrs. W. Taylor, Meyers St., from Private James Gorman, formerly of the Fifteenth battalion, who left here with the First Contingent. This is the first intimation that Private Gorman was wounded.

April 23, 1915.

Dear Mother,
Just a few lines to let you know that I am in the City of London in hospital, wounded in the back with shrapnel, when we were in the big charge.

I guess all the Belleville boys were hit somewhere, for we were all in the front line of the charge. Well, mother, I guess by the time you get this you will have read in the paper of the great work we have done, but by George we have paid for it, for there were hundreds just mowed down by the German guns.

We have often talked about Hell, but we were in one for three days and nights amidst heaps of dead Germans and your own mates lying at your feet crying for help and could not get out to help them. Some of our lads were lying out in front of our trenches and had to lie there for 14 hours until dark, wounded. When we got out to bring them in in the dark, some had died from bleeding. I can tell you it was terrible listening to the poor fellows. I guess you will know that Carl Clarke and Tom Vance

were wounded. They were hit the day before me. Mother nobody knows what war is like until they get there.

Well, I cannot write much more just now, remember me to Dad and all at home from
Your loving son,
Jim.

Homeseekers Excursions to Western Canada.

Particular attention is directed to the remarkably low Round Trip Fares in connection with Homeseekers' Excursions to Western Canada via Canadian Pacific Railway.

Tickets are on sale each Tuesday until October 26th, inclusive, and are good to return within two months from date of sale.

The C. P. R. offers the finest possible and equipment and fastest train service via one of the most scenic routes in the world.

It is the only line operating through standard and Tourist sleeping cars, also Dining-cars to Winnipeg and Vancouver. All equipment is owned and operated by the C.P.R. affording the highest form of efficiency.

If such a trip is under consideration apply to any C.P.R. Agent for full particulars or write M. G. Murphy, D.P.A., Toronto.

Positive Relief Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.