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Learning to Save
Money?

Each maturing son and
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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

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Save Systematically

Take Care of the Cents and

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John Elliott

Manager

Belleville Branch.

Rednersville Branch open Wednesdays.
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CAPITAL \$7,000,000
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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 got used to them and do not 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 place 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 1,200 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 women 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 women 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. McKee, 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 put up with that, 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 Junata 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 one 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. 22243 Driver R. W. Felstead, 110 Heavy Battery R.G.A., British Exped. 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 28th, 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 retreating, and some of the R.A.M.C. men told us they never stopped running until they got toeperinghe. Their retreat left the left of our wing open, and the Germans had us on the hip, 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 me no good. We then moved off to the north of the road, 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 me no good. We then moved off to the north of the road, 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. 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