

## SHE RECOMMENDS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Mrs. Corbett Read the Advertisement and Tried It  
Avon, May 14th, 1914.

"I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' for Indigestion and Constipation with most excellent results, and they continue to be my only medicine. I saw 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised with a letter in which some one recommended them very highly, so I tried them. The results were more than satisfactory, and I have no hesitation in recommending 'Fruit-a-tives'."

ANNIE A. CORBETT.

Time is proving that 'Fruit-a-tives' can always be depended upon to give prompt relief in all cases of Constipation and Stomach Trouble.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

### ON THE FIGHTING LINE AT HOME

(By Rev. I. D. Lyttle)

Poets have sung of our soldiers Who have gone to the front to die; They have told of their deeds of valor, And their praise has reached to the sky;

This praise has been just and timely, And never a word too strong For the men who fight for freedom's right In a battle against the wrong.

Husbands, sons, and brothers, Have learned that lesson well, As they've stood in the ranks of honor At the very mouth of hell; They have died by countless thousands As they faced the ruthless Hun; And our hearts have been sad, while yet we're glad

For the mighty deeds they've done.

So we would not bate our praises For these lads of British brawn, Who are fighting the hosts of darkness

In hopes of the coming dawn; For we feel that the Sons of Heaven Will some day take up the strain; And will shout, "well done, the victory's won, We'll tenderly guard the slain."

But still there are others who merit Some praises now and then: We speak of the sweethearts, mothers, and wives

Of these sturdy fighting men Have they not fought some battles, And won some victories too? They stand in the van, as best they can,

And have proved themselves "true blue."

They are far removed from the fighting With its red hot shot and shell; But they, thank God, have done their part,

And have done that part right well! They have given their best to the cause of right,

For Britain their hearts have bled; They have loved with a love, like that above—

Now,—they sadly count their dead.

There are sleepless nights for these women;

There are times when it seems their sun Has set e'er full high noon was reached,

By the cursed ruse of the Hun. The fumes of gas have touched our land,

And mothers have felt the sting. Of German steel, as at night they kneel

Or at morn when they rise and sing.

There are wives who have marched in battle

Kept pace by their husband's side; Only in Flanders the men fell down. While at home the wife's heart died.

From a fireside the cry went up: "Dear God, I've been fighting too; I have given up, I have drained the cup

To its bitter dregs for you."

Can you tell me when or how, then, We can make a mark so fine, And differ between the heart that died

An the life snuffed out by a mine? It was Prussian cunning and hellish hate

That robbed them both of life; She did her part, with an aching heart;

They were soldiers, man and wife.

So let us praise our soldiers Who have gone to the front to die; God bless their living, God save them dead!

In our earnest heartfelt cry. But God bless the sweethearts, mothers, and wives,

Sisters, and friends and all! In these trying days, may they hear our praise

As they hear their loved ones fall. — Clementsport, N. S., Jan. 22, 1916.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

## A PRINCESS PAT IN FRANCE

(By Private C. W. Snyder, "A 10,904")

A year ago a freshman at McGill University, to-day I am at Boulogne, a member of I Company Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry; reinforcements bound for "somewhere in France" to assist in the effort of our Empire and her allies to secure for the smaller states of Europe, in the language of Premier Asquith, "their charter of independence, and for Europe itself its final emancipation from a reign of force."

### The French Boys and Girls

Our rest camp at Boulogne is not enticing. It is only a camp where troops stay for a couple of days before proceeding to their respective bases, and, consequently carelessly erected and fitted up. There is only an insufficient Y.M.C.A., and a wet canteen, which is of no use to many of us, and harmful to the rest. There is no library, and nothing here can equal for comfort the snug camps at Shorncliffe. Consequently, time hangs heavy on our hands, during the day at least. We can't write too often, being now in the censor zone, nor do any letters reach us here. They are at our various bases, awaiting their arrival.

Late in the afternoon, however, we do find some means of spending the time, and quite profitably, too; for down by the road that passes our camp, the Route de St. Omer de Boulogne-sur-Mer, congregate crowds of little French boys and girls, and older people also. Thither the Canadian Tommies promptly repair, either to air their few words of French, or to listen eagerly to the talk around them. For a couple of hours we can now have a capital opportunity of studying to a degree the French people.

But they don't come here just to talk to us. They are after souvenirs. On your arrival, you are immediately button-holed, surrounded by a mob of rapidly-speaking little ones, each yelling loudly for souvenirs. You are overwhelmed, helpless. Most likely you have only your coar and shoulder badges, and a spare button or two, and with these you are loathe to part. You shake your head, explain in broken French your position. No good. Give what you have, anyway. They won't take a negative answer. If you do not take care, you will find eager fingers fumbling to release your badges, asking no permission. And it is no use getting angry. They may retreat a little, but they fear no hard blows from "les bons Anglais," who are slow to real anger, and in a moment they are at you again.

Very often they obtain souvenirs from soldiers who have been wise enough to bring along an extra supply. They are most profuse in their thanks. If you ask them how they like the British soldiers, they will answer gravely, if you are a Canadian that they love the Canadians, and like the English soldiers. Is it sincere or just a little subtle flattery that perhaps will be rewarded by another penny? They have earned that the Canadian soldier gets more pay than his English comrade, and has coppers in his pockets. Is he not, therefore, likely to be freer with his money? What better way to profit by this than by a little adroit flattery? They are young mostly, your inquisitors, but sharp, sly as rats. You can't put anything over on them.

The best plan in these brief hours is to secure a couple of little girls or boys, and talk to them. They are willing enough, the more so if they have received a souvenir beforehand. Don't be afraid to speak to them. Distort the language and grammatical construction as you please—they do their best to understand and help you out. Most of them have brothers and fathers at the front. Where? At Arras is all they can tell you. It may be the French General Staff has imposed a censorship as strict as our own, so that relatives know only vaguely the whereabouts of the near ones. At any rate, these little ones know nothing beyond this. And, often, with a sorrowful shake of the head, one of them will inform you that someone near of kin has already fallen in battle. You notice this—the absence of strong men of military age. Few men in mufti walk the streets of Boulogne and its environs.

Smoking is a regrettable vice in even the smallest of these little folk. Invariably you are asked for cigarettes. Little fellows, seven or eight years of age, put in frequent requests for them. Sometimes they get their wish, but quite often you will hear a soldier thus accosted retort in this wise:

"My son, you shouldn't smoke. You are too young, and it will make you sick. You won't grow into a big man. Look at me—a poor undersized specimen of a man. Smoking did that for me. It was all I could do to pass the doctor."

The urchin listens with perfect attention. He wouldn't interrupt for the world. At the end he will say, "Bon, bon," very emphatically, even though he understands only a word or

two of all your discourse. You think your advice has done some good. Next minute you see the same small boy, more successful elsewhere in his quest, puffing energetically at a cigarette, and making a good job of it too. Little incorrigibles. There are evidences of this habit, so early formed, all about. You see small boys narrow-chested and sickly-looking, who should be far larger and infinitely more robust. The worst of it, and probably the reason for its wide prevalence, is that smoking seems to be by no means forbidden fruit to the kiddies.

Ask one of them what the French soldier receives in pay. A sou a day.\* Three hundred and sixty-five cents a year for all the valiant part he is taking in the giant struggle. And when you inform your little acquaintance of the amount you receive each day, and add that in three days you get almost as much as a French soldier in an entire year. His eyes grow big with astonishment.

"Oh, vous etes tres riches, vous Canadiens."

He breathes his wonderment at such wealth, and looks longingly for evidence in shape of another penny. You might disclaim this assertion of your own opulence, but at the same time feel pity for your unfortunate ally. One cent a day. To us, with our expensive habits, one dollar and ten cents a day seems little enough.

### The Flying Machines

One sees no real signs of existing war at Boulogne. Only the absence of able-bodied men, and the numerous men in khaki make you remember that all France is in a state of war. At billets you realize it once more.

All the survivors of our original battalion have been enjoying a few weeks of rest out of the trenches. This camp is at the very apex of a small horsehoe a few miles across, a spur you might say from the main feature, which is the British front in France. All around us, except in one direction four or five miles distant, are our lines, and beyond the German trenches. Aeroplanes, singly, in pairs, and even four at a time, circle and soar high above us in the cloudless blue. They are mostly British and French. Few German Taubes come near our camp. Sometimes the planes go along unmolested, the hum of the engine being quite audible. We watch their progress interestedly, for to us, the new draft, aeroplanes are still a bit of a novelty. But more often than not anti-aircraft guns open out on them. Our eyes catch perhaps a darting flash of light followed by a ball of white or black smoke. These balls form above, below, on all sides of the floating aeroplane. Many seconds later come the distant reports. Many balls follow in the wake of their quarry, but seldom do they reach their mark. The range and elevation are extremely difficult to find, and the object of the firing apparently is more to drive away the aviators than to hit them, which is at best only a forlorn hope.

And during all these days cannon fire goes on intermittently—evidenced by the dull, far-off boom of heavy guns belching out their missiles of destruction. These are the British batteries at play. During the day we hear, but at night we can see, which is more satisfactory. Against the sky-line, the one side already referred to always excluded, appear these "star-lights," of which we have read so much in Canada. Each side is on the alert to discover new moves on the part of the enemy. Up these balls of light ascend, like so many sky-rockets on a twenty-fourth of May or first of July demonstration, and burst into illuminations that light up large areas, in which no standing object can remain undetected. It is easy to understand, even here, why parties working near the trenches have to drop flat as these stars mount up. Did they not, the snipers would get them. Spasmodically, too, search-lights throw their powerful rays over the trenches with a glare that makes one think day has come again.

### The French Farm House

I was on guard one day at a ruined farmhouse, the "Chateau," now utilized as a brigade store-room for picks, shovels, barb-wire, and all those things necessary for the construction of modern earth-works. You know the style of French farmhouse and accessories? The buildings are built along the four sides of a large yard, square and rectangular in shape, the enclosed centre being generally cobblestoned. All the buildings that make up a complete farm surround this square or rectangle. Adjoining the residence may be a pigsty or stable, next to that a driving or implement shed, and so on, all together in closer communion than you will find anywhere in Canada. The front door of the house opens not to a lawn or orchard or green field, but to a huge pile of refuse that emits an inevitable scent. All the refuse of the farmhouse seems to be dumped on this pile. Such an one is this particular farmhouse. It is a large establishment. The inner yard must measure two hundred feet by one hundred, so you may judge of its total dimensions. Over the main entrance is a sundial which still keeps accurate time, and which also informs one that the building dates back from 1835. Before the war the occupant of this place must have been very prosperous; now the buildings are in ruins. The tile roofs are pierced with many shot and shell. Many of the latter have burst in the interior. The inside walls are damaged beyond speedy repair. Nothing lives here now, except some hoary ancient rats that prowl nightly in the yard. Before the night lies a ponderous safe. The door, broken off, is in several pieces, the work of Germans, doubtless, during their drive to Paris. Whether this farm was the objective of a bombardment or the scene of a hand-to-hand fight, the walls don't tell. You must form your own conclusions. But it was probably during the desperate fighting of a year ago that the buildings were so devastated. The broken safe points to German occupation. As it is the only house in the vicinity that has been destroyed, it must have been in an important position. It is certainly the largest within a considerable radius. Outside the buildings, in a corner apart, are three mounds, cross-surmounted. They are British graves.

### A Typical Village

A short walk from the Chateau is a typical village of the north country. French villages in this section are not at all pretty. There are very few trees, and that cool, fresh atmosphere of Canadian and English villages is lacking. The houses are built up to the sidewalks, which are often only beaten earth. Consequently, however pretty, and tasteful the houses are inside, outside they are unattractive and plain in appearance. The roads are invariably cobblestoned. How British Tommies love these cobbles! The stones, all but indestructible, even shell proof, are very hard on the feet if one walks for long; nor are the British service boots made so much for solid comfort as for hard service. A year and a little more ago, this village resounded to the ring of wooden sabots and boots upon the cobbles; re-schoed, to the laughter and careless conversation of the people as they gathered about doorsteps of an evening to gossip of the past day's doings—all within its limits peaceful and happy, dreading no ill change.

When the clouds of war came the French retreated over this northern country even to the purlieus of Paris. The German masses following hard. Again, it was the situation reversed, with the Germans obstinately retreating. Towns were destroyed, non-combatants killed or mutilated; all this district was ravaged. This village but shared the common destiny. Its inhabitants, usually so tenacious of their homes, fled frightened before the spoilers, and the streets knew only the steady tramp, tramp of troops. Guns began to pump their shells into the little villages. It is only half a mile to the trenches. The church is totally destroyed. Not one pane of glass in it remains unbroken. Bullets spatter yet along the cobbles. To-day it is almost a deserted village. You will look long to find any house tenanted, or to see a light from any of the many windows. Only a few French boys looking for any valuables the ruins might contain, or a stray cat wandering aimlessly—these are all there is to be seen here now. In the cemetery are many British graves, not a few evidencing quite recent interment. Just outside its precincts, engineers are constructing British trenches for defence against a possible Teuton drive. Reflecting that, after all, it is only one of hundreds of places in France and Belgium similarly or worse despoiled, one feels not so badly about this particular heap of ruins. It is pitiful, however, to think of its inoffensive inhabitants being driven to parts untenantable by a war that should never have been, and of their once happy homes now only the target for German shells and bullets from those entrenchments so short a distance off.

### In Billets

We have now been four days in billets, having recently moved from our rest camp. Our battalion is to spend four weeks in and out of trenches, the system being four days in billets, four in the trenches then back to billets, and so on. The left half battalion, Nos. 3 and 4 Companies, have gone to the trenches first. We, the right half battalion, are to relieve them, and in turn be relieved by them. The other battalions in the brigade are in the trenches, two battalions for seven days running. We are the old battalion, and must fix the reliefs to suit ourselves.

The billets are not so bad. Our medical officer says we are lucky to have them. They are composed of a single long row of houses. We have one room in each house. Each room contains chairs and a table. Our beds are the stone floors, on which we sleep, ground sheets underneath, and wrapped in our great coats and cardigans. Blankets are issued since real cold weather has set in. We are comfortable, and no one complains. Six men occupy each room, which is invariably the ground floor front room of the house, the door of which opens to the street. The civilian inmates of the house must find egress through our quarters.

Our officers have worked us pretty hard during these four days. Every night there has been digging or carrying parties to the trenches. Most of this work is in the open within range and can be carried on only at night. Even then it is a little dangerous, with bullets whanging and zipping by every now and then. And, as certain work has been carried on only during the day, we have not found time to develop ennui. Once we had company drill, the hane of all soldiers and which we thought was left forever behind at Shorncliffe. The old "Pats," who have had very little drill since they crossed the Channel, nearly collapsed as a result.

### What of the Future

To-night we leave for the trenches. Who of us think of the probabilities of disablement or death? We have been in the danger zone several times while at billets, but this is the first time we are to be in the trenches. Things have been very quiet for a long time, but who knows what may befall, what attack by British or Germans is ordered, entailing of necessity many casualties? One of our men was killed only three nights ago. It was our draft suffered the loss. He was a freshman at college, and the youngest man in our company, killed on a carrying fatigue. Never saw the trenches. We can say of him that he was a good comrade. His death made some impression on us, knowing as we did that it was only the first of many casualties yet to come. He lies now wrapped simply in a rough sacking, in a churchyard at A—. The cross above says he died in action. We hope the Montreal papers said that also. It sounds better than to say he was killed while doing inglorious fatigue work. Doubtless many of us think of his death to-night on the march, but we don't think too much of it. Such thoughts are depressing, and we all came here with our eyes open. We will take the good and the bad of this war with an even mind. Yet, more than one of us will name his first billet for Bill, our comrade first to fall.

Have you not all heard of Canadian troops singing and whistling on the march? It is an invariable custom with us. It cheers us up and helps marching. Time and distance fly quickly. It is easy to keep a good step if we sing. Also we like making a noise.

### No Reveille in Trenches

We have no "reveille" in the trenches. Neither have we had it since we left England; nor, in fact, any of those bugle calls that used to distress us in camp. Undisturbed by the brazen bugle's blare that summons us to life and activity before even the day has well begun, we sleep calmly in our dug-outs till nearly seven o'clock. One would almost think that we had reverted to civilian habits, for this hour is considered "late" in the army. In England and in Canada we were awakened at 5:30 a. m. Then of course, we had a lengthy system of dressing and preparing for morning inspection. Here the routine is simple, we draw on our boots, (which according to the King's regulations, we are not supposed to take off in active service), and we are ready to hurry for our day's rations, prepare a hasty breakfast, and fall in at eight for work.

Wash? Not much. What's the use? You are only dirty again in ten minutes, and the dirt of our trenches is clean earth that does nobody harm. For some of us, it is half a mile to a pump that ejects muddy water. We are here for four days only, and back at billets is an effective pump where we may wash at will. We have harked back to childhood days, when washing was a torture, and soap our bitterest enemy. Nor do we shave. All these operations are suspended for the time being. A growth of hair all over our faces causes us no worry, no shame. Our boots are never polished. Mud stays on our clothes till it is rubbed off. Our uniforms would not in the great struggle for freedom. Doubtless all along the front our soldiers feel as we do; but who shall say the British army does not finish what it sets itself to do?

for work, there is in our hearts no fear of being called out by an inspecting officer for dirty boots or untidy apparel. The officers, too, have let slip some of their cherished neatness. Some of them wear knee trousers, between which and their puttees appear several inches of bare leg. The relief of not having to care for personal appearance. All this can wait until we reach England again.

Our "grub" we prepare ourselves. Rations are issued each morning before breakfast, to so many men a loaf of bread, to so many a pot of jam, etc. Bully beef comes along often enough to make us groan. It is good as a muscle producer, but no one would want even turkey and cranberry sauce every day. Hard tack we can pick up anywhere. Every few days we have Maconachie stew issued to us, usually a tin to a man. With a little warming and a pinch of salt, it makes a good meal. Tea and sugar mixed is everywhere in abundance. Usually we bring extra rations with us into the trenches—potatoes, sardines, cocoa, and other provisions. I think we are expected to do that. What else to do with our money allowance of fifteen francs a week? With the army rations and our own, courses that would do credit to a good hotel are concocted. What better would you want as an entree than fried bacon and eggs, potato chips, and occasionally roast fresh meat? Because we make our own meals, they have an added flavor to them, and are vastly preferable to those we get at billets, for the latter prepared as they are by professional cooks, are each day the same, and like bully beef soon grow too monotonous for real enjoyment. In the trenches we are our own masters, and can vary the menu as we please.

Our first round in the trenches was a hard one, working day and night with only brief intervals for rest. Consequently, it was a tired company that left for billets after being relieved. Our medical officer protested that we were doing too much, that no soldiers could stand such prolonged strain, and that all men must have regular rest. So now while in billets we have fewer fatigues, and in the trenches work only in the daytime. Since his intervention, the M. O. has risen still higher in our esteem.

What's in a name anyway? The old battalion left Canada with the name of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Before long the word "Light" had been discarded by the men. If we are light infantry with all the pack and equipment we carry, then in our hearts is a profound pity for all soldiers who carry full kit. So far as I know, our outfit lacks nothing that the ordinary infantryman carries. The name made gloriously at Ypres and St. Eloi by our ancestors in the battalion does not seem to truly represent our part in this great war. Once we had visions of coming to France to shoot bullets of death from unerring rifles and to ram home the bayonet's long blade; in short to be fighters. Now we have put aside these childish dreams, and have entered the Honorable Fellowship of the Knights of the Pick and Shovel, which numbers among its membership to a man the soldiers of our whole brigade. We have dropped for the moment the last three initial letters of our name, and have substituted the letters "R.E." So now when challenged (as we often are while on fatigue parties), we reply "P.P. Royal Engineers." Can't be that our own brilliant engineers are under strength that its officers finding it hard to get reinforcements, have whispered to the authorities in England that we be trained to fill the ranks when they have done their bit? On the surface it would appear so, for their work and ours, (we are all in the same boat now), consists in tolling mightily with pick and shovel—repairing trenches, digging them deeper, making "sunks" at every corner for rain water, and when there are no more trenches to repair, going out of our way to construct others. Often, too, we have to go the length of that long communication trench and come back with slabs of concrete, coils of barb-wire, and other heavy material borne upon our shoulders. This is our life in the trenches. Do we tire of it? Foolish question. That we would ultimately turn sappers and navies was beyond all we should long for "real fighting" our remotest imaginings, and therefore, it is but natural that occasionally. We realize, however, that this war is being conducted on an entirely new system, and so long as we help to bring ultimate victory to our arms, we are glad to be even "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in the great struggle for freedom. Doubtless all along the front our soldiers feel as we do; but who shall say the British army does not finish what it sets itself to do?

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**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
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## DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

On and after Oct. 9th, 1915, train service on the railway is as follows:

Service Daily Except Sunday.  
Express for Yarmouth. . . . 12 noon.  
Express for Halifax and Truro . . . . . 2.01 p. m.  
Accom. for Halifax. . . . . 7.40 a. m.  
Accom. for Annapolis. . . . . 6.35 p. m.

## St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE  
(Sunday excepted.)  
Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 a. m., arrives Digby 10.15 a. m., leaves Digby 1.50 p. m., arrives at St. John about 5.00, connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

## Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston and Yarmouth S.S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax, Wednesday and Saturdays  
R. U. PARKER,  
Gen. Passenger Agent.  
GEORGE E. GRAHAM,  
General Manager.

## FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax	
Jan. 28	Shenandoah	Jan. 29
Feb. 9	Kanawha	Feb. 12
	Rappahannock	Feb. 26
From Liverpool	From Halifax	
via Nfld	via Nfld	Jan. 29
Jan. 29	Tabasco	Jan. 29
	Dromore	Feb. 27
Feb. 11	Graciana	Feb. 29
	Durango	Feb. 29

Furness Withy & Co., Limited  
Halifax, N. S.

## H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri.	Time-Table in effect January 4, 1915	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton A.	15.45
11.38	" Clarence	15.37
11.55	Bridgetown	15.31
12.23	Granville Centre	14.58
12.59	Granville Ferry	14.23
12.55	" Kersdale	14.46
18.15	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RAILWAY AND D. A. RAILWAY.

P. MOONEY  
General Freight and Passenger Agent

## Yarmouth Line

Steamship Prince George  
Leaves Yarmouth Wednesday and Saturday at 5 p.