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**Princeton Lad Writes from "Somewhere" in France**

**Is Now Quite Used to the Roaring of Guns -- Says as Things Now Stand "We Have the Germans Beat to a Stand Still."**

Royal Canadian Regt. With British Exp. Forces. Field Post-Office, France.

My Dear Father.—I have received your most kind and welcome letter and I am answering now, as I have a little spare time. I am now in the trenches and we are having a hot old time of it. Some of the rarest sights can be seen here. The "Strafing" as we call it is terrible. You are not safe for miles back of the firing line. We expect to have some great excitement some of those days. The sooner the better for us, as we are long-ling to get some of our own back with interest. I have seen more dead men lying around these two days than I have said enough on that subject. Our hard bit of luck. Our Canadians cannot be beat whatever happens, so well father, the weather is very good out here now. We expect warmer weather soon so as we can get rid of our winter clothing, as you can imagine what its like packing it around country, but as soon as the summer comes there will be no more packs for me, as on these long marches they seem pretty weighty. Father you were asking me in your letter about my pay. As you know, my pay amounts to \$1.10 per day, but since I have been in France I drew 15 francs per fortnight, 15 francs being \$3.00, the rest of my pay being to my credit in the Canadian Army pay office in England. I would have made an assignment to you, only I thought I might go on furlough, but as things are going now there are not much prospects of getting away just now. So if anything should happen me you will get all my money the whole amounting to about £22. If I go on furlough I will make an assignment of \$15.00 per month to mother as I have plenty for myself. I guess you can get along without my money, but I know every little helps and I would like to help you if I could. I would like to be able to come in and have a look at you two some time. I am sorry to hear the death of Aunt Rebecca Prince. You spoke about all the young men not enlisting. I haven't much use for any man that does not enlist to save his King and Country, and especially those who had the opportunity to do so when the war began. Many young

men have given up good positions to go and fight, but they have now a lonely plot of ground "somewhere in France." As the old slogan goes: "So its up to a man's self at present", but if matters were much worse the Germans beat to a stand still, but they are still forced to fight. They will have to give in sooner or later. Anyway I hope, for our own sake, that the war will soon come to an end. I am getting so hardened in to the roaring of guns and the crack of the rifles that when I am out of the trenches, they are still ringing in my ears. We are in a little hell at present, that's what we call it, but we will have more fun to see very soon. So father I think I will have to wish you and all the family lots of luck. Give my love to mother and tell her not to worry about me. As I am quite happy. I know she can't help thinking about me. If I come out alright, which I hope to, I will come home and tell you some of my experience, so I must wish you good bye once more, one and all.

Your loving son,  
**ALBERT PRINCE.**  
[The above writer is a son of Samuel and Rebecca Prince of Princeton, B.B.]

**MY DUG-OUT**  
What is this slimy, dismal hole,  
Where oft I'm lurking like a mole,  
And cursing German's heart  
And soul?  
My dug-out.

Where is it that beneath the floor,  
The water's rising more and more,  
And where the roof's a broken door?  
My dug-out.

Where is it that I try to sleep,  
Betwixt alarms when up I leap,  
And dash through water four feet deep.  
My dug-out.

Where is it that I'll catch a chill  
And lose my only quinine pill,  
And probably remain until—I'm dug-out.  
My dug-out.

**A. PRINCE.**  
Somewhere in France.

**Interesting Interview with One of Our Boys in Far Off Petrograd**

**He is Well Cared for--Has Painful Memories of Suvla Bay.**

I have long held the opinion, based on a varied experience, that Peterhead is a fine place to visit—in the summer and an equally nice spot to live out of—in the winter.

Some people say it has a monopoly of the east wind. This is not quite correct. Aberdeen itself is a standing refutation of the statement, and with Edinburgh bears the reputation—and I sometimes think is proud of it—of being the most "east windy, west-endy" town in the universe. Of this I am now confident, that the city which is called silvery has frequently a small brand from the samples of Boreas, which it does not share with its neighbours on the North-East Coast, and least of all with Peterhead. Let me mention an instance that proves my point. The other day I made the journey between the two towns. In Aberdeen, as I wended my way to the station, it was snowing heavily; the streets and pavements were ankle-deep in slush, and a piercingly cold wind, blowing great zephyrs from the east, carried the flakes in immense clouds and piled them up in suitable out-of-the-way corners in numerous mountainous ranges. The cold, I say, was intense; the atmosphere was also clammy and raw, and disagreeable. When I got to Peterhead, however, there was an agreeable change. Snow lay on the ground, but only a sprinkling; the wind was moderate, and tempered by the genial rays of the sun, of spring-like softness; trees, shrubs, and flowers; fat advanced for the season, gave promise of pleasant days close at hand; the whole scene reminding one that—

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn,  
Morning's at seven,  
The hillside's dew-pearled,  
The lark's on the wing,  
The snail's on the thorn,  
Girls in His heaven,  
All's right with the world.

This was the fishing town in contradistinction to its near and bigger neighbour. All the way from Newfoundland, My destination was the Convalescent Home for Wounded Soldiers, where I intended to look up one of the messengers in order to deliver to him a message from his home across the seas. He was a young fellow hailing from Newfoundland, who had been despatched to this part of Scotland in the hope that at the Convalescent Home he would pick up some of that health and strength which he had lost in fighting the battles of his country. He had no difficulty in finding the Home, which, formerly a Good Templar Hall, is situated in a quiet part of the town. A nurse bade me a smiling welcome. Giving the name of the patient, I was escorted to the recreation and concert room in the expectation that he would be found there. But no; that place was deserted, except for a young Territorial who was entertaining himself, and at the same time giving the residents of the opposite dwellings a treat, with gramophone selections. This apartment, I noticed, was plainly but comfortably furnished, with at one end a small platform, on which stood a handsome piano, while at the side a bagatelle table occupied a prominent position.

Not having drawn our quarry here, I was invited to try the ward. This is the main part of the building, spacious in all its dimensions, fitted in simple and homely style, and containing rows of neat little beds, 25 in number. "My man" was lying on one of these enjoying an after-dinner siesta, this luxury having been enjoyed by the Matron on it coming to her knowledge that he was "feeling seedy." The greeting extended to me made it certain that I had been expected. As a matter of fact,

I had been preceded by a letter, which advised him that I was on my way.

An uncle of the young man, knowing that he was in Scotland, wrote from Newfoundland to a friend asking him to make inquiries and see that he received an enclosed cheque for £2. This friend had recourse to the editor of the "People's Journal," who readily undertook the task of investigator. Very soon it was learned that the sick warrior had been under treatment at Oldmill Hospital, and thence had been transferred to Peterhead to recuperate.

**A Gift That Brought Much Joy.**

My commission was that of acting as banker's agent for the good uncle and my editor. Needless to say, such a tangible token of remembrance from his relative was very acceptable to the sick youth—hence the smiles. At the time his army pay was due he had just got clear of Suvla Bay, and was so ill that he could not join the others in their call upon the paymaster, with the result that anything in the shape of loose cash had long ago vanished, and the sudden handling of £2, dropped, as it were, from the heavens, appeared like a piece of unbelievable good fortune. "It has come very handy. It's very good of my uncle to send it," said the youth, "and I'm much obliged to the 'People's Journal' for acting as intermediary. Thank the editor for me, will you?"

I asked him about his wounds. With a laugh he said he hadn't got any, but had had the worst of luck in "catching" dysentery and other things, which brought him to that state of physical wretchedness and hopelessness that he didn't care what happened to him. "I can't tell you how bad I was," he went on to say. "When we left Suvla Bay I was in a shocking condition, having no heart for anything and just wishing to be left alone. I remember I was lying on deck feeling 'rotten' when a sailor, after looking at me for a few minutes, asked, 'And what's wrong with you?' I told him. 'Oh, I'll soon fix you!' said the tar as he hurried away, to return in a few minutes with a steaming bowl of piping hot punch, seasoned with 'something of his own,' which he ordered me to drink. Well, I swallowed the stuff, and remembered nothing else until I wakened up next morning very much relieved—very much better. These sailor men were good chaps, I can tell you, and could not do too much for us in supplying us with all kinds of dainties.

**Everybody so Kind.**

"What surprised me," continued the young fellow, "is the extraordinary care which the authorities take to minister to the comfort of the sick and wounded. Everything is done for one, marvellous forethought is shown in the arrangements for transport and treatment in hospital, and whenever possible the patient is consulted, and his preferences are considered. They have been very good to me. When convalescent I had the choice of going to any home in the country, and I don't regret, I can assure you, in fixing upon Scotland. You see how we are circumstanced here (making a sweeping wave with his hand round the ward), and Matron and nurses and orderlies vie with each other in their attention to our welfare. The outside people, too, kind beyond words; always devising ways of making us feel at home—and in furthering our restoration to health."

**An Ever-Present Horror.**

The tragedy of Gallipoli was a painful subject to the invalid. The cold, the wet, the vermin, the heavy toll of human life, and the prevalence of sickness were recalled with horror, and I was assured that everybody was raised to the heights of joy when, bag and baggage, they were transferred to the vessels standing out in the bay, and steamed away Martin for the loan of her grama-

phone. After the programme was ended cheers were given for King George, our Volunteers and Naval boys, ending up by singing "God Save The King." Every one said it was the best time ever held in this place.

Now Mr. Editor just a few words concerning our so-called roads, they are in a bad state, some places too bad to travel on. If the Government would allow us a little sum of money we would make them better and it would save some people from getting stogged.

Wishing Mr. Coaker and The Mail and Advocate every success.

A UNION MAN.  
Little Heart's Ease, May 1, 1916.

**Enjoyable Concert at Little Heart's Ease**

(Editor Mail and Advocate)  
Dear Sir,—Please oblige me by inserting in your esteemed paper a few remarks concerning the concert and entertainment which was held in the L. O. L. Hall, and in which a large crowd attended. The concert opened at 7 p.m. Mr. J. Soper acted as chairman and delivered an address which was very interesting. The special feature of the proceedings was the songs, recitations, dialogue and duet which was sung by Samuel H. Soper and Elden Drodge.

All our young friends did their part fairly well. Too much praise cannot be given our energetic teacher, Miss Cox, for the splendid way she had the children trained. No doubt we will miss her very much when leaving us. If there could be a "knot" tied to keep her here we would be more than glad. We thank the Orange men for their condition, having no heart for anything and just wishing to be left alone. I remember I was lying on deck feeling "rotten" when a sailor, after looking at me for a few minutes, asked, "And what's wrong with you?" I told him. "Oh, I'll soon fix you!" said the tar as he hurried away, to return in a few minutes with a steaming bowl of piping hot punch, seasoned with "something of his own," which he ordered me to drink. Well, I swallowed the stuff, and remembered nothing else until I wakened up next morning very much relieved—very much better. These sailor men were good chaps, I can tell you, and could not do too much for us in supplying us with all kinds of dainties.

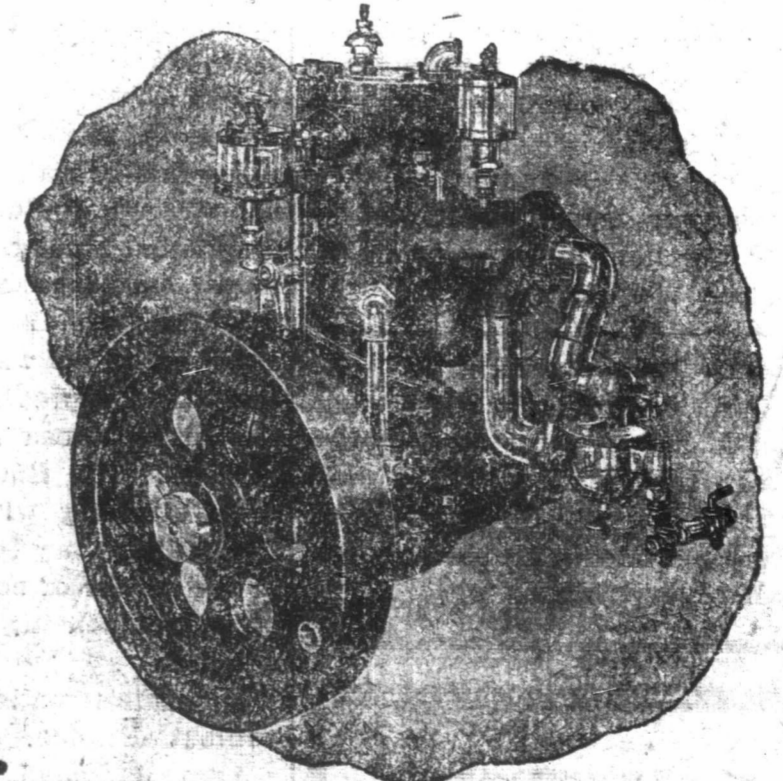
Edith (still blushing) Am I the first girl you ever kissed?  
Jack—No, darling but you are the last.  
Edith—Am I really Oh, Jack, it makes me so happy to think that.

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