

Board of Works 1917

## Letter Received By Mrs A W. Hay

Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks., December 29, 1917

Mrs. A. W. Hay, Woodstock, Carleton Co., N. B.

Dear Madam,--

At last I am beginning to get to the toe of the stocking which I got on Xmas morning from you indirectly. The raisins, candy, tobacco, cigarettes, chewing gum and etc., have sure fulfilled their trip across the ocean with the message on which they were sent. And I enclose my thanks for your part in the work of the Red Cross which has done and is doing a work beyond imagination, and I am enclosing a piece of poetry The Red Cross Bloke.

I was very much pleased to know my stocking came from the Maritime Provinces as I am a Herring Choker myself, my home being in Truro, N. S. I came back from France the latter part of October this year and sure have

received many a comfort through the Red Cross. I was over the top in the taking of Hill 70 in front of Lens. Our Battalion was in the first wave on the left flank of the attack our company being on the extreme left. And it sure was a nice piece of work. And Fritz although trying to recover his lost land; gave up all hopes during our 48 hrs. there, seeing he had no more chance than a snow ball in a kettle of hot water.

My brother is still in France in the C. F. A. and my sister is at Mount Allison Ladies College being the only sister I have.

Hoping that this finds you all well as it leaves me getting a lot better myself from the Trench Fever I had on P. U. O., as they call it.

And wishing you and yours a prosperous and Bright New Year

I am yours faithfully

W. F. ROSS

193164 15th Battalion  
C. C. H. Bearwood  
Wokingham

### The Red Cross Bloke

Not a blinkin' rap do we care for the chap  
With the Red Cross sign on his sleeve,  
Till we get to the front, on the "Stand To" Stunt,  
And a farewell bomb when you leave.  
Midst that flying death, you hold your breath,  
An' life seems suddenly dear,  
While the Red Cross bloke is out of the scrap  
In the safest part of the rear.

It don't seem fair for him to be there,  
While we face the Poison an' smoke,  
An' check the huns with red hot guns,  
An' cheer, an' choke, an' curse;  
But many a lad feels thunderin' glad,  
When night lends a sheltering cloak,  
To be overnailed by the chap he's called  
The bloomin' Red Cross bloke.

My own turn came, it's part of the game,  
In a scrap we had before Loos,  
When the blinkin' huns tried to punch the guns  
Of the 15th, never mind whose.  
They tried an' tried you bet they died,  
While we lost many a chum,  
'Till the word came through "Now lads stands to"  
An' the next was "Here they come!"  
We charged an' yelled an' the line was held,  
But I can't remember the rest,  
For the earth span round an' I hit the ground  
With the daylight inside my chest.

When next I awoke a Red Cross bloke  
Was crossing that zone of death,  
An' I watched him come through the shrapnel haze,  
Just watched an' held my breath,  
'Till he reached my side with a crawl an' glide  
An' I bless his crimson crest,  
For he made me snug with a comfy plug  
On the painful hole in my chest.  
Then away he crept an' I must have slept,  
For when I awoke with the pain  
I was back at the base as a hospital case  
An' was booked through to Blighty again.

We landed all right on a wet, stormy night,  
But what did I care for the rain,  
When the Red Cross bloke fixed me up with a smoke  
An' a ride on the Red Cross train.  
So that's how I'm here feelin' shabby and queer,  
In this blinkin' Red Cross bed,  
With a Red Cross Nurse when I'm feelin' worse  
To lay cool things on my head,  
An' all of it seemed to be part of my dreams,  
Yet I know it's not been a hoax,  
For there's thousands to-day who are ready to say,  
"Thank God for the Red Cross bloke."

Canadian Convalescent Hospital, Bearwood, Wokingham, Berks., 29-12-17

### Noreen King

Mr. and Mrs. George King are mourning the death of their only daughter, Noreen, a bright child, who died on Thursday afternoon, aged six years.

The funeral was held at 2.00 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and was largely attended, the Sunday School children attending in a body. Rev. Father Ryan recited the prayers for the dead in St. Gertrude's church, and spoke words of comfort to the afflicted parents and friends.

### Backward, Turn Backward

From The Brooklyn Daily Eagle.  
Backward, turn backward,  
O time in thy flight,  
Make me a boy again,  
Just for a night.  
Give me one slice of  
The blueberry pie  
My mother once made, to

Enjoy ere I die,  
Please knock off three decades  
And give me one chance  
To strut once more in my  
First pair of long pants.  
Just let me play hookey  
And stay out of school,  
And plunge once again in  
The old swimmin' pool.  
Please loosen one moment  
Your fettering chain  
And let me enjoy my  
First circus again.  
Just let me go back to  
A joy that's immense,  
To that old knothole in  
The centre field fence,  
But father's old trunk strap,  
I care nought about,  
And if you don't mind, you  
Can just leave that out.

## Helen Sophia Jordan

At her residence, Woodstock, N. B., on January 29, of paralysis, Helen Sophia Jordan, second daughter of the late Ezekial Jordan of St. John N. B. Deceased who was 81 years of age, has been a resident of Woodstock for 22 years. She is survived by one brother Charles D. Jordan of Woodstock, and three sisters Miss Agnes Jordan and Mrs. John Yeats of Woodstock, and Mrs. Wm F. Jordan of Montreal.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Frank Baird at the family residence on Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m. The remains were taken to St. John on Thursday morning for interment in Fernhill cemetery, the services being conducted by Rev. George N. Somers.

## Samuel Baird

There died on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, at his residence, Chipman, Queens County, Mr. Samuel Baird, aged 84 years. Mr. Baird, who was a son of the late Robert Baird, one of the early settlers of Queens County, was born, and lived his entire life on the farm where he died. He was widely and favorably known in the community and on the Grand Lake, and scores of friends who have enjoyed the hospitality of his home on the Salmon River will doubtless regret to hear of his death which followed upon a brief illness of six weeks. His wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Snodgrass, of Young's Cove, Grand Lake, predeceased him about a year and a half.

The late Mr. Baird leaves a sister, Mrs. Henry Porter, of Salmon Creek; and a brother, Charles, of Eureka, Cal. also the following sons and daughters: Robert, farmer of Salmon Creek, Thomas, lumberman of Stevensville, Montana; Isaac W. on the homestead, President of the N. E. Farmers' and Dairy men's Association; Rev. Frank of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Woodstock; Edward of Boston; Mary at home; and Margaret, wife of Chancellor C. C. Jones, of the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton; Mr. Alfred B. Baird, of Fredericton, is a grandson, and Mrs. F. Hoar of Moncton is a granddaughter of the deceased.

The funeral, conducted by Rev. E. E. Mowatt, was held on Tuesday, Feb. 5th, interment being in the family lot at Red Bank cemetery. Mr. Baird was one of the pioneers in the matter of securing school privileges in the community where he lived. He was widely respected and universally popular with all classes, because of his cheerful and affable disposition. His death marks the passing of a land mark from the community.

## Jack E. Davies

The death took place at Debec on Thursday of Jack E. Davies, aged 13 years and six months, son of G. Eldon Davies.

The deceased was a bright and clever young man. He spent his early school days in Woodstock, where he was very popular with his schoolmates. Everything pointed to a prosperous future, when he was attacked with grippe about a year ago and it resulted in tuberculosis from which he died. Shortly after his illness from grippe, he underwent a surgical operation at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, but it did not seem to help him and he gradually tailed away, mourned by everybody who knew him. The funeral took place at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, with burial at McKenzie Corner, Rev. Calvin Currie, Baptist, officiating.

## Mrs S W G Jones

Mrs. S. W. G. Jones daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Everett of this town, died on Friday evening, Feb. 1st, at 11.30.

She is survived by her husband Sergt. S. W. G. Jones in France; father and mother, four brothers Walter, of Boston, Arthur, of St. John; Medley and Fred in France; one sister, Mrs. C. G. McLauchlan, wife of Major McLauchlan, now in England, on her return from France.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hazen. No flowers by request.

## PEABODYS OVERALLS

PUT THEM TO THE TEST SHOWN HERE  
THEY WILL STAND IT BECAUSE THEY ARE MADE TO WEAR



NOBODY BUYS OVERALLS TO PLAY TRICKS WITH THEM SUCH AS IS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ABOVE, IN WHICH FOUR MEN EXERTED ALL THEIR STRENGTH IN THE EFFORT TO RIP A PAIR OF PEABODYS' OVERALLS, BUT IF THEY WILL STAND THIS THEY WONT RIP UNDER THE HARDEST KIND OF LEGITIMATE WEAR.

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## CENTREVILLE N. B.

As a result of the special meetings at East Centreville, eleven persons were received for baptism and membership into the Centreville Baptist Church last Saturday afternoon, and it is expected that about as many more will make application for the same rite in the near future. Mr. Johnston is noted as a very earnest worker in church matters and since coming to this place has been most successful in building up the church.

Rev. Mr. Hurlow of Tracey Mills preached for the Houlton church on the 27th and met with a very warm reception by both old and new friends in that place and he will likely receive a call from that church in the near future.

Mrs. Francis Crone is slowly recovering from her recent severe illness. More rolling stock has been put on the Valley road and the farmers are beginning to make shipments of their farm produce.

At a recent meeting of the Centreville Agricultural Society it was decided to hold a two days Show the coming Autumn in case the Government can give the necessary encouragement.

The intense cold and deep snow makes the fuel question one of much importance to the people of this village.

## KIRKLAND

Feb. 1st, 1918.

We have had some very cold weather, the roads are in a poor condition.

Mrs. Hannah Bell is quite ill being confined to her bed.

Messrs Saunders Wright and Wait

Dow from Martin Settlement have been pressing hay in this place.

Miss Nellie Dinnin is very poorly being confined to her bed most of the time.

The dwelling house of Thomas J. Graham on the road leading to North Lake was burned a few days since with nearly all its contents.

Howard Davis gave a dance to his many friends at the old Davis residence.

Miss Sarah Nicholson is very poorly being confined to her bed.

Howard Davis is pressing hay in this place.

Bowers Watson of Maxwell was called to St. John to drill for a soldier.

Andrew Bustard Jr., Irvine Nicholson, George and Wilmer Bunting also Eddie Bustard are in St. John drilling for overseas.

## KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL IN WINTER

Winter is a dangerous season for the little ones. The days are so changeable—one bright, the next cold and stormy, that the mother is afraid to take the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. In consequence they are often cooped up in overheated, badly ventilated rooms and are soon seized with colds or grippe. What is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They will regulate the stomach and bowels and drive out colds and by their use the baby will be able to get over the winter season in perfect safety. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.