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## ENGLAND AND LONDON AT LAST

(Continued from first page)  
little grass plots or lovely fields, green fields too, with cows and sheep grazing, those lovely rustic bridges and stone walls. I wish I could make you see it. If I find we are to have any time to speak of I am going to get a little camera so you will know a little of what I am seeing.

I wish you also could peep in this drawing room for a minute and watch the faces of guests, other than nurses. They are so amused at the expressions "girls," "I guess so," "Listen," "For goodness sake"

and worse.

Saturday, Feb. 20th.  
We went to the British Museum yesterday; just skimmed through, really. One would need to spend months there I think to be able to appreciate the wonders of the old statuary in the Egyptian room, the old manuscripts, the original Magna Charta, letters from Lord Nelson, the most marvellous old jewelry, gems, etc.

In the afternoon we were measured for uniforms. For travelling and street wear we will have the dress uniform, navy blue serge, scarlet collar and cuffs, piped with white, a small navy felt sailor and a military cape lined with crimson or scarlet. They really look quite smart. We have navy raincoats, nothing distinctive about them un-

less the belt across the back.

We went to the army and navy shop also; a huge place, so queer for a store too. No window display, just looked like a huge public building, the armory for instance, only much larger. We were looking for camp kits. We have such a queer list of things to get: collapsible cot, mattress, sleeping bag, wash basin, mirror to hang up, rubber boots, canvas carry-all, pillow, etc.

We are allowed to say little of our plans, but probably will be in England for awhile and eventually France. The nurses are not taken very near the firing line though. I am sure a great many more nurses will be called for, more are being needed all the time.

It is simply tragic to me to see notices everywhere one goes, calling for recruits—"Come along boys you are needed now," "A million more men needed," "What are you doing for your country?" These are all over the outside of public buildings, monuments, etc.

I may always be in England, but when my letters arrive with no date or place, if they ever do, you may have an idea that France is the country from whence they come. I hope someday I will be able to go, the nurses are all keen about it.

Sunday morning we went to a ten o'clock service at Westminster. Oh! mother, it is so beautiful, so vast and grand. It is indeed a building to be revered. I wonder when I am in these beautiful places, what it would mean to the people of England, to have anything happen to them.

In the afternoon we walked along the Thames embankment, then to hear some wonderful music at Albert Hall, the largest concert Hall I think they say in the world. We went to the Hotel for tea, afterwards to St. Margaret's, a fashionable church, for service. The music was so sweet, only tiny little boys and older men in the choir. The service was beautifully conducted, and the sermon was one long to be remembered.

We visited the Towers yesterday; words fail me when I think of them. We climbed up the spiral stairways and down to the armor room, to see armor worn by King Charles I, Henry VII and VIII. The cloak in

which our own famous General Wolfe lay when he was dying. Unfortunately the tower in which the crown jewels are kept, was closed for repairs.

February 25th.  
Did I ever tell you how this hotel is run exactly? Our lodging and board is paid for by the government. We pay for our baths 6d, if we have a fire in our room 1s, if we have tea or coffee for any meal but breakfast 6d. It seems so strange to have to pay extra to keep warm. The maid said the first day we were here when I remarked of the chilliness of the atmosphere—oh! it cannot be very cold, there was a fire here yesterday.

Another thing I have read of but never have seen, all the old women toddling or waddling or sitting in the squares, or on the corners, with their flowers, little bunches of pansies violets, snowdrops and crocus, everywhere one goes and everytime it would take a fortune if one gave to all, and yet it is so hard to pass them. They are usually quite ruddy old girls so that helps a little or "a bit" I should say.

February 28th.  
Just ten days since we landed and it seems like ten months. We have jumped from February into May here, though it is cold the grass is green and there are quantities of flowers almost everywhere. We have not done much sight-seeing lately, have haunted the shops instead. They are so different from those in our country. The large ones are really perfect; great thick rugs and carpets on the floors in every department, the clerks beautifully gowned in silks and velvets with long trains, and everyone is treated with the greatest deference.

The matron-in-chief says they really do not know how they are going to cope with other low fevers other than typhoid this spring. The men who have been in the trenches will have such low vitality! We will never have any idea what the trench life is. I suppose occasionally there is a ray of brightness but I think ordinarily it is Hell. The wounds are too hideous to tell you of, and the hospitals are full of first winter soldiers, losing toes, fingers, hands and feet.

Miss Rayside, Miss Hegon and I

went to Clivedon (Hospital given by the Astors) yesterday, about half an hour run from Paddington station. I am glad to be able to tell you about it, as I had such a mistaken idea. The hospital has been made out of an enormous brick enclosed and glass roofed tennis court, it is most convenient and already quite comfortable. There are four good sized wards with almost thirty beds in each, a large mess room which will probably later have to be used as a ward, store room, operating room, etc. The Astors have done all the building and furnishing, but the government does the equipping. We saw really only a small part of the

estate, but it is perfectly beautiful. Mrs. Astor is very good to them all, has the men regardless of rank, all up for tea. The officers, that is the nurses and Doctors, have wonderful quarters at the secretaries home, a beautiful place, the prettiest house I think I have ever been in, but as cold as the dickens—miserable little open fires not throwing out any heat. It is perfect to think of the men having a place like that to recuperate in. But I would so much rather go to the firing line. I think the nurses who speak French will have the first choice but perhaps later on we may be needed too.



"HILLSIDE", The Beautiful Home of Lt. Col. Good at Jacksonville, recently sold to Mr. Claude Opie.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

From the Sentinel  
March 30th 1895.

Mrs. W. D. Camber and Miss Mame Cole went to St. John, Monday, to attend Manchester, Robertson & Allison's grand opening of spring millinery.

One day last week, Mr. W. N. Raymond, of Simonds, brought in a half a ton of smoked hams and shoulders, which he had sold to F. McLean. Mr. Raymond this season

has sold, besides, about a ton of pork.

The Victorias and Rangers played a game of hockey, in the rink, Monday evening, the former being victors. The same evening the ladies' clubs, Rushers and Scramblers, played an exciting game, in which the Rushers whitewashed their opponents.

### NEWBURG JCT. ITEMS.

Mr. Manzer Downey left here on the 26th, for Houlton, where he will spend a few months.

Mr. Wilford Dickinson is home on a vacation from Houlton, where he has been attending High School.

## IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mother can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

## THE MAN THAT FURNISHES BILLINGS-GATE TO STANDARD, GLOBE AND GLEANER

Bags \$2,400 From the Province  
—\$800 for "Extra Services"

(Mail.)

The official reporter of the legislature, who is a member of the staff of the local graft organ, seems to have reaped quite a harvest from the Dugal charges last session. For a session of five weeks the reporter is paid \$1600 for reporting and publishing the debates but last session he succeeded in bagging \$2400 and in addition the government paid his telegraph tolls to the amount of \$122.96. It cannot be said that the Dugal charges provoked a lengthy debate. The premier of that day, Mr. J. Kidd Fleming, maintained a discreet silence and as for Mr. Dugal, he was the only opposition member who spoke and his speech having been delivered in French did not entail a very great amount of extra labor on the official reporter. Still, he was able to scoop in \$800 for extra services on account of the Dugal charges. Notwithstanding the great amount of extra labor thrust upon him by Mr. Dugal he was able to find time to sing the praises of the government in many columns of unofficial dope supplied to The Standard, Globe and Gleaner.

# "Where Quality Reigns Supreme"

**The White Front Store**

(Corner Main and Connell Streets)

# Will Open Saturday, April 3

This summarizes the story of the Best Things in  
**Choice Groceries, Confectionery, Fruit, Tobacco, Etc.**

The Opening will be an occasion of rare interest to everybody.

This will be a GOOD CHEER STORE. Every man, woman and child who enters our doors, whether they buy or not, is our guest. Our Supplies will be equal to your expectations.

Watch this space next week for ANNOUNCEMENT OF IMPORTANCE to all CAREFUL BUYERS. A Legion of Low Prices that will put all competition in the shade.

You are Cordially Invited to our Opening, SATURDAY, APRIL 3rd.

# J. P. CORKERY