

# The Carleton Sentinel.

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WOODSTOCK, N. B. FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1916

WHOLE N. 3523

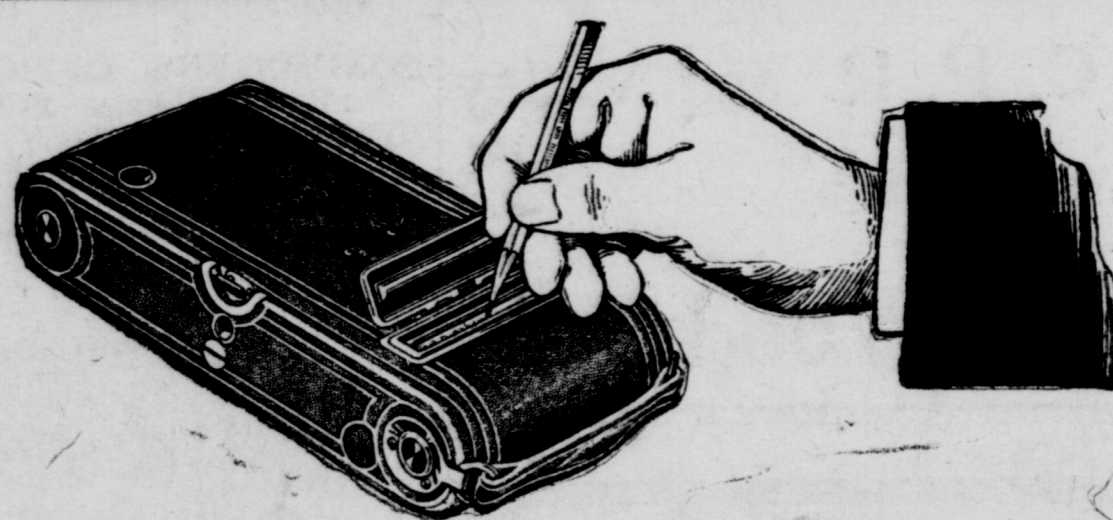
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## British Sailors' Relief Fund

Meeting Monday Night Addressed by Rev. D. W. Roberts—Officers and Committee Appointed

### THE ROYAL NAVY BRITAIN'S SOUL

Fund Organized for "Bravest of the Brave"—We Should Realize Our Obligation to the Sailors

A meeting was held in the council chamber Monday evening to devise ways and means to assist The British Sailors' Relief Fund. Rev. D. W. Roberts, Secy. of the Fredericton branch, addressed the meeting on the object of the society. In the course of his remarks he quoted Sir George Perley as saying that the government pensions in many cases would not be sufficient, and there were many individual cases that called for special attention. The men of the mercantile service had done noble work in the war, and had given up their lives in great numbers—that troops might be transported—the armies might have food and in clearing away mines. Without them, Britain could not carry on the war for a week.

The time was, particularly opportune for such a fund, as many of those bereaved were in need. Canada was not only doing its part in the sending of fully equipped men to the front; but was anxious to help the British people, on whose shoulders was placed the burden of caring for the widows and orphans left by the men of the navy and the mercantile fleet who had made the supreme sacrifice.

After some discussion the following committee was appointed: W. S. Sutton—Chairman. J. R. Gilliland—Vice-Chairman. C. O. McDonald, Treasurer. George Ransom, Secretary. Committee—Mayor Sutton, Rev. Frank Baird, J. R. Gilliland, John Malaney, T. C. L. Ketchum, George Ransom, E. W. Mair, George Balmain, Judge Carleton, A. B. Cornell, H. V. Dalling, A. E. Jones, J. W. Gallagher, H. E. Burt, F. B. Carvell, M. P., S. J. Parsons, C. D. Dickinson, Capt. Squarebriggs, George Camber, John Sutton, F. L. Atherton, H. G. Noble, George Tru and all clergymen of the town.

A meeting was called for Thursday evening, Nov. 30th, at 8 o'clock in the town hall.

(Montreal Daily Mail, July 24th.) The man on the street has not been slow to express his admiration for the gallant conduct of the sailor in connection with the present international conflict. Some times he has passed a complimentary remark to a friend. Often his heart has swelled with pride when he has been quiet and alone reading an account of a naval battle or a description of the ordeals through which the trawlers and minesweepers are constantly passing.

A blue-jacket, who recently went through the sea fight off the Jutland banks, writes: "A sailor or officer does not serve his country for what he can make. We are, undoubtedly, the poorest paid men in the world, but we prefer death and honor to mercenary remuneration. The British Navy has protected England for centuries and still holds to her high ideal, and is therefore the very soul of England." Again—"Every sailor knows that a chance shot may sink his ship, and as no boats are carried one's chances of survival are infinitesimal. But what matter? How can man die better? Doing his duty to mankind by riding the world of these hounds; and, after one has done his duty what greater honor can a sailor have than a watery grave?" For men like these, "the bravest of the brave," was the British Sailors' Relief Fund organized by a few Montreal gentlemen who at tribute. Those who realise their ready have given their thousands to national and patriotic objects. The movement is spreading. The Fund Montreal, is the Honorary Treas.

## The 104th Batt. In New Camp

Boys Ticked With Comfortable Quarters

Huts Hold Thirty-Five Men—Electric Lights, Bath Houses and Canteens—Company "D" Sends Best Wishes to Woodstock Friends

November 11th, 1916.

Editor Sentinel: Dear Sir,—We read the letter you were kind enough to publish in your columns for us for which we thank you.

We have changed camp since we wrote our letter to you and our new quarters are as great a contrast to Caesar's Camp as one could possibly imagine. We stayed there as long as we could but I guess the mud drove us. We struck camp at noon the 6th of November; it was raining very hard and continued to rain all that afternoon and until midnight and all that afternoon we stood around and shivered until we finally climbed into the cute little boxes that seem in a way to serve as railway carriages. We were packed in those compartments like sardines or sheep. I don't know which comparison to make. It was uncomfortable to say the least and more so because we were already drenched to the skin, cold and the additional covering of Caesar's Camp mud didn't add to our comfort by any means.

Well, we finally left Folkestone 12.15 a.m., the morning of the 7th and nothing of any event occurred during our trip here to Milford. We finally arrived there at 5 a.m. It was still raining, cold and very, very dark.

After we had formed up on the platform at the station in Milford we started on our three mile hike to this camp with all our belongings on our back weighing approximately one hundred pounds per man. Our clothes were wet and chafing and it is hard to believe that we marched less than six or seven miles because with every step our pack got heavier and our little Ross rifle seemed to weigh as much as an ordinary six inch cannon. But one fact we could not fail to note as we made that long weary march was the light-heartedness of the boys of the 104th Batt. Although some could hardly move, they were so tired, they would be there with a remark such as "Isn't this romantic" or in a cynical way some one would say, "Isn't the scenery beautiful" or "How nice the mist looks on the foliage." when it was so dark that the company commanders had to feel their way with pocket search lights. Take it all in all it was some night, or rather morning.

We arrived in camp about six-thirty, 7-11-16, and were allotted to our various huts, a building accommodating about thirty-five men. They are good and comfortable and the boys are tickled with them. Witely Camp is one of the largest as well as one of the finest in England. It is thirty-five miles from Hasdon. The nearest town of any importance are Guildford and Gaudalming, about 20,000 and 5000 population respectively. The camp area will accommodate about thirty-thousand troops or nearly two infantry Divisions. Electric lights in all the huts, also have good bath houses and canteens (mostly wet.)

In a recent trip to Gaudalming, a few of our first impressions may not come amiss. The town is about four miles from camp and the main features are the same as any small English town. It is very ancient that is all. The streets are very

affords a means, hitherto lacking, by which Canadians can show their appreciation of the sailors' heroic services to the Empire, in which the Dominion has shared to an extent that is simply incalculable. The man who has received notice of these benefits and who owes the sailors nothing is not asked to contribute. Those who realise their obligations will not require to be national and patriotic objects. The movement is spreading. The Fund Montreal, is the Honorary Treas.

## Officials of Retail Merchants' Assn. Speak Before Local Merchants

## Condemn Government for Creating Class Legislation—Every Class Should be Included—Advised Merchants to Resent Insult

Mr. E. M. Trowern, secretary of the Dominion Board of the Retail Merchants' Association, and Mr. Robert Reed, New Brunswick Secretary, addressed the local association in the Council Chamber, Wednesday evening. Both speakers explained the progress of the association and the important position of the retail merchant in every community. Mr. Trowern pointed out the important position that retail merchants occupy in the community, and stated that there was one hundred times more money invested in merchandise and in its retail distribution than was invested in either manufacturing or production. He strongly condemned the recent order which was passed by the members of the Dominion cabinet at Ottawa to endeavor to prevent the enhancement of the cost of commodities.

He stated that the Government, by excluding the farmers and the market gardeners and the laboring and professional classes, and including retail and wholesale merchants, was creating class legislation and insinuating that the retail and wholesale merchants were guilty of increasing prices and other classes.

## A MATCH GAME AT WELCH'S BOWLING ALLEYS

MONDAY, Nov. 27.				
Braddon	80	107	187	93
Lingley	99	92	191	95
Clark	104	122	226	113
Dibbles	73	83	166	78
Dent	107	80	187	93
947				
McCluskey	73	92	165	82
Atherton	83	94	177	88
Britton	81	74	155	77
McLean	85	68	153	76
Blake, Capt.	99	92	191	95
841				

Mrs. E. Landon of Canterbury, spent a few days here last week, since she boarded the old Corsican, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Watson.

narrow and lined with old stone houses, red roofed with chimney pots, narrow windows, every one of having its neat little garden of it and each garden separated from its neighbor by a stone wall or hedge. It is very quaint and picturesque, but quieter, to the Canadians, than our smallest communities. The natives look at us as tho' we were curiosities of some sort. One old pile stands out very prominently in the centre of the town, must be at least nine hundred years old. It is a church, small and covered with ivy and moss; it is in the centre of a church-yard and the inscriptions are very interesting indeed.

We are all in the best of health and everyone of "D." Co. send their best wishes to their many friends in Woodstock. Again thank you for inserting our last note and hoping that you can find space in your columns for this.

We beg to remain, Yours very truly, N. C. O's of "D." Company, 104th Batt., C. E. F., Witely Camp, Surrey, England. Care of A. P. O., London.

## Sandy Shaw Met Woodstock Boys On Battle Front

SEVEN MONTHS IN FIGHTING TERRITORY

Clothes Torn by Shrapnel—Pte. Jim Lynott Among First in German Trench

The following letter was written to Claude McLean, who very kindly handed it to us for publication: France, Oct. 31st, 1916.

Dear Friend Claude: I suppose you will be quite surprised to get a letter from me. I should have written before but we have a lot more time out here to think of our friends at home than we have the chance to write to them.

It is just one year ago today spent a few days here last week, since we boarded the old Corsican, at Quebec, bound for England, and nearly seven months since I came to France. I have been very lucky, never having anything more than my clothes torn in a few places by shrapnel, but a great many of our boys have gone under this sum of it and each garden separated from its neighbor by a stone wall or hedge. It is very quaint and picturesque, but quieter, to the Canadians, than our smallest communities. The natives look at us as tho' we were curiosities of some sort. One old pile stands out very prominently in the centre of the town, must be at least nine hundred years old. It is a church, small and covered with ivy and moss; it is in the centre of a church-yard and the inscriptions are very interesting indeed. We are all in the best of health and everyone of "D." Co. send their best wishes to their many friends in Woodstock. Again thank you for inserting our last note and hoping that you can find space in your columns for this. We beg to remain, Yours very truly, N. C. O's of "D." Company, 104th Batt., C. E. F., Witely Camp, Surrey, England. Care of A. P. O., London.