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From Stretcher to Hospital

It speaks well for our medical arrangements at the front when I state that being wounded was my pleasantest experience during a nine weeks' spell of war. Being shot has its disagreeable moments, even in the most fortunate cases; but it compares favorably with trench discomforts, night digging, midnight marches, and the rest of the routine of active service. The sensation of being hit was rather startling. It happened in the pitch dark, when leaving the trenches after a rough six days. I was walking with my captain and our company sergeant-major. Suddenly, out of the darkness, somebody appeared to slash my right thigh, with all his might with an iron bar. "Surely this can't be a bullet!" I thought to myself, as I pitched over with the force of the impact.

Seeing me fall, my friends rushed up to me, together with two soldiers—stragglers from another regiment—and proceeded to tear the clothing off the injured leg. The two soldiers produced their field dressings, and, fearing the severance of an important artery, improvised a tourniquet. When I mildly suggested that another screw around the latter would probably leave my leg lying on the road, the bandaging was completed. The soldiers then disappeared into the darkness, hardly waiting to be thanked. A message was sent on for stretcher bearers; and meanwhile, as bullets were flying about from two directions, friendly hands carried me along to a more sheltered spot. The stretcher soon arrived, and I was conveyed another half mile to the nearest dressing station. There my wound was dressed by a surgeon, only thirty minutes after I had been hit; but, as the motor ambulances had left at ten p.m., and it was then nearly midnight, I had to remain on my stretcher at the dressing station until the following evening.

The hours passed very slowly, and it was an immense relief when four bearers came, at about 8.45 p.m., and took up my stretcher again. As they stumbled along in the dark, groping their uneven way down a wooded declivity, I heard one remark to another: "Where do we dump the wounded to-night?" In a gruff voice came the reply, "We dump 'em at Cope's." I carried my mind back to the days of the Tariff Reform controversy, when we talked about goods instead of about recruits and reinforcements. The Cope, on that particular night, was not a cheerful place in which to be dumped. Bullets were ping-ponging through the air and padding softly into the ground by the stretcher. There we waited for twenty-five minutes or so, as there was to be some kind of R. A. M. C. inspection. My feelings were not enviable. "Here am I," thought I to myself, "going home with a nice bullet wound in the leg; and in another minute I shall get another one in the stomach or some other vital spot, and everything will be spoilt." At the moment of which reflection, crash fell an officer in my vicinity, and in five minutes he was laid by my side on a stretcher, where we exchanged forebodings until a general movement put a welcome end to the tension.

The stretchers were each mounted on a wheel for conveyance to the road where the motor ambulances were in readiness. The bearers manoeuvred them skillfully over the numerous shell holes, but the jolting was such that I looked forward with relief to the supposed comfort of an ambulance car. It did not take long to discover the illusion. A road paved with great, uneven blocks of stone and covered at irregular intervals with Jack Johnson holes offered small scope for luxurious travelling. Even Earl's Court Exhibition has not succeeded in evolving anything that jolts the human frame like a motor ride along the roads near the front. It was small consolation to hold one's injured leg in a tight grasp, when body, limbs, and all were flung about in all directions like hard peas in a baby's rattle. The journey might well seem interminable. The driver, new to this part of the line, lost his way. Finally we were landed in despair at a dressing station, where our wounds were promptly attended to.

Here we were inoculated against tetanus. The surgeons gave me a warning which was more friendly than inspiring. "Now," he said, after dressing the wound, "I am going to do something that fellows say is much more painful than being wounded." Het hereupon gathered up a handful of the muscle round the stomach, and thrust a long needle into it, amply fulfilling all expectations. After this exhilarating performance our stretchers were carried into a large hall, where we dreamt uneasily that we were still motoring over the shell haunted road. In the morning I had the horrible inspiration to ask an orderly to shave me. He said he was afraid it would be rather rough; but it was not until I regarded my chin in a looking glass at the base hospital two days that I discovered the damage to have exceeded the pain. The te-

tanus injection was child's play in comparison with the amateur shave. Next morning we were taken another stage on our journey, being deposited at a collecting hospital. It proved to be a boarding school turned into an hospital and the beds, being intended for small boys, imported a comic element into the establishment. As I lay in my cubicle, I heard somebody ceaselessly asking for morphia. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to his reiterated request, and suddenly I heard his bed creak, as if he had sat up on it. Then, in the loud ringing tones of a professional orator, he called out with rhetorical emphasis, "Fellow citizens! I want morphia! A general laugh could not be suppressed. I called a nurse, and learnt that the poor fellow had part of his skull blown away by a shell, and would only survive a couple of days, but that he suffered no pain.

The following afternoon, to our joy, we were sent off to Calais in an ambulance train, in which travelling was the acme of comfort. But a bitter disappointment awaited us on arrival. The hospitals would only take two or three urgent cases, and the report was circulated that the rest of us were to continue a fifteen hours journey to Rouen. To be almost in sight of the English coast and then to be sent away again into the interior, was too tragic a fate. Determined to make an effort on my behalf, I requested to see the O.C. train. "Major," I said, when he appeared by my berth, "I have stood the journey very well so far, but I don't think—with my combination of wound and acute rheumatism, caught from a damp stretcher—that I can go any further." I tried to look ill and feeble, but was conscious of being extraordinarily fit. The O.C. train was not to be lumbugged. "No, no," he replied, "I am quite adamant about these things. You will have to go on with the others." Seeing it was useless I dropped the mask. "All right, Major," I exclaimed cheerfully. "I am quite well, thank you. Only I thought I would make an effort to be disembarked here." The major and a few neighboring colleagues laughed at the abortive trick, and off we went, groaning and grumbling at our luck, on our long journey. We were rewarded, however, by one of the best served and most delicious dinners I ever tasted. It was reminiscent of the most reputable Paris restaurants, and changed for us all the entire aspect of life.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning, four days after being hit, I arrived at No. 2 Red Cross Hospital. There my leg was X-rayed and pronounced to have sustained no injury to the bone. It was a weird, but pleasant experience, for the fact that an orderly, in replacing the bandage, ran a safety-pin well into my leg. Taken by surprise I gave a hearty yell, which must have discouraged other patients bound for the X-ray department. My two days' sojourn in this hospital was made very happy, reaching even to the bliss of a miniature bottle of Benedictine at the end of dinner, for every patient in the ward. Then came an eagerly anticipated transfer to an hospital ship on the river, and a disappointing awakening next morning to discover her still at her moorings. By the evening we were at Southampton; but it was too late to disembark, so we had to curb our impatience to land and sleep a second night on board. The arrival in London followed next day, with the extraordinary good fortune of being sent, quite haphazard, to the private hospital of a friend.

It was a long and slow progress from the firing line to London; but the medical arrangements were admirable, and the best surgical skill was available at every stage of the journey.—By a Wounded Officer in The Westminster Gazette.

County Council Inspects 147th Battalion

On Friday forenoon the members of the county council made an inspection of the 147th Battalion in training here, their tour of the different places of training being personally conducted by Lieut. Col. G. F. McFarland, and when they had completed the rounds, they as a body, had gained a great deal of information at first hand about the methods of training in forces, and the routine of drill as carried on by the Grey County boys under the energetic commanding Officer. The feelings of probably every individual member of the county council were voiced by warden Cordingley when at the conclusion of the inspection he thanked Col. McFarland for the courtesy shown the county council by the Headquarter's Staff, and the opportunity afforded every member of the council to see the boys from his own particular bailiwick at their work in preparing for the great task which confronts them, and said, "I had no idea of the thoroughness with which everything is done about the 147th, or of the amount of detail there is for the staff to attend to. It was a revelation to me the care which is exercised for every man of the Battalion. I can go back to my municipality and tell the relatives of the boys who are here from there, that they are being well looked after. We will also be able to conscientiously declare the grant which we made to the Battalion was merited, and that it would have been a sad reflection on the county if they had not acceded to the request made to them for assistance.

Shortly after nine o'clock on Friday morning the county fathers gathered at the armories, all of them with the exception of a few who had committee meetings, which prevented them being present. They met in the rooms of the Armories at the corner of Third Avenue east and Main street, inspecting the company orderly rooms, the guard room and the various other quarters. Col. McFarland explained the organization of the Battalion to the visitors and then they went to the medical officer's quarters and that of the paymaster, where Captain Howes, M. O. and Captain Burke, paymaster, explained the work which devolved upon their particular departments. The pains taken to assure every man in the Battalion is kept in the very best health, impressed the councillors. From here the councillors went to the Quarter Master's stores, where Captain McLaughlan and his assistants received them. Piles of khaki greatcoats were spread out on the long tables, also tunics, trousers and winter caps, underwear, woollen cardigans, jackets, boots and socks. The visitors went about the stores freely handling the goods, commenting on the patently fine quality. While they were there about a score of men came in to be fitted out with extra underwear, top shirts and boots, which was done expeditiously and carefully. One man tried no less than five pairs of boots before he got a pair that were a good fit, all five pairs being of the same size.

With the visit to the Quarter Master's stores the councillors were taken in autos to the different training quarters, the machines for the occasion being given by the members of the motor league. "Company in charge of Captain D. R. Dobie drilling at the Grand Trunk freight sheds was the first to be visited. No. 9 platoon and No. 10 platoon had just arrived with rifles for rifle exercise when the council came, and as they fell out to take off their greatcoats they were formed into knots about different members of the council, for these platoons are chiefly recruited from the southern part of the county, Hanover Durham, Dundalk, Euphrasia, Bentinck, and the representatives from these places were busy for a few minutes glad-handing with their boys. "I think the Hanover boys look as good as any, don't you," inquired deputy reeve Frook, of Hanover. Reeve Dan McTavish could not be persuaded that the best in the battalion were not from his own town. Reeve Catton, of Durham, who has one son in the ranks had a glad smile for the large number of Durham boys in C. Company. "I guess that for appearance and size number the boys from Durham are up favorably with any of them," he remarked, and one was inclined to agree with him.

From the Grand Trunk, the line of autos headed for the east hill, where in the triangle to the north of the racetrack oval Lieut. Richardson had been for a few days busy constructing trenches in preparation for the training of the battalion bomb throwers and grenade ade experts. The long winding trench with its traverses and communication trenches, was partly filled with water from the heavy rains which had fallen a short time before and even then a work party was busy with spade and pick digging a drainage trench. Col. McFarland explained to the councillors the theory of entrenching first line trenches, reserves and communication trenches. Lieut. Richardson, who is the battalion bombing officer, had a number of bombs constructed, but owing to the fact that it had been impossible to get gun cotton for an explosive they did not do their work when

lighted and thrown, the gunpowder charge not being strong enough to tear the tomato can to pieces and scatter the contents. The method of making bombs on the field was explained to the visitors, samples of the hair brush bomb and the jam tin grenade being passed around.

From here the procession of autos went to the Riverside Rink for the dismissal of the battalion at midday. The three companies of the battalion with the band, bugle band, signallers and N. C. O's class fell in a few minutes before twelve and were dismissed by Col. McFarland, whereupon the county councillors were besieged by men from their own municipalities and cheery shouts of "Hello Bill," "How are you John," etc. ran around the rink while the smiling county fathers shook hands with the husky boys until their hands must have been sore.

Col. McFarland then called for three cheers for the County Councillors.

FOR WHAT IS CANADA FIGHTING?

"All the lives sacrificed and all the treasure expended in this struggle," said Premier Borden in his speech before the New England Society, "will have been in vain, if humanity must still endure militarism and armaments. Such would be the result of an inconclusive peace. The people of the British dominions are animated by a stern resolve that there shall be no such outcome."

The people of Canada like the people of the United States, are not a militaristic people. They believe that the Golden Rule is applicable to international relations and would gladly welcome the day in which soldiering would become a forgotten profession. They believe it is possible to create a well-ordered world whose harmony shall be based on a mutual respect for common rights. They reject the Attila philosophy that teaches that places in the sun must be won by the sword. They recognize that this principle operated in the past, even in the empire of which Canada is a member, but they have faith that better things are ahead. In view of these things, Canada may well claim that she is giving plentifully of her blood for a great cause—for a cause in whose triumph all members of the human race, not excepting the Teutonic family, are vitally interested.

Canada, the world's second largest nation, most of the United States almost as much as of Great Britain and France, has reason to feel proud of her record during the last seventeen months. Whatever sneers may be directed against Great Britain's moral pretensions, or however plausibly it may be said that England, animated by nationalistic fears, is in the war from essentially the same motives that animate Germany, it is difficult for even the most cynical eye to withhold wholehearted recognition of the high morality back of Canadian action. She is not fighting for herself. The break-up of the British empire would not affect her prosperity. Her participation is altruistic to the verge of knight errantry. She is testifying in the most practical ways in behalf of what she regards as supreme righteousness.

Canada has no enmity to the German people who form so large a part of her population. She would give them due place in the sun—the only place she asks for her own children—the right to earn their livelihoods and to develop their highest qualities as better members of the human race in peace and quiet, without a soldier being on the back of every worker. It is a big emancipation movement in which Canada thinks she is engaged.

No fort mars the 3,000 miles of border stretching between the United States and Canada. No warship frets the serene surface of the Great Lakes. A demonstration has been given of the practicability of democratic nations, in many ways not wholly loving one another, dwelling side by side in amity. The American people trust the people of Canada, and the people of Canada trust the people of the United States. When the present war began and suggestions came from across the water that an opportunity was presented to us to assail Canada, and to carry our flag to Hudson Bay, the people of Canada only laughed. They had complete confidence in the American people. They knew that our belief in the principle that just government is derived from consent of the governed was too firmly rooted to make it conceivable for this unwelcome dominion.

Canada in the face of the nations has shown that it is impossible to unite the spirit of pacifism with the ability to fight manfully. At Ypres, amid clouds of poison gas, her intrepid soldiers saved the day. Relatively Canada is making a contribution to the war equal to, if it does not exceed, that of England or France. And, so, doing Americans true to their better traditions perceive that she is fighting not only for her own future, but for the supremacy of those great principles that we fought for at Bunker Hill and re-vindicated at Gettysburg. Should a crisis be forced on us, should we also be called on to testify by deeds in behalf of things without which civilization is a sham, may we prove ourselves as worthy and as self-sacrificing as have the Canadians.—The Globe, New York.

The Function of Solving

By Miss E

My subject implies a rural problem in solving. But before attempting the solution we must have a clear idea of what that is the first question ourselves is, "What problem?"

From most of the rural districts of the United States comes there is a scarcity and women to the elements of farm life cities the population so rapidly that even present commerce is difficult for many men. One has only to look at the server can see that the tracts are not near today as they were ago.

But perhaps few realize the extent of the rural population has a proportion to the are brought face facts, as illustrated in the census with those of 1901, ten years to the population to the in all the provinces.

Even in the provinces which are mainly culture, and where is increasing so rapidly that the urban population is greater than the rural, older provinces, the rural population failed to increase to the urban, but increased numerically at some of the Dufferin for instance per cent, East Grey South Bruce, 19.3, Grey, 20.4 per cent, Grey 21.9 per cent, while the Keppel and Sarawak respectively 34.3 and theirs. This depletion means also the great many farms the weakening of more. For instance decade of the last Egremont closed her farm houses, cent, Keppel 27.1, Sarawak no less cent of hers.

Put what is the rural depopulation that since cities have looked upon the legitimate source to obtain their income. They have a the country for it to be in financial educational, or else, we find that portion of the cases as many as are country bred, detrimental effect district? That whether the city surplus population or whether she farm to enrich former be the present exodus from the city must more people are needed. But is this true? What the increase in the saving machinery has made it possible to accomplish the same with less men than if the men thus employed go to by enlarging it, it always has been, be the chief man chief consumer of must therefore demand for this product an increased demand for this increased demand be met by import a high price. Is Canada today? For this question let statistics. In 1903, ported to Great four million pounds in 1912 her export ter not only ceased the last nine year, but she in from New Zealand of over one and dollars. The eggs the united States of year, cost her two million dollars. \$6,000 less cattle to 1912 than in 1911. ry with her great sources for agricultural importer rather than of farm products, living goes up and on the farm ask why has the reason is the sc labor. She has pe women until she herself. And who Is it not almost young. Now farm not an occupation est and most vigor cessfully. Yet in tricts the predom over youth—one of And how can such expected to meet the times. The in for farm produce created supply and quality, and a cease to meet the

HAD RASH SEVEN YEARS YET ZAM-BUK CURED IT

"Never again shall I use cheap common ointments since I have proved how wonderful Zam-Buk is." So writes Mrs. Joe Valliere, of 303 Hale St., Escanaba, Mich. She adds: "For seven years I suffered with a rash on my hands, which all the ointments I used—and I had despaired of ever finding relief when I heard of Zam-Buk, and, as a last resort determined to give it a trial. It was not long before I found that Zam-Buk is no ordinary ointment! Zam-Buk was proving itself capable of doing what all the other ointments had failed to do—it was effecting a cure.

Naturally, finding this out, I persevered with it, and its use resulted in a complete cure. I have had no return of the rash since, so I know the cure is permanent. After seven years of useless trying of remedies, I appreciate the healing power of Zam-Buk."

If you are troubled with eczema, ulcers, or eruptions, you will find Zam-Buk equally effective: also for ringworm, running sores, blood poison, abscesses, pimples, cold sores, chapped hands, piles, burns, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc. All druggists and stores, 50c. box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Refuse substitutes and imitations.

UNFAIR

"Oh, no," soliloquized Johnny, bitterly; "there ain't any favorites in this family! Oh, no! If I bite my fingernails I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute." —Ladies Home Journal.