Grand Trunk Railway
TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.05 a.m., and 3.45 p.m.

Trains arrive at Durham at 11.20a.m. 2.30 p.m., and 8.45 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY

G. T. Bell, G.P. Agent, Montreal. C. E. Horning, D.P. Agent, Toronto.

J. TOWNER, Depot Agent
W. CALDER, Town Agent

Canadian Pacific Railway Time Table

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until urther notice:—

P.M	A.M.			A.M.	P.M
8.10	11.10	Ar.	Toronto Lv.	7.45	5.25
4.35	7.40	Lv.	Saugeen J. "	11.30	9.13
4.20	7.25	"	Priceville "	11.42	9.24
4.10	7.15	"	Glen "	11.52	9.34
4.06	7.11	"	McWilliams "	11.56	9.38
				P.M.	
3.55	7.00	"	Durham "	12.08	9.50
3.41	6.46	"	Allan Park	12.22	10.04
3.32	6.37	"	Hanover	12.33	10.14
3.23	6.28	"	Maple Hill "	12.40	10.22
3.10	6 15	"	Walkerton Ar.	12.55	10.35

R MACFARLANE Town Agen

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Are You Going West?

The Grand Trunk Railway System will run

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Each Tuesday

March 7 to October 31, inclusive

Tickets valid to return within two months inclusive of date of sale.

WINNIPEG and return $35.00
EDMONTON and return 43.00

Proportionate low rates to other points in Manitoba. Saskatchewan, Alberta

Full particulars and tickets on application to agents.

DURHAM PLANING MILLS

The undersigned begs to announce to residents of Durham and surrounding country, that he has his Planning Mill and Factory completed and is prepared to take orders for

SASH, DOORS
— and all kinds of —
House Fittings

Shingles and Lath Always on Hand At Right Prices.

Custom Sawing Promptly Attended To

ZENUS CLARK
DURHAM - - ONTARIO

Durham High School

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc., for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work.

THOS. ALLAN, Principal and Provincial Model School Teacher 1st Class Certificate.

Intending Students should enter at the beginning of the term if possible. Board can be obtained at reasonable rates. Durham is a healthy and attractive town, making it a most desirable place for residence.

The record of the School in past years is a flattering one. The trustees are progressive educationally and spare no pains to see that teachers and pupils have every advantage for the proper presentation and acquistion of knowledge.

FEES: $1 per month in advance

C. RAMAGE, Chairman. J. F. GRANT, Secretary

For Machine Oil, Harness Oil Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to
S. P. SAUNDERS
The Harnessmaker

IT'S SO PUZZLING

"What is he noted for?"

"He is either a literary man or a magazine writer, I can't remember which.—Life.

Submarines

By Rudyard Kipling

(THIRD ARTICLE)

Farewell and adieu to you, English ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies ashore.
For we've received orders to work to the eastward
Where we hope in a short time to straf 'em some more.

We'll duck and we'll dive like three ruddy sheldrakes.
We'll duck and we'll dive underneath the North Seas,
Until we strike something that doesn't expect us,
From here to Cuxhaven it's go as you please.

The first thing we did was to dock in a mine-field,
Which isn't the place where repairs should be done;
And there we lay doggo in twelve-fathom water
With tri-nitro-toluol hogging our run.

The next thing we did we rose under a Zeppelin,
With his shiny big belly half blocking the sky.
But what under Heaven can you do with six-pounders?
So we fired what we had and we bade him good-bye.

We'll duck and we'll dive like three ruddy sheldrakes
We'll duck and we'll dive underneath the North Seas,
Until we strike something that doesn't expect us,
From here to Cuxhaven it's go as you please.

The chief business of the Auxiliary Fleet is to attend to commerce.

The submarine in her sphere attends to the enemy.

Like the destroyer the submarine has created its own type of officer and man—with a language and traditions apart from the rest of the service and yet at heart unchangly of the service. Their business is to run monstrous risks from earth, air and water in what to be of service, must be the coldest of cold blood.

The commander's is more a one-man job, as the crew's is more team work, than any other employment afloat. That is why the relations between submarine officers and men are what they are.

They play hourly for each other's lives with Death the umpire always at their elbow on tiptoe to give them "out."

There is a stretch of water once dear to amateur yachtsmen now given over to scouts, submarines, destroyers and, of course, a contingent of trawlers.

We were waiting the return of some boats which were now due to report. A couple surged up the still river in the afternoon light and tied up beside their sisters. There climbed out of them three or four high-booted, sunken-eyed pirates clad in sweaters, under jackets that a stoker of the last generation would have disowned. This was their first chance to compare notes at close hand. Together they lamented the loss of a Zeppelin—"a perfect mug of a Zepp," who had come down very low and offered one of them a sitting shot. "But what can you do with three-pounders? I gave him what I had and then he started bombing."

"I know he did," another said. "I heard him. That's what brought me down to you. I thought he had you that time."

"No, I was forty feet under when he hove out the big 'un. What happened to you?"

"My steering gear jammed just after I went under, and I had to go round in circles till I got it straightened out. But wasn't he a mug!"

"Was he the brute with the patch on his port side?" a sister boat demanded.

"No. This fellow had just been hatched. He was almost sitting on the water, heaving bombs over."

"And my blasted steering gear chose then to go wrong," the other captain mourned. "I thought his last egg was going to get me!"

Half an hour later I was formally introduced to three or four quite strange, quite immaculate officers, freshly shaved and a little tired about the eyes, whom I thought I had met before.

Meantime (it was on the hour of the evening drink) one of the boats was still unaccounted for. No one talked of her. They rather discussed motor cars and Admiralty constructors but—it felt rather like that queer twilight hour at the front when the homing aeroplanes drop in. Presently a signaller entered:

V-42 outside, sir; wants to know which channel she shall use."

"Oh, thank you. Tell her to take so and so—"

Mine I remember was vermouth and bitters, and later on V-42 found a soft chair and joined the committee of instruction.

Those next for duty, as well as those in training, wanted to know what was going on and who had shifted what to where, and how certain arrangements had worked. They were told in language not to be found in any printable book.

Questions and answers were alike Hebrew to one listener but he gathered that every boat carried a second in command—a strong persevering youth who seemed responsible for everything that went wrong from a motor cylinder to a torpedo. Then somebody touched on the mercantile marine and its habits.

Said one philosopher: "They can't be expected to take any more risks than they do. I wouldn't if I was a skipper. I'd loose off at any blessed periscope I saw."

"That's all very fine. You wait till you've had a patriotic tramp trying to strafe you at your own back door," said another.

Someone told a tale of a man with a voice notable even in a service where men are not trained to whisper.

He was coming back, empty-handed, dirty, tired and best left alone.

From the peace of the German side he had entered our hectic home waters where the usual tramp shelled and by miraculous luck rumpled his periscope.

Another man might have dived but Boanerges kept on rising. Majestic and wrathful he rose personally through his main hatch and at two thousand yards (have I said it was still day?) addressed the tramp. Even at that distance she gathered it was a naval officer with a grievance, and by the time he ran alongside she was in a state of coma but managed to stammer: "Well sir, at least you'll admit that our shooting was pretty good."

"And that," said my informant, "put the lid on!" Boanerges went down lest he should be tempted to murder, and the tramp affirms she heard him rumbling beneath her like an inverted thunderstorm for fifteen minutes.

"All those tramps ought to be disarmed, and we ought to have all their guns," said a voice out of a corner.

"What? Still worrying over your mug?" someone replied.

"He was a mug," went on the man of one idea. "If I'd had a couple twelves even I could have strafed him proper. I didn't know whether I shall mutiny, desert, or write to the first Sea Lord about it."

"Strafe all Admiralty constructors to begin with. I could build a better boat with a four-inch lathe and a sardine tin than"—the speaker named her by letter and number.

"That's pure jealousy," her commander explained to the company. "Ever since I installed—ahem!—my patent electric wash-basin he's been intriguin' to get her. Why? We know he doesn't wash. He'd only use the basin to keep beer in."

However often one meets it, as in this war one meets it at every turn, one never gets used to the Holy Spirit of Man at his job.

The "common sweeper" growling over his mug of tea that there is "nothing in sweepin'" and these idly toiling men, new shaved and attired from the gates of death which had let them through for the fiftieth time, were all of the same fabric—incomprehensible, I should imagine, to the enemy.

And the stuff held good throughout all the world—from the Dardanelles to the Baltic where only a little while ago another batch of submarines had slipped through and begun to be busy.

I had spent the afternoon in looking through reports of submarine work in the Sea of Marmora. They read like the diary of energetic weazles in an over-crowded chicken-run, and the results for each boat were tabulated something like a sporting score.

One came across jewels of price set in the flat official phraseology. For example, one man who was describing some steps he was taking to remedy certain defects, interjected casually:

"At this point I had to go under for a little as a man in a boat was trying to catch my periscope with his hand."

No reference before or after to the said man or his fate.

Again: "Came across a dhow with a Turkish skipper. He seemed so miserable that I let him go.'

And elsewhere in those waters a submarine overhauled a steamer full of Turkish passengers, some of whom expecting their allies' treatment at non-combatants promptly leaped overboard. Our boat fished them out and returned them in safety.

In another affair which included several ships (now at the bottom) and one submarine, the commander relaxes enough to note that:

"The men behaved very well under direct and flanking fire from rifles at about fifteen yards." This was not, I believe, the submarine that fought the Turkish cavalry on the beach.

And in addition to matters much more marvellous than any I have hinted at, the reports dealt with repairs and shifts and contrivances carried through in the face of dangers that read like the last delirium of romance.

One boat went down the Straits and found herself rather canted over to one side. A mine had jammed under her forward diving-plane.

As far as I made out, she shook off by standing on her head and jerking backwards; or it may have been, for the thing has occurred more than once, she merely rose as much as she could when she could, and then "released it by hand" as the official phrase goes.

And who, a few months ago, could have invented, or, having invented, would have dared to print such a nightmare as this:

"There was a boat in the North Sea that ran into a net and was caught by the nose. She rose, still entangled, meaning to cut the thing away on the surface. But a Zeppelin in waiting saw and bombed her, and she had to go down again at once—but not too swiftly or she would get herself more wrapped up than ever.

She went down and by slow working and weaving and wriggling guided only by guesses at the meaning of each scrape and grind of the net on her blind forehead, at last she drew clear.

Then she sat on the bottom and thought.

The question was whether she should go back at once and warn her confederates against the trap, or wait till the destroyers which she knew the Zeppelin would have signalled for, should come to finish her, still entangled as they would suppose in the net?

It was a simple calculation of comparative speeds and positions, and when it was worked out she decided to try for the double event.

Within a few minutes of the time she had allowed for them, she heard the twitter of four destroyers' screws thrashing above her; rose; got her shot in; saw one destroyer crumple; hung round till another took the wreck in tow; said good-bye to the spare brace (she was at the end of her supplies) and reached the rendezvous in time to save her friends.

And since we are dealing in nightmares, here are two more—one genuine, the other, mercifully, false.

There was a British submarine, not only at, but in the mouth of a river—well home in German territory. She was spotted and went under, her commander perfectly aware that there was not more than five feet of water over her conning tower, so that even a torpedo boat, let alone a destroyer, would hit if she came over. But nothing hit.

The search was conducted on scientific principles while they sat on the silt and suffered. Then the commander heard the rasp of a wire trawl sweeping over his hull. It was not a nice sound, but there happened to be a couple of gramophones aboard and he turned them both on to drown it. And in due time that boat got home with everybody's hair of just the same color as when they had started!

The other nightmare arose out of silence and imagination. A boat had gone to bed on the bottom in a spot where she might reasonably expect to be looked for, but it was a convenient jumping off, or up, place for the work in hand.

About that bad hour of 2.30 a.m the commander was waked by one of the men who whispered to him.

"They've got the chains on us, sir!"

Whether it was pure nightmare, or an hallucination of long wakefulness, or something relaxing or releasing in that packed box of machinery, or the disgustful reality, the commander could not tell, but it had all the makings of panic in it. So the Lord and long training put it into his head to reply:

"Have they? Well, we shan't be coming up till nine o'clock this morning. We'll see about it then. Turn out that light, please."

He did not sleep but the dreamer and the others did; and when morning came and he gave the order to rise, she rose unhampered, and the commander saw the grey smeared seas from above once again. He said it was a very refreshing sight.

Lastly, which is on all fours with the gamble of the chase, a man was coming home rather bored after an uneventful trip.

It was necessary for him to sit on the bottom awhile, and there he played patience.

Of a sudden it struck him, as a vow and an omen, that if he worked out the next game correctly he would go up and strafe something. The cards fell all in order. He went up and found himself alongside a German, whom as he had promised and prophesied to himself he destroyed.

She was a mine-layer and needed only a jar to dissipate like a cracked electric light bulb. He was somewhat impressed by the contrast between the single-handed game fifty feet below, the ascent, the attack, the amazing result, and when he descended again his cards lay just as he had left them.

Gun Silencers' Effectiveness

Several things give away the position of a big gun when it is fired, the two chief being the noise and the smoke. Thanks to smokeless powder, however, the latter has practically been done away with. A silencer which the French are using is so effective that no sound of firing can be heard over a greater distance than a hundred yards or so. The silencer is attached to the muzzle of the gun. As the shell leaves the gun a small shutter springs up and prevents the explosive gases escaping in the usual way. It is the sudden, fierce rush of gas which causes the "bang!" when a gun is fired. The gas passes out through the two channels with nothing like the rush that is caused in the ordinary way.

Shocking the Censor

There is a diverting story of how the British censor got John Lane, the famous publisher, out of his bed at an early hour in the morning to explain the significance of a certain cable. This cable, addressed to a Mr. Lane's New York house, read: "Make Brooke page uniform with English obviating broken lines ordering portrait accordingly." The unsuspicious would doubtless have fashioned the message as referring to a technical matter connected with the American edition of the poems of Rupert Brooke, the talented young poet who succumbed to sunstroke in the Dardanelles. But, of course, in the Censor's Department, that phrase "broken lines" did have a nasty sound!

Fireproof Clothing

At an exposition held in Canada recently, a demonstrator how to make fireproof clothing. He poured from one pound to a gallon of cold water in a solution of ammonium phosphate. Then he took an 8-inch strip of ordinary cotton gauze and dipped it in the ammonium phosphate solution. He dried it with an electric fan and held it in a flame for thirty seconds, but it did not burn. He took another strip of gauze that had not been treated with the solution, and on igniting it burned in four seconds. He advised that the whole family washing should be made fireproof. The expense for an average sized family would be about 15 cents a week.

Australian Soldiers Better Paid

The militia department cites the rates of pay for the soldiers of European countries to show that the Canadian soldier is well paid. Low rates of pay in Europe is a pretty poor argument for low rates in Canada. Why does the militia department omit Australia and New Zealand from its comparative list. If Australia can afford $1.50 a day for privates, cannot Canada afford more than $1.10? Or has it to be admitted that the Australian states have a higher opinion of the men who are risking their lives for their country?

Bleeding From the Nose

Bleeding from the nose is seldom serious, and may generally be controlled by the application of cold water. The patient should be kept upright, with head thrown back and the hands raised above the head, with sponge or some cotton wool over the nose to receive the blood; but should on no account be allowed to stand with the head bent over a basin, which encourages the bleeding.

Conserve Your Energies!

This is a health rule which more people might do well to consider seriously. It would be difficult to measure the amount of energy that individuals waste daily. It takes energy to become angry. It takes energy to traverse the hundreds of needless steps some people take in carrying on their daily duties.

USE FOR ALL!

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"How about Banana Skins?" — "They make Slippers out of them."

OUR SHOES embrace all the good leathers, made in Patent, Gun Metal, and Dongola, on the latest model lasts. They are stylish, durable and handsome shoes. No better footwear is manufactured and they are priced according to quality. Come in and inspect our new Military Lasts in Men's Working Shoes. Best on the market.

We have just received a shipment of Suit Cases and Club Bags, prices ranging from $1.40 to $5.50.

Also we have stocked a line of Children's School Cases which sell at 60c. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

J. S. McIlraith: The Down Town Shoe Store

Call at
E. A. ROWE'S
For all kinds of Bakery Goods Cooked and Cured Meats.

OYSTERS AND FRUIT IN SEASON

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ALL-METAL WEATHER STRIP

Cheaper and more effective than storm sash. Does not limit Ventilation, and once installed is permanent.

Effectually Excludes All Draught, Rain, Snow, Sleet or Dust

INSTALLATIONS CAREFULLY MADE
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Queen Street Phone 58a Durham, Ont.

Rags, Furs, Hides and Junk Iron Wanted

OWING to a rise in the market price of Rags, this is an exceptionally opportune time for those having Rags for sale to dispose of them at good prices. I will pay Two Cents per pound for Rags delivered at my store.

Rubbers, 5c to 6c lb. Lead, 2c to 3c lb.
Copper and Brass. 10c to 12c lb.
For Junk, delivered at my yard, I will pay from 30c to 40c per hundredweight

Beef Hides, Sheep Skins, Horse Hair, Etc., bought at highest market price.

Highest Price for Raw Furs MINK FOX COON SKUNK WEASEL MUSKRAT

We would advise all having any of the above articles to dispose of to bring them in at once while the market is good.

M. GLASER - Durham

A western editor claims that one cause for the backwardness of some towns is due, he finds, to the depressing influence of "the hot stove element" of the population. If there were fewer chairs around hot stoves in the winter season, he thinks, more people in certain towns, his own included, would have less inclination to discuss other people's business and more time to give to the good of the community. Who that has ever come upon a group of the hot stove element of the small town, will question the soundness of this conclusion? It could almost be considered with profit in some large towns.—Exchange.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND

The Cockney Youth—a visitor to our village on a Sunday evening—Well, this is a bloomin' 'ole! No life—no gals—an' if there was any they couldn't see yer.—Sketch.