

HAMPDEN.

Mr. J. Burns has engaged with Wm. Means for the summer months. Messrs. John Henry and James Kerr made a business trip to Hanover on Friday. This always a pleasure to listen to the instrumental called "The Robin's Return," but we have with us to-day, the 27th, the real robin with his merry song. One of the greatest luxuries a farmer can look for nowadays is hired help. Miss Janet E. Kerr has resigned her position as organist in the church here, having ably and faithfully performed the duties for the past six years. On Friday last Messrs. Noah Miller and Louie Brantigan, while engaged in felling a tree in Mr. D. Gilmour's bush, went a little distance for safety from the falling tree, but a limb from another tree, loosened by the falling tree, fell on Mr. Brantigan's head, killing him instantly. His body was brought to his sister's, Mrs. Metzger's home, where he was boarding at the time. Saturday afternoon the remains were taken to his parents' home in Aytton, where burial took place on Monday. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved ones. Only fools mortgage their opportunities.

EDGE HILL.

Mr. W. R. Edge is in Toronto this week. Mr. H. Williams was in Markdale on Thursday. Mr. Jas. Banks of Riverview is visiting his mother, Mrs. R. H. Banks. Mr. Robt. Ector was visiting for a couple of days with his sister, Mrs. Little, near Dundalk. Mr. C. H. Moffat was in Mt. Forest on Monday, curling. Mrs. Jasper of Hartney, Man., is visiting friends in this locality. Several have tapped their maple trees and are busy making maple syrup. Mr. Robt. Ector leaves on Tuesday on a trip to the west. He is going to his brother Archie's, at Elbow, Sask., but will visit at many other points before his return home. We wish Mr. Ector a very pleasant trip. Mr. Wm. McNally of Lumsden, Sask., is visiting at Mr. Geo. Ritchie's and Jos. McNally's this week. He is here on a very brief visit in connection with the sale of his farm in Bentinck. The Red Cross sewing bee at Mrs. D. Firth's on Thursday was quite as successful as any of its predecessors. The ladies are becoming quite adept in the work and can manufacture a shirt in a very short time. A dozen shirts and two dozen pillow cases were made, and the cash contributed amounted to \$4.

CANADIAN SOLDIER IN ENGLISH CAMP

Donald McKinnon of Priceville Gives Incidents of his Trip and Experience in the Military Camp

Denham Camp, near Uxbridge, Bucks Co., England. This is Friday evening, just 8 o'clock wearing on to "Lights Out." I am going to make a beginning on this letter. I may not finish for three or four days, but will do my best to give you in detail the story of my trip all the way from the barracks at Lansdowne Park, Ottawa, to our hut here in Denham Camp near Uxbridge Bucks Co. It was a trip I enjoyed from start to finish and one that I will always remember for its associations and because it marks a new era in my own life as a Canadian citizen. The train trip though prolonged beyond necessity, was a regular picnic and the ocean voyage, I need not offer comment. I love the open air and the wonderful freedom that the sea gives. "Lights out" just sounding. Good night.

Well I did not think that this letter would be thus treated. Here it is now Sunday, Jan 23, more than two weeks since I started, in a different camp, and under somewhat different conditions. I very much fear that even to-day I will not finish, but now that we are in a somewhat settled state I will have more opportunity of writing. This camp, Hayes Park, Bedfordshire, is not to be compared with Denham for situation. As regards the condition of the soil, Denham being high with gravel to filter the heavy rain fall that prevails during this season, where this is a sticky clay that holds all that falls, and we tramp it into a regular paste. Denham was very convenient to the railway, being on the direct line to London; here we are six miles from Bedford, the nearest railway station. Denham had electric light and waterworks; here we have neither, but withal it is an experience that no one of us would wish to miss. You see there are 70 of us, with the exception of about half a dozen, all Canadians, and we have come to so enjoy each other's company that we need no outside pleasures to take our attention. Our spare evenings are spent around the wee stove in the hut, no lights and the talk turns always to Canadian subjects. Every song in the list is sung three or four times and by that time "lights out" sounds. There are no lights to be put out excepting an odd candle that some one may have. That is snuffed out and soon all are in the land of dreams and you may guess the subject and the scene of the majority of these fantasies. As I have told you we are the first and the only Canadians in this camp and in this part of England, that is, of course, as a body of troops, and all the camp seems eager to do as much as possible to make us comfortable and at home. Nearly all here have been at the front for a year or more and are now returned for further training in some certain branch of the work of the Royal Engineers. All are confident of victory and seem to think it will come in the not too distant future. They expect some surprise on the western front in the next two or three months and I really believe the British intend some great advance with the assistance of heavy artillery and aeroplanes. However we will leave that to Lord Kitchener and his associates. Still another period to this letter. I started this afternoon and now it is 8.30 p. m., I am sitting by the light of a lantern that one of the boys swiped on his way from supper, so I will have a little talk with you for an hour or so. This has been a glorious day, white frost in the morning and just a touch of cold in the air but so fine and dry as compared with the general weather. The wind has been rising

and the sun shining beautifully. I don't know what season in Canada compares with it. Why yesterday on my way to the shack I wandered through a bit of wood and to my delight spied a few daisies I am sending them along. Just imagine, daisies in January! You must not think for one moment however that I would wish our Canadian winter to be anything but as it is. I am very much in love with our "lady of the snows" and the winter season is one of the many delights of that old Dominion. Here we work always in shirt-sleeves wearing coats if the rain comes down too heavy, rather a rare condition heavy mists and light rain being the usual. I might mention our meals here. I don't know just what to blame, whether the weather or the good food, but I surely enjoy everything I eat, as do all the boys. We have all we wish at every meal and by the next, we are more than ready for another day—they say it is just the English custom—breakfast at 7.30 dinner at 12.45, and tea at 4.30, with soup and bread at 8.30, we are more than satisfied; in bed and asleep at 9.30 we must be, and we don't waken till Reveille at 6 a. m., so should all be in perfect health, as in fact I am.

Hello, every one again. Here it is Sunday afternoon, Jan. 30, and this letter still unfinished. I have just had a good dinner and am settled down to do a bit of writing. I was so delighted on Jan. 25th to receive three letters—I can't tell you how really welcome they were. I read them and re-read and have them in my pocket to take a peek when time affords. The date stamp shows 5th London shows no date but I suppose some time was lost in finding us here in England, so you must not imagine a letter was 20 days in coming here. I am looking for a long one in reply to the note I wrote on arrival in Denham camp. I often wonder how you all are keeping and what you are doing these wintry days. Here the weather is wonderful, quite warm and these past few days very fine. The longer we are in Hayes Park the better we are liking it, and in fact, barring the mud, this is a fine spot. It is set right in a great grove of century old oaks, an immense estate formerly owned by English nobility, handed down from generation to generation, and now in these modern days lost in debt and in government ownership. The fine old house, now over-run, military offices, stores, officers and N. C. O's mess rooms, cook houses, &c., all take the place of the old drawing and dining rooms: the great halls with their large open fireplaces, the old stone church, with graves dated back in the 16th century, all overgrown with ivy: these are the common landmarks. The trees are the homes of hundreds of singing birds and each morning they greet us—robins, chaffinches, all beautiful, so you see we are well situated, and I want you to know that we appreciate our surroundings. But I am off my story and must go back to our trip.

Let me go back to Ottawa. We entrained Thursday afternoon about three o'clock. I had no opportunity of phoning you or talking to you at all; everything was hurry and rush right to the last moment, so, next best, I asked Wat. Rose to talk to you. I am so pleased to know that he did his part as, of course, I knew he would—a fine chap, whose home is in Havelock. He would appreciate your writing him. Back to our entraining. Just as we were to pull out we pulled a draw-bar, which delayed us some five hours, though we could not leave the train, which pulled out about eight in the evening, rather a delay for a beginning, but we slept soundly that night, just on the bare upper berth, but the boards lost their hardness in our sleep, and our greatcoats kept out the night air. Morning broke beautiful, clear and frosty. We were somewhat eager of Montreal, and everyone hungry. We surely enjoyed the good breakfast that was provided for all. Besides ourselves, 114 in the signal company, we had on board a draft of Engineers and a draft of the Tunnelling company from Pembroke, all old miners from Cobalt, the Temiskaming, British Columbia and all parts of Canada, but we kept pretty well to ourselves and the journey seemed very short. We reached Riviere au Loup Friday afternoon and there we overtook two heavy troop trains, all the way from the Pacific Coast, mechanical transport, horse artillery and infantry. We were held there for some hours, the next morning finding us well on our way to Moncton and St. John, arriving in St. John about 4.30 p. m., and going aboard the Metagama at the same evening. We loaded our own baggage and settled into quarters, and sailed out of St. John harbor at 9.50 New Year's night, a cold, frosty night with a driving wind blowing in from the sea. Every one was on the deck, and remained there until the last lights had faded into the night, then below and to bed, after seeing that all the boys were comfortable in their bunks. The boys were quartered on "E" deck in cabins, four in some, five and six in others, really very fair quarters, considering that we were travelling on a troopship. Every one carried his own two blankets, so that all were comfortable. We, as sergeants, four of us, had first-class passage, two in each cabin, and we certainly made the best of our good fortune. The fellows ate in the third-class dining saloon and as the trip made progress the fare grew worse, till at last the boys almost refused to eat. I felt very sorry for them, but could do nothing but talk it over, while we sergeants ate, as you have by now no doubt noted by our menu card, in the first-class saloon. We were treated almost as if we were officers. There

were some 1,200 troops aboard, the O. C. taking second command to the snips captain, and all duties, such as guards and pickets, being done by the troops. This is Tuesday evening, February 1, 1.30 o'clock, I must add a line to this long-drawn-out letter. I must leave my trip narrative for a moment to tell you of local happenings at Hayes Park. Last evening at 7.45 the trumpet sounded "Lights Out." Then the few lanterns that show their gleams at rare intervals not on the roads or paths, for all are dark at all times, but in the nuts and canteen, were immediately extinguished: the few candles were snuffed and everyone eagerly scanned the murky walls for a sign of the visitors, whose coming was proclaimed by that tramping pet call. We saw no Zeppels, nothing but the great searchlights in surrounding towns, searching the heavens. This morning we heard that they passed to our northward, doing some damage. The papers here give only the merest government particulars, but we have no fear here: Hayes Park is the last place in the country that will be found.

Now back to my ship story. You will overlook the composition and the writing when you know that I am sitting on a pile, with a board on my knee and a candle in a stand made with its own wax, but every one is absolutely content and happy, singing, talking and writing. You must not imagine though I told you of the somewhat poor meals that were served the boys that the trip was all of a par. Every one had money, and the canteen was always ready to satisfy as long as the cash was ready, and then the greatest room was allowed. Few games were held. It was almost as if we were on a tourist trip. The last night of land, the extremity of Nova Scotia peninsula. We were still in the Bay of Fundy, the water as calm as Irish Lake, all feeling the sea, so far enjoying the novelty of the ocean voyage. This morning, I being on very good terms with the bath steward, enjoyed the luxury of a real salt water bath. The water is pumped into the bath room right from the open sea, and I can assure you there is some luxury in one of these big baths. I made the most of it and had one every morning when on board. The steward called me regularly at 6 a. m. and it was just a few steps to the bath room where all was in order. Church parade at 10.30 a. m., and every one in attendance. One of our boys played the piano—"Onward Christian Soldiers," Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow"—and after a short English church service by the chaplain we were dismissed for the remainder of the day.

Looking at my letter I find that I last wrote in it February 1. almost a month since, and still it is unfinished, a shame, I know, but almost unavoidable. This is Sunday evening, February 27. I have an hour or so to myself and I am going to take myself to Priceville and talk with you all, and won't I enjoy the chat? First I must acknowledge all the fine letters I have had—some addressed to the Army post office, London, some to Denham, and later to Hayes Park. They all come so very welcome. I always long to hear from home, even when in Canada, and now, well, nothing that anyone could offer would be as much appreciated. Bobs, your good resolution, to write once a week, is good news to me. I love to read your interesting letters. You just keep everything in shape around home and see that pater and mother do not work too hard. Keep well yourself, and you will be doing the biggest job of all.

You must not worry about our accommodation over here. We are learning to like this camp and I really think that we will be sorry the day we will move away. The mud is the great drawback, and in England especially, where there are so many men and so many horses, the mud must be. But we don't mind it. We keep two pairs of boots on the go, one pair to-day and the other to-morrow. We keep both well greased, so that our feet are seldom wet. Our food is the best, our quarters are most healthy and our work is very much to our liking. I ride every day from morning till late afternoon, always with my cable wagon, directing the work—trotting and galloping all the time. Our fatigue work is all on stables—right in my line. So you must not think that we are badly treated. The Royal Engineers is the senior corps of the British Army. This is their depot and you can depend upon it they will have the best going. So now take me at my word.

We have had snowfalls the past few days, something unusual here, but we look for fair weather soon. I must not forget that I started to tell of my trip. I left off on Sunday, our second day on the water. All day we spent on the deck, drinking in the sea air and taking the most out of the trip, just down to meals and right out again to the forward end, up on top deck. We were early to bed, the motion of the boat soon cradled me to sleep, and I knew nothing till the steward called me on Monday morning for my bath. We paraded on deck for an hour's drill, merely to keep in shape, then, free for the remainder of the day. A snow storm came out of the east about noon, and a regular blizzard was blowing by early evening and the water was lashed into quite a little fury. We were all right up forward—first a dip away down, it would seem, that she could hardly right herself, but the next minute riding away up on the crest of an enormous wave. Looking down just before the next dip one could see a great valley with mountains on all sides, but the good old Metagama hesi-

tated not a little, ploughed right along, the storm the least of her worries. Not so many of our boys: that continuous roll, dip and lunge motion had not worked in unison with many a stomach, the result being that when I went astern about 9.30 p. m. I found the rail crowded with life, but not very lively. So many were experiencing that sickness common to seafarers, and weren't they sick? I did what I could, but very little, and retired about 10.30, feeling just the best, and priding myself that I, at least, could benefit from the trip without the trouble of being sick, but "pride goeth before a fall," and that same rolling motion had another victim before morning. I did not know it until I got out of bed, when I felt that the least dizzy glowey I had my bath, but instead of going to breakfast, I crawled back into bed, and there I resolved to remain until I was hungry for my meals again. That evening I felt for something and the steward was good enough to bring me a glass of lemonade without sugar and I enjoyed it. Next morning, I was not just right, so stayed in my bed, but by noon I wanted something to eat, so roused myself, had my dinner, and right there ended my sea sickness. The sea was still very rough according to my idea, but didn't I enjoy it? It is far ahead of a calm, uneventful surface. I had hoped for a rough sea and I was having it. Most of the fellows were feeling better again and the evening found almost all of our crowd right out again on the forward deck. The next day, Thursday, January 6, broke beautiful and clear, and after a bit of physical drill we were free to enjoy the sunshine and the breeze. The boat's log showed 1,322 miles to our credit, pretty fair going. We passed on our port side a big tramp steamer about 6.30 p. m. Her lights showed quite plainly though I would imagine she was some four or five miles distant. We were, no doubt, in communication with her by wireless, though we, as passengers, knew nothing as to her name or nationality. Some of our chaps helped in a concert down in the third-class saloon in the evening, and then three of us went out forward, sitting in the glorious moonlight chatting of things past and present and surmising as to the future.

Now I am going to leave off for to-night. I will forward this letter and will pick up my narrative again. I leave off Thursday night, January 6. I was warned to go on guard over our cargo of ammunition, valued at six million dollars, with nine men, for Friday, January 7, rather a monotonous job, but somewhat interesting. In my next I will tell you of our day's guard, and continue right through the Denham camp, of our meeting the cruiser convoy through the danger zone, and all the rest.

DARKIES' CORNERS. Sorry to hear of the accident that befell Mr. Wm. Weir on Thursday. While working with logs, one fell on his leg, breaking it above the ankle. We hope it won't be long till Mr. Weir will be able to be around again. Mr. and Mrs. Robt. McFadden entertained a number of their friends at a party on Friday evening last. Mr. and Mrs. Will Williams, Edge Hill, visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. Hargrave. Mr. and Mrs. Art Hunt, Allan Park, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Lindsay. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Atkinson are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. Falkingham, Orchard. We extend sympathy to the Watson family in the death of Mr. Wm. Watson, Sr. One by one the old pioneers are passing away. Mr. John McGirr has engaged Mr. John Caswell for the summer.

RESOURCEFUL. A negro preacher was edified on one occasion by the recital of a dream had by a member of his church. "All dis time," said the narrator, "I was a-dreamin' dat I was in Old Satan's dominions. I tell you, pahson, dat sho' was a bad dream!" "Was any white men there?" asked the dusky divine. "Sho'—plenty of 'em," the other hastened to assure his minister. "What was they doin'?" "Every one of 'em," was the answer, "was a-holdin' a cullud pussion between him an' de fire!"

COMPLIMENTARY. He—But I asked you, dearest, to keep our engagement a secret for the present. She—I couldn't help it. That hateful Miss Oldan said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had proposed to me, so I up and told her you had. CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Cure is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, Ohio. All druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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BILLY SUNDAY'S... Text—His name shall be Wonderful.—Isaiah 9:16. In olden times, all men or stood for something, and still the case among Indian other people who are living tire way. There are 256 the Lord, Jesus Christ, and this is because He was infinitely more than any one name could be. Of the many names given it is my purpose at this time consider this one. "His name be called Wonderful." Let us be a little more than we are, into it somewhat and see what was true to His name, was Him by the prophets, given Him by the prophets, before He was born. Do you fit Him? It is such a name ought to have. A man once asked: "What secret of your success, Mr. I said: 'I've got something I say it.' And that isn't never say 'disintegrated, you're not a 'prevaricator.' I like to see a fellow go all an understand him. He is a skunk, a jackass he is. Find the place in this comes nearest to being it, and you will find it those who are haters of Jesus and the place in this is most like heaven, and you filled with those who with Jesus Christ. You go into saloon gambler and the people who the places nearest like hell. If I was running a glue hell and the devil would all carcasses, I'd tell him I you because I don't have and disintegrated enough. It is wonderful in that He would die and when He was wonderful that He should be betrayed into the hands who sought His life by of own trusted disciples, and that He should have sold a price? Wonderful, too, should have been condemned in the way He was, by religious and civil authorities, the testimony of false witnesses, the name of God, when a of God were defiled in it was wonderful that He was and tortured so cruelly by sent to the cross and that have been put to death wonderful on the day of the thus Himself, becoming the over to which the prison so long pointed. The great publicity of was also wonderful. If any other death was by so many people, thousands of people would have had come from a to attend the passage. The darkened, and the sun hid from the awful scene. A quake shook the city, the out of their graves and wailed, appearing unto many of the people was ready to bottom. And remember to that time no eye had been look behind that veil of the high priest, and then a year, on the great day of He had foretold it to Him and had done so in front saying whenever He spoke death, that He would rise the third day, and yet even them appeared to forget all and not one of them thought to the sepulchre on the the third day, except the they only to prepare His fully for the grace. Women always been on the fringe. An angel rolled away the the mouth of the sepulchre at the opening of the bud and the women who were found no disorder in the the linen clothes with which tenderly robed His body, folded and tidily placed. how wonderful were. know that the story of the again so different from would have had them. He to every one of His friends His best friends, but not of His enemies got to see know that the story of the tion is true, because none would have had things happen order they did and in the way they occurred. Had the false Jesus would have been go to Pilate and the high death, to prove that He was He is a wonderful Savior, because He can save so quickly, you think He can give it is only look and live. you can come He receive quickly as you could receive you have been wanting for can have salvation. "Him to Me I will in no wise. To as many as receive them He gave powers to sons of God. No need for much time for that. And now I come to the last I will give you that He is name, and that is: He is a wonderful Savior He saved me. There is nothing that convincing to a man as experience. I do not know the son of my mother any truly than I know that of God, and I do not know been born in a natural way convincingly than I know been born of the Spirit. And now let me ask you this wonderful Savior save Do you know Him as you have you ever given Him? When the proof is so over that He does save, and has ever been saved, or ever saved except through Him, wonderful that any one different to the claims of Je-