

LETTERS FROM THE SOLDIERS

A Word from Langemarck
The following are excerpts from a letter to Mrs. W. D. Mills from her son, Milton, who took part in the battle at Langemarck.

Dear Mother:
Just a few lines to let you know that I am still well.

Another fellow and I were lying in a small dug-out when a shell exploded near us and nearly buried us.

We have lost quite a number of horses and several of our men were wounded, but I can't tell how many yet.

The first night of the attack we had to leave our billet in a big hurry, believe me, or the Germans would have been right upon us.

I was talking to some German prisoners the other day. Two of them were mere school boys.

The Canadians are being highly praised in England.

Don't worry about me, as I am in the best of health, and the weather is perfect.

Your loving son, Milton.

Lieut Wolfe Still in Egypt

The following letter has been received from Cecil Wolfe, and is dated at Warden Camp, Egypt, April 24. He says:

"I have received no mail from home since before I left England and I suppose I shouldn't grumble; it would be nice if I could get some. It takes such a time for a letter to come from Canada to Egypt, and possibly then get lost on the way.

The first one I dressed was a little girl about ten years old with a shrapnel wound in the thigh. While dressing her, a big shell struck a few yards from the building and the glass came crashing down all about us.

Very soon the French soldiers came trooping in, some wounded some suffering from gas poisoning. They told us there was a general retreat and the Germans were right behind them.

ferred to above are as follows: Buckingham Palace.

Message from the King to the 29th Division, March 12, 1915. I was much struck with the steadiness under arms and marching powers of the splendid body of men composing the 29th Division.

The combination of so many experienced officers and seasoned soldiers, whom I particularly noticed will, I feel confident, prove of inestimable value on the Field of Battle.

That the 29th Division, wherever employed, will uphold the high reputation already won by my Army in France and Belgium, I have no doubt.

Rest assured that your movements and welfare will ever be in my thoughts.

Dressing Wounds Amid Flying Shells

The following letter from Dr. J. J. Fraser, who left Walkerton with the first Canadian contingent appeared in last week's issue of the Walkerton Telescope.

It was written to Mr. Arthur Collins, barrister, who has permitted its publication. It is so full of information regarding medical work at the front that we take the liberty of reproducing it.

It will show our readers the dangers the doctors are subjected to, and enable them to realize more fully than ever the horrors of war.

Belgium, 20-5-15

Dear Attie— You will have read before this about the great battle raging about Ypres for the past five days in which the Canadians so nobly distinguished themselves.

We had been there in reserve for about a week, and shells had been coming a few each day, but not doing much damage.

On the afternoon of the 21st they began to come in pretty fast and the greater part of our unit had been ordered to move out and open up a hospital on a farm four or five miles from town.

Two of us, Major Hardy and myself, were left with a small detachment of our unit and some equipments to run a dressing station, as there were some troops still left and civilians also being brought in wounded by our stretcher bearers.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, the Germans began shelling in earnest about five o'clock. We were in a part of the city forming a triangle just at the head of the canal.

It has since been called "suicide corner." In a few minutes they began to bring in wounded civilians and shells were dropping all about the hospital.

The first one I dressed was a little girl about ten years old with a shrapnel wound in the thigh. While dressing her, a big shell struck a few yards from the building and the glass came crashing down all about us.

That was the first time I felt it a funk, especially as the poor child was so terrified. However, I went on and finished the dressing and carried her down into the cellar, where we were putting the patients. As soon as she got down there she was quite satisfied.

The people here all get in the cellar as soon as the shelling begins.

Very soon the French soldiers came trooping in, some wounded some suffering from gas poisoning. They told us there was a general retreat and the Germans were right behind them.

Well, you can imagine our feelings. I had visions of being taken prisoner and having to eat my diary right there. But the wounded kept coming in and we stuck to it all night.

The two of us dressed about 200 that night and some of the shrapnel wounds were very extensive, broken limbs, some had five or six different wounds.

So you see we were kept busy, and had not much time to think of the shells bursting round and about us all the time.

You can hear a shriek before they explode and instinctively you duck. I got so I did not mind shrapnel so much, but one never gets over the dread of a high explosive or "Jack Johnson."

Where they light they leave a hole as big as a large house and simply demolish everything in sight.

They come every 15 minutes and waiting for them sort of gets on your nerves. Even a cellar is no protection from them.

moved out. Since then we have been shelled out of two hospitals. We are now having a rest bivouaced in the country where we can hear the shells whistling and bursting over us, but are out of danger.

We were working night and day for five days after re-joining our unit, and for 72 hours had no sleep at all.

The second night I took the stretcher bearers out to the trenches to collect the wounded. How we escaped is due only to Providence.

We searched in dug-outs and old cellars for wounded. The spirit of the Canadians was magnificent throughout.

In one trench there were ten wounded and they were all smoking and singing when found.

I dressed a French commandant with a slight wound in the leg, who gave me his ribbon of the French Legion of Honor as a souvenir.

He had been decorated by Gen. Joffre two months ago. I also dressed a Sokh, who made me a prince.

My name that he wrote on a "not dead yet" card, stretches across two lines and is read from right to left.

A corporal in my bearers can speak their language fluently and interpreted it for me.

The nearest I came to a casualty was, when walking through the hospital yard, a shrapnel burst just overhead, and as I ducked flat on the ground, split the knee of my breeches.

That was quite close enough. I picked up a piece that was red hot, a vicious looking piece.

During this time what is described as the greatest artillery duel in history was going on. It sounded like the roll of thunder multiplied by a thousand.

In between, the rattle of rifles and machine guns made an infernal noise.

It is amazing how the boys adapt themselves to circumstances. Every one of them worked like trojans.

Many who would have turned sick at the sight of blood, donned the white aprons and rolled their sleeves.

In one 24 hours, we dressed over 800 wounded, you may realize what it meant. Many had not had clothes off for five days, yet when we all went back a couple of miles to a village where we are now camped on a farm, they got out their footballs and baseballs, had their games and then a swim in a pond.

We took an ambulance and rode 20 miles to have a bath.

You see, after scrubbing our way through France and part Belgium, we have become imbued with habits of cleanliness.

The meticulous smartness of the Canadian Tommy was an amazing discovery to the French.

The "soldat Canadienne" is loved, admired and respected in France because he is a good fellow.

After the roll-call, we found that there had been 20 casualties in our little corps.

A service was held in the evening by Canon Scott in a little orchard somewhere in Belgium. It was the most impressive I have ever seen.

Human Levers.

All man made machinery runs with wheels. Yet there is not a single wheel in the human body.

And the human body is the most perfect piece of mechanism in the world. It seems strange that man has developed mechanics along all lines but those with which his own body works.

Practically every motion we make is performed by the direct operation of levers, and living creatures are the only machines so built.

Almost all these human levers are of one kind, that commonly called the third. There are three kinds of levers: (1) that in which the fulcrum is between the power and the weight, or resistance, as in a pair of scissors;

(2) that in which the weight or resistance is between the fulcrum and the power, as in an oar; (3) that in which the power is between the fulcrum and the weight, as in a pair of grass clippers.

It is true that each of these forms of levers is used in mechanics, but no great machine has ever been built on the purely lever principle.

—New York World.

Japan's Hokey Pokey Men.

Japanese children are amused by the rice jelly mold, or amezakuya, as American children are by the hokey pokey ice cream itinerant.

Beating a drum, he goes up and down city streets with a small box on his bamboo pole or on a small cart, paper flags of various colors decorating his outfit.

One is a kind of jelly made from rice, of which all Japanese children are extremely fond. The same seller stops when the children gather round him, and he amuses them by molding all kinds of shapes, from a fish to a bird, which he sticks on a piece of bamboo and sells to his audience for a mere nothing.

He can blow up the same like a glass blower, making a globe "or a large sized" animal or fish, as he wills, and each child chooses the object he most fancies.

Each object created is painted with a vegetable coloring in lifelike colors, and with each purchase he gives away a paper flag. He is a picturesque feature at all temple festivals.

—Bulletin of Japan Society.

Bagdad's Mysterious Scourge.

An uncanny, pernicious pest called the "date boil" scars the face of every human born in Bagdad.

Children invariably have this dreadful sore on their faces. Throughout the middle east this mysterious scourge is known by various names—"Buton d'Alep," "Nile sore," "Dellu button," etc.

Its cause and its cure are unknown. First a faint red spot appears, growing larger and running a course often eighteen months long.

White men from foreign lands have lived years in Arabia, only to have this boil appear upon their return to civilization, where its presence is embarrassing and hard to explain.

Maybe it was "date boils" that Job had! Once a British consul at Aleppo lost almost his whole nose from one of these boils.

Nearly every Bagdad native you meet has this "date mark" on his face.

—National Geographic Magazine.

Chinese Language.

Where the Chinese language, written or spoken, came from nobody knows any more than they know where the original Chinese themselves came from.

But it is probable that the primary Chinese characters existed 5,000 years ago pretty much as they do today.

A Gentle Reminder.

He—Have you decided what you will wear at the next german? She—That depends somewhat on the flowers that are sent me. I have a perfectly dear gown that, with a dozen jack roses, would be just too sweet for anything.

—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Letter from the Battlefield

The army has suffered an awful rout in the terrible battle of (name left out). But the enemy's hordes have been defeated. On the banks of the River (name deleted). The Austrians, under General Gank, Attacked the (Russians at (name left blank)).

On the road near (cut) they fled in fear, But they turned and fought at (blue pencilled here). In Asia, I hear, three thousand Japs Have taken—(consult the maps). Our men have had but little rest.

Since the fighting began at (name suppressed): But a funny thing happened—we had to laugh—When (word gone) we (missing paragraph). We laughed and laughed, it was lots of fun. In spite of the awful (sentence gone). If the censor destroys this letter, well, I wish the censor would go to (the rest of the page was torn off by the censor).

—Seattle Sun.

Important to Householders

Having purchased the stock of W. J. McFadden and moved my stock in with his, the store is now filled with Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines and Musical Instruments of all kinds in the highest and best grades.

We are crowded for room and the stock must be moved out, and moved quickly. This is important news to all Householders in need of any of the goods we handle. The prices are right.

H. J. Snell
McFaddens' Old Stand - Durham

Ladies and Gentlemen

If you've not already ordered your Spring Suit and Coat now is the time to do it, while our stock is complete. Fit and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Everything New and Up-to-date in Men's Wear always on hand. Large shipment of Spring Hats and Caps just arrived, which you ought to see before buying elsewhere.

G. C. Rife
Ladies' and Gent's Tailor
DURHAM - ONTARIO

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA.

Particular attention is directed to the remarkably low round-trip fares in connection with Home-seekers' Excursions to Western Canada via Canadian Pacific Railway. Tickets are on sale each Tuesday until October 26, inclusive, and are good to return within two months from date of sale.

The C. P. R. offers the finest possible equipment and fastest train service via one of the most scenic routes in the world.

It is the only line operating through standard and tourist sleeping cars, also dining cars to Winnipeg and Vancouver. All equipment is owned and operated by the C. P. R., affording the highest form of efficiency.

If such a trip is under consideration apply to any C. P. R. Agent for full particulars or write M. G. Murphy, D. P. A. Toronto.

Benj. Cheesman, formerly a chief constable at Stayner, was found guilty of wilful misconduct in office and sentenced by Judge Vance to pay \$145.

Joseph Smith, a nationalized German, of Kingston, has received a letter from his son, Pte. Frank Smith, 2nd Battalion, saying he was slightly wounded at Langemarck. Another son goes with the third contingent.

The Habit of Reading Advertisements

NEWSPAPERS would be much less enjoyable, instructive and valuable than they are if they contained no advertisements. Many persons read the advertisements quite as thoroughly as they read the news matter. This is just as it should be.

The more advertising, the more buying. The more buying, the greater the consumption of the goods or service advertised. More business would be done by the merchants of Durham if they advertised more, and if more of them advertised. Much business goes to the big city mail-order houses because they advertise. These houses would cease to draw business from this community if they ceased to advertise.

To the Merchants of Durham

Advertise more, and more of you advertise, and the big city mail-order houses will get less and less business from this community, and you will get more.

Advertisement-Reading is Worth While