

AN IMPORTANT RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENT.

An important railway announcement was made last week. The Dominion is to have a new service between eastern and western Canada.

Fast passenger service was inaugurated on July 13 between Toronto and Winnipeg over the Canadian Government Railway (The Transcontinental), the Grand Trunk System and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway.

These three railways are combining to make this new service of a superior class in every respect. "The National" is the appropriate name which has been chosen for the principal train on both its east and west bound journeys.

This train will leave Toronto each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and Winnipeg on each Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday its equipment consisting of colonist sleeping cars, electric lighted first-class coaches, tourist and standard sleeping cars and dining car, which will be operated through without change.

The mileage by this new route between Toronto and Winnipeg is 1257 miles and "The National" will make a fast run, covering the distance in 42 hours. West-bound passengers leave Toronto at 10.45 p.m., and travelling over the Grand Trunk lines are at North Bay at 7 o'clock in the morning. A splendid daylight run is then made over the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway through the scenic beauties of Timagami and the interesting Cobalt district.

Cochran is reached at 4.25 p.m. and The National then begins its journey over the main line of Canada's Transcontinental, with its solid roadbed, little curvature and no noticeable gradients, all contributing to the greatest degree of comfort by day or night. It traverses a country of wonderful possibilities in which tens of thousands of settlers will carve out their homes in the future.

THE IDEAL VACATION ROUTE.

The Canadian Pacific conveniently reaches Point Au Baril, French and Pickering Rivers, Severn River, Muskoka Lakes, Kawartha Lakes, Rideau Lakes, Lak, Ontario resorts, etc. If you contemplate a trip of any nature consult Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto. 715 3

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Try Black He Has It

PEG O' MY HEART

Continued from page 6.

sands from all the other countries they were driven to in the days of famine an' oppression an' coercion an' buckshot—back they will go to their mother country. An' can ye see far enough into the future to realize what they will do? Ye can't? Well, I'll tell ye that too. The exiled Irish, who have lived their lives abroad—tak'h their wives, like as not, from the people o' the country they lived in an' not from their own stock—when they go back to Ireland with different outlooks, with different manners an' with different tastes, so long as they've kept the hearts o' them throu' an' loyal—just so long as they've done that—an' kept the faith o' their forefathers, they'll form a new nation an' a nation with all the best o' the old—the great big faith an' hope o' the old—added to the prosperity an' education an' business-like principles an' statesmanship o' the new."

"Sure it's the big position they should give you on College green when they get their own government again, Frank O'Connell," the little doctor said, shaking his head knowingly.

"An' where is the little blue eyed maiden, Peg o' your heart? Where is she at all?"

"It's in London she is."

"Is it English ye're goin' to bring her up?" cried the doctor in horror and disgust.

"No, it's not, Doctor McGinnis, an' ye ought to know me better than to sit there an' ask me such a question."

When they parted for the night, with many promises to meet again ere long, O'Connell sat down and wrote Peg a long letter, leaving the choice in her hands, but telling her how much he would like to have her back with him. He wrote the letter again and again and each time destroyed it, it seemed so clumsy.

The morning after the incident following Peg's disobedience in going to the dance and her subsequent rebellion and declaration of independence found all the inmates of Regal Villa in a most unsettled condition.

Mrs. Chibchester and Alaric opened a discussion as to the latter's business career.

"Oh, Alaric! There is a way—one way that would save us," said the mother after Alaric suggested going to Canada. And she trembled as she paused, as if afraid to tell him what the alternative was.

"Is there, mater? What is it?"

"It rests with you, dear."

"Does it? Very good. I'll do it to save you and Ethel and the roof; course I will. Let me hear it."

"Alaric," she asked in a tone that suggested their fate hung on his answer, "Alaric, do you like her?"

"Like whom?"

"Margaret! Do you?"

"Here and there. She amuses me like anything at times. She drew a map of Europe once that I think was the most fearful and wonderful thing I have ever seen. She said it was the way her father would like to see Europe. She had England, Scotland and Wales in Germany, and the rest of the map was Ireland. Made me laugh like anything."

"Oh, if you only could!" she sobbed.

"Could? What?"

"Take that little wayward child into your life and mold her."

"Here, one moment, mater; let me get the full force of your idea. You want me to mold Margaret?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ha!" he laughed uneasily, then said decidedly: "No, mater, no. I can do most things, but as a molder—oh, no! Let Ethel do it—if she'll stay, that is."

"Alaric, my dear, I mean to take her really into your life—to have and to hold." And she looked pleadingly at him through her tear dimmed eyes.

"But I don't want to hold her, mater!" reasoned her son.

Continued next week.

Letters From Trenches

The following letter from Jim. Farquharson to his brother Charlie will be of interest to many readers. Much anxiety was felt a few weeks ago by the parents. Dr. and Mrs. Farquharson, but this tension was removed on learning he was in the hospital, but alive and improving. He has evidently recovered and is again back on the firing line, cheerful in spirit, and determined to do his "bit." The following is the letter, dated June 2:

"Have just been celebrating pay day by indulging in numerous fried eggs, pommes de terre frit, and so forth. We came out of the trenches Monday night, or rather Tuesday morning, and I hope shall not go back for a few days. When you are in trenches, you don't half mind the job, but you hate to go back. We came off fairly lucky this time with only 26 casualties in three days. The time previous we lost almost 250 men in two days. Most of our casualties are due to shell-fire, and if there is one thing for which I have a profound respect it is shrapnel. High explosives are bad enough, but although they make a lot of noise and throw up about half an acre of French land, if they don't hit you you are pretty safe. I nearly went up with one the other day. It landed about four feet away. You can imagine how hard I was hugging the ground, wait-

ing to go up in the splash. But Fritz certainly has some poor ammunition, as the shell failed to explode, and I am still eating army rations. We hear a lot of talk about the first contingent being taken back to Canada, but so far no one has thought seriously of it. It matters little, anyway, for by the time the second division is ready to relieve as the first will have melted away. Of the members of the 13th Battalion who left England, there are about 125 here now. Many of course can come back when their wounds are healed, but more have paid the full price of war. Where we have been fighting lately the Germans are being slowly driven back. On our way out we marched through a village which would make any man imagine he had the horrors. Fighting of the fiercest kind had evidently been in progress there a short time ago. Every house had been a fortress until it was battered down. The streets were barricaded and at different points the Germans had built thick brick walls half way across them. How the English drove them out. God knows. Certainly the artillery played an important part for every house is a ruin. By the time this reaches you you will probably have heard of the capture of La Basse, at least, I hope you will."

Under date of June 4th, W. R. Falkingham, writing to his mother, Mrs. W. L. Falkingham, of Orchard, says:

"I received your letter this evening dated May 19, and you bet it goes good to hear from home once in a while. I haven't gone very long any time so far without hearing from you, so I don't fare too bad. We are having dandy weather just now, very little rain, and the grain is beginning to shoot. The clover crop is just about ready to cut. Every night we take a sneak around with a sickle and do a little having stunt on our own hook. We are out of the trenches now for a few days and are acting as reserves. The weather is so fine now that they have taken the blankets from the battalion and all they have at night now are their great coats. Though the Allies are not gaining ground very fast they certainly are not losing any. The gases are no longer such a terror as they were at first. We all have been equipped with a respirator, a "do-funny" you play over your mouth and nose to keep out the gas. The Germans

made another gas attack last night and after the gas had cleared they charged the British trenches, thinking they had poisoned them good and proper, but they got a surprise when they ran against a line of lively men. So you heard that I had been hurt, did you? It was nothing. I was able to take my horses out of range and felt right afterwards, though the concussion made me deaf in one ear, for about a month afterwards. But, believe me, it was as close a call as I want to be up against for a while, but that's what we signed on for—to take these risks. There is one of the enemy's aeroplanes sailing over our lines just now and our guns are giving him a shrapnel welcome, but they are awful hard to hit, and he has turned back to his own lines. Even now there is one of our aeroplanes returning from a visit to the Allemans with the usual line shrapnel plunking after him. You can tell easily who is doing the shooting, as the German shell turns a dirty black, and ours are white. Well, I must soon cut this out or it'll soon be dark. I get papers quite often from grandparents in England, and they are always wanting to know if I want anything. They are as good to me as if I had lived with them all their lives. They say they hadn't heard from you for a long time, so you want to nip up a little and write them. I suppose you are as busy as a wet hen, feeding chickens and all the other live stock that come to life in the spring. How are all the people living around Orchard, and is Uncle Abe, as optimistic about the war as when I left? I suppose Fred, and Lo are growing like weeds, and I hear Lo is getting to be a regular farmer. Well, I think this is all for this time, as news is rather scarce. Nelson Campbell and the other fellows are all fine. We hear a lot about the second contingent not wanting to reinforce the first, as they class us as a lot of bums. We should worry. We can kill Germans without them. Well, Au Revoir for this time."

In a note to his father, Pte. Falkingham says:

"Just a line to let you know I'm still alive and kicking. I'm glad to hear you have got along with your work so well. So you are at that new field again? It seems a miracle where all the stones come from. I'm afraid the army has

spoiled me for picking stones. I have to be hooked up by seven o'clock every morning for ordnance. The depot is about five or six miles away and it is generally noon when I get back. After dinner we generally have to clean harness. A couple of days ago we were all down for a swim in the famous Ypres canal. It was a dandy. It's just getting dusk and there's a bag-pipe playing about half a mile away. It sounds great, while on our right the guns are rolling away like thunder. This certainly is a great life. I could live like this for long enough. I'd like to get into the Company now and have

a little chance to pot a few Germans. Where we are in the transport the rascals can land all kinds of shells into us and we haven't even the satisfaction of giving them any back. Our game is, when they happen to get the range of us and it gets too hot, to beat it back out of range. Well, I guess I'd better stop, or old man censor might put in a kick. The Germans are beginning to land shells into the town on our right. I can hear the shells whistle almost as soon as they leave the gun, as they are shooting across. Hoping you are all keeping fine, and be sure and don't work too hard, I'll close."

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