

BARREFIELD HEIGHTS; IN BIVOUAC AND IN BARRACKS

The 139th Battalion, under the command of Lieut-Col. J. E. de Hertel, swung into camp on Wednesday at noon headed by a section of four white bull dogs the official mascots of the battalion.

It was a pleasure to watch the way they swung along the road from the train to the camp. Each man carried his heavy marching equipment and it seemed that in almost every company at least one and usually two or three men were leading some dog mascot.

It has been said that recruiting will stop because of the battalions being gathered together and put under canvas at Barriefield camp.

The most desperate efforts are being made, however, to overcome this possible condition. The 146th Battalion is making every effort to keep up the stream of men into its ranks.

form of the local battalion should be taken up by even more men than are now doing it. Whether the fact that the battalion is out of the recruiting figures or not is not yet known.

The 136th Battalion has been to some extent working against adverse conditions since organizing but in spite of the fact that the battalion is at Barriefield, Port Hope is still expected to furnish some 200 more men.

The 156th Battalion of Brockville and district is now comfortably settled in a splendid corner of Barriefield camp near the old artillery grounds.

drilling. The battalion is using the field in front of the camp lines for this work. The field is flanked on the opposite side by a row of trees and a brook and the ground is high and dry.

Drains are being dug now and there is little dampness left. The men are making wood floors and the first nights in camp will be remembered as being those which "might have been," if a little work on drains, etc., had not been done.

Machine Gun sections require thirty-five of the very best men that can be chosen from the battalion and great care must be taken if this important branch is to be satisfactory.

Lieut. J. Bewis, chief physical director at Barriefield, is arranging for three hours instruction every day for the men who attended the bayonet fighting and physical drill course at Montreal.

Capt. Swaine and Capt. Kirkconnell are making arrangements for the musketry training that every man at Barriefield camp will undergo before going overseas.

very important branch will receive particular attention this year and the ranges will be busy at all times, according to present plans.

It is published for the information of all concerned that the Khaki Club at the corner of Ontario and Princess streets, is open for the use of all N.C.O.'s and men in uniform.

Pte. Schwartz, 156th Battalion band, has been promoted to the rank of sergeant drummer. Sergt. Claxton has been promoted to be company sergeant major of "C" Company.

Lieut. W. E. Loque and ten men are carrying on recruiting work for the 156th Battalion under Major Williams, chief recruiting officer.

Officers will not absent themselves from duty without first obtaining permission from the commanding officer and making necessary arrangements for substitutes.

All subsistence for men billeted in the various stations throughout the district is cancelled.

Lieut. F. Howell, C.O.T.C., has been appointed a supernumerary lieutenant in the 139th Battalion.

Congratulations are in order for Lieut-Col Smart and 134th Battalion for the record that they brought down from Port Hope. In spite of the fact that the battalion was mobilized in the only licensed town, Port Hope, in the county there was not one man found to be under the influence of liquor at any time.

Port Hope is only a place of 4,000 inhabitants and the battalion caused favorable comment by its splendid appearance.

The 139th Battalion is the proud possessor of a large eight passenger car which was recently presented to the battalion by Reeve Greer of Cobourg. The car was brought to the city through very bad roads on Wednesday and is now at the camp.

The Infantry School of Instruction is located on the old site at Barriefield camp and is carrying on the usual routine of work with splendid results without any interruption through moving the quarters under canvas.

The training at Barriefield camp will be carried on as before in such a way that the entire syllabus as laid down by headquarters will be gone through by every drilling man in each battalion. The training will, of course, be directed from the office of the General Staff Officer at Headquarters and each battalion commander will be held responsible that the work is well covered.

R. McCormick and D. J. Drummond have enlisted in the 146th Battalion.

Pte. A. Walker, 146th Battalion has been promoted to be a provisional sergeant.

C. Turner of the 146th Battalion transferred to "C" Battery, R.C.H.A., and is now in Petawawa. Sergt. G. Hewitt has been transferred to the staff of the 146th Battalion with the rank of transport sergeant.

There are nine bands at Barriefield and every one is quite capable of giving a splendid concert. Each has given special attention during organization and some excellent music is looked forward to by Barriefield camp residents.

When the Whig representative was in the lines of the 146th Battalion on Wednesday he saw a particularly fine looking body of men drilling under Lieut. Martin. Inquiries brought out the fact that these men were recruited from the counties of Lennox and Addington for the 146th and are members of "C" Company under Capt. Hannah and Capt. Crothers.

Owing to the rush of work on the organization of the quartermaster stores Lieut. J. H. Patton is temporarily assisting in the office. Lieut. Emery is carrying on the duties of machine gun officer and the squad has attained a high degree of efficiency.

Despite the fact there is much work to be done in the way of putting in drains and furnishing men for guard duties and the like the work of training the overseas soldiers is not being neglected. The local battalion has been particularly busy in supply men for outside work but all branches of training are receiving due consideration even under these inconvenient, but fortunately only temporary, conditions.

Sergeant Strachan has been granted a commission in the 146th Battalion. This appointment is one of the first to be made under the new system recently brought into use in the qualifying of infantry officers. Before becoming an officer in a battalion now one must enlist as a private and work up through the ranks until given permission to take the qualifying course.

The weather man is not going to be successful in dampening the spirits or the bodies of the soldiers at the camp. In every unit wood floors are being put in the tents. There are some 200 tents in each battalion and the cost of flooring them all reaches \$500. This expense comes from the battalion funds or is subscribed directly by the officers and men of the battalion.

"I'm a-thinking I shall go 'list, and go and help fight the Germans, Widow Kelly," said young Regan, who was a baneful suitor for the widow's hand. "Faith, then, it's a poor soger you'll make." "Oh, nothing. Only a man who keeps on calling on a widdy for years without pluck enough to spake his mind hasn't the makin' of a soger in him."

Sin Wei's Gift.

Richard Durwent looked gloomily around the disordered library, which had lost its accustomed air of quiet repose. He had been rummaging, as usual, and the empty bookshelves proclaimed that their contents had been transferred.

The big mahogany table in the middle of the room was littered with writing materials, for Durwent and his friend, Angus, had been busy making an inventory of the contents of the room and had been putting in the packing cases the few books and curios that Durwent could not bear to part with.

"You will keep the set of Kipling?" asked MacNair, pointing his fountain pen over the writing pad.

"Yes, but the other first editions must go, Angus. That cleans up all the books."

"Yes, and, man, you won't take it unless I buy it some of them for my own library?"

"Pick them out now, Angus. They'll boost the prices."

MacNair laughed. "No, no, I'll take my chance with the others, Richard. It shan't be said I profited by my friend's adversity."

"Hang it all, Angus, why did I try to speculate?" fretted Durwent. "I haven't got any head for money matters anyway."

"You listened to the voice of the serpent, meaning the wily Mr. Wales," smiled MacNair, pulling a battered pipe from his pocket. "He certainly trimmed you nicely, Richard, you mind. I'm so sure at him that I can't speak decently when we meet."

"I'll have to make another plunge into the unknown," went on MacNair. "Just when I'd made up my mind to sit quietly at home and enjoy my books."

"There's Laneboro's expedition into Cochin China," suggested MacNair. "I've joined it," said the other tersely.

"You'll be writing another book and making more money—barrels of it. Hoos, mon," he went on, his Scotch accent growing pronounced as he became excited, "maybe you were thinking of retiring too soon. Your workn't not half done in the world; Ah, I wish I could adventure forth instead of being tied down to a medical practice!"

"Come with me as physician to the expedition," urged Richard.

"I can't leave my poor people," objected MacNair, and then they both

laughed, for Dr. MacNair's charity patients represented a hobby.

He went over to the mantelpiece and groped among the litter of ivories and bronzes.

"Have you any tobacco, Richard? Where's your old jar?" "In the bottom of my trunk," confessed Durwent. "It's an old friend of mine, and I was afraid it might get mixed up with some of this salable stuff. I wasn't taking any chances with it. Have a cigarette?"

"No thanks. What's in this jar—not a pinch of 'baccy? Lifting the cover of a large bronze jar with an ivory handle, he looked into it. The cover handle was of ivory in the form of a raven. "Why, it's full!"

Durwent laughed. "I've never even tried a whiff of it. It was given to me under suspicious circumstances, and I've neglected it. What, that tobacco must be fifteen years old. I got it when I made that trip up the Yangtze-kiang, you remember?"

"I've read your book. I ought to remember," said MacNair dryly. He dipped his pipe into the jar and crammed the brown powder flakes into the bowl. "I'll try it any way while you spin me a yarn about it."

He scratched a match and puffed slowly. Blue spirals ascended from the bowl.

"That's not bad, Richard," declared the Scotchman, throwing himself into a chair.

"You better take it, then. You can use it for emergencies, when, like the present, you can't get anything better. Take jar and all."

"No, thank you. I can't bear creepy, crawling around," said Durwent, drawing on his pipe. "I'll take the 'baccy, but the jar you can keep. Tell me the story."

"It's not much of a story," returned Durwent, lighting a cigarette and sitting down on a corner of the table. "It was when I was in the upper reaches of the Yangtze, among the rocky gorges, where my boat slid and bobbed and floundered through the rapids. I had gone ashore to examine the remains of an ancient shrine, and I became separated from my servants."

"Suddenly through the underbrush there crept the pitiful apology of a man, a Chinese. He was gaunt and famished. His clothes were in tatters, and his straw shoes were worn out. He was a scarecrow, and as he came toward me on hands and knees he moaned."

"Of course I recognized the signs of starvation and thirst and a great fear. He was undoubtedly a fugitive from justice. He may have been a murderer or a bandit, but he was a human being. So I gave him a drink from my pocket bottle and dressed a gash in his head from the contents of my pocket medicine case, and later he told me his story, but that was not until under cover of the approaching darkness I had hurried him on board the boat."

"Squatting at my feet in the bow of the boat, he told me that he had been wrongfully accused of stealing diamonds. He had managed to escape, but his pursuers had relentlessly tracked him until after two days and a night of flight he had come upon me at the river's edge. His name was Sin Wei and he was from the province of Szechuan."

"I promised to take him into my service, and called upon my boy to bring fresh blue cotton garments and to give the stranger a mat to sleep upon and plenty of rice. It was in the middle of the night that I awoke and sat up in my bunk. The windows of my cabin were wide open, and the fresh breeze from the river was very grateful. At dawn we would resume our journey down the river. Now it was 2 o'clock, as I learned by glancing at my watch by the light of my electric torch. I had gone to bed very early, so felt sure I was in for a long wakeful period, some time in the night."

"I lay there awhile staring at the white square of the window where the moonlight shone. Suddenly across that square came a shadow. It passed and I tightened under my pillow and tightened across the but my automatic pistol. I watched the window curiously, for a man was climbing in, and I felt no fear because of the weapon in my hand. I leveled the pistol at the intruder, but I was silent. I suspected it was Sin Wei, the stranger I had rescued, who his errand was, was he trying to murder and rob me?"

"My question was soon answered. From a filthy bundle which he had strapped to his shoulders and which he had refused to be parted from he brought out this bronze jar, which he placed beneath my window. He stooped over it a long time, pouring something inside; the cover clinked and he was gone."

"Later I heard a splash in the river, and I suspected that my protegee had become star-stricken and was making his escape. When daylight invaded the room I made out the shape of this bronze jar, and I noticed a strip of red paper hanging from the cover. Curiosity would be denied no longer. So I got up and examined the paper. On it were scrawled some Chinese characters expressing the gratitude of Sin Wei for his deliverance, wishing me a long life, good luck and much felicity and saying that the river gods called him."

"I lifted the cover of the jar and found it full of tobacco of an inferior quality. I've never touched it, but I've kept the jar for sentimental reasons. Very nicely Sin Wei stole it from the mandarin. I dressed and went on deck, but my collies were gathered forward jabbering excitedly. It seems they had seen Sin Wei leap from the boat in an insane frenzy of fear, and the river had carried him swiftly on his broad yellow breast. That's all, except that there has been one disturbance after another in China, and I haven't been there for several years. South Africa has been my stamping ground of late years. Now, will you accept the jar and its contents?" smiled Durwent at his friend.

"I'll take the tobacco," said MacNair, going to the mantelpiece for the jar; "the receptacle you can sell or keep, as you like."

He took a piece of white paper and emptied the contents of the bronze jar. Several lumpy objects rolled out of the side of tobacco.

"What's this?" he asked curiously, picking up one of the lumps. "Something wrapped in tissue paper. Well, mon, look at that, will ye?"

"An emerald!" Durwent stared, with unbelieving eyes, as he took the brilliant green stone in his hand. "Do you suppose it's real?"

"Aye, mon; glass never looked like that!" went on Angus in excitement as he unwrapped lump after lump and laid them before his bewildered friend. "Rubies, diamonds and a pearl, another emerald and another, that's all! All! Enough to make you independently rich for life."

"What in thunder does it mean?" questioned Durwent, who had not your protegee, Sin Wei, must have looted the old mandarin for fair. And you, Richard are an accessory after the fact. Deciding to end his miserable life, Sin Wei unloaded his lot upon you, his benefactor, and surely it comes in opportunely, eh, mon?"

"But they don't belong to me!" objected Durwent, even while he knew that he could never find the owner after fifteen years of revolution and riot in China.

"You can satisfy your conscience by trying to find the mandarin, and in the meantime I don't believe he would care if you used one little emerald to save your precious effects. Eh, mon?"

"I'll do it," said Durwent cheerfully. He packed the tobacco back into the jar and locked the jewels away in his safe.

"Then I don't get the tobacco?" asked MacNair ruefully.

"Not this tobacco, but I'll buy you any quantity of your favorite brand, and if the owner of the stones does not come to light you may have the choice of the stones. Now I have a pleasant errand to perform, thanks to you and Sin Wei's gift!"

And arm in arm the two friends went out to notify the auction rooms that the sale of Mr. Durwent's belongings had been cancelled.

Peterboro Girl Was Fortunate Peterboro, May 31.—A former local girl, whose name before her marriage was Irene Perks, daughter of Mrs. Perks, Glenora street, with her husband Carl Baldwin, has been living in Southern California. Word has been received here that Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were to have left by the Southern Pacific Railway a week ago Saturday, for New York City, where Mr. Baldwin has been given a lucrative position. Some mistake was made in their tickets, and they left on Sunday instead of Saturday, for their destination.

The train they missed was dynamited by Mexican bandits and nearly every passenger on board was killed.

Pte. Tom Barrell's Death. Cobourg, May 30.—Pte. Tom Barrell, who enlisted here and went to the front with the first contingent, has died of the wounds which he received on April 28 last, being hit in the arm and shoulder by a piece of shell. He was in the battles of St. Julien, Ypres, and Festubert last year. Previous to enlisting he had resided for about four years in Canada. His wife and child are at Shoreham, Kent, England. He had a brother, Pte. George Barrell, at the front.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stanley, "Maplehurst," Metcalfe, Ont., announce the engagement of their only daughter, Lillian, to Constance May, of J. Edmund McRostie, Kempsville.

The marriage will take place in June. Norman Cummings, Ottawa, has been appointed a member of the Brockville fire department.

GERMANY IS IMPRESSED

WITH SUGGESTION OF "FREEDOM OF THE SEAS" This is the Only Part of Wilson's Peace Speech That Really Grips a Grip on Berlin

Berlin, June 1.—The tenor of President Wilson's speech on Saturday became known here yesterday, but aroused no more than mild, academic interest, although the President's peace ideas on the whole are not unpleasing to the Germans, and his championship of the freedom of the seas meets with particular approval.

The Vossische Zeitung says: "In the President's reference to the sovereignty of small nations our enemies will undoubtedly see a hint at Belgium. He might just as well have meant Greece. His train of thought, however, comes notably close to the actuality when he openly turns against those who scornfully daily violate his demand for the freedom of the seas. For the present this demand proceeds from the justified commercial egotism of America, but there will soon be a demand from all nations that suffer under Britain's greedy egotism."

The Berlin Gazette says: "Only one Wilson idea will be received without contradiction in the whole non-English world and that is the freedom of the seas. But this is no article for a peace treaty. It is rather a realization of a universal, valid, and vital right of all nations, great and small."

The small amount of comment aroused by President Wilson's speech thus far indicates the practical importance which is attached to it here. While there is still much peace talk, notably on the Berlin and Frankfurt Stock Exchanges, it is almost entirely of the nature of long-distance speculation regarding a possible basis of peace. Greater interest attaches to the Chancellor's visit to the South German states, and particularly his conferences with the King of Bavaria. A despatch from Munich regarding the Chancellor's visit and the probable subjects of his conversations with that monarch says: "Naturally foreign politics will finish the theme of a large part of the conferences. When war aims and peace possibilities are being discussed everywhere, it is quite obvious that it is to the interest of the empire as well as of the great Bund of states that complete clarity should exist between them on these subjects. The Chancellor has always been prepared to provide clarity in abundance, and heretofore he always found in the rulers sure support for his policies, and will, it is to be hoped, also find it in the future."

Mrs. Julia Trotter, wife of William Trotter, Cooper, Ont., died in Belleville on Monday. She had been in ill health for some time. She was born in 1838 in Madoc township, and was the daughter of the late William Blakley.

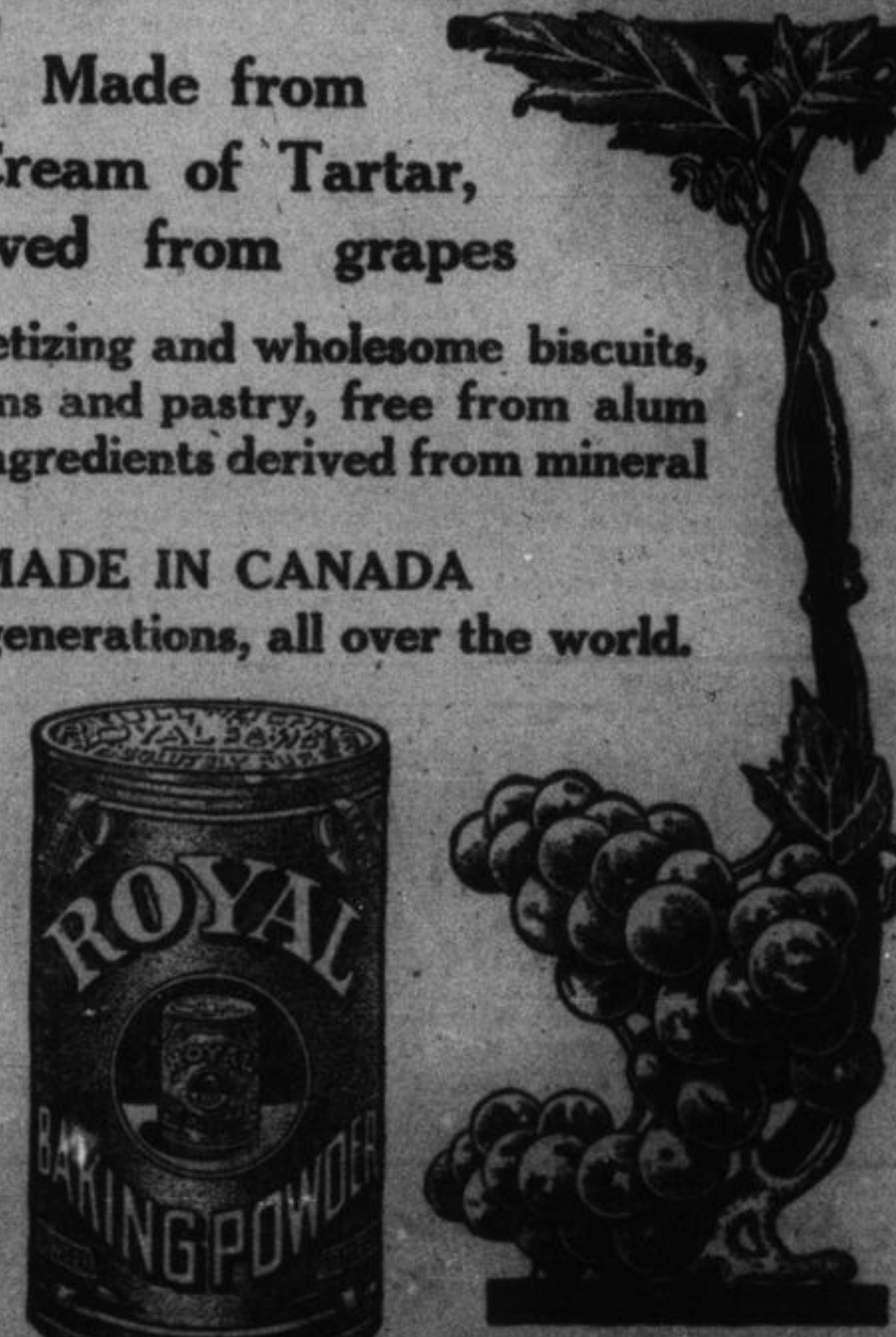
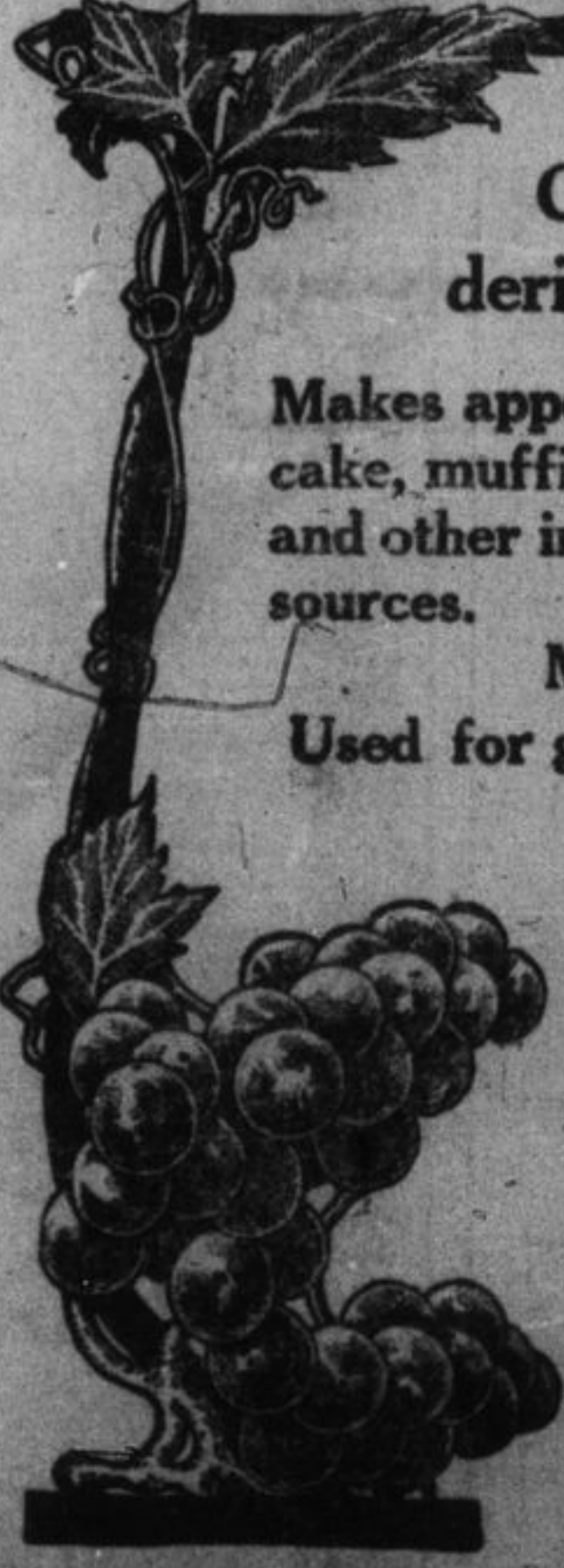
John B. Pinkerton, Elgin, has been appointed police magistrate of South Crosby, Bastard and read of Leeds and Lanarkshire.

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