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WOOL WHIPCORDS,

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Prices.

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ED SILK CORDUROY

as they wash well, and

in Corduroys.

pieces left of our last

STRIPED DRILLS, only

low that we can get any

we will be high.

AND SHOP NOW WITH

BLAIR.

of Modern

is SERVICE.

WM. WHITE, Manager.

othing Co., Ltd.

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nder,

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NO MATTER HOW THE

FIRE IS CAUSED

you're not insured, you're

loser. Take time to see

out your policies. We give

the best companies and

reasonable rates.

ERDIE JOHNSON

Insurance Agent.

In Glorious Memory of the Sacrifice of the "Mary Rose."

Less is going to be known of the
glorification of this greatest war than
of the meanness of the Siege of
Troy. There is no Homer to sing it.
There were, the Censor would shut
it out.

There was a much smaller sea-fight
last October-October 17, to be exact
-which even now dwells in the mem-
ory of most only as a vague and un-
pleasant reminder of the fact that the
blockade of the German fleet is neither
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IT'S NOT SUFFICIENT

to tell the purchasing public to-
day that an article is superior.
You must prove it! We can prove
that our remedy—Zam-Buk—is
superior to ordinary ointments.

Zam-Buk is all medicine—100%
against 5% medicine found in or-
dinary ointments. Obviously, Zam-
Buk has 85% more healing power.
The herbal extracts of which
Zam-Buk is composed are so
blended and refined that the balm
has unusual power of penetration.
Instead of remaining on the sur-
face skin, as ordinary ointments
do (owing to their coarse ingredi-
ents) Zam-Buk soaks through
until it reaches and destroys all
germs in the underlying tissues.

Zam-Buk medically purified the
disseased parts. Zam-Buk actually
grows new skin, which replaces
the worn-out tissue. Curing, as it
does from the "root" up, there is
no trace of disease left to break
out again—the cure is permanent.
Finally, and best proof of all, we
have letters from millions of people
all over the world telling us that
they have found Zam-Buk the most
reliable remedy on the market for
eczema, ringworm, scalp sores, al-
cers, abscesses, bad legs, blood-
poisoning, piles, rheumatism, cuts,
burns and scalds. 50c. box, 3 for
\$1.25. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co.,
Toronto.

Zam-Buk

three ships cannot do at the same
time. Modern guns, with universal
range, have multiplied the odds; but
no matter. The Mary Rose took them.

The Mary Rose engaged the enemy
as far away from the convoy as pos-
sible. She kept the fight going sea-
wards, while the convoy steamed
shorewards.

By all the laws of naval gunnery,
the Mary Rose, with her eggshell
sides, should have sunk in the first
five minutes from the shot of the first
German cruiser. Half an hour's fight-
ing found her still spitting flame and
bringing blood with every blow. Her
high speed helped her. She circled
round and round her opponents. She
was doomed, clothed in fire, without;
within, the flashes of her guns match-
ed by the outbursts of explosions of
her oil tanks and magazines.

Eventually, with engines crippled
and guns dismounted, she was ringed
in by her five foes. Now, if ever,
Commander Fox could have struck
his colors with honor. But his order
to the chief engineer was, "Open the
sea cocks!"

"Sink me the ship master gunner,
Sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God,
Not into the hands of Spain!"

So called old Sir Richard Gren-
ville, the Devon sea king, three hun-
dred years ago. And in similar spirit
young Charles Fox, aged 27, son of a
Devon lawyer, six months in his first
command, and thirty minutes in his
first engagement, gave orders to sink
the Mary Rose.

And HIS orders were carried out.
Into the hissing firehose poured the
bitter brine of the North Sea. The
scalded engine-room crew knew what
the order meant. They muzzled on
deck, stripped, sweaty and shivering,
but with a cheer. And the gunners
cheered as they reloaded. Their
quick-firers were still roaring when
the Mary Rose went down under their
feet—as the Strongbow had under
HER crew's.

Charles Fox, aged 27, six months in
his command, and thirty minutes in
his first action, was not one of the
ten survivors picked up. He was on
the Mary Rose's bridge as she took
the plunge.

And the white ensign of the British
Navy, with its red cross, was flutter-
ing at the stern, unstained save by
the blood of British seamen and the
bitter brine of the North Sea.

And the convoy, what of them? With
furnaces aglow and funnels red
hot they all steered shorewards at
the best speed they could make. They
had half an hour's grace—ten or
HER crew's.

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twelve miles start. But the Hun
horde was after them and among
them like ravens wolves among the
sheep when the shepherd is down.

Three got clear away—thanks to
the Mary Rose's sacrifice. But Nor-
way's cross of blue with its silver
rim and Sweden's cross of gold on
aure field were no protection once
the white ensign of the British Navy
had dropped beneath the waves.

One after the other, two big Swed-
ish ships were torpedoed and left to
sink by the murdering Huns.

Then a Norwegian was overhauled.
Her crew took to the boats. But the
Huns kept on firing. One shell blew
nine men to fragments as they were
pulling on the oars. In despair, the
other lifeboats pulled back to their
sinking ship. The crew clambered
aboard and scrambled up on to the
bridge, where the captain signalled
"For God's sake, don't bring!"

"For God's sake, don't bring!" In
reply, a shell struck the bridge and
blew it and its occupants into the sea.
Of all the crew of that steamer the
captain alone saved his life. He was
picked up in the water two hours la-
ter by the lifeboat of another steamer
that was sunk.

Then there was another steamer
overhauled, torpedoed and sinking.
Her engines were stopped, her flag
was down. She was plainly not long
for this world, but the merciless
shelling never ceased. Shells even
tore away the tackles of the lifeboats
as the crew tried to lower them.
There were women in this ship—two
at least. With the courage of despair
they rushed on deck with a large
white table cloth and waved it fran-
tically in a vain plea for mercy. The
answer of the Hun was a shell from
the city in the Kiel Canal was a
redoubled fusillade and women, table
cloth and ship disappeared in the sea.
—By C. H. Sneider, in Toronto Tele-
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