

Historic Forests of England

Being Leveled to Supply Timbers for the War
Men Wanted to Help With This Work

To the youth of the land who have been looking about for some form of service to his Empire without experiencing the hardships and hazards of trench life, to the hardened dwellers of the northland, of the woods, of the farms, of the mills, to the man who is crying out for some form of military service where he may give the fruits of his strength in the saving of his country, there has now come a great opportunity to perform the highest type of military service. The new Forestry Battalion, the 238th, which has just been authorized under Lieut.-Col. W. R. Smyth, M.P. for Algoma, with the right to recruit in the whole area from the eastern boundary of Ontario as far as the Pacific Coast, will, without doubt, touch responsive chords in the patriotism of thousands of Canadians, and possibly the most regrettable fact will be the one which will prevent all applicants from being taken on for this service. Judging from the rate at which applications are flooding into the recruiting depots all over the province and to the headquarters at Ottawa, it will be a case of hurry if a man is to catch a place on this non-combatant unit.

There appears to be a certain freedom and independence in this type of service which is appealing to a hardy class of citizen, and while the original intention of Col. Smyth was to take on only bushmen, sawyers, mill workers, and experienced lumbermen, the demand has now become so keen from young farmers, drivers, from soldiers from other battalions, and from different types of citizens, that it has been decided to make the qualifications broader in order that others may catch a place in the ranks.

While, owing to the special authorization of this battalion, its services do not include fighting, its popularity seems to be due rather to the fact that the men will get a taste of active lumbering, and that many of those who enlist will be able to continue their regular trade, with all the honor of wearing the khaki, and will accordingly not be called upon to learn some new business. Hundreds of lumbermen and teamsters who step directly from the woods or the farm into the 238th Battalion will find that they will be able to do the work required of them just as readily as though they had been soldiers all their lives.

The first duty of the 238th, upon reaching England, will be to join the 23th Forestry Battalion which is now engaged in cutting down the forests of Windsor to supply rough lumber for its hundred and one odd uses at the front. While there may be a little less glory attached to this type of national service, it is, without doubt, just as essential to the success of the Allies as is the line of men in the trenches. Perhaps you have wondered where the men in the front lines, who are under fire, get their supply of rough lumber to build the trenches and the dug-outs to which they must take refuge when the heavy fire of the enemy opens. They get it from the forests of Great Britain and Southern France, and it will be the particular work of the 238th Forestry Battalion to keep them supplied. Though the 238th Foresters are intended for immediate duty, in September or early October, in Windsor Forest, they may even be called upon to cross into Southern France to cut down the timber there, but wherever they go it is an assured fact that they will be doing one of the greatest services to the Empire which any equal number of men will ever be called upon to perform. Without them, there could be no safe trenches, there could be no dug-outs, the roadways of France and Belgium would fall into disrepair, there would be no timber props to permit the continuation of coal-mining; in short, the successful termination of the war would be greatly handicapped, perhaps delayed for many years. It is very true that the work of the Foresters, though carried out quietly and without ostentation, is essential to the

saving of the Empire, and it follows, as well, that the hardy men of the northland and from the farms who enlist with this unit will incur a debt of gratitude which those who remain behind will never be able to repay in the years to come.

When one considers the miles of trenches, the thousands of dug-outs which must be roofed, the bomb-proof shelters, the new railways which must be built, the props required in the mines if England is to continue supplying the Allies with coal, one can readily appreciate the enormous quantity of timber required at the front; and from this, one may see that it is well to throw out the suggestion that if any man is looking for active fighting, the 238th Forestry Battalion is not the unit to join. At one time it was intended to ship the rough lumber from Canada, but it was later on found impracticable, as it became necessary to save all the shipping space in the vessels sailing from Canada for the transportation of munitions and food supplies, and for this reason it was essential that some of the historic forests of Britain should be sacrificed.

Lieut.-Col. Smyth is now on a tour of the western provinces establishing his recruiting depots, but before he went west he left his officers in charge of stations through this province. Recruiting depots in Ontario have been located chiefly through the north country where the most of the lumbermen live, but a letter dropped to Lieut. H. S. Price at 35 Queen Street West, Toronto, or to the headquarters at Ottawa, will secure any information required. Depots in Ontario are located at Renfrew, Maniwaki, Buckingham, New Liskeard, Toronto, Ottawa, Parry Sound, Windsor, Fort Colborne, Tamworth, Sault Ste. Marie, Gore Bay, Port Arthur, Pembroke, Fenelon Falls, Fort Francis, and Cochrane, and the officers in charge of those stations are authorized to attest any applicants who wish to become members of this very useful unit.

KILT PLAID TOO COSTLY.

Trousers to Replace Skirts of the Dominion Scottish Regiments.

Too Cold for Wintery Night Work in Watery Trenches.

London, Ont., July 10.—No more kilted regiments in Canada! That is the gist of an order recently issued by headquarters at Ottawa. The order stated that the Government would not undertake to provide kilts at the country's expense for any regiment now authorized or proposed. It is likely that this will affect western Ontario's Highland battalion, the 241st, recently authorized, and the chances are that Col. McGregor and his men will be clad in the regulation khaki trousers.

The reason for the abandonment of Highland costume is two-fold. The uniforms cost too much, and they are not as serviceable as the regulation khaki. The material out of which the kilts are made has to be brought from Scotland, and this involves delay as well as additional expense. The plaid itself, always of purest wool, is costly, and the cost of manufacture must be added.

Doubt as to Efficiency. As to the efficiency of the kilt there is some doubt. There were a couple of Highland battalions with the first contingent, and these gave a good account of themselves. There was no complaint about the style of dress. It came from official sources, however, that the kilts were cold when the wearers had to stand all night in a watery trench, and that furthermore they impeded progress in charging. In spite of this there were a number of stories to show that certain charges made by kilted Canadians had not been without a certain amount of vigor, much to the chagrin of the enemy.

The 241st, in case kilts be permitted by the Government, would not lack assistance in purchasing the necessary equipment. It is estimated that a Highland battalion, over and above the usual cost of outfitting an overseas regiment, would require donations totalling \$50,000.

Gordon McGregor, brother of Lieut.-Colonel Walter McGregor, has already offered \$25,000 to assist in recruiting and equipping the battalion, and a number of others at Windsor and Walkerville have offered large sums. One who has already spent considerable time and money on recruiting and who is willing to do more is William T. Gregory, of Leamington, who spent thousands on the 99th Essex Battalion, and who is now taking some interest in the new kilts. Mr. Gregory is an American.

Re-equip 241st Regiment.

It requires only the word of the Militia Department that kilts will be permitted to call forth all the financial assistance that is needed to equip the 241st Battalion. There are several reasons why the Department will think twice before deciding against the kilts. It is evident, as the friends of the 241st point out, that a battalion cannot be raised in the ordinary way inside of several months. Recruiting is practically at a standstill in the district. Some artifice has to be resorted to in order to get men. The prospect of going to the distant Camp Borden has deterred a number of men from enlisting who might have joined had they been assured of being allowed to train nearer home.

It is felt, however, that a kilt battalion would be recruited in short order. There are various communities in the district where the Scots predominate, but where recruiting has not been as active as in other centres. These have already promised that if a Highland battalion is permitted they will not be found lacking at the recruiting office.

GERMAN SUBMARINE LOADED WITH DYESTUFFS ARRIVES AT BALTIMORE.

The much-talked-about German submarine Deutschland has arrived at Baltimore, carrying no passengers, but bringing 100 tons of dyestuffs. She is the largest submarine afloat. The largest German models are less than 300 feet long, but this boat is 315 feet, or exactly one-third the length of the largest merchant vessels afloat.

The Deutschland is admittedly as anxious about her return cargo as about the dyestuffs she brings. Germany needs gold, rubber, copper, and other commodities, which cannot be bought at any price in that country. It is said she submerged whenever she saw any vessel, on the chance that it might be a warship. The British Government was not among those who regarded the Transatlantic submersible as a joke, and the report is that the Deutschland was chased for 30 hours by British and French warships.

Because she was forced to make a detour of 800 miles, she has the record for submarine distance travel. The longest trip previously made by any submarine was 350 miles. It is said that the Deutschland travelled 4,180 miles, 1,800 of this being under water. She ran through the North Sea submerged practically all the time. She was forced to submerge again for a time when she got two-thirds of the way across, when she sighted a Dutch merchant vessel in her path. And, some 600 miles off the Virginia coast she was frightened out to sea again for a distance of some 200 miles by enemy warships. But on her return she was able to come to the surface 100 miles from land, and was not forced to submerge again.

FORMER AYLMEY BOY PRISONER OF WAR.

A couple of weeks ago we published the fact that Howard Stevens, of Medicine Hat, formerly of Aylmer, was among the list of missing. In writing to an Aylmer friend, Mr. Harry Stevens, his father, says: "I appreciate your kind words regarding our boy. Howard, like the other patriotic boys of our country, felt it his duty to answer the call of his country without Conscription being used. I am pleased to advise you that we had two post cards from Howard, dated the 5th and 8th of June, from the prison camps in Germany, merely stating that he was a prisoner of war, on each card."

The bishop was visiting the family and was being entertained by the five-year-old son. "Well, Bunnie," said the bishop, smilingly, "do you know that ten years ago I married your mother in this very town?" "Why, no," said Bunnie, in wide-eyed surprise. "I always thought that my father married my mother."

After Half A Century

By F. A. MITCHEL

Two old ladies were sitting in the ballroom of a chateau in France watching a multitude of dancers whirling by them. A figure appeared at the doorway, a gentleman in the costume of a Prussian dragon of half a century before (1800), who at once arrested the attention of one of the women mentioned.

"Shades of my ancestors!" she exclaimed. "Can that be Gaston de Veaux come back from the dead?" There was a singular movement in the limbs of the figure as it advanced into the room, the stiffness of old age mingled with the elasticity of youth, if such a mixture can be imagined. As he passed certain groups they turned to look at him. No one seemed to know him unless it was the old lady who had wondered if he were Gaston de Veaux. As he made his way among the dancers he endeavored to avoid them, but whether his eyesight was defective or his joints were stiff, or both, for his efforts resembled those of a boy whose muscles had been overstrained or whose joints had been stiffened by disease.

He seemed to be familiar with the chateau, for he made for a certain door, through which he passed into a room where there were refreshments—it had always been used for this purpose—poured out a tumblerful of brandy and drank it off. This seemed to liberate him, and he emerged again into the ballroom, walking more steadily.

At the opening of the nineteenth century France was in the throes of revolution. The De Veaux family occupied the chateau where now, at the time of the second empire, the ball was in progress. Gaston de Veaux during the former period, twenty years of age, an aristocrat, was obliged to leave France. He went to Prussia, where he entered the military service of the king. He was captured by the French under Napoleon I. and condemned to be shot for bearing arms against his countrymen.

It was generally supposed by his family that he had been executed. There was, however, a rumor that he had been given over to a commission of scientists for the purpose of experimentation in the suspension of human life, but if such was the case no report of the commission was ever found. At the restoration of the Bourbons a member of the De Veaux family went to Berlin to obtain De Veaux's body and bring it to France for interment in the family cemetery. It could not be found.

The lady who had made the exclamation at the ball, "Can that be Gaston de Veaux?" Mme. Garnier, had known him—indeed, had danced with him in that very ballroom when they were both in their teens. She was the only person present who had ever seen him.

And now this figure or this apparition of a man of twenty-one or twenty-two, who seemed to combine youthful and septuagenarian attributes, filled her with what she could only describe as a crawling sensation. The year 1799 had entered the room to stalk about in one of the 1850's. The stranger's antiquated uniform gave the impression that he had supposed he had been invited to a fancy dress ball and had come as a Prussian soldier of half a century before. In whatever part of the ballroom he appeared the guests turned to look at him, and the face of every person doing so filled with wonder mingled with horror. A few, on first catching sight of him, were disposed to laugh, but their features soon turned to the same shocked expression as the others.

As the apparition—it seemed more an apparition than a man—passed Mme. Garnier she saw in his strange eyes the look of one who had returned to his home after fifty years' absence to find all changed.

"Gaston de Veaux?" she called. The figure stopped and looked at the speaker.

"Is there one person here who knows me?" he asked in a voice as singular as his appearance, the voice of one suffering from hoarseness.

"Are you Gaston de Veaux?" asked the lady.

"I am. And whom may I have the honor to address?"

"Alas, half a century has passed over me also," was the melancholy reply. "Do you remember Louise Garnier?"

"Louise Garnier," repeated the stranger more to himself than to her. "No, no; not Louise Garnier, but her grandmother perhaps."

He passed on with that same mechanical walk, muttering to himself. After having made the circuit of the room, reaching the door at which he had entered, he turned and looked at the assembly. Every one of the assembly was looking at him. With a moan he turned again and disappeared, descending a massive staircase.

Why no one followed him was not explained. That age was more superstitious than this, and it may be that some took him for a ghost and naturally drew back. But later their failure to discover what had become of him was regretted, for from the time he disappeared, going down the staircase, no one reported having seen or at least especially noticed him except a coachman, who claimed that while driving in at the chateau gate he met a strange looking man in a queer uniform passing out. A good while after the singular appearance what was described as a leathery skeleton was found in a wood near the chateau. It was clad in clothes so rotted as to be scarcely distinguishable.

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