


Do not Dry Up



Bread made from Purity Flour keeps its flavor and freshness a long time.

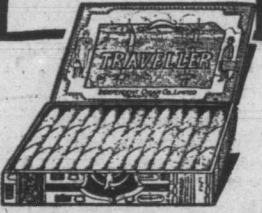
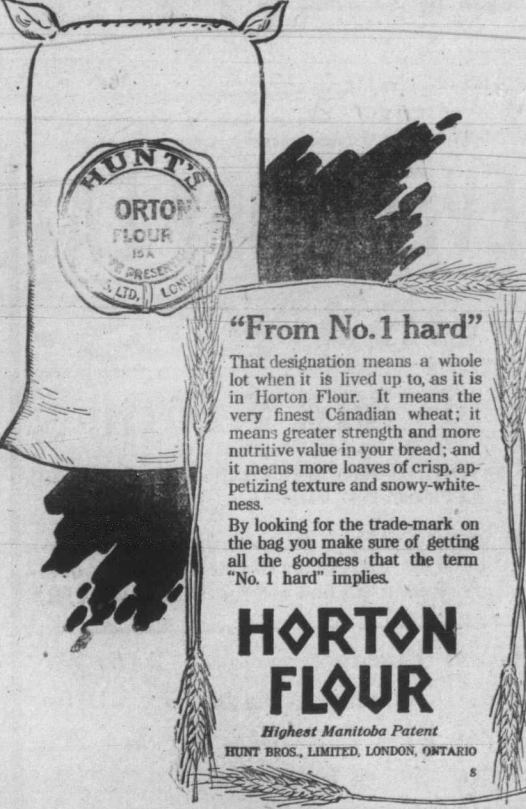
PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread



THE TRAVELLER CIGAR

WITHOUT TRACE OF RANKNESS OR BITTERNESS THE TRAVELLER IS GOOD FROM TIP TO LIP.

"From No. 1 hard"

That designation means a whole lot when it is lived up to, as it is in Horton Flour. It means the very finest Canadian wheat; it means greater strength and more nutritive value in your bread; and it means more loaves of crisp, appetizing texture and snowy-whiteness.

By looking for the trade-mark on the bag you make sure of getting all the goodness that the term "No. 1 hard" implies.

HORTON FLOUR

Highest Manitoba Patent
HUNT BROS., LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

CROSS & DAWOLFE, Distributors

For Sale—1 horse, 6 yrs. old, weight about 1300 lbs, good worker and fair driver. 1 mare, 5 yrs., good worker and excellent driver, weight about 900 lbs. Budd Forsythe, White Rock

For Sale—A lot of good eating Potatoes. Apply to Harry Ellsley, Coldbrook, 2a

For Service, Registered Holstein Bull, Service fee \$1.00. C. P. Magee, Church St. 3 mos



Langemarek

By Wilfrid Campbell

This is the ballad of Langemarek,
A story of glory and might;
Of the vast Hun horde, and
Canada's part
In the great grim fight.

It was April on the Flanders
Fields,
But the dreadest April then,
That ever the years, in their
fateful flight,
Had brought to this world of
men.

North and east, a monster
wall,
The mighty Hun ranks lay,
With fort on fort, and iron-
ringed trench,
Menacing, grim and gray,
And south and west, like a ser-
pent of fire,
Serried the British lines,
And in between, the dying and
dead,
And the stench of blood and the
trampled mud,
On the fair, sweet Belgian
vines.

And far to the eastward, har-
nessed and taut,
Like a scimitar, shining and
keen,
Gleaming out of that ominous
gloom,
Old France's hosts were seen.

When out of the grim Hun lines
one night,
There rolled a sinister smoke
A strange, weird cloud, like a
pale green shroud,
And death lurked in its cloak.

On a fiend-like wind it curled
along
Over the brave French ranks,
Like a monster tree its vapors
spread,
In hideous, burning banks
Of poisonous fumes that
scorched the night
With their sulphurous demon
danks.

And men went mad with horror
and fed
From that terrible strangling
death,
That seemed to sear both body
and soul
With its baleful, flaming
breath,
Till even the little dark men
of the south,
Who feared neither God nor
man,
Those fierce, wild fighters of
Africa's steppes,
Broke their battalions and
ran—

Ran as the never run before,
Gasping and fainting for
breath;
For they knew 'twas no human
foe that slew;
And that hideous smoke
meant death.

Then red in the reek of that evil
cloud,
The Hun swept over the
plain;
And the murderer's dirk did its
monster work,
Mid the scythe-like shrapnel
rain.

Till it seemed that at last, the
brute Hun hordes,
Had broken that wall of
steel
And that soon, through this
breach in the freeman's
dyke,
His trampling hosts would
wheel—

And sweep to the south in rav-
aging might,

And Europe's peoples again
Be trodden under the tyrant's
heel,
Like herds, in the Prussian
pen.
But in that line on the British
right
There massed a corps again,
Of men who hailed from a far
west land
O mountain and forest and
plain;

Men new to war and its dread-
est deeds,
But noble and staunch and
true;
Men of the open, East and West,
Brew of old Britain's brew.

These were the men out there
that night,
When Hell loomed close
ahead;
Who saw that pitiful, hideous
roul,
And breathed those gases
dread;
While some went under and
some went mad;
But never a man there fled.

For the word was "Canada,"
theirs to fight,
And keep on fighting still;—
Britain said fight, and fight they
would,
Though the Devil himself in
sulphurous mood
Come over that hideous hill.

Yes, stubborn, they stood, that
hero band,
Where no soul hoped to live;
For five, 'gainst eighty thou-
sand men,
Were hopeless odds to give.

Yea, fought they on! 'Twas Fri-
day eve
When that demon gas drove
down;
'Twas Saturday eve that saw
them still
Grimly holding their own.

Sunday, Monday, saw them yet,
A steadily lessening band,
With "no surrender" in their
hearts,
But the dream of a far-off
land,
Where mother and sister and
love would weep
For the husband heart lying
still:—
But never a thought but to do
their part,
And work the Empire's will.

Ringed round, hemmed in,
and back to back,
They fought there, under the
dark,
And won for Empire, God and
Right,
At grim, red Langemarek.

Wonderful battles have shaken
this world,
Since the Dawn-God over-
threw Dis;
Wonderful struggles of right
against wrong,
Sung in the rhymes of the
world's great song,
But never a greater than
this.

Bannockburn, Inkerman, Bala-
clava,
Marathon's godlike stand;
But never a more heroic deed,
And never a greater warrior
breed,
In any warman's land.

This is the ballad of Lange-
marek,
A story of glory and might;
Of the vast Hun horde, and
Canada's part
In the great, grim fight.

Letter From Flanders

The following is a letter from Glen S. Ellis of Sheffield Mills who is in the machine gun company of the 5th Brigade. He left England the second week in March and is now nearing the firing line:

In the Billets in Belgium,
April 2nd, '16.

Dear Father—

This is a perfect day, the air and everything just like May at home. The sun is shining and birds singing, and all reminds me of a spring Sunday at home except away to my left is the roar of the guns. It does not seem so hard to fight on a dull or disagreeable day, but one like this it seems so out of place to have war. Gee! but I miss home now. The air is so spring-like, and I am billeted on the farm, anything to take the team and go out ploughing or any other work. The old man here is at that now. He has a three-furrow gang plough and a pair of fairly good-looking horses. It looks like a good farming country if it ever gets dry. There are no stones at all. I have not seen a stone except on the roads.

There are hardly any people left where we are but some of the poorer class.

These Belgians have a queer way of driving their horses. The bridle rein is just like our working bridle only there is a single rope fastened to it, and he drives a pair by one rope. The rope on and off horse is tied to the wagon, and he walks along driving by the one rope.

We have a very comfortable billet in an old barn. There are three sore storeys to it something like our "old" barn at home. I am on the higher scaffold, over the cows. There is some hay in it, enough to sleep on comfortably and it is quite warm, altogether, a good billet. There is a family in the house, and the Sgt. Major and Quartermaster Sergeant stay there. One of the Generals said we have the best company over here in either division. It was not to us he said it, but I think we can keep up the name if we try. We have, in this company only had one casualty in the last month, and that not a serious one. I am only a private now, as all our non-coms officers had to revert when they came over here, I am rather glad as I do not want responsibility for any more than myself, as I know hardly anything yet about the real work.

I was up and saw some of the boys of the 25th Battalion who are in billets a little way from us I saw Eb, Dickie, Scot Eaton, Glen Blenkhorn and some of the boys from Cannig. They are all looking and feeling fine. We can hear the guns (artillery) and see the shells bursting in the air, when the Huns are shooting at our air-craft. Tell Mother we are fed pretty well, and everything is better than I had pictured it, only a fellow has to pay about double for everything extra we buy. I am well as can be and in good spirits. I don't mean by that, that I am in love with my work, but am making the best of it. We get a bath every week. Yesterday we marched up two miles for one, and it sure was good to get it. We turn in our dirty clothes, socks, towels and get fresh ones. We have some pretty good singers in our hut. Last night they sang till nearly twelve. We get our mail here every day. I got a box of fudge and some cake from Mrs. Pollock, Truro the other day. It sure went good. It is hard to make my letters very interesting, as there are so many things we must not tell. There are several old windmills near here, and all going. This is all for now as it is bedtime. You can picture us now in the hay-mow above the cows, eight pretty decent looking ones. Now good night.

With love for you all,
From your loving son,
GLENN.

Yarmouth's rate of taxation this year has been fixed at \$2.01. Truro's rate is \$2.10.