

LOVE PAYS TORONTO BOY FOR ALL THE TERRORS OF THE BIG WAR

The Story of "Private" Harold R. Peat, of the First Canadian Contingent, Wounded at the Front, Now Lecturing on His Experiences—His Love Adventure Not the Least Interesting of His Many Adventures.

BOSTON, Jan. 24.—War with its black clouds of death; patriotism, with its service; heroism, with its unselfishness; and over them all—love.

That's the story of "Private" Harold R. Peat, member of the First Canadian Contingent, hero of Ypres and the battles of the Somme, commissioned since wounded, now in Boston lecturing on his experiences and working in the interests of the Fuel Administration of the United States.

But love compensates all else, and the winning of pretty, vivacious, black haired and altogether charming "Herself" Mrs. Harold R. Peat, is not the least of the romantic adventures of the author of the book, "Private Peat," which thrills from start to finish.

For she's Irish is "Herself" and she thinks there's no place on earth like England, as she'll tell you with a fire in her voice and cheek, and no man on earth like Private Peat; so what does it matter that one lung is practically gone as a result of the shot that landed

him in "Blighty" after two years in Hell. What matter that he is just beginning to recover the use of his right arm which has hung paralyzed for over a year. He's back with a smile—and Himself.

For Himself is of a fighting family and when the report came of a cousin "missing" she started forth.

"Now missing," you know is a dreadful word to us," Himself explained, "so I put an advertisement into the papers asking for information about my cousin. I got twenty replies, and Mr. Peat's was the first, and it was written dreadfully. So I went down to the hospital where he had written from to see him and there found that he had used his left hand because his right was paralyzed. I visited all the men that answered my advertisement, but Mr. Peat the most. And a few weeks after he came to Canada I came too.

"We were married in Edmonton last February, when the weather was 52 degrees below zero."

Private Peat is a Toronto boy who was living in Edmonton at the time of his enlistment. "And we did not enlist because we had to," said this son of adventure with a bit of fire in his tones. "Canada is a democracy. We have our own government and make our own laws. King George had nothing especial to do with our enlisting; the king is no more to us than a symbol, just as your Statute of Liberty is a symbol. You have your symbol in bronze; we have a man with a beard.

"War is all love," philosophized the smiling soldier. "Every soldier loves his fellow soldier; every soldier loves his country, and every soldier loves the folks at home. No one should talk about being forced to go across. We are glad to go that we may keep you safe here, that we may keep our mothers, our wives and our sweethearts safe here."

Private Peat was gassed at Ypres in 1915 and received the wound that in-

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

what may be the result of cold in a wound or skin injury. Cold very soon sets up inflammation and festering, and unless Zam-Buk is promptly applied blood-poison may follow. Some times even amputation proves necessary. Zam-Buk will safeguard you against such serious possibilities.

Miss Belle Grant, of Brazil Lake, N.B., writes: "I burned my hand badly and then accidentally caught cold in it. The pain I suffered was terrible and the wound was badly inflamed and festering. I tried different kinds of salves, but nothing brought relief. I was by this time suffering so that I could not sleep at nights, and I feared blood-poisoning was setting in.

"Zam-Buk was recommended to me, and I commenced applying it. Before long I experienced the greatest relief; it drew out all the inflammation, the pain was ended and I could see the sore place was gradually healing. Perseverance resulted in a complete cure. Zam-Buk is certainly a wonderful balm and should be in every home."

Zam-Buk is also best for eczema, and all skin diseases, ringworm, running sores, ulcers, abscesses, pimples, boils, piles, cuts, etc., 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Send 1c. stamp for postage on free trial box.

Zam-Buk

capacitated him, during the engagement on the Somme in 1916. For 52 hours after he received his wound, he lay on the battlefield not daring to move lest he be discovered and captured.

"Just to give you an idea of the efficiency of the hospital system," said Mr. Peat, "when I was taken off the field I went through five hospitals, the first aid, the first field, the clearing, the base and then to England. And it took exactly twelve hours. The Red Cross is as near perfect as it is possible to be."

On his sleeve Private Peat wears two stripes indicating that he has been wounded twice, and on his shoulder are the blue stripes of the first contingent. Both he and his wife wear the badge of the British recruiting mission, for "Herself" lectures and works even as her husband.

Previous to her marriage to Private Peat Mrs. Peat was engaged in efficiency work among the munition factor-

GIRL VICTIM THREE TIMES IN MUNITION WORK

London, Jan. 24. — Hannah Spash, a happy-faced girl of 20, is one of the girl workers to whom the king and queen spoke during a visit to a munition factory in the London area.

"The king asked me whether I liked the dangerous work better than any other," she said later, "and I replied to the king's amusement, 'Well, I have been blown up three times, Your Majesty, so I have got used to it.' And so I have. The first time I was very lucky. A pot of a certain chemical dropped in my shed and the explosion blew an arm off the girl standing next to me, but I escaped almost unhurt.

"The second time the explosion blew up the table at which I was working, and it was wonderful that I did not have both legs blow off instead of having only a knee and foot dislocated and my face badly scarred. You can see the scars now. The third time was when I was working in a gunpowder shed. The explosion blew the shed to pieces and killed two girls. I was flung out on to a field, and only recovered consciousness while being taken home.

"All the accidents happened in a year, and I had to be away three months after two of them, but I was always longing to get back to the work. I am still on explosives. Why do I like it? Well, I am very fond of a brother who is fighting in France, and I like it because it helps him and the others who are there."

ies of England, where she estimates there are nearly 4,000,000 women engaged in some kind of war work.

Previous to her war work Mrs. Peat was a special writer on the London Chronicle, and she it is who has written the last chapter in her husband's book, "Private Peat." She has had the distinction of being in 14 air raids.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1 No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windward.)

YOU'RE BILIOUS, LET CASCARETS LIVE LIVER AND BOWELS

Don't stay headachy, constipated, sick with .breath .bad .and stomach sour.

Get a 10-cent box now.

You men and women who can't get feeling right—who have headache, coated tongue, bad taste and foul breath, dizziness, can't sleep, are bilious, nervous and upset, bothered

Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, the first woman senator in the United States, is now a member of the commission on training camp activities.

with a sick, gassy, disordered stomach, or have a bad cold.

Are you keeping your bowels clear with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passageway every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil?

Cascaret swork while you sleep; cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning — a 10-cent box from any drug store will keep your stomach sweet, liver and bowels regular, and head clear for months. Don't forget the children. They love Cascarets because they taste good—never gripe or sicken.



WHICH?

"This bulk tea is the best I could buy at the price, Mrs. Brown, but I believe you will like Red Rose better.

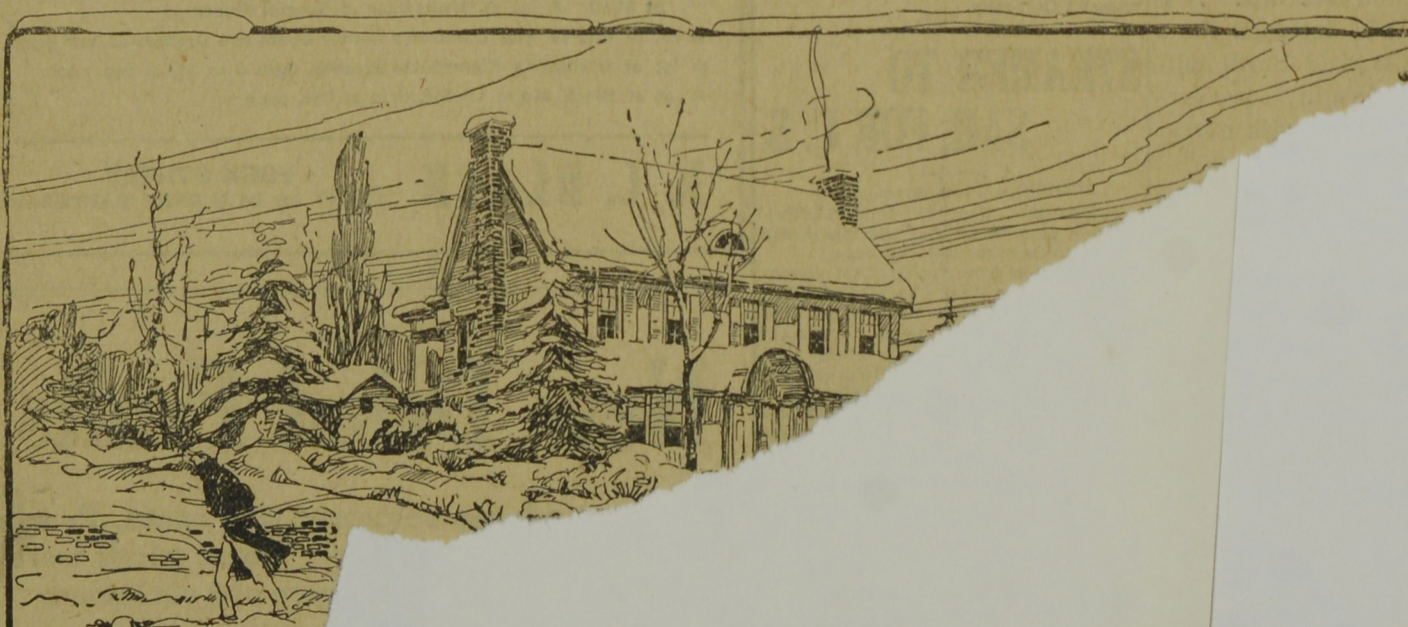
"We use Red Rose at home and like the rich flavor. My wife says it goes further."

Hundreds of grocers are making statements somewhat like this.

They have sold Red Rose Tea for many years and have found the quality so good that they use it in their homes.

Most grocers naturally like to profit on their bulk tea, but mending Red Rose is worth the price.

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