

London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City, 12c per week.
Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
City, 12c per week.
Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$4.00 per year.

EVENING EDITION.
City, 12c per week.
Outside City, 15c per week.
By Mail, \$4.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
Private Branch Exchange, 3670.
Business Department, 3671; Editors, 3672; Reporters, 3673; News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building.
U. S. Representative—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago.
Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, August 19.

LABOR FOR COAL MINES.

IF CANADA chose to hire coolie labor the country could mine a large supply of coal which is not available now because of the shortage of miners. Hon. W. B. Carvell has advocated the importation of 10,000 of these workers from the Orient because he believes the country is facing a coal famine, which will cause "untold suffering" to thousands of people. He would not permit the Chinese laborers to remain in Canada for any length of time, making it plain that his idea would be to send them home again as soon as the coal shortage had been relieved. As the minister of public works views the matter, it is a case of overcoming our aversion to the employment of such labor or freezing during the coming winter. Would organized labor prefer to go short on coal this winter rather than compromise with its long-recorded conviction that east is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet in the labor markets of Canada?

It is a most difficult problem for the whole country. There are few public men and newspapers who care to commit themselves on the question for fear of the offence they might give organized labor. They realize that the Chinese laborer is being used by tens of thousands in France, and that he has relieved many other men for the fighting forces. He is used in France and given what to him amounts to big wages because of the war crisis. The same war crisis, one degree removed, is what causes the labor shortage at the coal mines of the east and the west. While Canada has a tremendous supply of coal, it has not the men to take it from the mines. The west could double its output and be independent of Pennsylvania anthracite, and the east could secure a supply more than adequate for its needs, were it possible to obtain labor. The importance of the coal question has been brought to the attention of the Government and again, but nothing has been done, and it may be taken for granted the other members of the cabinet will not be as bold as Mr. Carvell in regard to the employment of coolie labor. The only means by which this labor could be secured would be with the co-operation of organized unions. Some leaders of the labor movement would have to be consulted and convinced of the necessity for granting a special dispensation for the use of Chinese during the labor crisis. In the United States Sam Gompers would sit at a table and discuss the matter with frankness. If Woodrow Wilson told him that the welfare and comfort of the nation were at stake, Gompers would be able to lay the matter before his labor men, certain that if he advanced the matter in good faith and presented his assurance that the use of such labor was to be temporary, it is quite possible that organized labor would agree. They would feel as a man might feel who was drowning, and who must be saved by a boatload of Chinese or perish. In the hour of peril, one would not prevent the rescue of himself or anyone else because of the nationality of the rescuer. If the importation of coolie labor is the only method that will save the coal situation for Canada, The Advertiser believes that a round table conference with labor officers would do much to relieve the prejudice. More coal would be secured immediately, the Chinese would be sent back with the understanding that they were to be sent back when the shortage was relieved, and the public should have the whole question explained. While there is good news each day, it is not likely that the man power of the country will be asked to do less, and if the military drafts upon the laborers continue, the industrial situation will be much more acute. Now is the time for combined action.

A CORRECT ESTIMATE OF "THE DAY."

FRANK H. SIMONDS quotes a statement made to him by Paul Azan of the French army in April last. It should be emphasized because of its correct estimate of what might happen. It is herewith given:

"The present German situation is by no means free from grave dangers for the enemy. Attracted by the bait of Amiens and of the railroad thence to Paris, they are thrusting forward toward this objective and have thus created a salient dangerous to themselves. The conquest of a zone of land, however large, is of no advantage if the acquisition be too costly, or if it places the troops which occupy it in an unfavorable place.

"Both these conditions apply to the situation of the Germans today. Not only have they lost very heavily, but they run the risk of being exposed to cross-fire, and if a counter-offensive is launched at the base of their salient they are in danger of having their first line troops taken from behind and cut to pieces. Their troops are obliged to concentrate in the salient if they intend to enlarge it, so that their effort to increase their success will expose them to the gravest disasters.

"When such a salient cannot be enlarged it is best to evacuate it, but a retreat is almost as dangerous as a continuation of the attack. If the Anglo-French army watches its chance the enemy cannot evacuate the salient without being attacked, and it is well known that an attack during a retreat may bring on a disaster.

"Thus Gen. Poch seems to hold the prey in his hands. The situation as it exists today (April 9) was certainly not foreseen. It is not the result of strategic calculations, but it may turn to the advantage of the Allies.

"The reason why the general reserve army of the Allies has not yet intervened is probably that

it has not yet been fully constituted. Gen. Foch knows better than anyone else how to utilize this army of reserves. He doubtless will be careful not to throw it into battle until he is certain there will not be another German attack somewhere else; he knows enough to wait until the enemy's reserves are used up in constant effort, and until, little by little, his troops have been decimated by long effort. So the day he does send his reserves into action may mark the beginning of a great victory."

Time has fully justified his comment and Foch has scored a great victory, with further and greater possibilities.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

CONSIDER the conscientious objector. He goes to penitentiary either because of his convictions or his cowardice. He is brave enough to face imprisonment, injury, or death itself, rather than take up arms, or cowardly enough to risk the brand of base timidity, to be sent to prison for years so long as he does not face the possibility of coming to physical harm. Classified generally, the man who refuses to serve his country in her hour of dire peril, even to the point of suffering ignominy, gets the credit or discredit of being the possessor of "a yellow streak." He has reached forth his hand and accepted the white feather as the mark of his character.

What manner of moral revulsion is to be visited upon him in his two types? The law says he is a coward and sends him to prison for his lack of courage. It may be that the objector had no physical fear, but that his religion possessed him with so strong a sense of obligation he could not enter military service without consciousness of sin. He may have a warped idea of what true meekness is. With the desire to resent a wrong removed from the breast of humanity, the race might become a herd of "dumb driven cattle." But the man whose religious convictions declare to him that he must abstain from warfare may have an obsession that cannot be ascribed to a pusillanimous nature.

The other type must be considered an unfortunate being, born with a physical fear which he cannot overcome. Rather than face the chance of receiving a physical injury he will accept the contempt of the world, certain to find no sympathy except from other craven spirits. Even the prisoners in the penitentiary will regard him with scorn, and his lot in prison must be a long period of shame. Worst of all he will be regarded as a negative quantity in life. He will carry a prison record of a kind that can hardly be lived down. He is an object of pity, ranking low in the scale of humanity, the opposite pole of the man who has gone forward to offer his life for a good cause.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Yanks and the tanks are two weapons of the war not dreamed of in Hun philosophy.

Canadian editors on tour in France and England have been getting some real meals. The trip was worth while.

As the mercury in the barometer showing the arrival of American soldiers in France goes up, the Kaiser's feet must be becoming cold.

Will the Government call another class for military service? Mr. Rowell has dropped a delicate hint, but it was very delicate.

An airman carried a bag of letters from Ottawa to Toronto Saturday. "Special delivery" will take on a new meaning before long.

Canadian soldiers in future will salute only with the right hand, instead of with both as heretofore. The departure is along common-sense lines.

Two million American soldiers will soon be fighting on French soil. Preparedness seems to be largely a matter of rousing a nation's fighting spirit.

The provincial bye-elections today in Toronto seem to have the Toronto newspapers guessing a little. Varley and Galbraith have made the new ministers look to their laurels, and if a win should be registered against Cody and Henry it would be more an indication of public unrest than anything else.

The Western Fair could secure no finer attraction for the big exhibition this year than a regiment of crack American infantry or cavalry.

Washington has already given permission to a battalion of infantry to spend some days at the Canadian National Exhibition, and it is quite feasible to expect that some of the Americans in training from the middle western states would be persuaded to come to the city.

HAVING A GOOD TIME.

[Everybody's Magazine.]
What constitutes recreation depends, of course, on the point of view. Here is that of a certain small citizen in a school for dependent children. He wrote to his father thus: "We are having a good time here now. Mr. Jones broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic, and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Smith fell off of the wagon and broke his ribs, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip, because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on it. Harry cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."

A PERFECT EVENING SPOILED.

[Dayton News.]
"Isn't it glorious here?" she exclaimed when the waiter had taken their orders.
"Do you think so?" he replied.
"It's perfectly lovely. Everything is in such beautiful harmony—the fountain, the trees, the awning lanterns, the music—everything is ideal. It's like Fairyland."
"I'm glad you like it."
"I'm simply enchanted. Doesn't it make you feel as if you stepped out of the every-day world into something strange and new?"
"What's the matter? You don't seem to be enjoying yourself."
"My boss is sitting at the third table over there to your left, and I can tell by his look that he's wondering how I can afford to blow myself at a place like this."

THRUST AND PARRY.

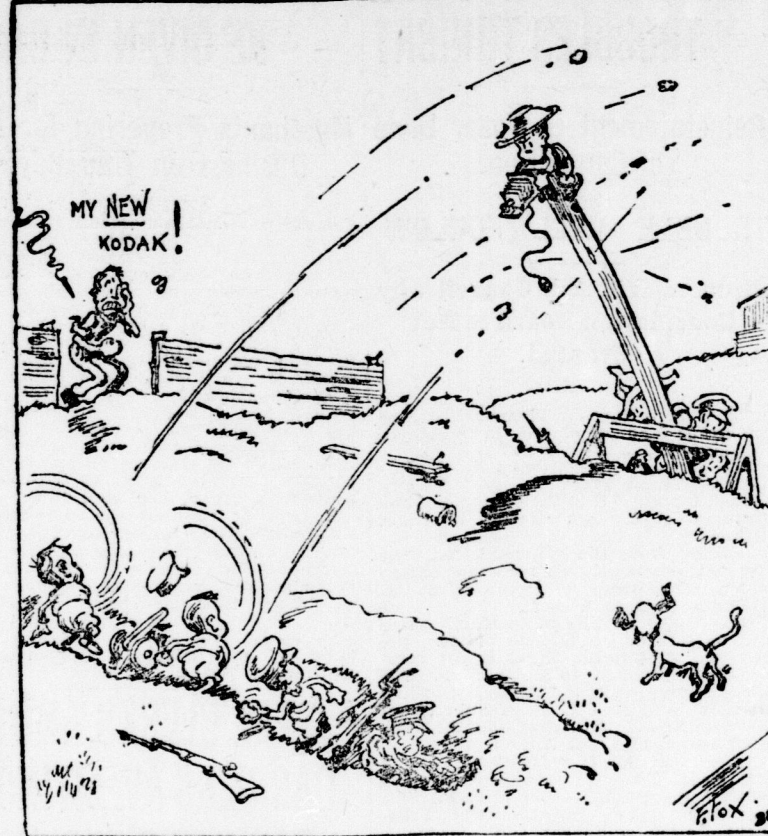
[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]
Panes of jealousy were in Miss Coltfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her in the bargain rush could not resist giving a thrust.
"I hear you've accepted Jack," she gushed. I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me."
"No," answered Jack's fiancée. "He once told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

BLESSING OF WAR.

[Washington Star.]
"Remember, this war is for the sake of peace."
"I'm already beginning to feel the peaceful results in my own home," replied Cumrox, confidentially. "No body plays Wagnerian music any more."

WAR PHOTOGRAPHY - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



The daring aerial photographer got a good picture of the enemy trenches and a good something else.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Fact.
There is a truth upon this page,
And these four lines reveal it;
A woman hates to look her age,
A fellow hates to feel it.

A Woman's Reason.
"My but I do hate this corset," exclaimed Mrs. Gabb as she flung the harness upon the dresser.
"Then why do you wear it?" asked Mr. Gabb.
"Because it feels so good to take it off," replied Mrs. Gabb.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, what is the difference between naval engagements and matrimonial engagements?
Paw—In a naval engagement they fight during the duration of the engagement, and in a matrimonial engagement they don't fight until the engagement is over.
Willie—Why not?
Paw—You got to bed, Willie, and keep your mouth shut.

Bang!
"The apple was the original cause of the downfall of man," said the Old Forry.
"Yes," replied the Grouch. "But nowadays run and banana skins have taken the place of the apple."

Home Comfort.
[Advertisement in the Atchison Mail.]
"Don't telephone me about 9 p. m. during hot weather, as I am generally out to the barn about that time in the horse trough taking a bath."

Inspiration.
I do not favor whiskey stews,
But I would bathe in it, I know.
If I could get the kind of horse
They sold to Edgar Allen Poe.

Heard in a Music Store.
One Lady Customer—"This rag is certainly popular. The girls are just crazy about it."
One Salesman—"Yes, but it'll never be as popular as the old powder rag."

Betcha.
Said said Mr. Bore,
As he brushed off his clothes:
"A rap on the door
Is worth two on the nose."

—Luke McLuke.
Said a pro-German crank,
This is the kind of feeling:
"A bat on the nose
Follows bats in the ceiling."

Said the great ball player
Who hits like a Hun:
"A bat on the ball
Will bring a home run."

—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.
Nix! Luke is Too Wise Bird For That Job.
[Houston Post.]

Say, Luke, can't you run over to Kansas City and ascertain what's the matter with Mrs. Madge's Knocks? She is suing Hard Knocks for a divorce in the Independence Division of the Circuit Court there.

Some Definitions.
Bootlegger—One who believes in making hay while the moonshines.
Barber Shop—A place where men go to get a cornucopia off and hear what's going on.
Calomel—A drug which is sometimes salvation and sometimes salivation.
Flivver—A tank, a crank, a slank and made by a Hank.
Fisht—A man who regrets that he has but two cheeks to turn toward his enemy—a specimen of the Bryan-deep, known as the "Jellyfish."

Zero—Hohenzollern after the war.
—Ed Jay-Ed.

How About It?
He told a lie to shield a friend,
And shield he did, in sooth.
He lied, but I think more of him
Than if he'd told the truth.

Names Is Names.
Miss Getta Kopp lives in St. Louis, Missouri.

Our Daily Special.
When Flushing For Compliments Bait Your Hook With Compliments.

Luke McLuke Says
It isn't much trouble for a bride to blush nowadays since it is considered good form to buy the blusher at a drugstore.
Once in a while Company stays so long that they are treated like members of the family and are glad to go home.
Never laugh at the ball player who is sent back to the bushes. Suppose the manager of your company wanted to sell you or trade you would there be any hinders?

Father likes to see his children go to Sunday school on Sunday, so Mother can devote all of her time to waiting on him.
It isn't hard to define a girl's picture

her. "Don't talk to me—don't. I'm going to bed."
"Are you crying, Bertie? Are you sick?" came softly out of the darkness.
"No, I was just telling Reggie goodbye. I was giving him to you."

Louise bounded out of bed, turned on the light and got the thermometer. "You are sick, Bert. You've got a fever. Open your mouth."

"Pshaw! Take that thing away, or I'll bite the end off, and you know what happened to Willy."

"When the mercury went down."
"The last night of the war," he understood in a hundred years, Louise, but I couldn't any more marry Mr. Santerre. Why was I such a fool as to think I could?"

"You listen to me," she said.
"You listen to me," she said.
"You listen to me," she said.

And then there Bert unfolded the scheme of presenting her lover to the Adorable Lucky Bert. He had planned, it was Sunday, and they met at the breakfast table. The girl rushed to Reggie, took the light and turned it on, and were afraid they might have wakened him, saying nothing of the dress.

"Well, now, isn't that strange? I worked late last night," he hesitated a moment. "I had an inspiration for a gown for Miss Wainwright."

"Adorable! Lucky Bert! Could we see it?"
"Kipping!" smiled Bert. "And here I am all together for a hike. Is it as nice as this?" smoothing out her old brown corduroy.

The faintest frown appeared on Reggie's brow, but the girls hastily arose from the table and all proceeded to his dressing room, and the mannikin was wheeled into view. Mildly interested, Bert wanted Ouida to try it on, so they took it into their room. Returning soon, Ouida pruned before the admiring despatch.

"Superb! A dream!" murmured the enthralled Reggie, dropping on one knee to fix a place in the hem. There was a knock at the door and Miss Wainwright was called out.

"What a wonderful talent, Mr. Santerre. It's an exquisite pleasure to be your mannikin. I am really crazy about beautiful clothes," said Ouida, as she admired herself and the gown in the mirror. "And doesn't it make the biggest difference in one? Why, I'm almost good looking!" she observed innocently.

"You are beautiful, Miss Laurence, and so appreciative—indeed, she is, but she simply does not care for clothes. Now I've always liked to try things on. I go to the shops and try on things just to enjoy being fussed over."

"I think, Miss Louise, you'll have to keep this, and I will design something else for Miss Wainwright—something with 'pockets'."

Bert pushed the door open, saying rather coldly: "They've called for me. Will you folks mind if I leave myself away?" Then, her eyes falling on the frightened Louise, she said: "Ouida, a beauty. Ouida. That ought to be yours. Well, so long; sorry I'm so rushed."

And she hurried away to find the man and the mannikin to talk drygoods to their hearts' content.
Bert met an old-time friend and a seasoned hiker, Mary Gregory, at the

end of the car line, and they trudged off into the country.
That evening Bert wrote a long, frank, sisterly letter to Mr. Santerre, although she expected to see him at least every day for a few days, explaining in the kindest manner possible that they were unsuited to each other, that she could not think of standing in the way of his ambitions, and persuading him to seek a larger field for his unusual talents. She also told him that she and Mary Gregory were going to France to assist in the work that Mr. Henry Allen was trying to do for the Kansas soldiers, winding up with: "And I'll kiss you goodbye like a little sister if you'll get the suit with the pockets ready before I go."

In the night she was awakened by a little sob.

"Bertie, I feel meaner, than dirt. Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

"Aren't you a little sorry?"
"Sure thing, Ouida, old pard, but it's only a wrench, and as time goes by we'll all honor me because I had the nerve to do the thing that's going to make us all rise up and call me blessed. Mary and I are going to look for Dick Gregory over there. He likes a little sob."

to hike, and he—likes corduroy. Now will you cut out the weepy stuff and go to sleep!"

WHEN USING
WILSON'S FLY PADS
READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY

Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

For two examples Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets. Address: Cuticura, Dept. K, Boston. All druggists.

Gray Hair Hair Health

A preparation for restoring natural color to gray or faded hair, for removing dandruff and as a hairdresser. Is not a dye. Contains steel and other chemicals, ready to use. Trade Mark, No. 1, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The 24th of AUGUST is the LAST DAY upon which PARDON IS GRANTED to those who are deserters or who have failed to report to the Military authorities.

The EXTREME PENALTY OF THE LAW will be visited upon defaulters AFTER THAT DATE.

WRIGLEYS

Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy. Send it to the boys at the front.

War Time Economy in Sweetmeats—

a 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S will give you several days' enjoyment: it's an investment in benefit as well as pleasure, for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

The Flavour Lasts

Sealed tight—Kept right

MADE IN CANADA

WRIGLEY'S SWEETMEATS
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT
WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT
WRIGLEY'S PEPPERMINT