

POOR COPY

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Friends!

The Wrigley Spears are constant friends to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

Women workers relish the refreshing, comforting influence of this toothsome, long-lasting confection.

Its benefits are many—its cost small. That's why it's used around the world. Nothing else can take its place.

Chew it after every meal



Write Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., Ltd., Wrigley Bldg., Toronto, for the funny Spearmen's Mother Goose book.

Auto Garage



We are prepared to attend to all Auto repairs. An expert machinist and electrician is in charge of our work and satisfaction is guaranteed. Batteries recharged and adjusted. Also

AUTO SUPPLIES, GREASE, OILS, GASOLINE. AUTOS TO HIRE AT REASONABLE PRICES. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Maritime Automobile Co., Ltd.

Garage, Lower Water St. CAMPBELLTON, N.B. PHONE 81

NOTICE

The public generally and particularly the former customers of Emile David, are hereby notified that the business formerly conducted by said Emile David, will be re-opened by M. David on or about April 14th instant at the old stand, under the management of the said Emile David.

A full stock of dry goods, clothing, gentlemen's and ladies' furnishings, boots and shoes is being put in, and all favoring us with their patronage will be treated right. Soliciting the return of our old customers, and a fair share of the patronage of the public generally.

M. DAVID

MOTOR TO HIRE

I have installed in my livery a new 1916 Buick Auto and will be able to serve the public any time, day or night. A careful and efficient driver is in charge. Auto will meet all trains. Parties taken by auto to any point in the country.

N. W. Levesque
Opp. St. Louis Hotel Phone 123

TRILBY SHOE CREAM



BEST OPENING TIN

Best Polish

In The Best Box

PUSH IT TO OPEN
PINCH IT TO CLOSE
THAT'S ALL!

10c everywhere

Everett Barron Co.
AMHERST, N. S.

MAKERS OF D. N. O. POLISH

Mother—They are going to have an orchestra play the "Meditation" from "Thais" at Harold's wedding. Won't that be beautiful?

Father—Huh, it seems to me that then the time for meditation will be past.

RUSSIANS TO TAKE UP POSITIONS WITH THE SERBS

Athens, August 22.—After a conference of the French, British, Serbian, and Russian commanders, at Saloniki to-day, it was decided that the newly arrived Russian forces should take up positions with the Serbian troops on the southern front. The Serbo-Russian forces were placed under a combined staff of which Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia is the nominal commander. The Russian General Friederitz is in actual command.

TWENTY-TWO KILLED IN MUNITION FACTORY

Considerable Destruction of Property in Yorkshire

London, Aug. 22.—The bodies of twenty persons killed by the explosion yesterday at a munition factory in Yorkshire, have been recovered. Considerable destruction of property resulted from the explosion.

RUSSIAN TROOPS LAND AT SALONIKI

To Join Allied Forces in Fighting in Balkans

Athens, August 22.—An initial brigade of Russian troops have arrived at Saloniki to join the Entente Allies in the fighting in the Balkans.

HEAVY FIGHTING NORTHEAST OF SALONIKI

Hostilities Are Confined Principally to the Artillery

Paris, August 22.—The fighting on the Saloniki front is becoming more general, says a Havas despatch filed yesterday at Saloniki. In the Doiran section Serbian troops have captured forts Kaimakedar and Cucurli.

EXECUTION OF A WOMAN AT MARSEILLES

Paris, Aug. 22.—The execution of a woman as a spy is reported today in a Havas despatch from Marseilles, according to this information Felice Pfaut—was put to death at the light-house shooting range having been convicted of espionage by the council of war of the fifteenth region.

He's a clever young fellow, is Tompkins, but rather absent-minded. On one occasion he was sent by his firm to transact some important business with a client. Arriving at the town where the latter lived, Tompkins paused in the railway station and his face grew pale. Then he rushed to the telegraph office.

A little later the head of the firm received this wire:

"Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

To Tompkins, waiting impatiently in the telegraph office, came this reply:

"Client's name Roberts. Your name Tompkins."

Thwarted Ambition.—"When I was a boy," said the gray-haired physician, who happened to be in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier; but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," rejoined the sympathetic druggist, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale aspirations has to content himself with a retail business."

She Needed Aid.—"See that man over there? He is a bombastic mutt, a wind-jammer nonentity, a false alarm, and an encumbrance of the earth!"

"Would you mind writing all that down for me?"

"Why, in the world—"

"He's my husband and I should like to use it on him some time."

The Prayer He Needed.—The following amusing incident was witnessed the other day at a London railway terminus. A Salvation Army lassie was selling The War Cry at the windows of the trains. In one of the compartments were a number of "knuts," and one of them, thinking to have some fun at the expense of the sister, asked her if she would offer up a word of prayer for him.

Rising to the occasion, the sister put her hand on his head and, to the amusement of those within hearing distance, replied:

"O Lord, make this young man's heart as soft as his head."

A Sore Enough Kicker.—W. M. Johnson is walking about, but is complaining very much with his leg.

TIMES LAUDS CAPT. PAPINEAU'S LETTER TO HENRI BOURASSA

Knows Nothing Else Written Since War Began So Fine in Stern Insight

London, Aug. 22.—Capt. Talbot Papineau's open letter to Mr. Bourassa is the subject of an editorial in today's Times. The letter is also published.

The Times warmly echoes Papineau's "Appeal from Bourassa's Academic and Narrow Nationalism to the Soul of Canada." It says it knows nothing else written since the war began so fine in its stern insight and emotional eloquence as Papineau's statement of Canada's concern in the present conflict, published last March at a moment of trial and suffering.

His letter is called the very flower of Canadian idealism today, when the hope of victory is growing stronger and it is full of promise for the life of a greater Canada than will be.

Capt. Papineau told your correspondent recently at the Corps Headquarters that the letter "was out of a full heart of love for his fellow French-Canadians."

An Imperial officer who shares duties with Capt. Papineau on Gen. Byng's staff, describes the captain as "a splendid gentleman who combines the breeding of courtly old France with the smartness and ingenuity of your modern Canadian."

"He is every inch a soldier, and will make a tremendous mark in the welding of the French and English-speaking races in Canada. He would be a big man of the Empire if Canada could afford to give him up."

SOUTH-WEST TORONTO CHANGES TO LIBERAL

Tory Majority of 3,696 Turns to Liberal of 643

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 22.—In one of the most peculiar, topsy-turvy elections which Ontario has experienced, the Liberal candidate—Liberal on his record, and the nominee of a Liberal convention, though not endorsed by the central executive—H. H. Dewar, K.C., was elected to the legislature last night as representative of South-west Toronto by a majority of 643 over James Norris, Conservative candidate, the vote for the other candidates being negligible.

There were four candidates in the field.

SHERBROOKE POLICE FORCE ON STRIKE

Demand That City Council Grant Increase of Pay

Sherbrooke, Que., Aug. 22.—The Sherbrooke police forces, turned down when it demanded an increase in pay from the city council, has decided to go on strike. The blue coats receive now \$18 for a week of seven days, with no time off. The time of the strike has been chosen to coincide with the opening of the Sherbrooke fair, when several thousand extra people are in the city, including many crooks. The city council is in a militant mood and threatens to raise an amateur police force from among the citizens.

The partners who had never been well mated were having their dissolution of partnership quarrel. "You've been playing the baby act," said one, "ever since we went into business together!"

"You bet I have," said the other promptly. "I've been putting up my head against your cheek."

"Your honor," said the lawyer who was pleading his case lengthily and with many involved arguments, "do you follow me?"

"I have so far," returned the Judge, "but I'll say frankly that if I thought I could find my way back I'd quit right here."

Colonel B. M. House said at a dinner in Washington not long ago: "I sometimes think that diplomacy would be more successful if it were more truthful and frank. The way some diplomats treat one another they don't get any nearer to real, helpful intercourse than the two celebrities did. Two celebrities, one a stutterer and the other deaf, were introduced at a tea. After the tea the stuttering celebrity was asked how he and the deaf one had got on. 'Oh, we got on fine,' he answered. 'I couldn't talk and he couldn't hear me.'"

As It Is Now.—"Will you marry me, my pretty maid?"

"How many cylinders has your automobile, sir?" she said.

YOUR SOLDIER

arena—whether in training, or already at the front—needs Zam-Buk. It cannot be equalled for the many small injuries and ailments incidental to a soldier's life.

Sergt. F. Bremner of the 8th Canadian Mounted Rifles, writes: "For healing cuts, sores, blisters, etc., Zam-Buk cannot be beaten." Corp. Fremlin of the 10th Field Ambulance, writing from France, says: "We find Zam-Buk splendid for injuries and ailments, but we haven't enough of it."

Every soldier should carry a box of Zam-Buk, as nothing else will pain and stone bleeding so quickly; it also prevents blood-poisoning. 50c. all druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.



PAPER RATES

(Moncton Transcript)

While nearly all lines of manufactured goods have increased in price since the war broke out, few have been affected so much as paper. All paper mills have been taxed to their utmost capacity, and yet there are various lines of paper that have been entirely abandoned on account of the pressing claims of the more necessary lines. Printing papers, writing papers, wrapping papers, news-print, and the various lines of card board, have all increased in price tremendously. Some lines of parchment cannot be had now for double the price of two years ago. Newspapers have found it very difficult to get enough paper for their publication, and when they do get it, it is at a greatly advanced price. This all means an increase to the consumer. Many English and European newspapers have been compelled to cease publication and this also applies to not a few in Canada. In New York and many of the larger cities the leading publications have been greatly reduced in size, which will materially effect a saving of newsprint. Semi-weekly papers have been changed to weeklies, still maintaining the former prices. Papers which have not retrenched in the ways above indicated have been compelled to increase the prices to their subscribers. And yet we are told that we are soon to face further increases in the prices of all grades of paper with the possibility of a newsprint famine. Here in New Brunswick the newspaper publishers are face to face evidently with a serious problem. They must either increase their subscription rates or call in the sheriff.

Little Fred—I've been awful sick. Little Harry—What was the matter?

Little Fred—I had brain fever—right in my head, too—the worst place anyone could have it.

Jim Smith was notoriously slow pay. He owed quite a bill at the grocery for pork. One day, as his credit was becoming strained, he walked calmly into the grocery and said: "Mr. Black, I want to pay you for the pork I have had, and I want some more."

"Certainly," said the delighted proprietor, as he hastened to wait on his customer.

Taking the package of pork, Jim Smith started to go.

"Wait a minute," said the proprietor. "I thought you wanted to pay for the pork."

"I do," remarked Jim, as he resumed his homeward way, "but I can't."

It was roll call and the Sergeant was reading out the names. Finally he came to one that gave him pause, but the next moment he roared it in his bull voice:

"Mon-taig!"

No answer.

"Mon-taig!"

No answer.

"Mon-taig!"

A pale youth stepped from the ranks. "I think you mean me, Sergeant. They pronounce my name Montague."

The Sergeant gave him the icy eye. "Oh, do they? All right, Montague. Take three paces to the rear and do two hours' fatigues."

"Have you any secrets in your past?" she asked.

"None to speak of," he replied.



A Blessing in the Home

If there is one thing you need around the home or farm, it is Carbonol. Good in a hundred different ways. Helps housecleaning. A few drops in a pail of water makes a bucket of antiseptic, grease-killing liquid. In solution, it is wonderful for cuts on yourself or your live stock. Drives away flies, disinfects the sick room, makes barns, stables and henneries sanitary. You should not be without it. Get some now in bottles.

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