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Good clothes pay, for good clothes create favorable impressions; and the feeling of being well dressed brings that personal confidence, which eventually leads to success.

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## Fit-Reform

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### War Anniversary At The Front

Canadians Too Busy To Stop  
To Celebrate

#### Marked By Service

Hard to Realize That Four Years  
of War Have Passed Over  
Sunny France—Soldiers Out to  
Prevent Another War Anniversary

(By Lacey Amy, Special Correspondent  
of The Times)

With the Canadian Forces, France, Aug. 4—the sun is just setting on the anniversary of the momentous event of history. Throughout the churches of England, and, I suppose, of Canada, there have been held ceremonies befitting the occasion. And the hearts of the people have throbbled with feeling, their eyes have wept with memories and fears, their lips moved in prayer, their minds bent to wishes of before expressed. It is to those at home that Remembrance Day is fraught with intensity and celebrated with humblest supplication. Here with the Canadian forces the day means little, though an attempt has been made by the Chaplain Services to recognize it in the Sunday worship. There are too many other serious things about the war for the fighting man to pay much attention to dates that make history; when his thoughts get off the war, they are turned to the lighter things that make the struggle less of a mental and physical strain. And at this moment there is in the air the thrill of tremendous preparation, of ominous events. Today differs from any other Sunday only in the shadow of coming battle. The beginning of the fifth year of war means nothing by date; in the bulk it is as yesterday—another day's march towards victory long delayed. This morning I climbed the long sloping road towards the front lines. It was a brilliant Sunday morn, with such visibility as has not come to us for many a day. As I sat on the bank above the road and looked out over the town, it was hard to believe that four years of dire warfare had passed over this beautiful country. Down before me and up the long slope across the valley were the solid fields of grain, seemingly as well tilled and as productive as labor could make them. Yet all the men are at the front. The pattern of the various colored grains and vegetables was like a huge checkerboard carefully planned and built. Only the colors defined the fields, for there are fences only about the pasture lands in France. Along the top of the distant ridge

was a long row of picturesque poplars, the ladies of the forest. A white spot near the crest I knew to be a lime quarry, where a century-old kiln is overgrown with grass and the chalk is crumbling these many years. Further down the hill the wreck of a windmill, defunct in its desuetude, was the touch of foreign life, its long, gaunt arms unceremoniously and defiantly the strongest winds. Just before me stood the weather-beaten stone of a shrine, placed as usual at a crossroads; and over the valley another of similar architecture reminded the traveler leaving town for the west. The town itself nestled, almost invisible, among its trees, only a red roof here and there, and the town clock peering out. Roads ran thickly along the valley—roads now full of military movement, but concealed in the folds of the landscape. But the chugging of motorcycles and jorries told the story. Within sight was not a movement. And about me was only the "vestibular" "peep" of a partridge, and the incessant song of the lark. A soldier in French gray moved into the scene and peered through the iron gates of the shrine just below me, then came on up the hill and saluted as he trudged on his way. But deep in the green of the trees an unseen cornet was playing the hymns of his homeland. And there is nothing like a

cornet for carrying through space with softness confidence with clarity. It almost seemed that the road traffic stood still to listen. The time for morning service was approaching. Down the hill into the town I passed through almost deserted streets. Notices of the anniversary services had been posted in the messes. The men were paraded. I walked through a yard filled with the accoutrements of war yet as orderly as only army material can be arranged. A large tent in an orchard was the place of worship, but the day being fine, service was to be held beneath the trees. Two hundred men were drawn up on a slope in formal line, an officer in front. To one side stood a group of officers. In the centre front was the white and black surplice of the clergyman beside his flag-draped altar. There was nothing sombre about the service. After the usual forms and three hymns which the boys seemed to know well enough to sing without books, we sat on the grass for the personal talk that would be called a sermon back home. It was a simple fifteen-minute conversation on a text whose figure is of the race course: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." About us continued the every-day tasks that dare not stop for Sunday. A railway station looked down on us, and the shouting of a busy engine broke in without interrupting the service. A cartload



Stir the pot of Tea a minute or so before pouring. This greatly distills the tea essence that has been drawn from the leaves, but is lying dormant at the bottom of the pot. You will get the full flavor of the tea when you stir it. And the delightful fragrance of the infused leaves. Note the low rim of the pot—this is for easy pouring. KING COLE Orange Pekoe is different from other Teas. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT BY THE FULL NAME SOLD IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY.



### MUTT AND JEFF—

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is the most common ailment of the age, one responsible for many serious and often fatal diseases.

## "RIGA"

PURGATIVE WATER  
is the safest, surest and most economical remedy for its cure—it flushes the intestines and removes the accumulated waste matter which undermines health and endangers life.  
On Sale everywhere: 25 cents the bottle.  
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of grass squeaked its way down the road. Two old Frenchmen leaned on a gate at the entrance to the orchard and marvelled, I suppose, at this strange form of worship. At the other end were the small tents of the soldiers, and in the midst of preparations for dinner. And in the sunlight the oaks hummed at their work among the flowers and clover in which we lay. Later—but far on in the night, I was awakened by the unceasing efforts of the army to ensure that there be no fifth anniversary. As once before—about which I have written—the measured thud of drums carried to me first. And then the gay music of a band. And at the last the voices of many men: "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," in the merry tones of those who accept long night marches as part of a necessary service. Then they broke into the American marching song "Over There." And for real moments of thrill to a layman I know of nothing quite so intense as the singing of lads on the way to starting deeds that spell victory—and sacrifice; and in the darkness and mystery of night there is that which banishes sleep. Anniversaries of war incidents are for the people at home; what concerns the soldier is the coming incident.

**BRITAIN MUST STILL COAL UP HER ALLY.**  
Recapture of Collieries in Northern France Helps But Slowly.

The British coal controller has pointed out that the German retreat, even if it were to free the area of northern France at once, can do little to relieve the coal necessities of our Allies for many months to come. It is certain that if the enemy is forced to evacuate the region, he will systematically complete the destruction by dynamiting shafts and underground workings. To make good such damage will involve a vast amount of labor and a long period of time. Even longer will be the job of pumping out the flooded pits.

Throughout the war French pits on the Allied side of the line, in some cases close up to it, have been kept going with

### FUEL SCARCITY TO BRING UNION

New Controller Has Scheme For  
the Rural Churches of Ontario

(Toronto Globe.)  
Many churches of the province will likely have to close their doors during the winter months in order to save coal, and union services will be the probable outcome. The new Ontario fuel controller, R. Home Smith, is convinced that a great saving of coal consumption can be brought about in this way. On Monday morning he addressed the Toronto General Ministerial Association, of which Rev. Dr. W. H. Hincks is chairman, and asked the co-operation of the clergymen in bringing this about. Last winter, it will be remembered, there was some criticism of the large amount of coal being used to heat churches, when it was felt that two or three or four churches could have held union services. Thus, it would have been necessary to heat only the one edifice instead of three or four. The fuel controller is determined that there will be no opportunity for such criticism this winter. Mr. Smith believes that the city churches will be able to bring about a considerable saving. He is equally convinced that the churches in the country heretofore have been carrying on by old methods for weeks together under intermittent shell-fire, with many casualties. There can thus be no relaxation of the British effort to relieve the coal necessities of France.

### UPSET STOMACH!

Pape's Disapepain at Once!  
Sourness, Gas, Acidity,  
Indigestion.

Don't stay upset! When meals sit and you belch gas, acids, and gested food. When you feel lung indigestion pain, flatulence, heartburn headache you can get instant relief.

No waiting! Pape's Disapepain put you on your feet. As soon as you get one of these pleasant, harmless pills all the indigestion, gases, acid and stomach distress ends. Your guests thank you.

# For Thrift

- TO win the war, Money is needed. So that—Thrift is a War Service.**  
Every dollar you save instead of spending thoughtlessly, releases labour in some form—labour sorely needed for war purposes.
- Thrift is enforced in the use of many things today, such as flour, sugar, and coal, by the simple expedient of limiting the amount one may buy.
  - But thousands of extravagant habits flourish unchecked, and these are contributory hindrances to an early peace. Such habits are accomplices of the Kaiser.
  - For instance, there is no excuse for a man hiring another man to shave him. It wastes time, money and vital labour. You can shave yourself better with a Gillette Safety Razor in five minutes.
  - Buy a Gillette and wipe out the dollar a week expense. At the end of a year you have saved practically \$52.
  - With such a saving you can buy a \$50 War Bond (the purchase of which enables the Government to produce 15,000 cartridges), and you still have the finest razor in the world, good for an unlimited number of inimitable daily shaves—shaves that leave the skin perfectly smooth. The touch of the Gillette is thoroughly agreeable to the most tender skin.
  - Thrift will help to win the war. Gillette Razors are doing their share—at home and at the front.
  - Any jeweler, druggist, or hardware dealer will be glad to show you his assortment of Gillette Razors today. The price is five dollars.

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