MILITARY NEWS AND GOSSIP

OF CORPS, UNITS AND BATTALIONS OF NO. 1 MILITARY DISTRICT; OF LONDON'S MOBILIZATION CAMP AT CARLING HEIGHT, AND OF CAMP BORDEN, WHERE EIGHT WESTERN ONTARIO BATTALIONS ARE QUARTERED.

7TH FIELD CO., C. E.
7TH DETACHED GUARD.
CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS.
A. S. C. DETAILS.
NO. 1 A. M. C. DEPOT.
C. O. C.
PERMANENT CORPS.
HEADQUARTERS STAFF.
OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS.
NO. 10 HOSPITAL.
SIGNALLING SCHOOL.
NO. 1 POSTAL CORPS.

110TH BATTALION
111TH BATTALION
118TH BATTALION
135TH BATTALION
142ND BATTALION
149TH BATTALION.
153RD BATTALION
160TH BATTALION
161ST BATTALION
168TH BATTALION
186TH BATTALION
241ST BATTALION
63RD BATTERY
64TH BATTERY

TAG-DAY THURSDAY TO AID FAREWELL OF 142ND BATTALION

Women's Auxiliary To Sell London's Own Badges.

CAPTAINS ALL NAMED

Big Farewell Demonstration at Queen's Park Saturday Afternoon.

At a meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the 142nd Battalion and a special committee of the I. O. D. E. appointed to confer with the auxiliary, held Tuesday morning in Cronyn Hall, it was decided, on request of J. M. McEvoy, convener of the citizen's committee, to undertake a tag day on Thursday to raise money for the benefit of "London's Own," in connection with the big farewell demonstration of Saturday for the battalion.

Immediately after the morning meeting, Mrs. Ernest Smith, convener, and other members of the I. O. D. E. committee present, got in touch by telephone with as many members of the order as could be reached and also several representatives of the Red Cross Society, Women's Canadian Club, etc., calling an emergency meeting for 3:30 o'clock in Cronyn Hall. Well on time, a representative and enthusiastic gathering was assembled, when final arrangements were made for the tag day.

Will Sell Tags.

Tags in the form of the badge of the 142nd Battalion will be sold for 25 cents each on Thursday. Tag holders will be admitted without further charge to the grandstand in Queen's Park Saturday, for the grand field day program, on presentation of these tags.

Captains were named as follows.—Mrs. P. Millman, Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, Mrs. Donald McLean, Mrs. Allan McLean, Mrs. T. J. Murphy, Mrs. Randall Brown, Mrs. Callard, Mrs. Frank Spry, Miss Jean Waugh, Mrs. Tobias, Mrs. Wylie, Miss Ora White and Mrs. R. M. Graham, Mrs. Blandford and Miss Marjory Blandford.

Each captain will have ten assistants, and a flag-decorated automobile is being provided for each team, to convey the members to and from their districts and to take supplies.

Mrs. Donald McLean, president of the Women's Canadian Club, is having as her assistants Mrs. A. T. Edwards, who will look after the G. T. R. station; Mrs. John Stevely, the Tecumseh House; Mrs. J. M. McEvoy, the London and Port Stanley station, and Mrs. A. G. Calder, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the 142nd Battalion, the Traction station.

Will Start Early.

The automobiles will be at Cronyn Hall on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock to take the taggers to their respective districts. The headquarters for the day will be in the People's Savings and Loan Company office, the use of a room having been kindly granted for the day.

Mesdames Edge, C. T. Campbell, Donald McLean, R. W. Puddicombe, Heddome and S. E. Stevely have been appointed treasurers.

Today a work meeting is being held in Cronyn Hall to prepare the boxes which have been kindly donated by Dr. H. T. Reason, J. K. McDermid, donating the paper.

Expressed Thanks.

Capt. P. Millman of the 142nd Battalion was present at the meeting presided over by Mrs. Ernest Smith, and gave an address, in the course of which he expressed the thanks of the battalion for the interest being taken by the women of London.

Mrs. Edge has already donated $5 towards the tag day fund.

Mrs. Ernest Smith, who called the meeting of yesterday afternoon, and who has taken a most active part in all work for the 142nd Battalion, and has been prominently identified with the inauguration of the farewell demonstration movement, expressed to The Advertiser her hope that the citizens would take full advantage of the opportunities offered on tag day, and also on Saturday to show their deep appreciation of "London's Own," and in this way prove their patriotism.

It was stated to The Advertiser that it is the intention to provide the wife of each member of "London's Own" with a free entry ticket to the park.

BROTHER OF 63RD GUNNER PAYS SUPREME SACRIFICE

Reported Killed in Action While Serving With British Unit.

Gunner George Francis Evans of the 63rd Battery, is a brother of Lieut. W. Lawrence Evans of Toronto, who was Tuesday reported as having been killed in action on Friday last. Lieut. Evans was the first member of the University of Toronto Lodge, A., F. and A. M., to be killed in action. He received his degree in medicine only last June.

He was a St. Marys boys and enlisted in Toronto, leaving for overseas last November. He was attached to the King's Own (Liverpool) Regiment, and had been in France about six months.

Gunner Evans has another brother now serving on the Niobe. They are sons of W. J. Evans, St. Marys.

GOES TO VALCARTIER.

Reginald Hudson of this city, who has been so successfuly doing Y. M. C. A. work in the Barrifield Camp, Kingston, leaves now for Valcartier Camp to sing there.

IMPROVE YOUR COMPLEXION By using Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. Sample of each free with 32-page book. Address "Cuticura," Boston, U. S. A.

BRITISH TOMMIES CHEERFUL DESPITE INFERNO OF FIRE ON SOMME BATTLEFRONT

Rain of Shells, Machine Guns' Destructiveness, Nauseous Smells, Terrible Sights and Certain Death, Have No Terrors for Them, Writes London Doctor Serving With An Artillery Brigade of the Imperial Service.

A vivid picture of the battlefront on the Somme is presented in the following letters written by a young London doctor, who is a medical officer for a brigade of batteries in the R. A. M. C., in the heart of the big British drive.

Incidentally, these letters dispel the idea of which some people seem possessed that doctors enlist for professional service along their own lines in the army because the berth is easier or safer than that of the combatant.

A "Blighty" is the soldier's term for a wound necessitating his being sent home to England and is often openly longed for, according to some who have been at the front.

July 18, 1916.

Dearest Mother and Father,—I must get in time to let you know that I am still O. K. We are having a very exciting time of it. I have got my little dressing station up among the guns in the open—and believe me it is warm, quite distinctly hot, in fact—but luck with a capital "L" has been with me so far, and we are all very cheery. (Just now there was a beast of a burst about ten yards away, but I had dug myself in a bit and missed it.)

Loses Track of Days.

But to continue, and forget shells. If I were to stop and tell you every time a shell burst near or a piece flew honing by I should never get through! It is eight or nine days since I have had my clothes off, and I have lost all track of time or of the days of the week. Everything is an endless turmoil—and it still persists in raining. As yet we have not had to starve—bullybeef and biscuits are all right.

War on this scale is a very different thing from the old game of even a month ago.

I don't know how big this battle will eventually look in history, but it is quite big enough for me. It is a sickening and horrible game—I surely hate it—but, of course, we all grin and act cheerful to buck the other fellow up.

British Turn To Whack Away.

At present we are the guns next to Mr. Bosche, and there are guns and more guns for a mile and more behind us. It is our turn to whack away and, believe me, we are doing it. The bombardment simply becomes terrific at times—guns of every calibre by the dozen and hundred tear and snarl away in a continual din.

Headquarters, with whom I had lived until we got into the "show," are over a mile behind, and so I told Col. ——— that I might as well be in Canada as there, so far as our fellows were concerned, so I mess with Capt. ——— at the guns. We sit down in the open with our steel helmets on and eat away with apparent unconcern.

I must say it makes you choke a bit or miss a chew when a shell comes humming along just over your head. Thank, heaven, the fuse is set for 100 yards further on—mentally you hope Mr. Bosche doesn't drop that 100.

Covered With Dead.

The whole countryside (it is rolling hills with crested woods here and there) is covered with our dead and the Hun, too.

They lie promiscuously together in ghastly heaps, and stink to heaven. They have full equipment on, and their bayonets lie beside them. It is horrible. The roads and gullies are lined with dead teams and drivers and shattered carts. Again the smell is nauseous. Nobody has time to bury. The woods are beastly, and are better avoided—shell holes are everywhere—whole areas are torn and thrown and reblown into a myriad of grotesque hillocks and cavities. Streams of wounded seem endless. Some of my best friends are done in. I do hate the Bosche. I can only hope we are giving him very hell on the other side.

No Heart for Souvenirs.

Every Tommy has a Bosche helmet on his belt. It is no longer a sight of interest. I can't say I have the heart to souvenir hunt. All we want to do is to push the Hun back. I believe he is badly shaken. We all hope so, but he is such a cunning fighter.

They have whole systems of deep dugouts, 20 to 30 feet below the ground. Machine-gun squads lie in these places until our fearful bombardment lifts, then they rush out and mow down our troops in the charge. It is a pitiful sight what a machine gun can do. Just where we are now is a great and heavy system, which was the final German line of defence, long prepared. I walked over it without knowing where it was! Just think! I could not even find it. A Tommy of the "———" who took the ridge, showed me a corner of a dugout projecting out. Every dugout had been smashed and resmashed.

Perfect Inferno.

It was a perfect inferno and chaos—no machine-gun squads appeared out of these dugouts! Nobody bothers to dig them out. Some undoubtedly must be alive there yet.

And so the fight continues. I was a bit afraid this would try my nerve, but I got on surprisingly well, considering. I only hope it stays with me. There is no end in sight. We just slog ahead.

* * *

July 27, 1916.

Dearest Mother and Father,—I must say that lately I have almost felt unable to write. I have been tremendously busy with the wounded, and the shelling has been remarkably uncomfortable. But I'm still here and going strong, which is more than can be said of many of our officers.

Sleeps Through Bombardment.

The strain tires one a good deal, but I can stand it so far. Today there has been a lull. When I get the chance I can sleep happily through any bombardment they can put up as far as noise goes. But what does wake me and did wake me this a.m. is a shower of earth lumps, stones and bits of "crump," which had been pitched high in the air, and then came down in a heavy rain. Today they shelled us with eight-inch high explosives for two hours. The nearest to me was about ten yards away, but the terrific concussions gave me a splitting headache. What was rather comical though was a little incident of a water cart. It had been parked for the night about 50 yards away. An 8-inch shell lit directly underneath it, and away the whole "caboodle" went over a hundred feet in the air. The wheels went flying off by themselves, circling aimlessly around, and I haven't seen the shattered body of the cart since. But frightened as we were, we couldn't help laughing at the cart. It seemed so ludicrous. After that things quieted down a bit—I mean for us. It was only that the Bosche had transferred his attentions elsewhere. But it is more or less a constant game. Many of my friends are not here now, some of them luckily being only wounded.

Never Saw Cheerier Crowd.

But don't let me draw a long face over the matter. If you were here you could not see a cheerier crowd. We laugh and joke and pull together better than ever.

The Tommies get very serious and "windy" (to use one of their own expressions) at times, but they are Cockney, and that means that they are like corks — they will bob up again. I have one big red-haired stretcher-bearer who has a perpetual grin on his face—nothing in the shell line can knock it off. He has been wounded twice while on duty, but only slightly. He is very rueful about it. He carts in the cases and looks enviously at them (if they are not too bad), then says: "Huh, you lucky cove! I've been trying to cop a 'blighty' this last 'ere fortnight, and 'ere you are goin' back to the girls! And say! won't they cheer you at Waterloo station! My word! You're some 'ero—'ere, 'ave a cigarette!" In an aside to me: "I don't really want to get hurted, but it do look good!" And away he goes through the Valley of Death with his stretcher case. Sometimes the shells fall so thick I think they won't ever turn up again, but they do.

Dante Has Nothing On This.

Yesterday they gave us a real little imitation of an inferno. Dante has nothing on an 8-inch barrage mixed with 6-inch and 4.2's and "whiz-bangs." I laid off my coat to work the better (for I had more than I could do), and they promptly slashed it up with a fragment. The whole place was dim with rolling smoke and noxious gases. Flying pieces whined past, and thudded smack in the ground everywhere. When I went back to my cubbyhole, where I reside, I found it in a bad state. Chunks of shrapnel and high explosives in the blankets, my clothing torn and mud everywhere. It was just as well I had been busy, was it not?

Every night the Bosche sends over poison gas shells (they affect the heart). They come about ten a minute, each chasing the other's tail. They are uncanny, silent, little beasts. You hear a gentle whirring sound, and then a "phut," as it hits the ground; that is all. No explosion occurs. As sure as dusk falls, he will start his little game, and the figgly whirr of his shells mingles with my dreams. I believe I should wake now if he stopped! Certainly we all agree that a "dud" shell (one which does not explode) strikes on your ear (to be Irish), and arrests your attention much more now than if it went off with a loud detonation.

Thrilling Air Fight.

And we have seen the most thrilling aeroplane fights. The Tommies shout with unholy glee when a Hun is brought down. It is rather a nasty sight. They come fluttering down like a broken butterfly. I feel a bit sorry for them all. They are brave men at least. But the last one I saw was so evidently out for blood that when he got nipped in the back by one of our fast "Bristols," I only enjoyed it. He had swooped down like a hawk on one of our poor slow observers. Down they came like express trains, the Bosche machine gun rapping away. But the swooper was swooped on! High in the air one of our fast "Bristols" was dropping, nose down, like a stone on to him! The speed was terrific. Could our man right himself? The fall became a swoop, and his machine gun broke forth. I think the Bosche felt the nip of the bullets, for close as he was on his victim, he managed a sudden and superb curve around. It was hopeless! He was groggy. He tried his only way out—a dash for home at low level. But Tommy had watched it all. At the psychological moment thousands of rifles opened as he crossed the lines. In the distance it sounded like a pot boiling—and that was the "finis." He just fluttered down.

There is no use trying to describe the country to you. The newspapers do that.

It is scarred and pitted, torn and raked until it is nothing but naked desolation. For the moment we are out of civilization and in the grip of blood and iron. I hope you don't mind my style of describing these things (quite unusual for me, is it not?), but I thought you might like a little insight into the game we are playing.

HARVEST IS PAST; SOLDIERS RETURN

[Special to The Advertiser.]

HENSALL, Aug. 15. — A number of soldiers of the Hensall platoon of the 161st Battalion, who were home on harvest leave, returned to Camp Borden on Saturday, and the remainder will go next Saturday.

LONDON TO DETROIT AND RETURN, $2.75.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will run an excursion to Detroit and return, leaving London on the 11:20 a.m. train, Saturday, Aug. 19, and good returning up to and including Monday, Aug. 21, at rate of $2.75, including war tax. Tickets and full information at the City Ticket Office, corner Richmond and Dundas streets. H. J. McCallum, city passenger agent. 38c

BIG HOLIDAY PLANS FOR LONDON'S OWN COMING ON FRIDAY

Bombing Class Will Bring Explosives for Show.

NEWS FROM CAMP BORDEN

Many Visitors From City and District to Quarters of 135th.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

CAMP BORDEN, Aug. 15.—The following officers from battalions of No. 1 Division in Camp Borden left tonight to join the quota of officers to depart immediately for overseas:

Lieuts. W. T. Ulens, 135th; Harry Bawdon, 142nd; W. T. Bartlett, 142nd; G. B. Mullholland, 70th; Douglas Weld, 118th; R. G. Washburn, 118th; Edgar Torrance, 161st; A. R. Terhune, 110th; W. J. Wright, 110th.

The officers and men of the 142nd intend to co-operate with the citizens of London to make the holiday plans in London Saturday a success. The bombing class intends to take explosives with them and to give an exhibition of bombing; bayonet fighting, physical exercises and trench warfare will be on the program of the battalion for the day. The battalion will leave on Friday by a special train.

Lieut.-Col. Bart Robson of the 135th is sitting up tonight awaiting the arrival of his "boys," who are expected at midnight, and recalling old events with what few officers remain. The dull moments since the departure of his "boys" have been somewhat relieved by visitors.

On Sunday several friends were here from London.

Sheriff Henderson Calls.

Today Capt. Malone returned from Alton with a party composed of Sheriff Henderson and Mrs. Henderson of Brampton, J. Dodds and wife, Alton; Mr. and Mrs. Everton Barber and their daughter, and Mrs. Malone. The party had heard that the unit was soon to depart and brought to Camp Borden an auto filled with delicacies, which they distributed among the men. The party dined with Lieut.-Col. Robson and officers tonight.

SPORTS PUT ON BY UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL DELIGHTED BIG CROWD

Events Keenly Contested by Col. Seaborn's Men.

UNIT LEAVES SHORTLY

Company Drill and Stretcher-Bearers' Work Features of Program.

Yesterday afternoon the men of No. 10 Stationary Hospital held a farewell field day for the benefit of their friends and relatives.

The event was staged on the beautiful grounds of the Western University on St George street, and as is usual where soldiers are concerned, the fair sex turned out in great numbers.

The grounds were prettily decorated and a bright sun and cool weather made for the success of the event.

Early Departure.

The hospital has been warned for an early departure and their friends took this probably last opportunity of seeing for themselves the progress the boys have made in the short time since the organization of the unit.

All were more than pleased. The events were clean and closely contested. The football match between the single and married men was loudly applauded and the exhibition of stretcher drill demonstrated the care, tenderness and skill with which wounded men are handled.

At the conclusion of the field sports, Pte. Harry Carson rendered two solos in his excellent baritone voice.

The Events:

The events were as follows:

100-Yard Race—Pte. Leo C. Chamberlain, 1st; Pte. Cook, 2nd.

Three-Legged Race—Sergt. Ritchie and Lance-Corp. Casselman, 1st; Pte. Chamebrlain and Pte. Fish, 2nd.

200-Yard Race—Pte. Chamberlain, 1st; Pte. Ritchie, 2nd; Pte. Lumley, 3rd.

One mile relay won by team composed of Ptes. Smallman, Cook, Bowie and Lacey.

Wheelbarrow Race—Ptes. Smith and Smallman, 1st; Ptes. Gatecliffe and Stewart, 2nd.

Football—Single men vs. married. Single men—Parks, goal; Jacques and Chamberlain, backs; Hardy, Ritchie and Baker, halves; Thompson, Greene, Oliver and Casselman, forwards. Married men's team—Major Wilson, goal; Hull and Sergt.-Major Cameron, backs; Gatecliffe, Swan and Lumley, halves; Greene, Haynes, Hembrough and Hudspith, forwards. Pte. Wildish, referee. Score 1—1.

Company Drill.

For the company drill the men were handled by Lieut.-Col. Seaborn and stood at attention for eight minutes with remarkable steadiness.

Lieut. Dickie had charge during the stretcher-bearer drill.

Major Cameron Wilson and Capt. Bice acted as judges, while Lieut. J. A. Dickie was starter.

Corp. J. T. Paton, Pte. Gatecliffe and Pte. Swan were the committee responsible for the affair.

Other Military News on Page Three.

VETERANS SAY ACT OF GOVERNMENT WAS "DIRTY KICK-OUT"

Helpless Returned Soldiers Given Pittances.

COMRADES DISGUSTED

Think Men Who Sacrificed Themselves Should Have Fair Play.

At a meeting of the Returned Soldiers' Association last night in their clubrooms at 380 Richmond street, a resolution was passed stating that the association, after the reception of the soldiers returning tomorrow, would have nothing to do with the Soldiers' Aid Commission if Secretary Ed Lance of the Sportsmen's Patriotic Association was connected with it in any way. This would apply to other associations as well.

The feeling of the meeting was that the two associations, the Soldiers' Aid Commission and the Returned Soldiers' Association, should work together, and that there should be no friction between them. This can not be, they think, if Mr. Lance is connected with it. They stated that they had proof for every charge they can bring against him.

Financial Matters.

The finances of the association were discussed, and a detailed account read of all the money received and expended since the inception of the organization. The total amount spent so far is $415.11. The balance remaining is $806.97. A number of the members remarked that although some persons had been ready to hint at the money collected by the association being used wrongfully, they were not present at the meeting to hear the detailed statement, although the meeting had been advertised as an open one.

Another matter which came in for discussion was the manner in which a number of the returned men had been given checks from the Government for certain amounts, and then dropped forever from the books. One member described it as "the dirty kick out," and stated that over fifteen returned men in the city had received it so far.

Names Are Given.

The names of several were given. J. Gordon, who was shot in the ankle at Givenchy, received $25, and the usual notification that the Government was through with him; C. C. Plant, wounded at Givenchy, received $25; R. Lowe, who lost the sight of one eye while on active service received $50; Harry Cattell, who has lost completely the use of one hand, received $75. Another soldier who was hit in the head received $25. His mental powers were considerably affected by the wound.

None of these men, it was stated, were in a fit condition for the labor market, and yet they had to earn their bread along with men who were 100 per cent efficient. One man, a steamfitter before he enlisted, has been incapacitated and cannot return to his trade. His present position brings him $2.50 a day less than he formerly earned. "He is practically giving up $2.50 a day for the Empire as long as he lives," stated one of the members, "and he is to receive $25 for it."

Want Fair Play.

The case of a workman in the city who received a slight injury on the back of his hand was cited. The man, they state, received $250 in compensation. Returned soldiers, they thought, should be treated on the same principles as the workingmen who remained at home. J. Wakeling and Sapper Laughton of the trades and labor council were present, and backed the association up in its views. Laughton, in behalf of the council, invited all the members of the association to be their guests at the Labor Day picnic, and asked that a member of the association be chosen to act as one of the judges. The association will give a prize for one of the events, but fuller details will be arranged at the next meeting.

A check of $25 from a returned officer in the city was gratefully acknowledged.

HUNDREDS AT DEPOT BID GODSPEED TO 135TH BATTALION

Middlesex Men To Change Training Quarters Shortly.

MANY IN FROM DISTRICT

Comrades From Other Units Also Gathered at G.T.R. Station.

Between five and six hundred men of the 135th Middlesex Battalion left London yesterday afternoon for Camp Borden from the down-town G. T. R. station. The battalion is scheduled to leave Camp Borden soon for other training quarters and this was the last time the boys will be in London.

Hundreds of Londoners gathered at the station to bid them good-bye and nearly all carried presents in the shape of substantial lunches, to be eaten on the train. The cars remained on the fourth track for nearly half an hour, so there was plenty of opportunity for last farewells. The station platform, too, was crowded so that it was with difficulty persons alighting from incoming trains could make their way along.

Farewell Indians.

Many of the Indian members of the battalion returned on the last leave and many of their comrades from the 160th Bruce Battalion, which has also an Indian company, were present to say good-bye.

There was none of the usual scenes at the departure of a battalion. No band or escort accompanied the men to the station. They did not even come in a body, but arrived in twos and threes. Unlike several weeks ago when they were supposed to be leaving for the last time there were a number of the officers of the battalion present. Many visitors from all parts of the county, in which the battalion was recruited, helped to swell the crowd at the station.

From Out of Town.

Many of the men came in on the Huron and Bruce train. Men from Glencoe and Strathroy entrained here, as well as the London men. The Parkhill boys will probably entrain at Stratford. Major Somerville was in charge of the train from here.

The fact that several trains intervened between the troop train and the station platform at the last minute prevented the people from sending the boys off with three cheers, but the boys made up for this themselves, three hearty cheers from them floating above the other trains to those

Special Purchase of New Cretonnes to Sell at 29c Yd. Tomorrow

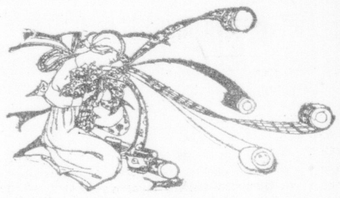
Tomorrow we make a rapid price-clearance of a purchase of 700 yards of new Cretonnes, representing patterns of which no duplicates are to be made. They are among the season's best and of the grade that will maintain their fine appearance through continued laundering. The designs are many and shown in dark and light grounds adapted for living, dining and bedroom hangings, also for box coverings, cushions for rockers and veranda chairs, etc. All are 33 inches wide. Special price ..... 29c yard

Take Elevators to Fourth Floor.

18c and 25c Bordered Scrims and Marquisettes for 12 1-2c Yard Tomorrow

Just 423 yards in this lot, ecru color grounds only, but a splendid assortment of designs and colors in the borders to select from in either scrims or marquisettes; borders are printed on both sides; regular prices were 18c to 25c. Tomorrow, your choice for .... 12½c yard

First Shipment of New Fall Ribbons Just Passed Into Stock



The first fall purchases have made their appearance and they seem to be even daintier in coloring and finish; certainly the values are surprisingly low for these qualities. You'll be sure to need them in the very near future, better to secure a supply while color range and widths are to be had, especially while prices like these prevail.

30 PIECES DRESDEN RIBBONS, 39c YD.

All in 6-inch widths, comprising the daintiest color combinations on white, pale blue, nile green, yellow, pink and black grounds in floral centres and moire stripes. Special at ..... 39c yard

6 PIECES MOIRE STRIPE RIBBONS, 39c YARD.

Beautiful qualities and colors, suitable for hair ribbons; 3 styles in 2-color combinations i.e. green and red, green and navy, green and black stripes; all are 6 inches wide. Special at ..... 39c yard

3 PIECES DRESDEN SATIN RIBBONS, 50c YARD.

Pretty tints in dresden effects on pale blue, pink and white grounds; all are 6 inches wide. Price ..... 50c yard

5 PIECES 8-INCH DRESDEN RIBBONS, SPECIAL 59c YARD.

Attractive patterns on white grounds with floral and stripe designs in yellow, mauve, pale blue, pink; splendid quality and width for making fancy bags; 8 inches wide. Special ..... 59c yard

6 PIECES 4-INCH PLAID RIBBONS, 25c YARD.

Shown in green and red plaids; good quality ribbon; just the kind for school hair ribbons; 4 inches wide, for ..... 25c yard

5 PIECES, 4-INCH DRESDEN RIBBONS, SPECIAL, 25c YARD.

All in white grounds with yellow, pink, pale blue, purple, dresden designs; a good quality of ribbon; splendid patterns and colorings. Special at ..... 25c yard

August Furniture Sale!

Every piece of Furniture in the store at 10 to 50 per cent off regular prices. Third Floor.

Afternoon in Restaurant—Sliced Tomatoes, Bread and Butter or Rolls, Vanilla Ice Cream, Cup of Tea or Coffee, 15c.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM LIMITED

Afternoon in Restaurant—Cream Cheese with Pimento Sandwich, Assorted Cut Cake, Cup of Tea or Coffee, 15c.

LITTLE STORIES OF CAMP BORDEN

MUST LOOK AFTER DESERTERS.

Following the new militia orders, which make it possible for the civil police and civil judicial authorities to deal with deserters and absentees, Toronto has notified the military officers at Camp Borden that they must look after deserters in that city themselves. The claim has been advanced that the Toronto police force is so undermanned that it would be impossible to look after the militia end of the work as well.

$250,000 PAID OUT.

Yesterday was pay day at Camp Borden and on a conservative estimate more than a quarter of a million dollars was paid out to the troops under canvas. Each of the men received an average of $10, and as there are more than 24,000 still here, the total is easily figured.

NEW BATTALION ARRIVES.

The 227th (Algoma) Battalion is the latest to be added to the Camp Borden strength. It arrived on Tuesday with a strength of 27 officers and 825 men. The battalion has taken up the quarters formerly occupied by the 124th (Pals) Battalion of Toronto, which was among the first to leave the Borden training grounds.

GLEE CLUBS STARTS.

Because of the shortening evenings that almost prohibit the playing of a full game of baseball, lacrosse, soccer or cricket after the supper hour, glee clubs in all battalions have sprung into existence and sing songs are quite the order of the night.

5,417 WENT HARVESTING.

The official camp records show that 5,417 soldiers at Camp Borden took advantage of the special leave granted for harvesting furlough. In some cases the men only had two weeks' leave, while in other cases, particularly that of the 135th (Middlesex) Battalion, the men were recalled to the camp because of impending changes.

OBJECTS TO WINTER CAMP.

In view of the semi-official statements from Ottawa that Camp Borden might be used as a winter concentration camp as well as a summer training one, Mayor Church of Toronto has filed a protest with the department at Ottawa. Those who have seen the camp and know its workings declare that it would be an absolute impossibility to keep troops in the wilderness during the winter months. The effect on recruiting in the cities would be detrimental and the physical location of the place practically preclude its use as a winter camp.

ON TONIGHT.

The massed band concert and tattoo of all bands at Camp Borden takes place this evening on the third brigade area. Lieut. John Slater, bandmaster of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, will be the musical director of the affair, which will be the biggest of its kind ever held in this country. It is claimed also that it will be the biggest military tattoo ever attempted on the continent.

IT'S TEN DAYS NOW.

Although numerous announcements have been officially and semi-officially made, as to the completion of the contractors' work at Camp Borden, the latest is to the effect that the construction gangs will be leaving in ten days at the most if the weather continues good.

Shortage of labor caused a hurry-up call for steel erectors and tower men from the different battalions in the camp to work on the second water tower being erected at the camp as a supplementary supply to the camp waterworks.

WASTAGES HEAVY.

Battalion "wastages" at Camp Borden during the past few weeks have been exceptionally heavy. Men rejected by the medical boards for various causes, those over age, those incapacitated by training and the usual number of desertions and "absence without leave" cases have reduced the strength by more than 1,000.

Somewhat lax inspection, medically, by civilian practitioners in some of the smaller centres where no army doctors are available, is blamed as one of the reasons for the high percentage of medical discharges.

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CHAPLAIN OF 91ST SAYS MANY OF UNIT ARE NOW IN FRANCE

Capt. McGillivray Sends Word to Dutton Soldier's Wife.

ST. THOMAS, Aug. 15.—Mrs. Wm. McNernie of Dutton is in receipt of a letter from Capt. N. H. McGillivray, chaplain of the 91st Battalion, advising her that her husband, Pte. McNernie and a number of other members of the 91st have been sent over to France.

SIX RETURNED MEN EXPECTED IN WINDSOR

WINDSOR, Aug. 15.—The Windsor Sportsmen's Patriotic Association is arranging to take care of six more soldiers who have been discharged from the front because of physical unfitness, and who will reach Windsor soon. They are: Ptes. Angus, Leonard and Ranger, of Detroit, who will arrive this week, and Ptes. Smith, Campbell and Poulton, of Ford City.

ANOTHER RECRUIT FOR PERTH UNIT

[Special to The Advertiser.]

STRATFORD, Aug. 15.—Another recruit signed on for the 110th Battalion here today in the person of Alfred Granger, Stratford, born Doone, Waterloo County, age 26, married and a laborer. This is the second recruit in two days for this unit. Recruiting here has been slow of late.

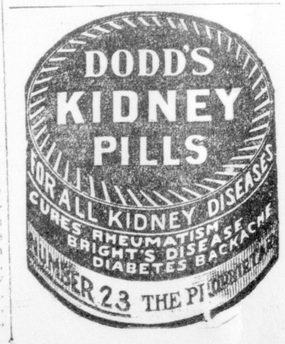
TWO STRATFORD MEN NAMED IN LISTS

[Special to The Advertiser.]

STRATFORD, Aug. 15. — Word was received in this city today by W. H. Merry, of the Boys' Home, of the wounding of Pte. Samuel J. Reburn. Pte. Reburn enlisted with the 71st Battalion. He is a native of England and came to this country in 1911, being for some time a ward of the Boys' Home. Latterly, however, he had been employed in a grist mill at Paisley. He enlisted at London. He is now confined in a French hospital suffering from gunshot wounds in the legs and wrist.

Pte. Watt Wounded.

A letter received in the city tells of the wounding of Pte. James Watt, who is now in an English hospital. His wounds are in the feet, arms and right leg. Pte. Watt is a native of England and 21 years of age. He had been in Canada for five years and enlisted with the 71st Battalion.

Everything Favors Allies.

Writing to friends in the city Pte. F. H. Taylor, who was reported as wounded some time ago, says that he has two holes in a leg three inches long and two inches wide, but he believes the limb will be saved. He mentions the wounding of Ptes. Conway and Daws. The former, he says, is back again in the trenches. "Everything is looking in favor of the Allies at the front," he says.