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A CHARMING NEW SHOWING OF

Striped Tub Silks

31 inches wide, and a usual **75c**
\$1.00 value, special at

A fortunate purchase on our buyer's part makes this very special value possible. These silks have just arrived from the mills and represent fashion's Latest Ideas of summer Blouses, Dresses and Skirts. They are Tub Silks in every sense of the word, being fast colors, absolutely uncrushable and guaranteed pure Silk. The range is large, showing various width stripes in shades of navy, grey, pink and black—all on white grounds. They will not be in stock long at this special price, so come in while the selection is complete and choose your share at 75c yard and remember you are getting a regular \$1.00 quality.

New York Sport Skirts

A Special at
\$5.00 each

A new line just received from New York. Made of a fine silk-finished Repp in the Latest Awning Stripes effect in such stunning combinations as Rose and White stripes, and Copenhagen and white stripes, large flare style and a very Special Skirt Value at \$5.00.

Summer Outing Skirts

A Special at
\$3.00 each

A very popular model for outing wear, reflecting the Latest Style effect direct from New York. Made of a super quality dark tan drill with belt effect at top, two side pockets, trimmed with buttons. An Extra Special Value at \$3.00.

SPECIAL SALE OF LADIES SUITS

AT

\$12.75

REG. \$15.00 VALUES



The mere fact that these are all this season's garments will convince you of their exceptional value at this price. They are made up of Black and Navy Serges Coat plain tailored style and satin lined. Skirt plain flare effect with belt at top. We are showing these suits in a complete range of sizes, from 16 to 42, and you will be fortunate and highly pleased if you choose one at the sale price—\$12.75.

PRETTY NEW

Wash Goods

SHOWN IN A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF FASHIONS' MOST HIGHLY FAVORED FABRICS.

Come in tomorrow and view our magnificent assemblage of New Wash Goods. They are displayed in profusion on the counters for your seeing and easy choosing:

- PALM BEACH SUITINGS..... 85c yd.
- COTTON GABARDINES..... 85c yd.
- EMBROIDERED ORGANDIES..... \$1, \$1.50
- NEW CLOTHS, all shades..... 35c and 40c yd.
- WOVEN SEED VOILES..... 45c yd.
- STRIPED ORGANDIES..... 50c yd.
- SATI N Faced VOILES..... 50c yd.
- DOTTED CREPES..... 75c yd.
- FLORAL SILK MARQUISSETTES..... 75c yd.
- FOREIGN VOILES..... 95c yd.
- RECEPTION VOILES..... 40c yd.
- SHADOW VOILES..... 40c yd.
- RICE STRIPED VOILES..... 45c yd.
- GOLFINE CORDS..... 65c yd.
- SWISS EMBROIDERED VOILES..... 85c to \$1.50 yd.
- SAMSON'S GALATEAS..... 40c yd.

For sport skirts, blouses and dresses, use

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It will wash and wash, and wear and wear. Costs less than linen and does not wrinkle easily. We recommend Indian Head to our customers and guarantee its quality.

May we show it to you?

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hundreds of miles by canoe and camp unmolested in a kingdom of your own. Lakes and streams abound in fish places for their gameness. Just the same to rouse the energies of a tired body or wearied spirit. Altitude 2,000

feet above sea level. Easy of access, only 200 miles north of Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway. Illustrated descriptive matter telling you all about it sent on request. Apply to H. C. Thompson, G. P. and T. A. or C. E. Hornung D.P.A., Toronto, Ont.

SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF ST. JULIEN

Eloquent Address by Rev. W. G. Clarke, B.A., Pastor of Bowmanville Methodist Church on the Anniversary of the Battle of St. Julien.

The following splendid tribute was paid to the heroes of the battle of St. Julien on the anniversary of that memorable contest April 23rd last, by Rev. W. G. Clarke, B.A., pastor of the Bowmanville Methodist church, and late pastor of the Tabernacle church in this City. At the request of the editor Mr. Clarke has furnished us with the following report of his sermon for publication.

When one recalls the heroic stand at St. Julien of our untried Canadian lads by which the mad onrush of 100,000 victorious Germans was halted and thrown back there is no one verse of Scripture that illuminates those days of destiny, like Isaiah, 59-19.

"When the enemy shall come in like a flood the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against them. So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the West, and His glory from the rising of the sun."

One year ago last August not one in 1000 or 10,000 in Canada could have told that such places as St. Julien and Langemarck existed. None but the close student of history or geography or an occasional traveller could have told you that there was such a town as Ypres, or such a river as the Yser, crossing with sluggish pace the boundary from France into Belgium shortly to mingle its muddy waters with the salt waves of the North Sea, a sea in our earlier school days known to mankind as the German ocean but now known in very truth to be a British sea as it will be as long as Britannia rules the waves.

Even popular Encyclopaedias fail to reveal the name Langemarck and equally vain is the search on the maps of Belgium for St. Julien. Ypres, you will there be told is a city of great antiquity and former importance and glory, dating back 1000 years and having had a population 600 years ago of 200,000 and 4000 looms for the manufacture of diaper. Two years ago it had less than one-twelfth as many as in those former times. Today it is a shapeless chaos of ruins, a perfect inferno of shell-torn earth and sky.

The general map of Europe gives no hint of the existence of the Yser. But of its hitherto unknown and humble waters we may well adopt and adapt the stirring lines of French, written to the glorious memories of the Alma.

"Though till now unfamed in story, Scant altho' thy waters be, Alma roll thy waters proudly, Proudly roll them to the sea.

Yesterday unnamed, unhonored, But to wandering traveller known, Now thou art a voice forever, To the world's four corners blown.

In the allied annals graven, Thou art now a deathless name, And a star forever shining In the firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river Crowned with city, tower and shrine, Little streamlet, knows no magic, Boasts no potency like thine.

Cannot shed the light thou sheddest Around many a living head, Cannot lend the light thou lendest, To the memories of the dead.

Yea, nor all unscathed their sorrow, And so proudly mourning say When the first strong burst of anguish Shall have wept itself away.

"He has passed from us the loved one, But he sleeps with them who died By the Yser, at the winning Of that gas-swept countryside."

Yes and in the days far onward, When we all are cold as these Who beneath thy vines and willows On their hero-beds repose.

Thou on England's banners blazoned With the famous fields of old, Shalt where other fields are winning, We've above the brave and bold.

And our sons unborn shall nerve them For some great deed to be done By that 23rd of April, When St. Julien's wood was won.

Oh thou river; dear forever To the gallant, to the free; Yser, roll thy waters proudly, Proudly roll them to the sea."

The stupendous significance of which we will never again on blazing battle fields require such sacrifices—that this will be the last great war—that in the long vista of the

that stand at St. Julien is growing up on us as the events of the past year have continued to unfold.

Towers Above Its Fellows. One day on the river Truckee in the Sierra Nevada Mountains that divide the States of Nevada and California, one of the most beautiful and romantic glacial fed mountain streams in all the great Rocky West, I was fishing for trout, rainbow trout. I may say here in all fairness I ought to say for the curious and expectant ears of the fishermen present, I got some too and they were beauties. Well as I walked up stream beside its tumbling glacial waters I caught glimpses at times through the opening forest of a great mountain before me. I was eager to get a nearer view, a more intimate acquaintance with its heroic figure. Many miles I walked but it towered aloft above its fellows as distinct as ever. At last the position of the sun warned me to turn back. But still travelling forward or backward as I would, however near, however far, it lost none of its magnitude and glory. Its vast forest green base, its purplish hazy sides, and above all mantling clouds, it thrust its glistening peak upward into the blue Empyrean where

"Eternal sunshine settled on its quiet" unique, silent, sublime in a vast sea of mountains.

So it may truly be said of that tremendous crisis one year ago how ever great its meaning to us at the time, still the farther we draw away from it in these cataclysmal days instead of a lesser or even an unfalling grandeur it grows more and more in splendor and glory.

Sir John, now Viscount French—worthy chief of a worthy cause—said that our boys "Saved the situation" against disaster of inconceivable proportions. But even his generous words failed to impress on us an adequate sense of those fateful imperial and world-wide issues that hung upon the valour and staying powers of our Canadian boys that day just beyond the Yser, then only "Somewhere in Flanders."

And more it is quite conceivable that even the great commander himself did not then realize all they had withstood. It has required the year's events to reveal to us the undreamed of superiority in numbers of men, munitions and preparation with which the Germans with the dastardly use of poison gases and unheard of outlawry expected to trample under foot our

"Contemptible Little Army."

More and more do we marvel how our boys held the way to Calais and blanked the treacherous, murderous, portentous thrust that would have wiped England from the map of great nations—that England of which in these days of tercentenary celebration we do well to remember that Shakespeare, England's greatest bard has lovingly sung:—"This royal throne of Kings, this Scepter'd isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise, This fortress built by nature for herself, Against infection, and the hand of war, Thy happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver Sea."

The more minute story of those thrilling days would require volumes to record.

The Position of the Forces. Sweeping in a semicircle around the east side of Ypres the allied trenches projected several miles into the German position. At the north, where the line bent eastward from the banks of the Yser were the dusky troops from French Algeria. Behind them and between them and Ypres was the village of Langemarck. Next to them and holding some 5,000 yards of trenches and comprising the northern sector of the big bulge itself were our Canadian brigades—the Highland brigade under General Turner, the 1st Brigade under General Mercer and the 2nd brigade under General Currie. Just before 6 p.m. on Thursday, April 22nd, the Algerian troops in front of Langemarck gave way before the diabolical surprise cloud of chlorine gas set free by the Germans from their trenches only a few yards away. The road to Calais was open and 100,000 waiting Germans preceded by a cyclonic blast of high explosive shells were fung forward across the abandoned trenches, flooding with their exultant hordes the country to the rear of our exposed left flank of Highlanders. By all the rules of the game our lads should have retired defeated, routed, smashed. But the word had been fung a-long the khaki line "Hold, fight or die where you are!"

Splendid generalship swung the exposed left flank of the Highlanders back at right angles to the main line of trenches. Thus a new front paralleled the line of the onrushing German divisions. Into these they poured a torrent of enfilading artillery, machine gun and rifle fire so

ferocious and destructive that the German advance was halted and swung around to crush them.

At the base and rear of this new Canadian position was the hamlet of St. Julien. When night fell and a brilliant moon rose upon the unslackening tempest of human wrath the German flood had engulfed a small area beside St. Julien in which the French had posted a battery of 4.7 inch guns loaned to them by the British.

The Impossible Accomplished. The acid test was applied when at midnight early on the morning of Friday, the 23rd, the word sped along the Canadian line to take the woods of St. Julien and recapture the guns. Not one, even the youngest private, but knew what the task before him meant. It did not seem possible that any human being could reach much less conquer the woods. But our lads would not be denied. The word was reached. Cold steel was their answer to chlorine gas. The woods were cleared and the guns recaptured.

And thus the desperate game went on from night till morning and from morning till night throughout the long week and until sufficient reserves of British and French came up to shut effectively and finally the road to Calais. What wonder that when the British reinforcements moved up through our demoralized but undaunted lines of heroes they cheered and cheered again and shouted "All hail to Canada."

"Who Stands if Freedom Fall?" It was a soldier's battle. They were told to hold tight and they did. They cursed the officer who to save his men would dare to order them to retire. The Toronto Grenadier Company went into the fight 220 strong and came out with only 7 men and not a single officer. The spirit that animated every boy,

There is but one task for all For each one life to give Who stands if freedom fall Who dies if England live?"

In Canadian history the battle will ever be known as the battle of St. Julien. It was here we made our fight. The British may call it the second battle of Ypres. There are and will be other names where deeds of equal bravery and heroism will be recorded of our Canadian boys, St. Eloi, Neuve Chapelle, Ginchey, Festubert—are names that will live live in Canadian memories. But St. Julien has a place all its own because of the tremendous issues that were at stake during those three days of titanic struggle.

St. Eloi has lasted as long and has taken just as much courage. Just as noble men have fallen there. This morning in one of our largest Methodist churches in Belleville a memorial service has been held to the memory of one of the bravest and best lads to respond to the call of King and Country, who has fallen at St. Eloi. A teacher in the Sunday School, a leader in Epworth League work, a noble orker in the Y.M.C.A., a capable athlete, one of the best young fellows to walk the streets of his native city. His death would enoble any cause. So it is not ourselves who have made the distinction. It is Providence. At St. Eloi the fight seemed to involve the question of the immediate possession of 2 or at most of 5 mine craters. St. Julien involved the fate of Calais, of Paris, of England, Canada, and all that we hold dear in our modern civilization. Its complete story will never be written or told for those who could tell its thousands of deeds of heroism lie beneath the sod of Flanders.

Canada is Finding Herself. A sense of maturing nationhood is coursing through Canadian veins today as never before. We are coming to our own in this galaxy of mighty peoples which comprise the British Empire. It is true that Canada became a nation legally by Confederation in 1867, and is near the celebration of her jubilee. Yet in a real sense the national personality has not dawned into self consciousness until more recent years.

The uniting of East and West by the great C.P.R., the unfolding of our great western wheat fields to the admiring and wondering gaze of England and the world, the rallying of Canada's sons to the call of Empire in South Africa at Paardeberg are epochal events in the development of our life as a nation. But our brave boys at St. Julien have given us to feel that our lives of peaceful development during the past century of peace have stood the supreme and final test of strong and virile manhood when placed side by side with the best types of manly character that the various systems of nationhood the world over can produce.

The Crucible Test. The stock of our industrial enterprises such as the C.P.R., has stood second to none in the open competition of the world. The educational standards of our intellectual life were placed side by side at the great world's Fair in Chicago in 1892 and suffered no shame when compared with the world's best. Our pre-

(Continued on Page 8)

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