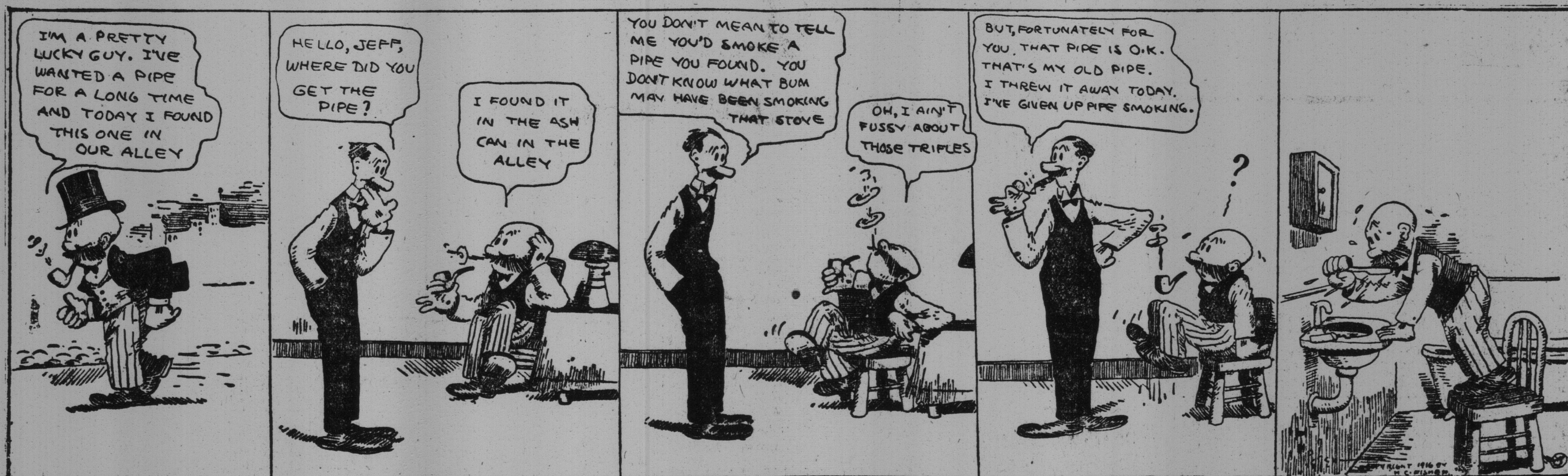


Mutt and Jeff—Jeff is Certainly the Sanitary Kid

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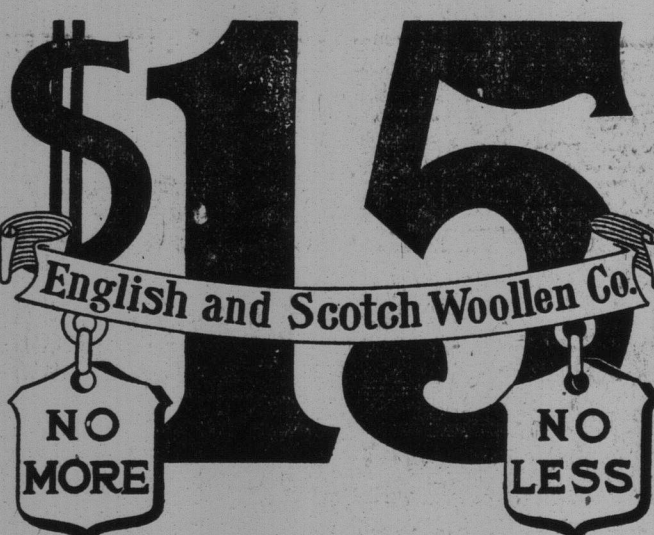
By "Bud" Fisher

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MADE-TO-MEASURE

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We are now in our new, handsome Head Office and Workrooms, Montreal, having recently moved into this large, commodious building, considered the most sanitary, best lighted, and the finest building for the manufacture of Suits in Canada.

Our progress has been sure and steady—which has been attained only by the confidence of our many thousands of Customers, who know the unequalled values, quality, fit and finish in our Suits—and, now get two or three Suits for the price they were paying for one before.

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WHY CONSCRIPTION?

(Contributed by recruiting officer of 6th Division.)

It was in the land of Belgium—poor stricken Belgium—where women become martyrs and men become heroes in a day. In the near distance the remnants of a once flourishing city were wreathed in the smoke of battle, and the crashing shell proclaimed that soon naught would remain but its name and its memory to the children of men. For miles around and as far as the eye could reach, the green fields with their leafy trees and quiet garden spots, bespoken the touch of spring, and little birds warbled everywhere. Across the landscape plainly can be seen many deep furrows in the earth, drawn seemingly in crooked fashion, as if a drunken hand had held the plow. On the hillside could be discerned a great patch of yellow, breaking the verdant surrounding carpet that nature had woven for the world. No birds are singing here—bullets instead.

Ah! yes, but yesterday the great gas cloud had rolled down over the hillside, leaving desolation in its train. 'Tis the yellow of hunched and poisoned death, and not the splash of sunlight one might take it to be. 'Twas the second day of the second battle of the name. In the furrows there seems to be moving back and forth little dots. Little puffs of smoke or dust of smoke are sweeping. Great splashes of earth present themselves, and following, we observe a great yawning hole in the furrow. A strange din comes to the ear. (Draw nearer with me, my gentle friend, till we see what it is all about.)

How strange! A great force bent upon the conquest of the world are sweeping forward. In their path the land is laid waste, cities are levelled, farms are destroyed, churches burned, women violated, children maimed. Trying to stem the tide are a few heroes who offered themselves as a sacrifice while their country might prepare. They were not trained, but some must go and hold the enemy in check while their friends get ready for war. They believed their friends would arm and train and would soon come to their aid. A long time had passed—plenty long enough to allow every eligible man in the Empire to be ready and near at hand. The little dots holding the line are getting thinner and thinner. They are looking back and beckoning for help. No help seems near. Surely it will come. (Nearer, my friend, nearer.) A great wave of men in gray rolls down upon the men in khaki. They are engulfed and blotted out, they are no more. Another line of khaki rises from the ground to meet the next crest of the mighty wave. The tide is checked, but not broken. How they fight!

Watch those two men struggle seemingly unobserved by the rest of the fighting mass of frenzied, hating humanity. They fall and roll upon the ground. The khaki man writes clearly of his opponent; the opponent lies still. The khaki man rises to his feet; he is covered with blood; he reels, he falls—he lies gazing back to Canada—the land from which he came—came to fight while his friends prepared. The conflict rages all around him. He sees it not. His glazing eyes are scanning the distance for the expected line of "friends"—comrades—are they now hastening to his help? Why are they not at hand? Surely they would not fail! Must the line be broken? He calls with husky voice, "Tom!"—"Jack!"—"Come!" Why are they so long? His gaze carries him in dying fancy to the land of Britain—are they training there? Across the water—Ah! yes, here he finds them, still wearing the garb of the "stay-at-home," still untrained. He sees them turn their heads as if listening to his call for help. Then they go their way, heeding and caring not. Must he fight and die alone? Why did they not keep their promise? Have they not as much right to fight as he? Must he be a sacrifice to their indifference? Yes! they failed him. Tears of disappointment fill his eyes, his face is stern and drawn with hate. The German burial squad found him. He must be buried, not because he was respected, but because he would be a menace to their health. "Look at his face," said the Corporal, "he died hating us." "No," said the Sergeant, "he died hating the pals who would not come and help him hold the line." The Sergeant was right.

SANDY MACCRACKEN.



THE NEW BUSINESS WORLD

The new business world is going to bring such an ethical regime into the activities of business life that we will all feel when we go home at night that we have done some good in the world. Don't you know that is the secret of life? I don't care what the occupation of a man may be, how menial it may be, if it has been decreed by fate that he shall sell soap and candles at the country cross-roads store, if he feels that he is the agent of some product that has honestly come to him and he distributes it out to those who need it, he becomes a factor in the great economy of life and he feels he is an essential factor that can not be ignored or done without, and his own business rises in the scale of his esteem.

When a man has respect for his business and respect for himself, he has respect for his fellowman and for his God. Your business ought to be one in which you believe. There is nothing in the world that you can do so well as something that you believe in, through which your conscientious convictions run and with which you are in close and honest companionship.

That is going to be the new business. That will make every man feel that he is doing his duty behind the counter or out in the field the same as if he was in

the pew of his church. That brings returns from a life well spent and at the close of life we can say we have tried to do good to our fellowmen. That is coming into the business world as the result of the standards you have been establishing.

Permit me to say it is the business world that, as much as anything else, establishes the moral standard for society at large; for as the business world adjusts itself, so will society at large adjust itself, in accordance with the standards established in the business world. We are coming to the point when we are beginning to realize that honesty and integrity and all that is best in human conditions is reflecting itself in the humanitarian way and humanitarian ideas are finding their way into the business world.

I believe, gentlemen, that there is a new spirit abroad in the business world. Wherever I find business men who are anxious to know the problems of education, the problems of the boy and the girl—it does not always arise from selfish motives—asking for a higher degree of efficiency, I know it is because they wish to make men and women out of the boys and girls of today. There must be closer co-operation between the business world and education, and that is what you business men should request and require. In the readjustment of business conditions that must ultimately come

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with the close of the terrific conflict across the water, let us see that America has the place to which she is entitled, and let us hold to the idea that "made in America" shall create a prestige in the rank and file of the people of our great nation—From an address by John D. Shoop, superintendent of schools, Chicago. Prof. Wieser—"What effect does the moon have upon the tide? It affects only the untied."

I feel fit as a fiddle—thanks to my New OSTERMOOR MATTRESS

That's the way every OSTERMOOR owner feels after his first night on this famous Mattress; it soon becomes a hardship to use any other.

Ⓐ One-third of your life is spent in sleep. If you spend this time (as so many people do) on a hard, lumpy, unsanitary hair or mixed Mattress, made worse by a sagging woven-wire spring, why should you expect real rest—even if you do own a \$50 bed?

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\$18 FOR FIFTY YEARS OF RESTFUL SLEEP.

Ⓐ And you pay it only once because the Ostermoor, unlike other mattresses, never needs cleaning or re-making.

Ⓐ There are Ostermoors in use today that have seen service continuously for 20, 30, even 50 years, and are still soft, buoyant and comfortable.

Ⓐ This question of restful sleep is insistent. Why not settle it right, and at once?

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