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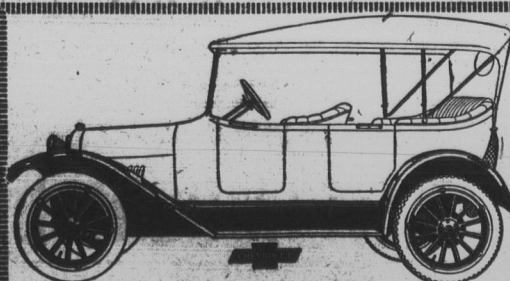
K. C. ARMY HUT CAMPAIGN—SEPTEMBER 15th TO 21st.



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THE CHEVROLET 490 is an investment, not an expense or luxury. Doctors, business men, farmers, salesmen and ladies—all should use the Chevrolet Four-Ninety and crowd more energy, activity and business into the busy day.

The Four-Ninety stands unchallenged in its price class. The electric starting and lighting equipment is most efficient. The car is powerful, roomy, comfortable and economical. The time gained by operating a Chevrolet more than pays for the cost.

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THE CANADIANS AS SHOCK TROOPS

Natural Qualifications And Special Training They Stood the Test.

One of the editors of the Journal Newspapers who has just returned from overseas with the Canadian press party writes:

Six weeks ago I spent three days and three nights with the Canadian armies in France. They were then on the Arras front from Vimy Ridge, to a point just south of the ruined city. There were three divisions in the line and one in reserve. They had been out of the lines all summer. While the great German drive was progressing on the Somme and Lys fronts, no mention was made of the Canadians in despatches. What ever they were doing? They were enjoying a "rest"—in other words they were undergoing a course of the severest post-graduate training. By their past deeds they had placed upon themselves the seal of efficiency that marked them out as ideal troops for certain work, and for that work, they were put in special training.

While the British and French armies were on the defensive, falling back steadily dangerous distances before the terrific onslaught of overwhelming numbers, the Canadians were held in leash, training, training, training, morning, noon and night. They were to be shock troops. They were to play a leading part in a great counter-offensive when the time should be ripe.

Bored in the Trenches.

Shortly before the Canadian press party arrived in France, the Canadian had been put back into the lines. But it was evident that plain, ordinary trench work did not suit their temperament. They had been tuned up to a high pitch. The bonds of the trenches galled; their energies and their muscles were taut for action. The dead inactivity of the defence lines bored them to extinction. They were all dressed up and no place to go.

Two Winnipeg regiments occupied the particular front and support line trenches on Telegraph Hill, which I visited. It was a quiet day, which means that for the most part the guns were busy only on counter-battery work, gun against gun, with an occasional German shell dropping near a communication trench on the off-chance of reaching some human objective. The shells from the British batteries in the rear whistled overhead so plainly that the eye could easily follow the sound, and it seemed strange that nothing could be seen. The Hun shells traveling in the opposite direction formed a sort of harmony.

"Give Us Something to Do."

In the very front trenches, lightly held, a portion of the men were on the qui vive, standing on the fir steps. The others were sleeping in the "funk" holes. The German trenches were a few hundred yards away. In the support trenches the boys, a Highland regiment, wore only their shirts and knickers. It was a warm day. They lay full length in their holes, reading newspapers and novels. What cleanliness, beautiful boys they were! Not the dirty, mud-covered, hot and perspiring soldiers one pictures in the trenches. There had been no heavy rain. The trenches were dry, and a system of bath parties had been devised so that men even in the front lines get regular ablutions at brigade headquarters further back.

But how bored these lads were! In the pink of condition; trained athletes everyone of them; fresh from a long period of daily exercise.

"Why in heaven's name don't they give us something worth while to do?" said one beautiful youth to me. "We go out in working parties at night, and occasionally we have luck enough to join in a raid, but we want some real action."

And Then the Action.

Two weeks later that youth must have got all the action he desired, because on our return to London we learned that the Canadians had been moved from the Arras front down to their old camping ground on the Somme in front of Amiens, and that this particular Highland regiment had distinguished itself in a most difficult advance across a river in a drive that was the beginning of great happenings. The Canadian training of months as shock troops was at once put to the test, and it fulfilled more than

K. OF C. WANT \$500,000 FOR COMFORTS FOR SOLDIERS

It will be well for the people of New Brunswick to understand thoroughly what is meant by the legend that will be the conspicuous sign on the army huts which will be erected and equipped with recreational needs and comforts for our soldiers at the front by the Knights of Columbus. The legend will read, "Everybody Welcome." It is because the huts themselves will virtually belong to our soldiers at the front, and because every comfort, such as coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes, etc., will be distributed to all soldiers of the King that the Knights are about to inaugurate a big "drive" to raise a fund of \$500,000 for building army huts in France and for distribution of all sorts of soldiers' creature comforts. That is why they are appealing to all the people of New Brunswick to lend a hand in this great drive. The campaign opens Sept. 15th and closes Sept. 21st. Save or provide now and when the campaign opens give in cash or subscribe for the welfare of our lads at the front.

Need Can Opener Reform.

Tin is now a dollar a pound. The public print tell us. Doesn't that indicate that a way must be found not to spoil the tin cans when they are opened. We favor canopener reform. The noble corker does not render the bottle worthless.

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the most sanguine expectations. The Canadians were the forward point of a wedge that set the pace—and those of us who saw them and got something of their spirit and dash are not without sympathy for the possibly less alert troops on their flanks who were expected to follow the pace thus set.

Fooling the Hun.

But the Canadians, as is well known, were pulled out of the Arras front rapidly and secretly. I fancy they were put there to deceive, because British commanders have at last learned that the wily enemy must be fought with wiles. Known as shock troops, and anticipating an attack, the Germans promptly faced the Canadians with picked divisions of their own and the Hun got himself ready for an attack in force. But the Canadians bored themselves, and General Officer, found amusement perfecting his counter-battery work.

Suddenly the Canadians were withdrawn. The big job for them was ripe—and it was not on the Arras front. It cannot make any difference now to tell of one of the tricks by which the German intelligence department was fooled, for such tricks can be played only once with success.

The Canadians were moved south, but one battalion was moved north. It went on a tour of one-night stands.

"We thought our headquarters staff had gone crazy," said one officer of this battalion to me afterwards in London. "We were shot all over the country without rhyme or reason. Here tonight, there to-morrow night. It was the devil's job supplying them with food. We put on a raid every night at some new spot. Sometimes we lost a real man or two prisoners. At other times a tunic or a regimental badge was dropped 'accidentally'. And those badges didn't all bear the same number. We went right up into Flanders."

Meanwhile, the other Canadian divisions at great speed, and mostly at night, were moved thirty miles south, and before their presence was known to the Huns they pushed into the great drive for which full preparation had been made beforehand.

Did One Job; Back for Another.

The Canadians did their job on the Somme, and with the same secrecy and swiftness was suddenly moved back again to positions just south of their old lines on the Arras front, there to put on that other drive which the latest despatches reveal has resulted in the breaking down of the famous Hindenburg switch, and indirectly the capture of Lens.

Always Looking for Pointers.

We left the Canadian front on a Sunday morning. General Sir Arthur Currie came over to bid us good-bye. He told me he was going to spend the day with the Australians. "I hear they have been trying out some new stunts the last few days," I said to see how they work out," he said. That is the corps commander; that is every general, every officer under him. The Canadian officers know no such thing as military precedent.

NO REMEDY BUT ALLIED VICTORY

German Socialists Are On Record No Hope Found There.

If any person were ever in any doubt as to the necessity of the manpower bill, just passed by congress, says the Christian Science Monitor, his hesitation should be dissipated by reading a paragraph from an article in which Der Vorwaerts, the Socialist Vorwaerts, it must be remembered, exhorts, German Socialism to support von Ludendorff's demands. Now Der Vorwaerts is one of the papers to which the pacifist Socialists are so fond of referring, and therefore, it is interesting to learn, on Der Vorwaerts' own showing, that

"A peace of compulsion upon our enemies by force of arms will leave many international problems unsolved; it will be a source of new dangers, and place the governments of the future before the very greatest difficulties. However, so be it, if there be but peace! Now there is no other way to obtain peace but victory on the battlefield which has been promised us."

It is to be trusted that the gentle man who wrote that paragraph is as satisfied of his security for the fulfillment of the promise as he was when he wrote it, in the early days of the war, but in the days just before the descent of the German flood on Chateau Thierry. At a moment, then, when it seemed to German Socialists that von Ludendorff was going into Paris they placed on record, in their official organ, their blessing of a German imposing peace, on the mere ground that it was peace.

Such a peace, of course, would have been no peace, it would have been just the prelude to another period of building up armaments as was that initiated by German greed, in insisting on the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine, in the peace of Frankfurt. Everybody knows exactly what the German high command means by a German peace. It means the absolute dominion of the world. It means the German annexation of the coal fields of northern France, the posts of Belgium, the extinction of Slav influence in the Balkans, a road from Hamburg to Bagdad and from Antwerp to the Caspian; it means Russia in Asia a tributary to the German Empire; it means a subservient Turkish Empire stretching from the Bosphorus to Khartoum. It means, in short, a dream so grandiose that only the mightiest effort of pride and avarice could ever have hoped to realize it. It means a dream succinctly summed up by the Kaiser, last May, in the words:

"God will help us to fight on victoriously, and to force our foes to conclude a peace which will be a source of glory and profit to Germany and her allies."

In the mind of the Kaiser glory is never separated from profit. Readers of the "Willy-Nicky" correspondence will remember that, side by side, with schemes for crushing the British Empire and sharing the spoils, was included a "bag-man-like" reminder that the German dockyards and arsenals were open to orders from St. Petersburg.

Now Ramsay MacDonald may rage against militarism, and Mr. Troelstra may imagine any number of vain things in the way of German humanitarianism. But Mr. Wilson deals not with the airy fancies of irresponsible politicians, but with the facts of war. And recognizing that there is exactly one way to appeal to Germany, and that the way which is so excellent a judge as Dr. Muchon is never tired of pointing out, insists that the shortest way to win the war is to continue the war with full force, and that the only way in which to obtain a peace that will make the world safe for democracy is to put it out of the power of Kaiser.



Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

dom and kultur to upset the terms of that peace when it is made. Therefore, Mr. Wilson does not trouble about pacifist conferences, in London or Stockholm, the delegates to which are to be impressed with the international spirit of Der Vorwaerts, or even that of the German Minority-Socialists, but simply asks for an army, large enough and sufficiently well equipped to show the Kaiser and his vengeful, once and for all that there is no profit to Germany in the present war, even though the Minority-Socialists, who are declared to be in revolt against all the methods of the high command, express their disagreement in such remarkable words as these:

"It is an infamous calumny to say that the Independent Socialist party desires the defeat of German arms, and does not wish Germany to be stronger after the war, and to stand firmly among other nations in the future. Every conscientious and honest politician must recognize that the Independent Socialists do not and cannot hope for a victory for the Entente."

Now if the Independent Socialists do not wish for a victory for the Entente, and do wish to see Germany stronger after the war than before, the Allied peoples will have no difficulty in realizing what sort of a world the German Minority-Socialists would make safe for democracy. A German victory, which left Germany stronger than ever, would efface the word Socialism from the dictionary, by the simple process of tearing out the page, and the editors and printers of Der Vorwaerts and Die Leipziger Volkszeitung, the organ of the Minority-Socialists, would speedily find themselves engaged, not in holding congresses

THANKSGIVING DAY, MONDAY, OCT. 14th

OTTAWA, Sept. 5.—Thanksgiving Day this year has been fixed by the government for Monday, October 14.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Besides the "Reminiscences Political and Personal", by Sir John Wilton, and "Dahabeh Days", by Helen M. Edger, The Canadian Magazine for September contains a number of unusually attractive articles and short stories. The first is historical, a review of the rebellion of 1837, by L. Stoebe, who treats exclusively of events happening in and around Eustache, P. Q. Other articles are: "The Indians of Alert Bay," by Victoria Hayward, with unusually good photographs, and "Life, Mind and Man's Immortality", by Lafayette Bentley, M. D., and there are excellent short stories by Canadian and British authors.

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Lincoln As a Soldier. Lincoln's first experience in drilling was with his company. In the Black Hawk war, "I could not for the life of me," he said, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company, endwise, so that it could get through the gate, so I shouted:—

"This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate."

and passing academic resolutions in favor of internationalism, but in doing the goose-step in the nearest barracks yard.

Tell my friends if they want to keep me, to send some Zam-Buk.

This part of a letter received from Pte. J. R. Smith of the "Princess Pats" by a friend in Ottawa, illustrates the soldiers' need of Zam-Buk at the front. To them it is a necessity. Large quantities of Zam-Buk are bought for the army and the Canadian Y.M.C.A. keep their canteens in France supplied, but to make sure your soldier friend is not having to go without, send him a few boxes of Zam-Buk in your next parcel.

Zam-Buk is just what he needs for cuts, barbed wire scratches, burns, blisters, sore feet and gas sores. All dealers or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 50c box, 3 for \$1.25.

Zam-Buk

The French Farmers Saved the Day.

The saving farmer is a national asset. Canadian progress to-day in all lines attests magnificently to the splendid qualities of thrift that have marked the farmers in all the provinces. The total returns from field crops and animal produce have been only possible because of the disposition to make use in an economical way of all the wonderful gifts of Providence in this good land of ours.

The same was abundantly true after 1870 in France when the thrifty farmers of that fair land made it possible for the Republic to pay off that hated German war indemnity of two billion francs levied against them. The same spirit of national thrift built up France for the extreme test to-day—a test that is being tried by fire.

Thanks be, French heroism is proving true. The line is holding. The blood of the farmers is flowing equally as well through the veins of France's daughters of the soil and so the national strength bends but does not break.

Canada is reaping her harvests of increased returns and money is being made as never before. Our farmers are earning the gratitude of all in her splendid efforts at production. That they will carry into their savings an equal foresight in conserving their surpluses against the future days of darkness and lower prices will be equally praiseworthy. He is well advised who saves his extra dollar until he sees which way the winds of to-morrow will blow. Adversity blows a chill blast where there is no dollar in the savings.