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Our Boy's Department is full of over flowing with the newest ideas from the best makers of Boy's Clothing in Canada.

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There are no weak points in our Boy's Suits as, at every point, where strain is possible, the garment is reinforced and made doubly strong.

It will pay you to see our splendid lines before you fit your Boy out with his New Suit for Fall

\$5.00 to \$15.00

If you have never tested our sort of Boy's Clothes, you have certainly been missing the best.

Quick & Robertson

BETTER CLOTHES

KEEP BUSY; WORK VITAL FACTOR IN CONTENTMENT

The really busy woman is always the more fortunate person. Even though at times her world seems dull and commonplace, she should bravely refuse to be influenced by those moods. On the other hand, she will, if she is wise, firmly resolve to make every minute count.

Persons who have nothing to do are, without any question, engaged in a most wearisome occupation. Trying to "kill" time is the hardest kind of work and in the majority of cases brings a list of unpleasantnesses to the particular woman or man in the case. No sensible woman will envy her toil-free sister but, instead, will take a keen interest in those duties that mean her bread and butter.

Keep on the Alert

Even the busiest person may find life a pleasant affair and the people around her worth while; but to achieve these splendid results she must learn to give and take. She should not expect too much of her friends or co-workers, but must remember that they, too, like herself, are human, given perhaps to impatient or discontented moods. She might make it a point to see only their commendable features and forget all about their little peculiarities. This view of persons is by far the better and wiser one to entertain, and will never cause the man or woman who thinks along those lines any regrets.

Each and every one of us has, or should have, a certain work to do and this task should, if we hope to get any satisfaction out of life,

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be performed to the best of our ability. If we feel that we are giving too much of ourselves, or that we could in some other field make better progress, then we should earnestly endeavor to fit ourselves to well fill, and the constantly on the alert for the place that appeals to us. But it certainly will not help us one iota or further our cause in any way, if we merely drift along meaninglessly, haphazardly, or "hard" lot.

Many of us do indeed envy others seemingly more fortunate around us, yet if we stop to think a moment we shall make the comforting discovery that all are not blessed with the same talents or ability. How foolish, then, to become envious of this or that friend or acquaintance of this or that friend of work that we are in no way permitted to perform.

The woman who works hard, we feel that she is not progressing, should keep on bravely. Let her study her capability or aptitude, and she concludes that she is destined for better things; about the wisest course for her to follow, is to give her best attention to her present duties.

A brave heart and willing hands are a trio that simply cannot be beaten, and the person thus equipped can and will make good. Even though there is a long and toilsome day, the really sensible woman will not lose faith in herself or in her ability to push forward.

The worker always gets somewhere, even though that somewhere is frequently at a rather distant point, but the idler never gets anywhere and never will.

Someone has said, "Far better to wear out than to rust out," and there is a world of truth in this saying. Yet a real live worker will continue on for quite a considerable period before he or she shows any signs of wear.

On the other hand, the "time killer," the person who sits around and watches others hustling for their bread and butter, betrays, and at a very early stage in his or her career, unmistakable evidences of the rusting process.

Few of us are destined for any really high achievements. If we can make ends meet, or, in other words, pay our honest debts and look the world squarely in the face, we are playing our respective role as well as and in all probability better than many persons whom we at the present moment keenly envy. And if we have our own best interests at heart we will occasionally ponder over this plain, old-fashioned truth, wisely forget all about the good fortune others enjoy and put honest, brave efforts into our daily work, whatever it may be.

In One's Own Sphere

Not one of us would be, if we could, happy in another's place. We

are fitted for our own little world, and it remains with us to make that tiny sphere what it ought to be. This we can do if we keep cheerful, do our best, and think only wholesome thoughts.

Otherwise we simply will not, no matter what we may eventually possess, be happy, and the quicker we acknowledge the truth of this assertion the better it will be for ourselves and for all concerned.

Merchant Seamen the Postmen of the Empire

Seamen Carry on or Canada Would Be Isolated.

If you only give it a thought, it is astonishing how regularly the mails arrive from "over there." We naturally think more of the writer than of the marvelous system that makes frequent deliveries of mail from France and the British Isles possible, notwithstanding the submarines and the difficulties of ocean travel.

When you consider that every British ship that crosses the Atlantic does so at the imminent risk of being torpedoed or shelled, and that the seamen who man these ships carry their lives in their hands, you begin to appreciate the immense risks that are taken in our service. But the safe delivery of our mail matter is a small item when one considers what great tasks devolve upon the 300,000 men of the Merchant Marine.

Without his willing sacrifices, it would be absolutely impossible for the Allies to prosecute the war. We should have had to bend to Germany yoke months before this. For it is only by virtue of our merchant sailors that men, munitions and food can reach the other side.

The British Navy kept the German Navy bottled up, but it could do little more than partially discourage the bellicose submarine campaign of Germany, which has been directed almost entirely to an effort to drive the merchant seamen off the seas. Germany knows how much the success of this plan would have meant to her.

Fifteen thousand seamen of the Merchant Marine have made their last voyage, and in addition 170 vessels have gone down, leaving not the slightest trace of crew or cargo. Worst of all no regular official aid is extended to the widows and orphans of these men who have given their life for our cause. Governments make no provision for pensions for their dependents.

September 1st to 7th is Sailors' Week. When the Navy League inaugurates a campaign with the object of collecting one million dollars in Ontario towards the relief of our seamen and their dependents. The Allies owe very much to our merchant sailors; the Empire owes much; Canada owes much.

No loyal citizen of the banner province will wish to evade his just obligation to this great body of men to whom we are so deeply indebted.

Irish Voluntary Campaign

Prospects Are Daily Improving According to Report.

London, Aug. 30.—The prospects of the Irish voluntary campaign are improving daily. The new machinery established under the direction of the Irish recruiting council promises to move smoothly and with good effect. There is reason to believe that as a result of the first fortnight's voluntary effort under the new regime the response will be more than equal to that made during the three months preceding the initiation of the scheme. The recruiting meetings have had a good effect in Dublin and Belfast.

The Waterford correspondent of Reuter's Limited says: "Recruiting proceeding encouragingly. Four prominent local Sinn Féiners have been enrolled."

C.N.R. New Board

Government Will Appoint Men Familiar With Local Conditions.

Ottawa, Aug. 31.—When a board of directors for the corporate management of the Canadian Northern or other Government railways is appointed, the personnel proposed will include men of business standing resident in the principal cities served by the lines and acquainted fully with requirements of different parts of the railway territory.

Under the board will be a number of operating officials, the former determining lines of policy and the officials carrying out the details of administration.

THE BIVOUC OF THE DEAD

(An Impression by R. J. RENISON, C.F., in Montreal Standard)

"The Canadian graveyard in Flanders (and France) is large, 'tis very true. Those who lie there have left their bodies on an alien soil, but to Canada they have bequeathed their memory and their glory."

On Flanders' eternal camping ground Their silent tents are spread, While Glory guards with solemn round The bivouac of the dead.

—Canada in Flanders, Vol. I.

Dominion Day was celebrated this year by the Canadians in France with an exuberance and intensity which is only possible to the exile. Nothing was wanting, from the presence of the prime minister, to the fireworks in the evening. The latter thoughtfully furnished without charge by the firm of Hohenzollern. The enthusiasm is partly due to the fact that we are so far from home, and the lamp in the shrine of memory casts a glamour over every thing, with the maple leaf trademark, whether it be tobacco, bacon, nurses or holidays. But chiefly because of the growing conviction that Canada is making and will make in years large measure, her own indefinable gift to the Empire and the world. We can in him outline the living soul of our country. The eve of such a festival ought to be a vigil. It was altogether fitting that chaplains, with heavy support of the corps, June 30th, for a service of memorial for our dead, and the decoration of the graves (where possible) in every cemetery in France.

There is a sandy hill overlooking the sea in old Normandy, where a field of wooden crosses marks the resting place of seven hundred Canadians, who sleep side by side with their brothers from every continent where British dwell. There is no grass, but the clean sand is weeded by a company of blue-eyed English girls in yellow boots, with the initials W.A.A.C. upon their uniforms. They have already planted the paths with petunias and ubiquitous scarlet poppies of "Flanders Fields." I hope the day is not far distant when this holy acre will be lined with Canadian maples and the hedges fringed with lilacs from Ontario woods.

In the centre of the ground there is a circle to which all the paths converge. Here a platform has been erected and covered with Union Jacks, while in front of the table there is a glorious wreath of red roses.

Early in the morning a Matinee party (a misnomer in this case) placed a bough of evergreens, a bunch of wild flowers, and a rose upon every grave. This labor of love was a lesson in Canadian geography, for upon every cross there is a metal plate with complete identification. There were representatives from every city and province in the Dominion.

It was a glorious summer morning, and at a quarter to ten the band was heard at the head of the approaching column in a cloud of chalk dust. The only discordant note was the wailing "barking" of the "Archies" at a distant outpost as they drove back some sacrilegious Hun machine. Before the hour the paths were filled with thousands of soldiers all facing inwards towards the platform. The band was behind the rails, and in front were gathered the officers, with representatives from the Imperial Staff, the Americans and Australians. The nurses lined the inner circle, with cut flowers in their arms, their bright uniforms making a pleasant contrast with the sea of khaki.

The service began with one verse of "O Canada" and the multitude of various elements seemed at once united, in purpose and spirit. The great memorial hymn which followed seemed to widen the congregation. We only occupied the ground floor of the temple, whose galleries looked down upon the scene.

For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who these by faith before the world confessed, Thy name, O Jesu, be forever blest, Alleluia.

O blest communion, fellowship divine, We feebly struggle, they in glory shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are thine, Alleluia.

The lesson was from the vision of an exile on the Aegean Isle in the days when the monster Domitian ruled the civilized world. I was standing at the gate sixty yards away, and I distinctly heard the words: "These are they which came out of the great tribulation and have

washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun shine on them, nor any heat: for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Then followed the Lord's Prayer and a short prayer of benediction and one for the peace of the world. The memorial address was given by Major G. O. Fallis, assistant director of the chaplain service. He is a Methodist clergyman in civilian life, but he was surrounded by four other churches as he spoke for the Christian hope of the Canadian Army.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." There was only one subject for such an occasion: The men who slept at our feet and the cause for which they died. This is not a literal history. The greatest tributes one can pay to the address is that it had sympathy and suggestiveness. Men were thinking beyond the actual words of the preacher as he spoke of immortality under that perfect blue sky.

The drone of distant aeroplanes gave reality to the scene. Along the road a stream of lorries and motors hurried by. The occupants coming without warning past the open gate saluted instinctively as they sped.

The immortal hope—how near it has come—how strange that mortals in mud-colored wellies and leather boots should have stumbled upon such a thought.

There was a time when the other world seemed inhabited by the old, the weak and unfortunate, who for various reasons had either completed this life or were better away. But as I looked on that field, it was the youngest, the bravest, and the best spirits of our age who seemed to be there. Immortality, if nearer and more real than ever.

Then one thought of the dynamic of a great ideal. It has come to pass that the name of liberty has been made holy for our generation. Let them who, by kneeling at the devil's feet thought to win the war, weep—aye, let them weep.

"But we, With eyes undimmed march on, our meaning robes Bejewelled by the deeds of those that die, Lustre on lustre, till no sable patch Peeps through their brilliance."

After the address the nurses turned to the right and left among the graves, and scattered flowers as they went. They dwelt with special meaning over the graves of the heroic sisters who had died a few weeks before in the midnight raid upon the hospitals.

Then came the most brilliant moment of the day. The trumpeters stepped forward and the last post rang out over the hills and sea. There were three instruments of different tone which blended in perfect harmony. The first was high and clear, like the spirit of the Rocky Mountains. The second was sweet and gentle, like the genius of our rivers; and the third was the sound of a storm over a northern forest. Together it was the voice of Canada in mingled anguish and pride lamenting her sons.

The benediction was pronounced by the British deputy chaplain general, and so one of the most interesting services I ever witnessed came to an end.

"God Save the King" came at last as a relief. It brought us down to earth again and reminded us that the vision moments of life are not held by dreaming of them, but by standing to attention, moving to the right in tours and carrying on.

Music and Drama

BILLS AT GRIFFIN'S FOR MONDAY TO WEDNESDAY

George M. Cohan, the only motion picture actor that ever told the producers of motion pictures just how many pictures he would work in a year's time (and that is two pictures) will appear at Griffin's for the first three days of next week in a fine picture called "Hit the Trail Halfday," the same play in which he made a wonderful success. The story is somewhat like the Billy Sunday evangelistic tours and concerns a young man of strong personality, who cleaned up a town by his clever work and made the town a dry place, much to the anger of the wet folks. The picture has the usual Cohan flavoring, being of the peppery kind and full of action.

Another good picture is "Unclaimed Goods" with Vivian Martin in the leading part. Many will remember Miss Martin's work in the fine comedy part in Miss George Wash-



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High And Receding Toes
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Extra quality full Bleached Turkish Bath Towels, English makes, hemmed ends size 25x40 90c per pair.

English Sheeting full Bleached in an excellent quality in 63 ins. 72 ins. and 82 ins. at 50c, 60c and 75c per yard.

Sheets made ready for use in medium and large size pairs at \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00 per pair.

McGill's Book of Fashion (Fall Quarterly) and September Magazine on Sale at Pattern Counter

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New Outbreak Shooting at Border

Had Considered Incident Closed By Apologies

Nogale, Ariz., Aug. 30.—Firing was resumed about 9.55 o'clock tonight. Between fifteen and twenty shots were fired from the Mexican side of the border.

A general alarm was sounded on the Arizona side of the International line and the mobilization of troops and civilians followed immediately. American forces here were increased this afternoon by the arrival of new units.

Washington, Aug. 30.—Arrival of General Alvaro Calles, military governor of Sonora at Nogales to present regrets of the Mexican Government for the clash Tuesday between Mexicans and Americans is expected to put an official close to the matter. At the State Department it was said that no official notice would be taken of the clash until the military authorities had made a complete report based upon a thorough investigation.

It was believed that General Calles' apologies would be supplemented by expressions through the Mexican Ambassador in Washington.

of Davies County, Indiana, has given the separator men of all threatening outfits within its jurisdiction, the powers of Deputy Food Administrators, with authority to give all final orders regarding pitching grain into the feeders or other handling of the grain to eliminate waste. Mr. Stewart has notified the State Food Administrator in Indianapolis of his action.

Miss Violet Griffith, of Belleville, spent the week-end, with the Misses Rose and Geraldine Dayton.—Pictorial Times.

Stop Threshing Waste

Official Action in Indiana to Prevent Clashes in Authority Among Harvesters.

To reduce the possibilities of waste of grain in threshing and also to prevent clashes in authority as to the best methods to reduce the wastage, Fred A. Stewart, Food Administrator