The Canadian Champion
MILTON, Aug. 26, 1915.

The King has made Major-General the Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, a Knight Commander of the Bath. Canadian knighthoods have become too common, but Sir Sam has earned his by his energetic handling of the war situation, getting results that perhaps no other man could have got.

The Flint, Mich., Daily Journal contained, on 18th inst., a report of an address delivered at Detroit on the previous evening by George Gordon Moore at the annual convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. Mr. Moore's subject was the murder of more than one hundred American citizens by German submarines, with the probability of a war with Germany. He said the United States had drifted into a deplorable state of unpreparedness, with barely 200,000 trained soldiers in the regular army and militia. Ninety per cent of the munition plants were within one hundred and fifty miles of New York. If 200,000 trained soldiers from Europe could be landed they could deal the United States a death blow by seizing those plants. Mr. Moore believed that his country was awake and would be ready for any attack from across the seas. But a greater peril menaced it. A statement has come from Washington that there were 2,500,000 German and Austrian reservists in the country, not naturalized, but subject to the Kaiser's orders. The German Government had purchased in the United States vast quantities of munitions, much more than the United States Government had purchased for its own use since the outbreak of the war. These munitions had not been shipped away, but were stored somewhere in the United States. Every German and Austrian consulate was an army post to which the reservists reported regularly and by which they could be mobilized at any time within a week. Every large city contained a division of these men and every locality at least a company. It would take three years to train men to equal efficiency. The speaker hoped that until the government had thoroughly prepared for an attack from the reservists there would be no war with Germany.

The United States is not yet at war with Germany, but Canada is. If what Mr. Moore says is true the German reservists are an item to be taken to Canada. This is a matter that calls for prompt consideration and action.

FROM MILTON SOLDIERS.

The good news has been received that Color Sergt. Lorne Bradley has recovered from the shrapnel wounds in his legs received at the battle of St. Julien, that he is at Shorncliffe and will soon return to the front.

D. S. Robertson has heard from his brother, Captain D. E. Robertson 1st Batt., who said he had returned from leave to London and was in Bedgoum, where there was nothing special to report.

Captain K. J. Panton, 3rd Field Ambulance, was at on 10th inst. from St. Julien to Hospital at La Touquet. He said: "There is nothing new going on, no petards at two every day and a bunch of dressings. There is nothing doing on the front. We are just the Second Division Canadians. We are short of munitions, but even then there may not be much doing for a while. I have not yet got my London leave, but expect it at any time."

Sapper Walter Dunnett, some time with the P. R. engineers here, and now with the Canadian Engineers, writes from Maltomah that he had been working here at Glasgow on a work frame. He said the conditions of the Glasgow street cars were worse. They were motormen, fareboxes, and second hands their work fully as well as their male predecessors. He expected his corps to cross the front very soon.

Pte. Harold Inman, of Queen's Canadian Stationary Hospital, from Kingston, wrote home saying he was with his corps at Cairo, Egypt.

Sergt. C. H. Bell, 19th C.F.A. Brigade, Ammunition Column, second Canadian Division, is equally right as a result of lessons in the Indian Army and has written for a certificate to this effect, which required. He was landed in Gallipoli Aug. 8th, 1915. His brothers are Robert Bell and his other Mrs. Ann Wilkinson Bell. His mother resides at St. Catharines.

Sergt. Stuart Jones wrote that he was in Belgium and had not yet expected leave. Address: Sergt. Stuart Jones, 1st Mounted Rifles, Canadian Contingent, Egypt.

Pte. J. M. Mills, Signal Section, 1st Canadian Infantry Brigade, writes that their last battle was a victory for the Canadians. Gains are needed to protect the Canadian battalions and suggests that contributions be directed towards a new object, the Displacement Fund.

Constipation--
the bane of old age
is not to be cured by harsh purgatives, they rather aggravate the trouble. For a gentle, but sure laxative, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Woman's best friend.
From girlhood to old age, these little red health regulators are an unfailing guide to an active liver and a clean, healthy, normal stomach. Take a Chamberlain's Stomach Tablet at night and the sour stomach and fermentation, and the headache, have all gone by morning.
All druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

MILTON'S PATRIOTIC MEETING.

Rain interfered with arrangements for Tuesday's patriotic meeting. It was to have been held in Victoria Park, where seating had been provided, but there was a heavy rain in the afternoon and towards evening it was arranged that the meeting should be held in the Methodist Church. It was impossible to advertise this and as heavy rain came on again about 7 p.m. no doubt many people believed that the meeting would be postponed. As it was, the attendance was very satisfactory. The speakers were: Hon. Geo. P. Graham, M.P., former Minister of Railways, and W. D. McPherson, K. C., M.P.P. Judge Elliot was chairman.

Hon. Mr. Graham, while pointing out the responsibility of Canada, was optimistic, believing that the Dominion would not only keep up its good work, but rise to a greater height. All questions concerning the Empire itself were forgotten when the common enemy was faced. The war was not one between men nor even Empires, it was beyond that, a conflict between right and wrong, and right must prevail. "We are fighting for what allows individuality in every man, woman and child, for what the Creator meant they should have," he said.

As Mr. McPherson pointed out, Mr. Graham's address was minus the tinge of hate of the Kaiser's utterances. Canada's Germans were among her best citizens. Those people left Germany to escape the oppression, and were advising their sons to fight for Britain.

Great Britain has held the key to the situation, said Mr. Graham, since the beginning of the war. He declared the British navy bottled up the second largest navy in the world, and keeps it harmless as a child. If this had not been so Halifax and Vancouver might have been bombarded. German commerce has been driven from the seas, and he believed the tying up of Germany's trade would be her undoing in the war; she is devouring herself.

Canadian-born, he said, had not enlisted so freely at first as the old country men, because they did not realize so readily the vast importance of the call. Now, realizing the responsibility, they were swarming to the colors. He put the people of Canada into three classes: those who cannot go, those who have gone or are preparing, those who ought to go. There were none who could tell the latter to go; it was a question for themselves to answer.

It was not to be forgotten that if we fail to keep up production and trade, we fail in the war. "But who should think of profit in this great struggle? The men who went risked all their lives. What is anything that others can do to compare with that?" he asked. "Financial men, banks and manufacturers should do their utmost." The speaker paid a fine tribute to Canadian women, and made an appeal on behalf of the Patriotic Funds. The question was not "What shall I give?" but "What is my ability to give?" and then give it. "If by any mishap the allies should lose this war," he said, "our sons and their sons would curse the day that we neglected to fight to our utmost for the continuance of right and liberty.

"It would have been better a million times that we had lost in 1812 than that we lose in 1915. Every young man fit for service owes it to himself and to the memory of his forefathers who fought for freedom to don the khaki. Canada's participation would be sufficient to get the young men to go without conscription. Canada, as a partner of the British Empire, would fight to the end."

Mr. McPherson explained the Red Cross and Patriotic Funds. The latter was a guarantee that the nation would look after the dependents of those soldiers who went to the front. He showed its growth. It was necessary to have $200,000 a month to look after them and more was to be subscribed to the fund. The day must come when Canada would do more. As Kitchener had said of Britain, so it must be in Canada—more men, more munitions. The young men of to-day had a savage that came to few generations. Lord Nelson's motto must ring through Canada as it did in his navy.

Both speakers were frequently applauded. The band was in the gallery and played patriotic selections.

Ten recruits in rifle green were marched to the Veterans' Section of the audience and had to sit apart.

Campbellville.

[illegible] On Sunday the Rev. [illegible] Blair gave an address to men. Of course the subject was war and being received, bearing words the heritage of a future under German rule. He illustrated by German teaching, Germany and his sons, and the autocratic Prussian to which the German people are subjected were vividly presented. Here he sighed and many tears were shed as the inevitable "such a war" must come. "My boy must go" was accepted by the mothers of the congregation. On Monday night, in the government of the church, which was filled by a deeply interested audience, the subject was discussed. Great was taken by the speaker (Rev. Dr. Blair) leading up to the meeting, which he called upon to pray, and at the lines of his sermon, but adding a few remarks, but adding an address of a leader of the young German party, in which he was extolled as beautiful, "glorious." Then the Rev. Mr. Burt was called upon and with [illegible] and tones that [illegible] the manhood [illegible] rise in their [illegible] their country's [illegible] fight, work or pay. [illegible] shamed, not dare to face [illegible] when those who are now [illegible] were permitted to [illegible] the home land. The speaker for the evening was Prof. Young of Toronto University, who held the audience for an hour and a half. As he, in cool, concise, unimpassioned words, marshalled the damning evidence of Germany's responsibility for the present awful war, showed the passive acceptance by the German people of their Kaiser's madness and proved that, in the event of Germany's success, such would be the fate of Canada and Canadians. Everyone felt as if an awful, irresistible force were crushing him out of existence. Again, rang out the words fight, work, pay. Better fight now for our beloved Canada with her sacred liberty than fight later for Germany in possession of our fair heritage. Better to work now as free men than later as slaves. Better to pay now to support those whose breadwinners are battling for the life of our grand Empire, than later to pay what the German despot and his war lords will demand as indemnity. A meeting of the gentlemen who were to make a house to house canvas was held at the close, and may there be a magnificent response, and more than the $30,000 be rolled up.

Miss Gertie and Master Audry Davis, who have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Robert Menzies, have returned to their home at Clappison's Corners.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McPhail, of Petrolea, are visiting friends here.

Mrs. (Rev.) Johnston left this morning for her home in St. Paul.

The Turk killed 14,000 Armenian Christians in one massacre.

GALLIPOLI LANDING WAS GLORIOUS FEAT

Burning Eagerness and Personal Initiative of "Colonials" Upset German Strategy and Turks Fled

According to a correspondent of the Daily Express who is serving in the Dardanelles with the Royal Naval Division, every officer and man in the first landing parties of the colonial force earned the V.C. over and over again. He says: "Only those who have had to fight their way up the precipitous sand cliffs of Gallipoli, to dash through veritable death-trap gullies and gorges and beat down the strongest natural defences in the world can properly realize the overwhelming magnitude of the initial task undertaken with such amazing boldness and success by the sons of Australia and New Zealand. They forced a landing on an 'impregnable' continent at a spot immediately opposite the one objective of all the invading forces and the key to Constantinople—viz., the forts of the Narrows. Even we who have endeavored to help them retain and to increase the area of the land so gallantly seized, cannot quite comprehend the burning flames of patriotism and self-sacrifice which—fanned rather than smothered by eight weary months of waiting in training centres and in Egypt—alone enabled the 'Kangaroos' and the 'Kiwis' to send the German-led Turks scampering in a frenzy of terror from the beach up the face of the cliffs and right away into the comparative security of their distant entrenchments.

Daredevils vs. Red Tape

"True, the enemy's positions were shelled with great deliberation and exactitude beforehand by the allied fleet, but there were hidden machine guns, mobile batteries and natural hiding places for troops that no artillery from the sea could destroy, however well directed by aeronautical observation. Red tape methods of landing and attack under such conditions would have been utterly disastrous. It was the personal initiative, extraordinary dash, virility and reckless daredevilism of each individual invader that completely shattered the elaborately devised schemes of defence. 'Come on, you Australian kangaroos; we have been waiting for you for two months!' shouted some German officers to the occupants of one of the boats, but whatever forms of attack they had expected and prepared for, they certainly had not expected the invaders to throw off all their equipment, and even their tunics, under a hail of lead and shrapnel, to wade or swim ashore with little but their rifles and bayonets, to make a mad rush in their shirt sleeves at machine guns and lines of infantry, to chase the bewildered Turks up the face of the treacherous cliffs with their primitive weapons such as sticks and stones, and to engage in hand-to-hand struggles which were bound to result in both combatants hurling through space together to destruction. These desperate and superbly heroic measures could certainly not have been anticipated by the German strategists, and it can hardly be wondered at that the Turks were utterly demoralized from the very outset. One Australian alone shot or bayoneted an entire machine gun section on the beach and 'outed' the Maxim. He was shot through the jaw the next day.

"The fact is we had been eating our heads off in Egypt, and had been called 'popular tourists' and other complimentary names, and when at last we got a real chance to do something we couldn't hold ourselves in," explained an Australian I met in the trenches. I have actually known a colonial to stroll calmly over the open ground in front of his trench and secure part of one of his victims' equipment as a trophy. We 'Nelsons' went into action just as the Kangaroos were taking a ridge. It seems incredible but they took it at the point of the bayonet, singing 'Tipperary' all the way. Their magnificent spirit thrilled us all, but we are quite as much impressed by the cool self-reliance of the New Zealanders whose trenches we are now helping to fill. Of course the majority of the men constituting the colonial forces are quite accustomed to overcoming the natural obstacles presented by their particular kind of country. Still, it is not so in all cases, and many of those in the first landing party were town youths not out of their teens. Yet they fought as gallantly as the muscular bushmen, as the latter eagerly testify.

Turks Fine Snipers

"The art of sniping has been brought to the highest pitch of perfection by the Turks under the tuition of their German masters. Many of the snipers have managed to procure Australian or New Zealand uniforms, and when any have been caught in their own garb it has nearly always been in the uniform worn by ambulance men. One Turk had young trees strapped all around him, and from a reasonable distance looked exactly like an innocent patch of saplings. Another was accidentally discovered stretched out stiff under a blanket among some bushes to resemble a corpse. The greatest surprise of all, however, was when we potted off two snipers from a distance, and found them to be actually women. A little pile of spent ammunition proved their activity.

Old England in New France

A sergeant in the Gloucesters sent home the following description of his French billet.

"I dined—or rather supped—with the blacksmith and his family last night. I could not possibly imagine I was in France. Everything suggested the Middle Ages in England, especially the grand coup at the end of the meal, when each member rubbed ostentatiously polished his plate with the remainder of the bread! My flute for the moyenage was [illegible] stole over [illegible] them [illegible] butter."

To the Panama Pacific Exposition via the Canadian Rockies.

At the present time a great many are planning their annual tour. Considerable numbers visit the popular California resorts, while many prefer the unsurpassed resorts, palatial hotels and magnificent scenery of the Canadian Rockies. This year why not combine the two by a visit to the Panama Pacific Exposition?

Numerous people in comfortable circumstances, well able to afford a trip, have the mistaken idea that a journey of this nature is most expensive. This is not so; thanks to the modern railway facilities, an extensive trip, both interesting and educational, can be made with speed and comfort at a comparatively small cost. Why not investigate?

Those contemplating a trip of any nature will receive full information from any C.P.R. Agent; or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

THE ONLY CURE FOR A WEAK STOMACH

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through The Blood.

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can only be cured in one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move on the food still indigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is actually a cause of indigestion—not a cure. Others try pre-digested foods and peptonized drugs. But drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its power and make the trouble chronic. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for the success of this medicine is plain. Nothing can stimulate the glands and nothing can absorb the nourishment from the food but pure red blood. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills surpass all other medicines in giving that new, rich blood. Miss B. E. Johnson, Hemford, N. S., says: "For months I was a great sufferer from indigestion; food of any kind was distasteful to me, and after eating I would suffer much. Naturally I grew weak and was but a shadow of my former self. I was taking a doctor's prescription, but it did not help me in the least. Then I read of a case similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try this medicine. By the time I had taken six boxes the trouble had entirely disappeared, and I could eat heartily of all kinds of food. More than this I found my general health greatly improved through the use of the Pills. I can therefore strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for indigestion."

You can get these Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sir John Gibson's Son Killed.

Hamilton, Aug. 22.—Col. Sir John M. Gibson received a cablegram today announcing the death in battle in Flanders on Thursday of his youngest son, Lieut. Frank Malloch Gibson. No particulars as to how he met his death were furnished. Lieut. Gibson was attached to the 15th Battalion, having left with the 48th Highlanders' quota. He was wounded earlier in the war, but had recovered and rejoined his regiment. Sir John's elder son, Lieut. Colin Gibson, was also wounded in the spring, and was home on furlough for a time, but has recently rejoined his regiment, the 3rd Leicesters. The late Lieut. Gibson was a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and was preparing to study law when he enlisted for service.

Boyne.

The choir of Bowes's Methodist Church had charge of the music at the closing anniversary services of the old Bethel Church at Drumquin held recently.

The many friends of Miss Lottie Galbraith, of Omagh, will be sorry to hear of her serious illness. Miss Galbraith was visiting at the home of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Douglas, 2nd line, when taken suddenly ill. We trust she will soon be out again. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Galbraith.

Threshing is the order of the day in this district.

The recent heavy rains have delayed somewhat the cutting and harvesting of the barley, oats and peas.

Avoid harsh purgatives for children. The ideal laxative is Rexall Orderlies. Sold only by Jno. M. Mackenzie, The Rexall Store, 10c., 25c., and 50c. boxes.

A hail storm in Saskatchewan wiped out 5,000 acres of crops last week. A strip about three miles wide and seven in length was swept by the storm.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.
A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

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F. S. COCHRANE, Agent, MILTON.

LIFE IN PETROGRAD ALMOST UNRUFFLED

Grim Determination to Conquer at Any Cost Underlies Seeming Apathy of Russian Capital.

Writing in a Copenhagen paper the well known Danish authoress Karen Bramsen gave the following description of Petrograd in war time:

You really feel the war very little here at Petrograd. Nobody speaks of it. It has become a fact with which everybody reckons a habit which it is of no interest to discuss. The first day's enthusiasm has turned into a firm and calm determination to go on regardless of cost, and the endless resources of the gigantic empire appear everywhere sufficient to satisfy the immense demand for men, as well as for food and materials of war. The stranger who arrives here does not get into touch with the war at all. The thousand versts lying between Petrograd and the front prevent even the swell of the struggle from reaching you. One occasional glimpse here and there unexpectedly gives you an idea of the dreadful and inconceivable drama that is being played in the distance.

It was on the day that I arrived at Petrograd. The streets were full of life. The horses danced in front of the light carriages and the promenading crowds were smiling. A small group of officers came down the stairs of my hotel. They did not appear to have been touched by the war, but were chatting and laughing aloud. In the middle was an officer, whose face was smiling, but his brows were strangely convulsed and the eyelids half closed (a blinded hero). The other officers were addressing him in a peculiarly cordial and respectful manner. As he reached the bottom step of the stair, he felt about with his foot to discover if there were any more steps. He came near stumbling but was immediately assisted by half a dozen sympathizing hands. He was blind! He thanked them with a sad embarrassed smile, almost as if he wanted to apologize, and went through the hall and out of the door. And outside the sun was shining! The blind officer stopped short, almost as if he had received a blow in the face. What did he feel? The sun that he had forgotten! The sun that he was never to see again. With an inarticulate low cry he opened his arms in the direction from which he felt the warming rays coming. His comrades tenderly assisted him into the carriage waiting for him. His head fell down and his chin was resting on his breast as he drove away.

In the Alexandra Museum there are some small paintings by Verestchagin. One of them, called "The Victor," shows a heap of mulatto-colored bodies of soldiers in front of a sun-baked wall. In the middle of the heap lies a body of an almost gay, life-like position, but the whole forehead is crushed by a bullet and the blood, still red and warm runs down both cheeks. A few steps away from this heap of human flesh stands "The Victor," a white soldier looking with an expression of absolute indifference towards the horizon, while he calmly lights his well-earned pipe with his blood-stained hands. While I was looking at this picture a group of wounded soldiers came through the hall. It is customary here, as soon as the wounded are well enough, to show them the sights of the city in little groups, conducted by a Sister of Mercy. You see all kinds of faces among these groups, indifferent or surprised, troubled or thoughtful. But silent and obedient they walk along in their long grey mantles, reminding you of mediaeval crusaders.

War's Awful Realism

One of the soldiers stopped in front of Verestchagin's painting. His eyes, until now indifferent and without expression, suddenly opened wide and, turning as pale as a ghost, he caught hold of his neighbor's arm. The other shook him off and the soldier remained standing in front of the painting with eyes wide open and hanging jaw. He recognized it all. It was all there—the unspeakable horror of war.

One of the strongest evidences is the dress in the Marinsky Theatre. All gala is banished. And what do the many empty seats mean? Certainly not that Petrograd society has lost interest in its favorite corps de ballet. The old general in whose box I was sitting explained it to me.

"We all know one another here," he said. "We know who has each box, which has been in the possession of the same family for generations. Number 4, which is empty, belongs to Prince P., who was taken a prisoner in East Prussia. The one next to it belongs to Prince W—y, who had both legs crushed by a shell. Number 16 belonged to Count, the aviator, who was brought down at Lemberg. Number 23 is Colobel I—'s. He is paralyzed with a bullet through his spine. Yes, it costs and costs. But you think perhaps we are tired? No, we are only just beginning. Who of you knows Russia? None know Russia's greatness! The war has cost us two million and a half men, but it costs us five times as many we would not stop. We shall not stop until we have accomplished what we set out to do."

Collect Trench Newspapers

The French trench newspapers have proved so numerous and so interesting that the conservator of printed matter in the National Library collects them. The idea was welcomed by many Frenchmen, for these unique newspapers show the indomitable spirit that manifested itself everywhere throughout the interminable trench war, which was so very much against the grain of French temperament. In future these journals will be of immense value to historians and students of the war, indicating as they do the real state of mind of the fighting men.

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Range at the same time. Many exclusive features you should know about. Let the McClary dealer show you.
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New Fall Goods

DRESS GOODS

Early buyers can now get a splendid selection of the newest and Colors this season will be blue in different shades of navy and greens, greys, browns, khaki shades will also be good. Similar with military colors will be strong, and a splendid assortment of will be serges, whipcord, poplins, and venetian finishes will be in

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New stock of Corsets ready for sale now. We carry a $1.50, $1.00, 50c., and our own Special Corset at 69c. per pair brated D & A Corsets. They give satisfaction.

New Flannels, New Flannelettes,
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You are welcome to look our stock over any time you feel sure will be put on you to buy. Satisfied customers are ours.

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