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The Flavour Lasts!

ALLIES HAVE STAKED THEIR LAST DOLLAR UPON DEMOCRACY

So Says Hon. A. J. Balfour in Address to Commons and Senate.

Two weeks ago The Advance made rather extended reference to the reception given M. Viviani, former Premier of France, on his visit to Ottawa where he was given the freedom of the Canadian Parliament. This week mention must be made of the similar honor extended to a former Prime Minister of Great Britain, Hon. A. J. Balfour. Like the visit of the great French Statesman, the visit of the great British Statesman was an historic event in its present influence and its future effect. The address of the Hon. Mr. Balfour last week to the Parliament, like that of M. Viviani two weeks previously, evoked singular enthusiasm at the time and promises lasting influences on Canadian thought and aspiration. Here the apparent similarities seem to end. M. Viviani was thick-set, rugged,—a man of intense vitality and with burning zeal,—as one newspaper correspondent phrased it. Mr. Balfour was tall, lithe after the aristocratic British type, quiet in manner and with apparent intellectuality developed to the point of coldness,—except for that captivating smile. That smile seemed to rival the famous "sunny smile" of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's for winning the hearts of the members of Commons and Senate. At any rate, it so captivated parliament that someone started the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Some prim persons may think such a song was undignified in the sacred precincts of the House. It was not. It was an honest expression of a true feeling, so it was all right, all right. It broadened the smile on Mr. Balfour's face,—careworn that face appears in repose,—and then the crowd fairly thundered the verse, "See Him Smiling."

Mr. Balfour spoke as a philosopher, not as an orator. M. Viviani was an orator first. Only once did Mr. Balfour seem to forget his philosophy in the heights of eloquence. "We have staked our last dollar upon democracy," he said, "and if democracy fails us we are bankrupt indeed. But I know that democracy will not fail us."

He touched in philosophic strain on the difficulties of democracies. Democracy, he admitted, was not an easy form of Government.

"But when Democracy," he continued amid applause, "sets itself to work, when it really takes the business in hand, I hold the faith most firmly that it will beat all the autocracies in the world, but it will not beat them easily, it will not beat them without effort, it will not beat them unless it is prepared to forego temporarily, it may be, those divisions which in a sense are the very life blood of a free, vigorous and rapidly developing community. That is the paradox and the difficulty which lies at the root of democracy."

Mr. Balfour brought a message of vital import to Canada at the present crisis. "We cannot have a democracy without parties," he pointed out. But "he added in warning tone, "every section, every party must be subordinated to the one purpose."

Other points in Mr. Balfour's address were:—
Strength derived from having behind the consent of a free people is greater than all the strength that can be given by the most elaborate and tyrannical system of military despotism.

Free nations will come out of this struggle with the lesson fully learned that patriotism will always overcome the dangers and difficulties inherent in a democratic constitution.

When war burst unexpectedly a political miracle occurred within the British Empire. No greater event has ever happened in the history of civilization than the way in which the coordinate democracies have worked together.

Both the Premier and Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied in brief but eloquent addresses. Sir Wilfrid in the course of his address used these words:—"England, the name of England, the champion of liberty, the mother of living nations. England, great at all times, was never greater than at this moment. Never was greater, I repeat, and because of what? Because today England is the home of civilization, and the terror of the enemies of civilization. In Germany to-day the cry is, "God Strafe England." But everywhere else on the seven seas, throughout the five continents, in the mansions of the great, and in the cottages of the lowly, there arises every day the fervent and yet more

fervent cry 'God Bless England.' God bless England for all the sacrifices she has made, for the duty that she has undertaken, and for the risks she has assumed."
Sir Wilfrid had made it "Britain," not England, that would be well nigh a perfect piece of oratory. Lavergne and Bourassa, please copy.

THE SOMME, "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."

The following poem is one written by R. Alpine Macgregor, formerly of Swastika, and well-known all through the North Land, where he was more familiarly known as "Wee Macgregor." He has been in the trenches these many moons, and has been through some of the fiercest engagements of the war, and the following is written from the depths of his experience, perhaps, in the Battle of the Somme:—

Last night, Hell's portals opened unto me,
A devil let me through with passing glance
At my Lee Enfield carried aimlessly,
All that long way from Somme—
Somewhere in France.

I gazed on earth; in one estaminet
I saw
Two Red Cross Chaps drink o'er
the circumstance,
"Hung up on barb," they said, "ripped
red and raw,
'Yond Courellette, the Somme—
Somewhere in France."

Of all the dread things of the world
bereft,
I had no fear; but in a dreamy
trance
I felt no anger 'gainst the world
I'd left,
And yet I'd come from Somme—
Somewhere in France.

I sat me down and rested patiently
No bombing parties out to-night,
perchance;
Nor star-shells bursting 'cross the
stricken sky—
I'd left the Somme, that hell—
Somewhere in France.

A merry fire lit up Hell's caverns
vast,
Made red the irons whereon lost
souls dance;
"What peace," I thought, "Forget I
can the past,
Through from the Somme I've come
—Somewhere in France."

And then the good old de'il himself
he came
A pleasant chap who did not preen
nor prance;
"Your crime?" he asked, "Young
man, what is your shame?"
"I'm from the Somme," I said,
Somewhere in France."

He smiled to me with such a gen-
erous grin,
Then passed me by his side and
looked askance;
"Your debt's been paid," he said;
"You have no Sin!
If through the Somme you've come
—Somewhere in France."

"I think I'll stay in this your quiet
hell,"
I said to its dark devil of romance;
"This is a place where I can slumber
well,
For I'm from the Somme—
Somewhere in France."

A British destroyer last week chased away a German submarine that was deliberately preparing to destroy a steamer from Norway bound for another neutral port.

World News in Brief

Bread dropped a cent a small loaf in the cities last week. Flour also dropped 40 cents a barrel at Winnipeg.

Last week Great Britain requisitioned all tobacco supplies and all imported cheese. The cheese will be sold at a price not exceeding 32 cents per lb.

An order issued by the Germans at Mons, Belgium, on April 15, requiring 600 young Belgians to report for deportation, is published as proof that the German pledge to the Pope has been broken.

A German submarine captain angered at a Norwegian steward for his refusal to give information, put the steward and his wife atop the submarine and submerged. Both, however, were picked up.

Conditions in Russia are said to be improving, but there is still some disorder and difficulty. This is only to be expected, when it is remembered how impossible it is for Socialists, Anarchists, Nihilists, Pacifists, and other-"ists" to agree even among themselves.

Semi-official announcement is made of the German intention to ruthlessly sink all hospital ships everywhere on the sea. There is the one comfort, however, that the Huns have been doing all they could in the ruthless line right from the start, so they can't do much worse than they have done.

One Toronto baker, George Lawrence, is selling bread at the rate of 10c a small loaf or 20c a large loaf on the ticket plan. This same George Lawrence, baker, for years past has done the people a decided service in the way of keeping down prices, yet it is commonly reported in the city that he pays as good wages, or better, gives better working conditions, and still makes money. One reason for his ability to do this is that he is a first-class advertiser, so this free advt. is given him very cheerfully.

In Chicago and some other Middle West States, there have been anti-Conscription riots on a small scale. The U.S. authorities charge that these are fomented by German agents, and wholesale arrests have been made. In this particular the United States authorities are showing a very commendable firmness and good judgment. In many cases there is grounded suspicion for believing that some people are taking German money to raise disturbances, so that the money may be available for the propagation of Socialism, Pacifism, and other half-hatched eggs.

The Ottawa Journal last week said:—"It is interesting to learn that when the members of the cabinet were discussing the age below which men should be exempt from military service, the practice of great countries past and present was referred to. One of the ministers, who is said to be Hon. Arthur Meighen, reminded his conferees that Moses, the greatest man in Jewish history, had made 20 the conscription age. It is related that this had considerable weight with the government in making the Canadian age of military service under compulsion the same."

A tornado in Kansas killed 15 and seriously injured fifty others last week. The property damage was also large.

Seventy-six were killed and 174 injured in a Hun air raid on Britain last week. Three of the enemy airships were shot down by the British and the rest made a hurried trip home. No military damage was occasioned, but there is now a strenuous demand in the press of Great Britain for reprisals.

Among the stories told of the ridiculous riots in Quebec over Conscription is one to the effect that a returned soldier (a captain) in Sherbrooke, Que., gathered a number of old eggs to throw at an anti-Conscription crowd. The crowd were too many for him and threw him down, kicked and ill treated him, and forced some of the sick eggs into his mouth.

A letter has been smuggled out from Brussels, Belgium, by way of Holland, and has reached a Canadian who formerly lived in Belgium, but now is home again in Kingston, Ontario. The letter states that the former Belgian Minister of Railways, the late M. Van de Peereboom, who recently died, left his fortune of several millions to the widows and orphans of the war. The letter also quotes the following as prices prevailing now in Belgium:—flour, \$100 per cwt.; rice, 80 cents per lb.; meat \$1.20 per lb.; potatoes, 10 cents per lb.; soap, 80 cents a cake.

Ten men were arrested last week in Detroit, Mich., on charges of interfering with the operation of the U.S. conscription act. Five of them were committed for trial on June 6th, with bail fixed at \$5,000 each. They circulated Socialistic literature which urged men of military age not to join the U.S. army. The editor of a Socialist newspaper in Detroit was also arrested last week on a similar charge. These cases suggest the pith of the point made by some against the Canadian Government for announcing Conscription and then allowing so long a time of senseless agitation and discussion to elapse without any law on the subject. If the law had been promptly passed, as most people believe it would have been if placed before parliament, the Bourassas, Lavergnes and that ilk would not have been in a position to organize lawlessness and riot under the shadow of the law.

SOUTHERN "KUNNELS."

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "colonel," "major," and "Judge."

"What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in.

"Well, gents," said the negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. I see knowed folks what was born kunnels—it just run in the blood foh generations. An' I see knowed folks what was jest app'nted to be kunnels. An' yit others what was made kunnels by bein' kind to niggers. Foh instance, any man dat gives me a dollah is a kunnel to me hencefo' th' foreveh."

John W. Fogg

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