

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT

THE BEST CLEANSER AND DISINFECTANT KNOWN. USED FOR SOFTENING WATER—FOR MAKING SOAP. REMOVES GREASE AND CRUST FROM ROASTING PANS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

GILLETT'S LYE

MADE IN CANADA
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The Match of Today

Is the perfected product of over 60 years' experience in the match-making business.

Eddy's "Silent Parlor" Match

If correctly held and struck on any rough surface, is warranted to give a steady, clear light.

The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Canada.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

KINGSTON THE CITY OF NOW

Beautiful Canadian City,
Best University and Schools,
Best Military Academy,
Choicest Summer Resort,
Finest Fishing Grounds,
On the St. Lawrence River
and Lake Ontario,
Daily Excursions through
1000 Islands,
3 Miles of Water Front,
45 Acres of Beautiful Parks,
Coolest Place in Canada,
Excellent Sites for Factories,
An Ideal all round City.

CALL UP KINGSTON

Keep in mind the "Community Builder" cartoons and articles which appear each Saturday.

English View of the Casualties

The London Daily Express Describes Our Soldiers Camped on Downs of Kent—No Regiments in the British Army March Better.

Daily Express, London.

"Yaas—sure."

If you cross the South Downs in Kent at the present time, and ask the first soldier you meet if you are in the neighborhood of the Canadian Camps, you will receive the reply, "Yaas—sure," in the accent which seems to English ears to hail direct from "Chicawgo" but is pure Canadian.

There are many thousands of Canadians camped on the Kentish Downs. A hundred years ago the Kentish yeomen trained there to meet Napoleon's threatened invasion. Eight hundred years ago, along the same line of hills, but a little further west, the Saxons gathered to meet the Norman invaders, and two thousand years ago the Britons tramped along these hill-tops to watch the ships of the incoming Romans. Today Canada's second army has pitched its tents on the Downs, and if you ask the Canadian soldier whether he likes the spot he replies emphatically, "Yaas—sure." If he did not, he would be hard to please.

Canada has stamped her hall-mark on every one of these thousands of her sons—the Sam Hughes look. Whether from the east, or the west, or the far west, or the north—and they come from every corner of Canada—the Sam Hughes look is over them all. You see it in the eyes, whose glance is as straight as that of a machine gun, and in the mouth, which is as firm as a steel plate, and in the poise of the head, which is as steady as the Rocky Mountains. There is an air of assurance and confidence in the walk, as if each man felt quite sure that the earth was made for Canadians; and a super-American aspect of independence, which is all part of the Sam Hughes look.

There are not merely battalions, but brigades of these tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested Canadians on the Kentish Downs. Their faces are tanned, and they are as fit as men can be.

No one in England has heard much about them—the Press Bureau properly-caused us to ignore their arrival—but for three months they have been at home on the Kentish Downs, and in two or three of the little straggling towns along the sea their maple leaf is more familiar than the badge of the Kentish battalions. All the girls have several Canadian admirers each—and a super-Americanism of these sons of the Maple Leaf, there is no doubting the breed from which they have sprung. They look, indeed, more Anglo-Saxon than the English, for they have the pioneer bearing which must have marked the Anglo-Saxon invaders, but which centuries of settlement have tamed in the English. They are more like our forefathers than we are ourselves.

Light On England.

The fight occupies most of the day, and ends when the invaders, bridging the canal, turn the defenders' flank and gain, the country at their rear. Like all true soldiers, when the fighting does not immediately concern them, some of the defenders peacefully in the shade at the foot of the trees, awaiting the signal for action. Here and there one of them gazes over the countryside, with eyes for the beauty of the view.

"Sure, I never thought England was like this," says a New Brunswicker, "I should have imagined England was all built up; I didn't think there'd be fields and sheep and trees. I guess I'd like to have a good look round England when this war's through."

The real excitement of the day is that of the scouts, who crawl round cornfields, lie in wet ditches, and escape capture by miracles. A scout comes in, galloping, pulls up beside the officer who sent him out, and reports. He wastes no time in saluting, but just shakes his head and says: "Nothin' doin'." There is no excess of ceremony, but the Canadian officers and men understand and respect each other's worth.

It is a fine sight to see these Canadian brigades march past on the Downs, for there are no regiments in the British Army which march better—and that is saying a great deal. You can see that every man of them is proud that he is a Canadian, and means to make everybody proud of Canada.

Like their cousins, the Americans, the Canadian soldiers have a well-formed souvenir habit. They love spoons, old Sheffield plate tankards, table gongs—any little thing to remind them of their visit to England.

"I think the real reason why that king chained Bibles in the churches," a Kentish squire said, "was that he knew the Canadians would be coming."

"Well," replied a Canadian soldier, "I guess I'd like the chain, too."

Many of them will either take living souvenirs back to Canada, or they will come and settle in England.

Marching As To War.

Take your stand on some edge of the Downs a few miles from the camps, and watch a brigade of the Canadians come over the hills. They are marching as to war, battalion after battalion, each with its mule train of ammunition, its supply wagons, its ambulances, and a line of cooking stoves on wheels, bubbling as they go, with the smoke trailing from their chimneys. After them come the guns, and the long line winds down the steep lane, to

Photographers Playing a Big Part.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to speak of the invaluable work of the news photographers in the European war, as everybody knows by this time that they are making such a pictorial record of its events as was never made in a previous war. Their courage in braving danger is as remarkable as their skill in gaining footholds from which to observe the actions of troops on land and the movements of battleships at sea. Courage, too, and that of no mean order, is required of the camera men who have been employed in taking pictures among the Bayonne rioters. The value of such pictures, apart from their interests as graphic illustrations of the news of the day, is also incontestable. The snapshots are so clear that no striker portrayed in a group of rioters would be able to prove an alibi, if he was charged with complicity in manslaughter. The pictures show that the often denied charge that many of the participants in strike riots are mere boys, presumably impelled to violence by the evil influence of their elders, is well founded as far as the incidents at Bayonne are concerned. Some of the rioters who saw their counterfeit presentments

Not Natural.

"Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers," said a New York editor. "Mr. Rogers led the humorist to his library."

"There," he said, as he pointed to a bust of white marble. "What do you think of that?" It was a bust of a young woman colling her hair—a graceful example of Italian sculpture. Mr. Clemens looked, and then said:

"It isn't true to nature."

"Why not?" Mr. Rogers asked.

"She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," said the humorist. —Christian Register.

Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance at Ottawa, declared that Canada will not take any part in the deliberations of the International Finance Commission at New York. Several Canadian correspondents have left England for the Flanders front.

Lawrason's Snowflake Ammonia

makes fruit jars crystal-clear and leaves no soapy taste, nor any grease adhering to the glass.

Ask for it by name—say "Snowflake." 5 and 10 cent packages. Made in Canada.

SOLDIERS WORK HARD.

One Young Man Lays Down Shovel To Let It Cool.

Washington Star.

A. J. Drexel, who is a volunteer in the automobile service of the British army, wrote in a recent letter to Philadelphia:

"As Kitchener said, or didn't say, our trenches stretch like a gray snake from Switzerland to the sea. And what hard work our young soldiers have, let me tell you, digging these trenches! I saw a young soldier in a half-finished trench lay down his shovel the other day and light his pipe. 'Here, what did you lay down that shovel for?' the sergeant said.

"To cool it, sir," said the young soldier."

She Was Handicapped.

It seems to be getting quite the rage for non-military celebrities to pay a visit to the front. One of the latest is Will Crooks, M. P., whose visit has been for the purpose of "cheering up the soldiers."

If any man is capable of bringing cheer with him, it is Mr. Crooks, for he possesses a fund of good stories and can tell them with a verve that would make a person suffering with melancholia laugh.

Most of his anecdotes are true, and concern people whom he has really seen and mixed with.

Not long ago, he was present at a dinner given to some poor children to whom a good square meal had been previously unknown.

In the course of the proceedings, he overheard the following conversation between two little girls who were evidently astonished at the good things placed before them:

"I say!" exclaimed one. "Ain't this orf right?"

"Yes," was the reply, given somewhat sadly; "but I'm sorry for one thing—I've 'ad me stays mended!"

Would Sir Robert Do It?

Montreal Herald.

Sir Wilfrid and Sir Robert on the same platform would do more to inspire the whole nation than a score of individual messages.—London Advertiser.

Sir Wilfrid is ready, we do not doubt. Only a few days ago he agreed to speak on the same platform as Sir George Foster. The Conservative statesman missed his train. But Sir Wilfrid was there. Months ago Sir Wilfrid Laurier offered the right hand of friendship to Sir Robert Borden, proclaiming himself ready to forget his politics till the war was over. If Sir Robert would do the same. The offer has not yet been accepted. There is no indication that Sir Robert ever will accept. So strong is the grip of politics.

According to Rule.

A taxi driver was standing off a cab-rank in London when a special constable went to him and said: "Look here, my man, you must get into position on the rank." "And who are you?" was the question. "I'm a special constable," answered the traffic director, displaying his badge. "Oh, you're the very bloke I'm looking for. Why, about 'arf an hour ago a passenger went off and left a blooming kid on the seat of my cab; now what am I to do about 'it?" "Wait a minute—wait a minute," replied the special, turning up his notebook. "Ah, here it is. 'Rule 49—Property found in cabs must be taken to the nearest police station, and if not claimed in six months it becomes the property of the finder.'"

The Recoil of Big Guns.

Most people know that when an ordinary rifle is fired it "kicks," and, indeed, will knock a man down unless he holds the rifle but close into his shoulder. It can be imagined, therefore, what a gigantic "kick" a big field gun can give!

It has always been one of the problems to solve in firing these big guns, how to control the recoil. If it were not controlled the gun would jump back anything up to fifty yards, not only probably smashing itself up, but killing the gunners as well.

Springs and air chambers, of course, have been used, but it was found that they quickly got out of order.

The Germans solved the problem by filling the special recoil chambers with a compound of which glycerine is the chief ingredient.

Did He Put His Foot In It?

An English soldier, a member of the Second South Staffordshire Regiment, says that one bitterly cold night in the early spring he and his mates came out of the trenches. They billeted in a barn, where they were packed in very close.

"Though numb with cold, we were soon asleep," said the soldier in telling the incident. "I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on. After he had been trying for a minute or two I heard the fellow next him say: 'What the— are you doing?' 'Putting my boots on,' was the reply. 'Well, that's my foot, you fool!'"

The Verdict.

One day, while walking with a friend in San Francisco, a professor and his companion became involved in an argument as to which was the handsomer man of the two. Not being able to arrive at a settlement of the question, they agreed, in a spirit of fun, to leave it to the decision of a Chinaman who was seen approaching them. The matter being laid before him, the Oriental considered long and carefully; then he announced in a tone of finality, "Both are worse."

One Thing Right.

Sergt. Piz believed in handling his men firmly. Pausing before one recruit he eyed him sternly.

"Now, then, pull yourself together," he barked harshly. "You're standing all wrong! Your uniform's not put on right, you're holding your rifle like a bayfork. Let's see if you can march. Right about face!"

The recruit stood stock still and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," he said, with resignation. "I'm right about something, anyway."

REGAL

"Made in Canada" Table Salt

Free Running

"REGAL" Salt is made in Canada by Canadians, and it is an ideal Salt for the table because it stays dry and free running the year round.

Be practically patriotic. See everything you buy—whether it costs 10c or \$1,000—is "Made in Canada" 151

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

COAT FOR MOTORING OR TRAVELING.

A pocket. Both edges of the straps are stitched on to the coat above the belt, but at the waist-line they are unstitched between indicating perforations, and through this space the belt is passed. The upper edge of the pockets are free for opening. The average size requires 4 1/2 yards 54-inch material to develop.

Although it is an exceptionally trim-looking model, the coat is not difficult to either cut or make. As a preliminary to the cutting the material is first carefully folded and weighted, if necessary, so that it will not "creep." Then the sleeve is placed into position first, about two inches from the edge of the goods. Opposite the sleeve is laid the strap and pocket section. To the right of the sleeve the back is laid, on a lengthwise fold of the homespun. The cuff comes next; then the collar sections, said sections being laid crosswise of material. Lastly are put into place the front and belt, the front on a lengthwise thread and the belt crosswise the homespun.

The home dressmaker who fears that she will not be able to do justice to the straps may retain pockets and omit straps by cutting off the front edge of pocket on line of double small "o" perforations.

The corded silks are so much in demand this season that the coat would be very dressy developed in one of the fashionable weaves. For cool days it may be buttoned close up to the throat, while on warm days the front can be turned back, leaving perfectly formed revers and a modish collar.

Hats to accompany the new long coats are usually made of the same material. Homespun models are trimmed with silk bows, bands, rosettes and other ornaments that stand rough wear, but which are chic in effect.

6271

For motoring, traveling or general service there is nothing smarter than this coat of brown homespun.

Whether she goes in for out-door sports, motoring or simply needs a coat for general wear the woman of fashion will appreciate this model in a modish shade of homespun. A decided novelty is featured in the trimming straps that start at the shoulder seam in front and are carried down below the belt to form

NEWMAN & SHAW, Princess Street.

Above Patterns can be obtained from

NEWMAN & SHAW, Princess Street.

Pictorial Review Coat No. 6271. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.

It's so Handy

Compare the paper bag that tears and spills with the tidy, convenient

Redpath Sugar Cartons

These do more than keep the sugar clean and handy—they ensure your getting the genuine REDPATH—Canada's favorite sugar for three generations.

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Cloth Bags.

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