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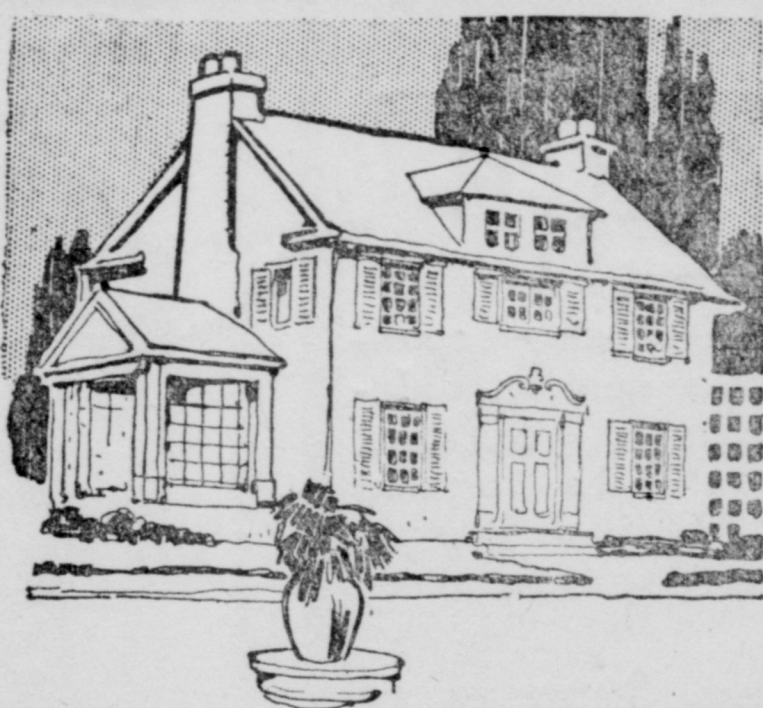
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is made according to the formula which scientific tests and many years of experience by practical painters prove to be best to meet Canadian weather conditions.

Formula: 70% Pure White Lead  
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It contains 70% of Brandram's B.B. Genuine White Lead—of standard purity for over 100 years—and 30% of pure white zinc—thus combining, in the proper proportions, pure lead and pure zinc, and making a perfect paint. You take no chances with B-H "English" Paint. Be sure you get it! There are cheaper paints, but none more economical when covering capacity and length of wear are considered.

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## Another Million of the People's Money Thrown Away

Camp Borden the Fag End of Creation—Two Riots in Two Months—Hundreds of Men Absent Without Leave—All Owing to Vanity of Sir Sam Hughes

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Aug. 19.—Camp Borden, representing another million of the people's money thrown to the birds, continues to be the government's nightmare. Things are getting no better fast. Cheer up, the worst is yet to

be able to help me at all and my family and friends all thought that I was in a decline and would not recover. I was in bed for some weeks when an aunt came to see me and urged that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My father got a supply, and by the time I had taken three boxes there was a noticeable improvement, and from that on I steadily progressed toward recovery. I continued using the pills for some time longer, and they restored me to my old time health and strength. I shall never cease to praise this medicine, and to urge all weak run down girls to give it a fair trial, as I have proved in my own case their great merit. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

come. Sir Sam's impulsiveness in hustling thirty-two thousand soldiers into a half finished camp so that he could hold a review for the moving pictures, is causing the Militia Department, the headquarters staff and the Camp Borden authorities a great deal of trouble.

A well defined rumor is afloat that Brigadier General Logie is to be "promoted" overseas, a sort of Irish promotion. If Brigadier General Logie is thus "promoted" to a position of splendid idleness in England, it will be because somebody has to act as goat for Sir Sam's mistakes.

A Warm Spot. Of course Sir Sam is not responsible for the fervent heat of July and August, a heat which burned up all previous records, but he is responsible for his own vanity, which causes him to crowd an army into the hottest spot he could find in the two hottest months in forty-five years.

Camp Borden is no more acceptable to the soldiers now than it was a month ago, when the first riot took place. First riot? Has there been another? Yes. It occurred not long ago and was a very nasty affair. The correspondents were persuaded, or censored, out of saying anything about it, and when it did filter through to the newspaper offices, considerations of public policy held it up there.

However, such is the fact. Two riots in two months—that's going some—eh?

New at Half Strength.

At present Camp Borden is getting along on something less than half strength. There are not enough men there to go through the big brigade movements, which was one of the alleged objects in shifting the men there from the other smaller camps. There are seventeen hundred men absent without leave, and a provost marshal has been appointed to locate them and round them up. He has about as practical a job as might be sweeping up all the leaves that fall in Ontario next autumn. There are some seven thousand men absent on leave representing another part of the price discipline pays for Sir Sam's folly.

Leave is an easy thing to get at Camp Borden. The soldiers openly boast that all they have to do is ask for it. Many soldiers will be found who claim to have had three day week-end leaves for three weeks running.

The spirit of discontent must be soothed some way, and the easiest plan is to let the men go visiting. Over-stayed leaves are treated leniently. All most any excuse for coming back late

will be accepted, and excuses that are too thin to hold water are penalized by a trifling dockage of pay.

Holidays With Pay.

The harvest furloughs are another great joke. Harvest furlough is another name for two weeks summer holidays with pay. City bred soldiers who never saw a reaper and binder in their lives and who don't even want to see one, obtain furloughs with ease and dispatch. All the big cities in Ontario within a radius of 150 miles of Camp Borden are thronged with harvest furloughers, harvesting a good time and giving their stomachs a treat after the hard grub at Camp Borden.

Toronto has perhaps two thousand harvest furloughers in her midst. Of course there may be harvest furloughers in the country where harvests are supposed to flourish, but if so, they have taken cover well, or they can't be seen on account of their khaki being the same color as the ripening fields.

However, one can't blame the harvest furloughers for getting away from the heat at Camp Borden and from the sand flies which conduct daily manoeuvres there, and the mosquitoes who find the electric lights so handy in their tent-to-tent inspection, and the black flies, who come charging in from the swamps—well, Camp Borden has every biting bug known to modern science, and they are all on the job.

Troops Lightly Clad.

Lately the battalion commanders have invented certain alleviations, and now many companies may be seen drilling almost as nature made them. At least they are lightly clad, about as much as the Soldiers Three had when they took Lungtungpen—that is to say, not enough to dust a flute.

This makes Camp Borden a rather awkward place for ladies to visit, unless they are used to these more than Palm Beach effects. If the Camp Borden summer costume goes with the soldiers to Flanders, it will certainly startle the Germans. After all it's only getting back to first principles. Our ancestors, the ancient Britons, fought that way, only slightly staining their bodies with wood to preserve, as Bernard Shaw says, their respectability.

These are some of the ways in which a hot-as-hades hole like Camp Borden upsets military etiquette and undermines discipline. Camp Borden also hurts recruiting.

"What!" exclaims the husky lad, when the sergeant with ribbons on his

## GIRL COULD NOT WORK

How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Taunton, Mass.—"I had pains in both sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I suffered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."—Miss CLARICE MORIN, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.

Thousands of girls suffer in silence every month rather than consult a physician. If girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a safe and pure remedy made from roots and herbs, much suffering might be avoided.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential) for free advice which will prove helpful.

cap approaches him, "enlist now and be sent to that fag end of creation."

The rumor persists that Major General Lessard may be made commandant at Camp Borden. It sounds almost too good to be true. What Camp Borden needs, if General Logie is sent overseas, is another strong man. Major General Lessard is that man. One has only to look at his record in South Africa to know that. That Sir Sam's "down on him" only goes to prove that he is a good general and not an office Napoleon like some of his favorites.

Henri Bourassa and his Nationalist accomplices have done much to discourage recruiting in Quebec. But General Lessard's treatment by Sir Sam is a practical case of invidious discrimination against a French-Canadian which does not tend to help enlistments either.



It is not a matter of imagination, habit or prejudice. The people who use Gold Soap do so because they can see that Gold Soap is a bigger cake and that it does better work.

Gold Soap is made in Canada in the Procter & Gamble Factories at Hamilton.

# Gold Soap

### LIFE AND LONGEVITY.

Simply Prolonging One's Days on Earth Is Not Real Living.

What really constitutes life? Is it action, or is it merely existence? Who is the more useful, the man who gives his all in energy to service or he who conserves his forces and thereby prolongs his days? He lives most who accomplishes most. Activity in useful, productive or constructive effort is the real test of life. Length of years may content some, but restless, energetic souls will press forward, regardless of time, striving for a goal they may never attain, but always striving, and these only really live.

Life insurance presidents, being interested in the prolongation of existence of risks, bend their efforts to the teaching of elements of living, the avoidance of excesses, exposures or unnecessary risks of any kind and in this way really serve the world because they increase the productive years of man.

As a result of modern methods man really lives longer and better, but this is not the all in all of life. To live is to be active, to have a part in the creative effort of mankind, regardless of whether the span be long or short, so long as it is busy, for "an end is an end, whether it cometh on the winged heels of a week or the dull stretch of a century."

Rich, but Wretched. Frederick Albert, the third Krupp, became the richest man in the German emperor's dominions. When he died, in 1902, his estate was valued at nearly \$200,000,000. Perhaps the inability of wealth to bestow happiness was never more strikingly exemplified than in his case. He was a dyspeptic, forbidden all the delights of the table and to smoke. Of late years a physician never left his side. A fearful melancholy claimed him, and his life was overshadowed by a nervous depression. All the world was wrong.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Tonight

Let's End That Corn!

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster. That brings a wonderful wax in touch with the corn, and protects it.

This wax was invented by a chemist who has spent 25 years studying corns.

### Tomorrow

You'll forget the corn. Blue-jay ends all pain. It will prove to you that all corn pains are needless. You can stop them in an instant—and forever—with a Blue-jay. You will always do that when you know the facts.

Next Day

The corn will disappear for good. And no soreness follows. Blue-jay has proved that on 70 million corns. It will prove to you, we promise. After that, you will never keep a corn.

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