

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher...

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.

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.



PERFECTION OIL HEATERS

HEAT IN A HURRY

No matter who's cold or where, the Perfection Oil Heater can be brought into action in an instant.

Easy to carry. Strong, reliable, good-looking. Gives clean, odorless, economical heat.

Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY Limited BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES



BEAVER FLOUR Requires Less Shortening

And it makes lighter, flakier Pie Crusts, Tarts, Doughnuts and Cookies than you ever got with Western Spring Wheat Flours.

"Beaver" Flour is milled of blended wheat. It contains Ontario Fall Wheat (famous for pastry making) blended with Western Spring Wheat to add strength.

You save shortening—and you get a flour that is always the same in quality and strength—when you use "Beaver" Flour, the only kind of flour that is equally good for Bread and Pastry.

DEALERS—write us for prices on Feed, Course Grains and Cereals. THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

HARRY LAUDER AT THE FRONT

A Concert in a Shell-Hole and a Sing Song in a Ruined Village

Somewhere in France

You talk of air raids! Phew! You should try the British front—not for air raids, but for shock.

When the artillery deepens from an echo to a boom, and from a boom to the split and havoc of ten thousand thunderbolts, even the soldier who has got used to rifle-fire and bomb explosions in the training camp must feel shaken.

As for me, I was too surprised to be frightened—speaking generally. On one occasion, it is true... but I beg you to respect the tremors of a middle-aged civilian.

I told you last week how I landed somewhere in France.

Yet I did not feel I was really in the midst of things until I stood on Vimy Ridge, so lately, and so gloriously won. On the way, however, I had many and cruel evidences of the touch of war.

WHERE OUR HEROES DIED

Wild growth rioting, racing over all those scarred battlefields, and climbing to the very summit, "the Pimple" of the torn and blackened ridge. Somewhere on the ridge is an observation post, and from there I had the privilege of spying over the German positions far away in the valley below.

Then I climbed down to where a battery nestled cozily in the hillside and spat vicious pellets into the far sea of green. I went below, was introduced to the battery officer, and he gave me a charming little lunch in his handy little dug-out underground.

As a sort of l'iqueur I was asked to try my luck at gunnery—with an eighteen-pounder. I climbed to the seat, and duly instructed, I pressed the button. Noise! It seemed as if I had suddenly taken a deep header into the ocean, and the water was stunning my ears.

If I should tell you of all the concerts I gave—after my first two they were all in the open—I should make this article far too long.

I mind me once in a village street we met a body of troops fresh out of the firing line—choked with dust grimed with dust and sweat, dog-tired as we in Britain never are. But when I stopped my car, had out the piano on the grill at the back, and started singing, they joined in the choruses—as though they had just been out for a wee saunter along the country side.

A SONG AMONG THE RUINS

I mind me once I gave a concert just before midnight outside an old chateau. In the flare of the acetylene lamps I saw an endless sea of upturned merry faces.

There in the flare and the dark that mighty host sang "Roaming in the Gloaming," with an earnest gladness that shook me beyond measure. I doubt not that the hearts of many of them were away in British lanes and that in their ears were tendered voices than the challenge of big guns.

I mind, too, a concert I gave in the market place of—just at the great door of the old cathedral, where a statue of the Virgin holds out an infant Jesus.

But my experience of yesterday I may talk about at some length. I am at present in retreat, well behind the lines. Yesterday we passed a gang of German prisoners working—leisurely, it seemed to me. I stepped to talk to a lad wearing a sergeant's stripes.

YOUNG GERMAN'S LAMENT

"Why are you fighting," I asked him, "and what do you hope to gain?" He saluted, and replied, in excellent English, "We are fighting, sir, for the freedom of the seas and we hope to gain it."

"Are you contented to be a prisoner?" I asked. "No!" he replied, and his eyes blazed, his lips grew hard, and his lips

opened to show his teeth. "I hate it, I want to be fighting."

Very plainly he would have loved to stick a bayonet through my chest. Well, at least, the lad had pluck, and he was the only German prisoner I ever heard of who was sorry to be out of the war.

HARRY LAUDER

A NEW TORPEDO

One of America's greatest electrical engineers, whose reputation extends throughout the world, has developed what he terms an aeromarine torpedo. It is intended as a weapon for destroying hostile war vessels.

In attacking a vessel, an airman would leave the water and attempt to cross the enemy's path, dragging the torpedo carrier after him. The towline of course, would fall across the deck of a vessel.

THE HIGHLANDERS ABROAD

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Pibroch of Doniul Dhu, Pibroch of Doniul, Wake thy wild voice anew, Summon Clan-Connaill!

Up Broadway they marched the Canadian Highlanders who had come to New York to help on the British recruiting there, and all along the crowded sidewalks there were cheers and cheers. Of all the thrilling episodes of the war, none was more thrilling than this.

THAT NAUGHTY OLD MOON, FULL TWICE IN SEPTEMBER!

If moonlight nights have any bearing on the number of marriages consummated in any given period, the number of marriages which developed during September of this year should be double that of any ordinary month.

Let the Pibroch sound all over the land if that will help. Bring the Highlanders to Philadelphia. Chestnut street will respond to the call as enthusiastically as Broadway.

CUTICURA HEALS WHITE PIMPLES

Which Itched and Burned. Swelled Enough for Two. No Sleep for Weeks.

"My fingers all broke out in white pimples and would crack and smart that much that I could hardly keep from scratching. They began to swell and were big enough for two. I never had any sleep for weeks because they itched and burned."

BRISCOE'S

Built for Comfort

EVEN a six-foot man can stretch right out in the front and rear seats. The Tonneau is both long and wide, affording ample elbow room for stout people.



\$935 FULLY EQUIPPED

The Car that Took the Fatigue out of Motoring

THE BRISCOE offers everything demanded in a quality car at a price that appeals to the common sense of the thrifty and careful buyer. You can drive it for hours without effort or fatigue.

The BRISCOE eliminates all the effort of driving, and doubles the pleasure of running your own car. It starts on the instant, accelerates with velvety smoothness and stays on the road at any speed.

The famous "Half Million Dollar Motor"—3 3/16-inch bore, 5 1/4-inch stroke—affords abundant power for any emergency, and reduces your expense for fuel, because it gets every ounce of force out of the gas.

And the regular equipment is unusually complete, including: Electric Lighting and Starting System, Speedometer, Gasoline Gauge, Ammeter, Trouble Light Socket, Automatic Switch and Key Lock, Horn, Tools and Repair Kit—and other important accessories usually classed as "Extras."

BRISCOE Touring Car of 4-passenger "Duplex Roadster," 105-inch wheel base, standard model with wooden wheels, f.o.b. Brockville, Ont., \$935.00.

Write for Benjamin Briscoe's own story of the "Half Million Dollar Motor," sent post paid upon request.

THE CANADIAN BRISCOE MOTOR CO., LIMITED, BROCKVILLE, ONT.



General Distributing Agents for the Province of Prince Edward Island—Head Office Charlottetown. W. K. ROGERS CO., LIMITED, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

and the second will be on September 30th. It is but every eighteen years or so that the poor old moon can become "full" twice in the same month, there by differing from many persons who inhabit this earth.

Advertisement for O-Cedar Polish, featuring a woman polishing stairs and a bottle of the product. Text includes 'Lighten the Care Of Your Stair' and 'Of all furniture or woodwork I find the staircase requires the most attention.'