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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
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London, Ont., Tuesday, Sept. 30.

BECK AND HEARST.

Sir Adam Beck refuses to deny or con-
 firm the report that he intends to run as an
 independent in the provincial elections. His
 silence is, of course, another confirmation of
 what has been evident to the most super-
 observant of affairs at Queen's Park for
 some time, that is, that there is a serious
 rift amongst the members of the Hearst
 ministry. It is certain that if this split di-
 vides the Government at this critical hour of
 its career, Hearst faces a general election
 greatly weakened through failure to carry out
 promises, as well as through demoralization
 that has set in in several of the Govern-
 ment departments. That the minister should
 desert at this time indicates that the rift
 between the two elements of the Government
 has been widening until it has become un-
 bridgeable. In no other way can the manner of
 Sir Adam towards the Govern-
 ment of late be explained. Refusing to state
 whether he will run as a Government candi-
 date or not amounts to an arraignment of the
 Government.

What do the people of this province think
 of a ministry that is split into factions that
 are even to bitter hostilities, asking for a re-
 turn to power? Can Ontario expect to be led and
 governed efficiently by a group of men who
 are engaged in a perpetual quarrel? At the pre-
 sent time it is not of so much moment that
 the public should know the nature of the quar-
 rel, as that it should realize that there cannot
 be a united and beneficial administration
 where antagonisms continually hamper. Sir
 Adam shows that this is the case at Queen's
 Park. He is himself responsible for much of
 the people of Ontario can rid themselves
 of this exasperating and ruinous condition by
 turning out the whole lot, bag and baggage,
 that is the logical and quickest way out.

THE POET AS SOLDIER.

Orthodox diplomacy seems strangely im-
 potent to deal with the "artistic temperament"
 in affairs. The pianist-president of Poland and
 the poet-soldier of Italy furnish two recent
 cases where the set rules of international rela-
 tions do not seem exactly to apply, and where
 even the league of nations does not seem quite
 capable of giving due force to its decisions.
 D'Annunzio holds Plume with a handful of fol-
 lowers, warships are in a ring about him, but
 he is not shot. No one appears to know
 exactly what to do with this poet. Were it a
 soldier or a politician, or a labor radical, head-
 ing this exploit, there would be no hesitation in
 dealing with him, but a poet—somehow it's altogether
 a different matter dealing with a poet.

Who is D'Annunzio? Some of the biograph-
 ers will tell you that his real name is Gaetano
 Capannetto. He was born in 1864, was famous
 at the age of 16, and has so captured the affec-
 tions of the public as to be regarded as Italy's
 national poet. When he published his first book
 in 1880, Marc Minier, the critic, wrote of him
 in the Revue Suisse: "If I were one of his
 masters I should give him a medal and the
 stick." He has been receiving medals all his
 life, and there have always been those who
 would give him the stick as well. Realist and
 psychologist, symbolist and mystic by turns,
 he is first and always a poet. His art has been
 described as a gallery of echoes, for he has
 drawn from authors of all times and lands. A
 profound student of the classics, he is rich
 in scholarly allusions. From the modern writers
 of France and Russia he has borrowed much,
 while he evidently knows the English classics.
 Mr. James Huneker says of him that his chief
 defect is a lack of humor, which, coupled with
 the tropical quality of his art, causes a certain
 monotony, a languorous atmosphere. Human in-
 terest is often absent, but he loves nature and
 describes her lovingly. His drama has been
 made known in America chiefly through
 Eleonora Duse.

"Gabriele D'Annunzio," writes M. Huret, "is
 of medium height, slender, not to say frail,
 with short reddish hair which is growing thin
 on the top of his finely-shaped head, and his
 brushes straight back at the temples; his
 back already somewhat bent, he has the air
 of one of those aristocratic beings who have
 begun life too soon. His ruddy mustache is
 trimmed close to the lip, and the points are
 turned up sharply at the corners, while the
 chin ends in a little pointed beard. His eyes,
 of pale blue, are half-veiled by the heavy lids.
 Beneath those eyes, the network of fine lines
 tells the story of precocious weariness. The
 appearance of his physiognomy as a whole is
 rather self-contained and cold. He is a thinker,
 assuredly quite master of himself, much more
 given to enthusiasm over a beautiful verse
 than capable of a real emotion over another's
 grief."

"He is a poet in action" was the way his
 son described him not long since, and his record
 during the war bears it out. D'Annunzio was
 seized by the view that only a big aerial war
 would bring the struggle to an end, and he
 showed his faith in this belief by entering the
 flying corps himself, and all Italy rang with his
 exploits. Wherever there was a big raid
 planned, there the poet would be found, and on
 one occasion he was up in the air nine hours
 and a quarter without landing.

The recent Plume incident would take on
 the character of comic opera were it not that
 it threatens to become an international in-
 cident of importance to embroil Italy

with Balkan nations. It is needless to say that
 the poet is not without backing in Italy, that his
 action, indeed, is quite in accord with the im-
 perialistic aims of a certain element of the
 ruling class of the country.

THE BRITISH STRIKE.

A crisis of dramatic character has sud-
 denly flashed out of the long-gathering economic
 unrest in Great Britain. If the railroad strike
 really aims at merely a more satisfactory wage
 scale, then the workers have not yet come to
 see clearly that forcing up the wage level only
 forces up the price level, doing more harm than
 good in the resultant continual depreciation of
 capital and savings. But Lloyd George and
 others suspect that the strike is not only eco-
 nomic but revolutionary. It is freely stated that
 a pitched battle has begun between the Govern-
 ment and the organized working classes, in
 other words, between parliament and soviet as
 a machinery of government.

At the great Albert Hall meeting the other
 night the leading speakers branded the govern-
 ment statements about the strike being an
 "anarchistic conspiracy" and an attack upon
 the British public, as "deliberate lies." And
 yet it is reported that the crowd sang the Red
 Flag for an hour. But perhaps the Red Flag
 is not necessarily a symbol of anarchy, and it
 might be argued by the strikers that a revolu-
 tionary uprising against Parliament, especially
 in view of the by-elections, is a blow for as
 well as against "the public."

The truth is that industrial movements are
 led not by savants or intellectuals who have
 their principles and motives all consciously
 sorted out, but by men of passion as well as
 reason. In all great human movements the
 motives are mixed, passions and needs com-
 mingling, instincts or half conscious impulses
 suffuse the deliberate purposes. It cannot be
 denied that the experience of the war has ac-
 centuated the masses' impatience of old dif-
 ferences in wealth, advantages and privilege.
 Class envy and even hatred are rampant, espe-
 cially in densely-populated and industrial lands.
 A sudden feeling that the old social and economic
 system is all unfair lurks darkly behind the
 more open and conscious utterances of labor
 leaders, and even when they think their move-
 ment purely economic, the lightning of this
 passionate discontent pierces through in dan-
 gerous gleams, in spite of them. It is a poor
 platitude to say that this sort of thing should
 not be. Of course, hatred and uncharitableness
 should not be. But some sort of plan has
 to be found to remove or assuage it or there
 will indeed be mad revolution.

Over here it is hard to see the ins and outs
 of such a matter as the ownership of the coal
 mines. But it does look as though the British
 people have been enraged at the unwillingness
 of the Government to carry out the recommenda-
 tion of the commission's report to nationalize
 those mines. Even the legal titles of some of
 the coal-owners seem to be none too sound.
 The recent failure of the Yorkshire miners'
 strike must have embittered the feeling of
 Labor on this point.

On the other hand, while we can somewhat
 understand the feelings and reasons of the
 strikers, no sympathy can be felt by sensible
 people with the direct action method of secur-
 ing political change. Instead of striking at the
 prosperity and security of the nation, organized
 labor should carry its ends by the ballot and
 the secret ballot. Intimidation and coercion
 are or should be obsolete weapons, and two
 sides can play at them. An unpopular govern-
 ment can more easily as well as more satisfac-
 torily be displaced by the ballot than by phys-
 ical compulsion.

INDUSTRIAL ARMISTICE NEEDED.

Attorney-General Palmer of the United States
 suggests an industrial truce or armistice for a
 period of six months in order that the after-
 war economic tangle may be straightened out
 and production forwarded, so that the lot of
 nation and individual would be socially happier
 and healthier. Strikes he strongly condemns,
 because while he admits the justice of most
 of the claims of labor for a share in the joint
 product of money and labor, he believes that
 the chance of getting it are not advanced by
 the refusal to produce.

The attorney-general's proposal is stated
 in these terms:
 "The crying need of the world just now
 is for peace, and not political peace between
 governments alone, but industrial peace
 amongst men also. The things for which
 men fight are never settled while the war
 is on. An armistice must come; heads must
 be cool, and anger must spend itself before
 men can sit together and know what is best
 for themselves and give due consideration to
 the rights of others."
 "Idleness is no panacea for the ills from
 which the country suffers. Work may be
 the cost of life is only enhanced by the idleness
 of men; it can be reduced by the in-
 telligent industry of all. Other remedies
 may bring us part way on the road, but
 they will never bring us the whole distance.
 These remedies should and will be applied,
 but the most effective cure that can be
 desired will be the general acceptance by
 all our people of the golden opportunities
 of this great land of plenty for all who
 give the best that is in them."

This is excellent advice, as it is certain that
 the partial cessation of production will tend to
 keep up the high cost of living. If the nations
 are to get back to pre-war conditions as re-
 gards prices, and the present oppressive bur-
 den removed or at least lightened, then the
 world must in some way secure increased pro-
 duction. Mr. Palmer's industrial armistice
 would enable us to catch up and allow for am-
 icable conferences between disputants. The
 chances are that an industrial armistice would
 bring about prolonged industrial peace. It's
 worth trying.

THE WIND IN THE CORN.

(J. C. M. Duncan.)

What a rustling, what a tussling,
 With the wind as it goes hustling
 On its way through the ranks of ripening corn:
 How they toss and reel and curl,
 Every yellow plume a-whirl!
 In the mad wind of this grey September morn.

Like the dirging when the surging
 Of great waves at the wind's urging,
 Roll the burden of their moanings on the shore,
 So the wind of this grey morn,
 As it rushes through the corn,
 Breaks in scallike waves of walling at my door.

Soon the sighing moaning, crying
 Corn beneath the sickle lying,
 To the autumn wind will leave the field forlorn:
 Yet the wind as it wings by
 That same empty field will sigh
 With the memories of its madness in the corn.

From Here and There

SAILOR WHO SAVED THE CZAR'S MOTHER.
 (Clive Marshall.)
 (Newspaper Feature Service.)

A cat may look at a king, and a simple, un-
 educated sailor may receive the homage of royalty
 at the banquet of a queen. This is the story
 of one who did.

Members of the erstwhile royal house of Russia,
 except the immediate family of the czar, who owe
 their lives to an untutored sailor guard, include
 Marie, queen-mother and widow of Alexander III,
 the Grand Duke Nicholas, former commander-in-
 chief of the Russian army, and Peter Nicholas,
 uncle of the czar, the Princess Xenia and Olga,
 sisters of the czar, and the Princess Irene, wife
 of Prince Yussouff, who killed Rasputin, the so-
 called evil genius of the czar's household. The
 Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duke Alexan-
 der, is a niece of the former czar.

The story of this loyalty to the Russians and
 to members of the imperial family by a widely-
 recognized Bolshevik, who was given great power
 over the "army," has been brought to this country
 by Glib Derjinsky, a well-known artist and scul-
 ptor of Russia.

When the Bolsheviks invaded South Russia this
 year, young Derjinsky escaped to Constantinople
 and took passage on a Russian commercial ship
 to New York. For more than a year the young
 sculptor lived on the Crimean estates of Prince
 Yussouff, a Russian nobleman, and was well re-
 ceived by the Russian army. He said that he
 held an order from Prince Yussouff for the exe-
 cution of some fountains and other pieces of art
 to grace the princely handsome country estate.

A short time after he had been brought to Russia
 by murdering Rasputin, whom he believed to be a
 traitor to his country, the young Prince Yussouff
 with his wife went to live on their estate in the
 Crimea. It joined the handsome country homes of
 the imperial family. In all, more than twenty big
 estates with their splendid palaces occupied this
 district, which Philip the sailor guard, although a
 revolutionist, had been brought to this country
 time and again during his few months of guardship
 there.

In November, 1917, after the mutiny of Russian
 sailors at Sebastopol and the establishment of a
 soviet government there, the young sailor, who is
 known only as Philip to his royal prisoners, was
 appointed by the soviet government as commissioner
 of the district in which the royal estates were
 located, about sixty miles from Sebastopol, and was
 given an armed guard of 40 sailors. Fourteen miles
 away, on the road to Sebastopol, lay the town of
 Yalta, and this town, after December, 1918, was also
 the headquarters of a soviet commissioner who not
 only was a friend of the sailor guard of royalty,
 but who also shared his views regarding the taking
 of human life.

"Such a man was the sailor who kept us prisoners
 several months," said Derjinsky. "It is because
 of his loyalty to the Russians and his convictions
 that no one has a right to take human life that the
 royal family are alive today in Europe."
 "The first order Commissioner Philip received
 was in the form of a courier with instructions to
 seize the jewels of the different families living in
 this section. Of course this included the jewels of
 the imperial family. These jewels were priceless,
 not only for the brilliancy of their beauty and value
 as rare stones, but for their historic association."

"When the commissioner took over this jewelry
 he carefully packed it in wooden boxes which he
 placed in a big vault in one of the royal palaces.
 He did all this in a most businesslike manner. He
 even gave the owners receipts for their jewels,
 which he also returned when they were returned.
 Then he notified his superior officers that their
 orders had been carried out."

"Nevertheless, word of the jewel seizure had
 passed among the Bolsheviks in this district. And
 after some days had passed a courier came to
 seize the jewels. But the sailor Philip proved a
 match for them."

"I have charge of this district," he told the
 Bolsheviks. "I am a friend of the sailor guard, and
 here I have enough soldiers at my command to level
 this place."
 "Of course, the force of his argument lay in
 the fact that the Bolsheviks had no soldiers of
 real strength of the sailor's command. Had they
 known the truth that only 40 armed men backed
 up Philip's threats, they might have acted other-
 wise. The revolutionists saw that the commissioner
 was a sturdy swordsman, and would much rather
 conversation they rode away."

"A short while after the jewel seizure another
 band of Bolsheviks rode to the great bronze gate
 of the estate of Prince Yussouff, and demanding
 the delivery of the prince and the royal prisoners,
 challenged again all the quick wit and loyalty of
 the sailor. Philip, accompanied by his armed
 guard, hurried out to meet them, and they did not
 possess any such authority."

"Have you an order from the commissioner of
 Yalta commanding me to turn over these prisoners
 to you?" inquired the sailor guard with fine diplo-
 matic grace. They had to confess that they did not
 possess any such authority."

"Well, these are my prisoners," he warned
 them, and I will turn them over to no one who does
 not possess such an order."
 "The sailor Philip told the men to go back to
 Yalta and ask the commissioner there for such a
 written order. Disgruntled, the intruders decided
 to go without further ceremony. At once Philip
 telephoned to his friend, the commissioner at Yalta,
 telling him of the circumstances and asking him
 to make out the order, but to hold it himself. The
 commissioner cheerfully complied with this request."

"The Bolsheviks returned some days later. The
 sailor commissioner ordered out his armed guard,
 and told the intruders to leave at once or they
 would be shot down, as he had no authority to
 relinquish his royal prisoners. The Bolsheviks
 decided not to chance an encounter."

"There was one other occasion when the lives
 of the Russian royal family were in immediate
 danger from the Bolsheviks. This time the effort
 to get possession of the jewels of the former royalty
 of Russia was made by a group of counter-revolu-
 tionists from the north. This occurred in March,
 1918."

"As this new group of revolutionists arrived the
 sailor commissioner introduced his men as protectors
 of the property and rights of the people now living
 under the soviet government."

"Well, we have a mandate that gives us the
 right to the royal prisoners here," said the leader.
 "Well," retorted the sailor Philip, refusing to
 be bluff, "my mandate is my revolver, and I am
 not afraid to use it."

"The revolutionists were in an ugly mood, and
 for several minutes it looked as though all the work
 the sailor commissioner had done in the protection
 of life and property was about to end. But, as on
 former occasions of similar dangerous nature, he
 rose to the emergency."

"Lucky for the royal family that they had so
 brave a guardsman."
 "Shortly after this, many rumors were about
 that aroused our hopes anew for speedy deliverance.
 We waited patiently day after day for almost a
 month. I continued my work in a big studio put
 at my disposal by the Prince Yussouff on his
 estate. The Princess Yussouff asked me to make
 a bust of Philip, the sailor commissioner, so that
 she would have something always to remind her of
 the great loyalty and the great service of this brave
 sailor. She also told me that the dowager empress,
 the czar's mother, wanted a bust of the sailor."

"A few nights later the empress gave a dinner
 for the sailor in the great banquet hall of the
 palace, and this simple soldier who had stood
 steadfastly against the reign of crime that had
 swept over his beloved country, was toasted by
 members of the imperial family."

THE ULTIMATE VICTIM.

When capital waxes extra gains,
 On profits tightens all the reins,
 Who has to suffer all the pains?
 The public.

When labor gets dissatisfied,
 And would conditions override,
 Who gets submerged beneath the tide?
 The public.

When strikes put up the price of food,
 And each side holds firm attitude,
 Who always has to make loss good?
 The public.

When street cars cease to run, and balk
 At all conciliation talk,
 Who has to pay the freight and walk?
 The public.

When managers and actors fight,
 And theatres are closed at night,
 Who sees amusement out of sight?
 The public.

Who in disputes which rise each day,
 Is not permitted any say,
 But always loses either way?
 The public.

The Advertiser's
Daily Short Story

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JERRY DECIDES

By Leola Drew.

"I suppose they sent me here be-
 cause I'm named after you, Uncle
 Gerald," Jerry dug into his grapefruit
 aggressively. "I hate Gerald. Didn't
 they ever send Marbury anywhere?"
 "Men do," you Jerry?"

"Men do," you Jerry?"
 "All of his answers to Jerry
 had been absent-minded ones for the
 past two weeks. He had run out of
 details the second day after Jerry's
 sudden arrival."

"Miss Millard calls you Jerry, doesn't
 she?"
 Marbury frowned and wiped off a
 globule of juice from his waistcoat.
 "You should eat that in a bathtub,"
 old Nan said. "Jerry pushed back his plate comfort-
 ably."

"I'm through," he announced. "What
 we going to do today?"
 Marbury read his newspaper pre-
 tending when he was an unimpaired
 committee of one for Margaret's
 one and only he had officiated for two
 weeks, and things were settling down
 on why his sister should have sent
 Jerry on for a month. She knew she
 lived in an exclusive bachelor apart-
 ment with one Jap man servant. Kato
 had been the first cook after Jerry
 had brought in a dozen fresh crab
 and put them in the ice box.

"I don't like to see you in my
 he had said smilingly. "Me so reluct-
 antly but soon."

"Since Marbury had been at the
 mercy of Jerry. He had constituted
 himself private secretary and houseboy
 to tell when he was in the base-
 ment churning with the engineer, or
 on the roof sending off aeroplanes to
 the headquarters of the Madon army
 unless returned from the club before
 dinner he would give a report on the
 day's work."

"That tailor wants you to pay the
 spring bill anyhow. Says you can let
 him have one till the end of the year
 you had the measles badly and had
 left for the country. And Mrs. Jocelyn
 was here next week, and I told her
 yes, if there was good fishing. That
 night a fellow named a Boole
 Newell wants you to call him up at
 the club and tell him how about that
 supper."

"Cut it," said Marbury briefly. "I'll
 call him. Did Miss Millard call up?"
 "No, but I called her four times."
 grinned Jerry. "Gee, that's some
 girl, Uncle Gerald. She said I could
 call her any old time I asked when
 I got lost here for me, and she
 thinks it's awful for you to leave
 me up here alone, and she's invited
 me down to Lakewood as long as I
 like, and she'll come in herself and
 set me."

"Fine thing to do, cut me out over
 my own phone with the prettiest girl
 I know," Marbury said solemnly.
 "Anybody else?"

"Yep. Mrs. Hamilton's back and
 wants you to come over as soon as
 you get in. I told her you couldn't
 because we were going to the theatre
 tonight. What's up?"

Marbury reached the telephone in
 one stride and called a hotel num-
 ber, while Jerry stared at him. "Hello,
 Mrs. Hamilton, please, what? Then
 hang up."

That had happened two nights ago,
 and Jerry had dined alone twice in
 the little private dining room down-
 stairs. He felt like it. Somewhere
 he resented Mrs. Hamilton. His uncle
 had been moody and cheerful by its
 side, and he did not like her. She
 was very lovely, in evening dress,
 but she had in a certain ecclesiasti-
 cal sort of chair, very slender and
 dreamy-eyed and gracious, but Jerry
 summed her up in one word, she
 looked "sort of stumpy," he thought.
 Mrs. Hamilton's admirers called it
 a sturdy grace, and Jerry's admirers
 called it a stumpy grace. Over on the
 mantel stood another photograph he
 liked better—
 a girl standing in an old boat land-
 ing in a sweater, short sport skirt and
 white turtleneck, smiling back at some one,
 her hands deep in her pockets. This
 was hard thinking on her account. Be-
 fore the coming of Mrs. Hamilton she
 had been Marbury's principal concern
 in life.

"Did Miss Millard," Jerry began,
 and stopped short, fingering the pearl
 studs on the bed. He had almost
 thought out loud. "I mean, Uncle
 Gerald, which are you going to mar-
 ry?"

Marbury's fingers fumbled over his
 ties in the drawer. He missed Kato's
 ministrations.
 "You like the best," Jerry asked
 in what he tried to make an offhand
 manner.

"So do I, old man, come to think of
 it," Marbury answered between his
 teeth. "Trouble is, the ladies have
 the preference. You can't club them
 and race for the nearest poney moon
 cave, you know. Miss Millard is not
 my type."

"Rheumatism can't be cured so long as
 your system is weak and rundown.
 You must first build up and get
 strength to fight off the disease.
 Ferronzone cures because it builds
 up, because it renews the blood and
 dissolves the uric acid and the poisons
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 hardships on the battlefield."
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 I got Ferronzone."
 "Then came a quick change."
 "Ferronzone gave me comfort at
 once, eased the pain, and took the
 stiffness out of my muscles."
 "I am well today. Ferronzone cured
 me completely. I can jump and run
 like I did forty years ago."
 Be sensible about your case. Give
 your present medicine is useless give
 it up.

Don't experiment again. Ferronzone
 is known on all sides to be a "cure"
 that does cure. Why not get a supply
 today. The sooner you begin Ferronzone
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 or direct by mail from The Chtarh-
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GIVES FREE ADVICE
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 enormous effect of the oil having been
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 remove the irritation set up by Coughs,
 Colds, Bronchitis and other affections
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