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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, September 1.

LEVI THOMPSON'S REASONS.

LEVI THOMPSON, M.P., of Sask., was one of the Liberals who voted with the Government on the C. N. R. bill, and also on the limitation of debate. Explaining his stand on the question, he gives his reasons, which are certainly most remarkable.

First, he voted for the limit of debate because he believed "the country had heard all it wanted to hear about it." It is impossible to conceive that any member of Parliament, hearing the numerous questions asked by the Opposition, to which no answers were forthcoming from the Government benches, could entertain the idea that the people were content to have the measure passed without knowing more of it. Canadians as a nation are intensely interested in anything for which they are asked to pay over half a billion dollars. They want to know what they are buying, and in this case that information has been carefully withheld by the Government. The Opposition has done all in its power to force a detailed statement from Sir Thomas White et al., but has failed, and has been refused time in which to make public the information it possesses. If the amount at stake had been $5,000, and Mr. Thompson's money alone had been at stake, would he have been satisfied with the information given?

The second reason is even more peculiar than the first. Mr. Thompson voted for taking over the road because he believed the country had given Mackenzie & Mann all it wanted to give them. Every member of the Opposition will agree that this belief is correct, but how does Mr. Thompson reconcile this fact with his willingness to make them a present of several millions more for nothing? The additional gift to the railway magnates is one of the most outrageous iniquities of the deal.

The Alberta member may have acted from the best of motives in voting with the Government, but his judgment is not likely to enhance his value in the eyes of his constituents.

NO HOPE THAT WAY.

JAMES RAMSAY MacDONALD, Socialist and Labor member of the British Parliament, cannot be so simple and gullible as his words indicate or he would never have reached his present position. In criticizing President Wilson's reply to the pope, he says that some conference such as that arranged for Stockholm is the only way in which the German people can be directly approached, and that in trying other means the Allies can only speak to the German people at long distance, in words which will be construed as menacing and which will fail to induce them to separate themselves from their rulers.

Does Mr. MacDonald really believe that the German Government would permit any Teutons to attend such a conference unless it was assured that no message would be taken back to the German people which could injuriously affect the kaiser and his militaristic satellites? If he does, he cannot have devoted much thought or attention to what has been done in the past.

Whatever may transpire at Stockholm conference, every care will be taken that nothing reaches the Teutonic masses which will tend to show them the error of Germany's ways. There may be speeches made and resolutions passed which receive the support of German Socialist delegates, and which, if placed before the people, might do good, but when the Germans read them or hear them, the sting will have been removed. It is to be feared the only way of reaching the German people is by means of shells.

DOING THEIR SHARE.

It is an unpleasant thought that in Canada who have insisted and asserted that Britain was placing overseas troops in the places of greatest danger, and thus saving the home forces, that they have been assisting to spread Germany's prepared propaganda, and thus hindering the Allied cause. This story has been going the rounds for a long time without receiving any official notice, but at last Major-Gen. Maurice has nailed the lie and given figures to prove his statements. He says:

"At the present moment the British troops in France are 6 to 1 as compared with all overseas troops, and the total casualties in France throughout the war have been in proportion of 6.5 British to 1 overseas. In the Ypres-Lens fighting since July 1 the casualties have been 9 British to 1 colonial."

Lacking information as to the exact numbers of troops engaged, it is not possible to discover just how these figures work out, but it is evident that British troops are taking at least a full share in the fighting. Overseas forces include Canadians, Australasians, New Zealanders, Newfoundlanders, South Africans, Indians, and others. Throughout the war, the British casualties have been in the proportion of 6.5 to 1, as compared with the overseas. It is pretty certain that there are not six times as many British soldiers in the field as of all these others combined.

Perhaps the fact that the doings of Canadians are given more prominence than the activities of other troops in the press of this continent is responsible for some of the misunderstanding, and the pro-Germans have taken advantage of this to try to sow the seeds of discontent. The myth, however, has now been exploded and the facts are welcome.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Why, after R. B. Bennett's attack on the C. N. R. bill, did he not vote against it?

Foreclosure was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's plan, closure the Government's. There's a big difference.

In Russia they have a minister of social tutelage. Wake up, Canada; let's have one of pink tea etiquette.

Argentine is suspicious of Germany's cordiality, and with reason. Even a present from the Huns is liable to be poisonous.

If the best of wheat is to cost only $2.20 at Chicago, there is no reason for Canada's figure remaining at its present level.

London will have six local tribunals to consider exemptions from conscription, but even these will not be enough for some young men.

Constantine's "neutrality" cost the Allies more than has been suspected. Germany may well provide him with a handsome income for his lifetime.

By the way, what is being done about the O'Connor report on cold storages? Is the Government trying to avoid action until the elections have been held?

Rumors say there is consternation in Ottawa over the disappearance of the Conservative campaign fund. There is no need to worry; there will be plenty after the C. N. R. deal is completed.

W. J. Hanna's remark that he could not interfere with the law of supply and demand has met with ridicule from all directions. Perhaps he might manage to interfere with interference with that law.

There must be various kinds of Democrats when W. R. Hearst of "yellow journal" and pro-German notoriety heads the list of Democratic candidates for New York mayoralty.

P. Mongeau, speaking to Montreal anti-conscriptionists, advocates a general strike on Labor Day. If he would propose a nation-wide stroke against the enemy beginning that day, he would show more sense.

It is proposed that a new state be formed, embracing the southern Slavs, and that in this state, a limited monarchy, no titles of nobility will be permitted. Canada, take notice. Are the Balkans to set us the example?

CARVELL ON C. N. R. DEAL.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

I do not very frequently write to newspapers, but having been favored with an extract of your paper on 24th instant in reference to my remarks on the C. N. R. bill, I wish to thank you, not so much because of the kind words you say about myself, but because there is at least one important newspaper in Ontario that is willing to look this question of operation of public utilities in the face.

I have rarely known of a case in my life where the whole public has been so chloroformed to the extent Ontario finds itself over the hydro-electric proposition. And, I presume this sentiment, together with the determination of the present Government, will force the public operation of railways on this country, but we will have to do the best we can with the burden, and I can assure you I look forward to it with very, very great misgivings. Any honest man who knows the condition of affairs in the Maritime Provinces would never want to see an extension of that condition to Western Canada.

Thanking you again, believe me, sincerely yours,
F. B. CARVELL.
House of Commons, Ottawa,
August 30, 1917.

REVELATION.

She was an indolent, pleasant dream,
Filling between the moments of love;
I was an interested dreamer, 'twould seem,
And a frail little web we idly wove.

Scarcely her eyes grew thoughtful for me—
Always I played the game with a smile—
Summer and happiness lingeringly
Traveled the brief little fleeting mile.

Then in a sweetly persistent way
I kept remembering—somewhere at war,
As in a horrible dream I lay,
Longing for days that had gone before.

Then cool deft hands, and a voice I knew
Came with their wonderful ministry;
And a woman's soul in the eyes of blue
Shone in her smile so tenderly.

She was the sister serving at war—
I the soldier that fought and fell—
We who had squandered our days before
In this poor little hour had much to tell.
—Amy E. Campbell.

CHARGED WITH MURDER

Arrest Made in Connection With Death of Automobile Agent.

Montreal, Aug. 30.—According to Provincial Detective Edouard Samson, who arrested Antonio Bolduc of St. Joseph de Levis, on a charge of having murdered Zotique Bourdon, an automobile agent, Bolduc's hands, trousers, the front of his coat and the side of the automobile in which he and Bourdon left Longueuil together the day before the body of the murdered man was bound in sash, were covered with blood when the accused asked a farmer to haul the automobile out of a ditch. Revolver cartridges similar to those found beside the dead body were found in the pockets of the accused, so Detective Samson says, and the money in Bolduc's possession when arrested, in addition to money spent by him on new clothes, just before taken into custody, made up the total of $50 which Bourdon had drawn from the bank before going away with Bolduc.

EXTRA TRAINS CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The Grand Trunk Railway system will, in addition to their regular trains, operate extra trains as follows:

Leave London at 8:30 a.m., September 3, 4 and 6, stopping at Ingersoll, Woodstock, Paris and Brantford, arriving Exhibition Grounds, Toronto, 11:25 a.m., Union Station, 11:35 a.m.

Leaving Toronto at 4:30 p.m., Exhibition Grounds 4:35 p.m., Sunnyside 4:40 p.m., September 3 and 6, for Brantford, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll and London.

Leaving Exhibition Grounds 10:45 p.m., Sunnyside 10:50 p.m., September 3, 4 and 6, for Port Credit, Oakville, Hamilton, Dundas, Brantford, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll and London.

For further particulars, see Grand Trunk agents, R. E. Ruse, City Passenger and Ticket Agent; H. M. Hayes, Depot Ticket Agent.

Aug.25,27,29,31,S.1,4,5

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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CARLO'S MISTAKES.

By Oliver Gray.

Miss Martha Collinwood sat sewing, and when Miss Martha sewed—or, in fact, when Miss Martha did anything—the ceremony was worthy of description.

It was only a doll she was dressing. But such a doll! The finest that had been purchaseable after three trips to the city in her big limousine. For when Miss Martha shopped the occasion was as much of a ceremony as her sewing. Nothing but the best would do.

The bits of lingerie that Miss Martha's skillful fingers were carefully contriving were as fine as Thumbeline's bridal dress in the fairy tale—sheer, beautiful, dainty, white, with unseen stitches of gossamer.

"Why shouldn't she sew well" demanded the good ladies of Fairmont. "She's nothing else to do, with all her money and servants, and that big house with nobody but herself to live in? It's as little as she could do for the Red Cross!"

But they did not consider that Miss Martha would more than likely buy back her handiwork at a most extravagant figure, and give the doll to some little friend.

A bell rang in the back of the house and Michaels, Miss Martha's butler, dropped his brass polish, slipped out of his blue crash jacket into a white one, and answered the summons.

In a few minutes he appeared at the door of the sun parlor where his mistress was sewing.

"It's the Hicks boy for the package," he announced.

"Little Carlo Hicks! Why, he's come for the roll and I'm not quite through with it. Tell him not to wait, Michaels, I'll send it down this afternoon. No—" she reflected amusedly, "he's so cute, I hate to let him go without seeing him. Just tell him to sit down on the porch and I'll have it ready in twenty minutes. And, Michaels—"

"Yes, Miss Martha."

"Tell Minnie to cut him a piece of cake and take it out on an old plate. He'll be sure to break it! And, Michaels, keep your eye on him or he'll get at the parrot and have his finger snapped off. Just oversee him generally, will you?"

At last the little dress was finished and Miss Martha dressed my lady in her snowy trousseau.

"You little darling!" she whispered, smiling into the deep violet eyes and kissing the cold, bisque cheek of palest rose. "If I could only keep you! You look so real I could almost imagine you were my own tiny girl. A safe journey dear!"

Then came tissue paper and a box and ribbon. Finally her highness was packed and ready for the tender mercies of Carlo Hicks.

And Carlo, having finished his cake, went on his way whistling and planning now he could spend the two dimes which jingled so delightfully in his pocket.

Miss Martha suddenly felt very lonely. It had been a busy spring, and the doll had been the last of a series of things that had kept her hands and brain busy for months. But now the old dreadful feeling gripped her heart. When troubled she always sought comfort among her flowers, so now she got her gloves and culling basket and was soon lost among the mazes of hollyhocks, roses and fragrant blooming shrubs.

And then the major came! Michaels, having once more changed his chrysalis, appeared in his white coat, with the major's card on a silver tray.

Miss Martha took it wondering. It was an unusual hour for callers!

"All right, Michaels, tell the gentleman to wait." The uncertainty of her voice was scarcely perceptible. "I'll see him in a few minutes."

The color came slowly, painfully into her face, flooding her throat, her temples and her cheeks. The major! Alan Hartwell! After so many years!

She stood immovable among the swaying hollyhocks, bitter thoughts of the past crowding into her confused brain—the unfair quarrel after so many months of happiness, almost, in fact, on the eve of their wedding; the major's departure to the other side of the world; the years of silence and loneliness.

Suddenly a righteous anger surged into her heart. Why should she be friendly with the man who had spoiled her life. She would see him, but she would tell him what he had done and let him go his way again.

She followed a narrow gravel path around to the front of the house. To the man waiting behind the vines of the porch she made an unusually charming picture—her soft lustrous hair blowing in just a trifle of disarray her face flushed beautifully, the blue linen morning dress and the flowers.

And then occurred an interesting tableau. A small boy dripping mud came screaming up the drive holding out an object that appeared to be the product of a coal mine.

"I fell over the bridge," screamed Carlo, "and went into a mudhole. An' I spoiled the package."

Miss Martha stopped aghast. The cold anger that had possessed her suddenly gave way to a new emotion. Her beautiful doll was spoiled!

"Oh, Carlo, how could you!" she cried. "You're a naughty, naughty little boy, but"—more kindly—"I suppose it couldn't be helped."

"I was just walking along and——"

"All right. Go back and tell Minnie to wash you off. Perhaps the dolly isn't hurt after all."

"I'd come down to help—but it seems something's happened. I can't move," said a voice from the porch.

Miss Martha flew up the steps, muddy Carlo at her heels.

"Oh, I forgot," blubbered the little boy. "I put my blackjack chewing gum on the chair while I ate my cake and forgot to get it again. There's a whole nickel's worth."

The major in immaculate white flannels tossed Carlo a quarter. "Here, you can buy some more, little boy; run along now, will you? I want to talk to Miss Martha. You've done enough damage for one day."

"I'm sorry I can't get up," smiled the major. "I—I'm unavoidably detained, Martha. I've been unavoidably detained all these years. Can't you forgive me, as you did the little chap I couldn't help things any more than he could. If you'll look at your package perhaps you'll find it's not spoiled inside. Can't we benefit by your little friend's mistakes? Things aren't so bad but that they can be fixed. I still love you, Martha. How about me?"

"I'll have to do as I did with Carlo. I love you, I guess," she smiled. "I see you couldn't help it either. I love you, Alan," she whispered.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

The United States Senate will pass a law preventing any Americans from accepting knighthoods and things. Such a law in Canada would be a popular thing, except among the hog barons and such.

* * *

A Pennsylvania man died from overexertion while throwing horseshoes. And yet some gents say that horseshoes are lucky.

* * *

"We Can't Have Everything" is the title of a new book. His wife must have busted him one.

* * *

Perhaps that book was dedicated to Kaiser Bill. He is going to get about everything that's movable one of these afternoons.

* * *

"I love that blue-eyed Persian cat" is a pretty thing, but it is not being hummed joyously by the residents of Colborne street north.

* * *

"Safety First" seems to be the favorite motto of the Russian soldiers on the east front. Some of them will be cruelly hurt if they happen to stub their toes while running home.

* * *

Spain has prohibited the exportation of genuine olive oil. We will have to put up with our usual run of genuine olive oil.

* * *

William Jennings Bryan has become a chicken fancier. Well, he always was a nice old hen.

* * *

The French captured a German band at Verdun. If the French were really lovers of music they would have shot it up.

* * *

If said German band had been lashed to the well-known mast, and left there to dry, the world's best principles might have been vindicated.

* * *

Acrobats should be the best Holy Rollers. The physical side of the thing is with them.

* * *

Poet Bill, who has been absent for a long time, pens the following. Nobody understands it, neither do we, but here it is:

"Mr. J. H. F.—Some people these days are wondering about the different descriptions of things, and I bumped into one the other day, who asked me, and when I told him what I thought of it he was satisfied. I said at first when the C. T. A. took effect, in order to get a smile he had to get a prescription. If he went to war and got wounded his folks were given the prescription. Now, some have got to go, whether they want to or not, which is conscription, and at last, if he gets put out of business over there all he gets is inscription. He walked away downhearted. BILL.

ENGLAND'S SONGS THRILL SOLDIER AS GUNS ROAR

Dull Boom in Flanders Mingles With "Land of Hope and Glory."

LLOYD GEORGE'S SLOGAN

"Stick It Out and Don't Grouse" Appeals Very Much To Pte. Fred Young.

The appeal of music has often been said to be universal and whether heard at home or abroad, an old, familiar air greets one like an old acquaintance, and causes the same thrill of pleasure, no matter where it is heard. Sometimes there are a few additional thrills thrown in for good measure, and these are the ones experienced by Pte. Fred Young, the soldier writer, who in a letter to The Advertiser, tells of the feelings aroused in him and his comrades, when the "Land of Hope and Glory" was heard ringing through the valley, sung by a woman in an English country home.

The Fourth Year in England.

His letter is as follows:

Seaford, Sussex, Aug. 8, 1917.

Dear Friend,—Once more the anniversary of the Great War has rolled around, and it has entered its fourth year. If we were asked what, in our opinion, was the chief characteristic of the anniversary services held in the British Isles, we should proudly answer that it was the united determination of all classes, from King to peasant, to go forward with a firm trust in God Almighty until the cause of freedom shall prevail.

Newspaper reports of the services held in Westminster Abbey where King George attended as a private worshiper, although expressed in cold type, thrilled every true Britisher's heart, and in the thousands of churches scattered throughout the land, that old hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past, Our Hope for Years to Come," was sung with a prayerful intensity. At the open-air church parade in our camp, hundreds of male voices took up the refrain with an earnestness that seemed to make the quivering leaves in the tree-tops pause and listen. And on all sides it is shown that three years of the most devastating warfare that the world has ever known has not lessened the British determination to see wrongs righted and Justice re-enthroned. In the early days of the war the poet of the Fighting Eighteenth wrote: "Our cause is just, in God we thrust, let the cost be what it may. We'll win this fight for freedom if we fight till Judgment Day." And that spirit dominates the British nation today. Aren't you proud that you are British?

Lloyd George's Slogan.

When we were writing you last week the heavens were dripping sky-juice at a very fast rate, and they kept it up—or rather, let it down—for a whole week. Guess someone got monkeying with the big sprinkler, and couldn't shut it off. You can imagine what it is like, existing "under canvas" amid these conditions. The ordnance officer had omitted rowboats as camp requisites, so we were at a disadvantage. But just as we were getting reckless, and deciding to let go our hold on the water wagon, Lloyd George's message to "Stick it, and don't grouse," reached us, and we thought of the brave lads in the trenches and felt ashamed. But there sure is some slogan, isn't it? In Canadian parlance it would read, "Don't be a quitter, and don't complain." How do you like it?

On Sunday last a favorable wind pushed those clouds away and we are once more basking in August sunshine. In off-duty hours we find inexpressible pleasure in wandering over the solitary moors, watching innumerable flocks of sheep, tended faithfully by almost humanly intelligent dogs, or wending our way among waving fields of wheat and oats, ripe unto harvest, watch the play of sunshine and shadow as it sweeps across the broad spaces of the South Downs.

Crops in the Fight.

None but those with an earth-clod for a soul can fail to see that the Lord of Harvest has smiled bountifully on Britain'se fertile fields, where golden crops seem to be gracefully nodding defiance to von Tirpitz and his U-pirates. And that the same favorable conditions obtain throughout the country is borne out by the official notice in the newspapers that, commencing next week, the four-pound loaf will be reduced from 24 to 18 cents, and that early in September the price of meat will be reduced 25 per cent. If the quantity and quality of the potatoes issued to us at the cook house are an index to the coming potato crop, we see no reason to prevent Irish eyes from smiling all through the coming winter months. Von Tirpitz, please take notice.

Land of Hope and Glory.

We were sitting on a hill-top the other evening enjoying the glorious sunset, and thinking of "sunny spots where friends do dwell," when from a farmhouse hidden by trees in the valley below, came the sound of a piano and the lilt of a woman's voice as she sang the well-known song of "Land of Hope and Glory." We have heard that song in halls crowded with patriotic Britishers, and felt a Briton's thrill. But as the clear soprano notes from that woman's throat filled the valley with their melody, and were accompanied by the distant thunder of the guns in Flanders, we felt an indescribable thrill as the words, "May God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet" floated like an evensong prayer into the stillness of the summer evening.

Home News Delayed.

We are again experiencing one of those inexplicable delays in our overseas mail, and have had no news from the home town for over a month. But we are betting 100 to 1 that the gap has not been caused by submarines, and hope to be able to tell you in our next letter that we are all jacque once more. For a while we were cut off from our English newspapers by having our news-"boy" called up as a munition worker. But, returning to us a few days later, he informed us that they had put him to work in the brickfields, and he had ignominiously quit. Guess he figured that if the British were only throwing bricks at the Germans it wasn't much of a war anyway, and his services as a "munition" worker were not needed.

As the cable keeps you posted on the war news from the front, you are as far ahead of the game as we are. We note that the British newspapers are giving considerable prominence to America's part in the war, and that all the Allies are looking with confidence to that resourceful, energetic country that is Canada's next-door neighbor and thrice-welcome ally. Our unquenchable optimism has not yet led us to believe that it is all over but the shouting. We know that there are strenuous days ahead, and that the Russian situation is decidedly "nah pooh" right now. But in spite of that, we feel sure that we are winning because we got sugar in our tea the other night. A straw shows which way the wind blows, doesn't it?

No Grousing Before Victory.

We could write a whole book about the inconveniences of a soldier's life. Perhaps we may after the war. But until we hear the bells of victory ringing, we are going to do our darndest to live up to L'd George's slogan of "Stick it, and don't grouse." Yours, as ever. FRED YOUNG.

"I FEEL LIKE A NEW BEING"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought the Joy of Health After Two Years' Suffering.

MADAM LAPLANTE.

35 St. Rose Street, Montreal, April 4.

"For over two years I was sick and miserable. I suffered from constant Headaches, and had Palpitation of the Heart so badly that I feared I would die. There seemed to be a lump in my stomach and the Constipation was dreadful. I suffered from Pain in the Back and Kidney Disease.

"I was treated by a physician for a year and a half and he did me no good at all. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' as a last resort. After using three boxes I was greatly improved and twelve boxes made me well. Now I can work all day and there are no Headaches, no Palpitation, no Heart Trouble, no Constipation, no Pain or Kidney Trouole and I feel like a new being—and it was 'Fruit-a-tives' that gave me back my health.

"MADAM ARTHUR LAPLANTE."

Fifty cents a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

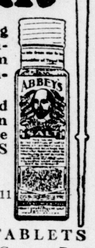
Complexion Complaints

Keep Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt on your dressing table, and every morning take a glass from this bubbling fountain of health.

Nice rosy cheeks and a clear complexion will surely reward the daily use of ABBEY'S

NONE BETTER FOR CHILDREN

SOLD EVERYWHERE



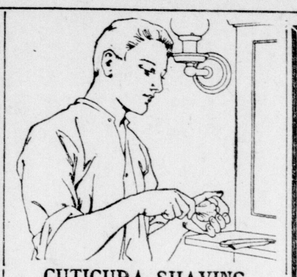
ABBEY'S VITA TABLETS —for pale, people—50 Cents a Box

DON'T PUNISH the sick child by forcing him to swallow nauseous oils and mixtures. Children dread these remedies, and this leads them to hide the little ills until serious trouble results. Most of childhood's troubles originate in constipation and disorders of the stomach. To correct these conditions you will find nothing better than Chamberlain's Tablets

One tablet at bedtime will do the work and make your child bright and sunny the following morning. The liver is stimulated, the stomach cleansed and the bowels purified—safely and gently. Little folks appreciate them.

25 cents at all dealers, or from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto 40

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS Good for children



CUTICURA SHAVING

Is Up-to-Date Shaving for Sensitive Skins. Trial Free

Prepare razor. Dip brush in hot water and rub on Cuticura Soap (see cut). Then make lather on face and rub in for a moment with fingers. Make a second lathering and shave. Rub bit of Cuticura Ointment over shaven parts (and on scalp if any dandruff or itching) and wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water, shampooing same time. One soap for all—shaving, shampooing, bathing and toilet. It's velvet for sensitive skins and preventive. No slimy mug. No germs. No waste of time or money. Free sample each if you wish. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. N, Boston, U.S.A." Sold throughout the world.

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Detroit, Mich.

UNIVERSALLY KNOWN FOR ITS HOMELIKE ATMOSPHERE.

RATES: $1.50 and Upwards.

MANAGERS: R. A. Carson. C. C. Shantz. 7tf law t

CEETEE UNDERCLOTHING Guaranteed Not To Shrink.

TO THE TRADE

WAREHOUSE SOLD

WE ARE FORCED TO MOVE

As the new owners require the premises. Before moving to our new warehouse we offer our entire stock of

Hats, Caps, Furs, Gloves and Mitts at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Merchants, this is your opportunity. If you contemplate visiting the Toronto Fair, stop off and see us. Western Fair visitors, come in and buy right.

The Wright Sons Company

322 RICHMOND STREET.

(Cruickshank Block, right beside the G. T. R. station) London, Ontario.

Aug.28,30,S.1

The TRANSCONTINENTAL

Lv. TORONTO 10.45 P. M. TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

Ar. WINNIPEG 4.30 P. M. THURSDAY, SATURDAY AND MONDAY

Connecting at Winnipeg for all Western Canada and Pacific Coast Points

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS to WESTERN CANADA — EVERY TUESDAY UNTIL OCT. 30th, 1917.

Low fares in effect and tickets good for two months.

Time Table and all information from any Grand Trunk, Canadian Government Railways, or T. & N. O. Railway Agent.

Aug. 31 ty

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Spend Your Vacation

IN THE MUSKOKKA LAKES, ALGONQUIN PARK, MAGANETAWAN RIVER, LAKE OF BAYS, KAWARTHA LAKES, GEORGIAN BAY.

All reached via Grand Trunk Railway.

Round trip tourist tickets now on sale from stations in Ontario at very low fares, with liberal stop-overs.

Get your tickets, parlor car seats or sleeping car berths in advance.

Full particulars and tickets on application to R. E. Ruse, C. P. and T. A., "Clock" Corner, Dundas and Richmond streets, London. Phone 80.

tf-39-wtyx

CUNARD LINE

PASSENGER SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LONDON

Calling Falmouth to Land Passengers. AND MONTREAL AND BRISTOL

For particulars of sailings and rates apply to local agents, or to The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King street east, Toronto.

Sept.29

Traction Company

Cars leave London as follows, Sunday cars being marked with a star: 6:15, 7:30, *9:00, 10:00, *11:00 a.m., *1:00, *2:00 *3:00, *4:00, *5:00, *6:00, *7:00, *8:00, *9:00, *10:00, 11:00 p.m. Cars at 9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 p.m. run to St. Thomas only. Extra accommodation cars to St. Thomas only at 1:30 and 6:15 p.m. Fares to St. Thomas and Port Stanley and return daily 30c; children half-fare.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective June 1, 1917.

To Port Stanley—*5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20, *11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, 12:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20 p.m. Saturdays only, July and August, 11:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas Only—2:21, 6:21, 11:20 p.m.

*Limited. †Local on Sunday. Heavy type, daily, except Sunday.

2:20 and 6:20 p.m. cars are local between St. Thomas and Port Stanley.

Incline Railway, Port Stanley, operates daily, 6:30 a.m. till 11:30 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

VISITORS TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST ANNUAL EXHIBITION TORONTO

(August 25th to September 10th) WILL FIND THE

Canadian Pacific

The Convenient Route From All Points in Canada.

EXTRA TRAIN SERVICE

To and from Parkdale Station and Exhibition Grounds.

From principal points on certain dates.

Particulars from any Canadian Pacific ticket agent, or write W. B. Howard, district passenger agent, Toronto. S. B.

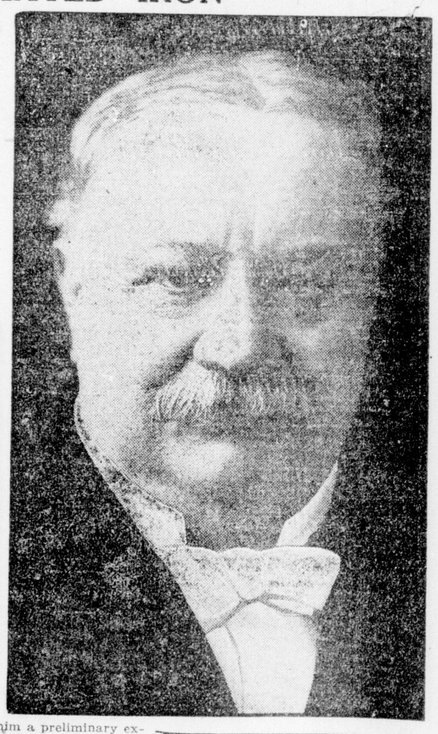
Former United States Senator Mason, Pioneer

IN PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LEGISLATION, FATHER OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY SYSTEM

SAYS NUXATED IRON

Increased His Power and Endurance So Much, That He Feels It Ought To Be Made Known to Every Nervous, Run-Down, Anaemic Man, Woman and Child.

Opinions of Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author; Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York, and Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr of the City of Chicago.



What Senator Mason Says—

Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling one cannot describe. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy, but after advising with my medical friends, I gave it a test. The results have been so beneficial in my own case, I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. I am now 65 years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power of endurance of one at my age, should be known to the world.

Yours very truly,

Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron was shown to several physicians who were requested to give their opinions thereon.

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author said: "I heartily indorse Senator Mason's statement in regard to Nuxated Iron. There can be no vigorous iron men without iron. Pallor means anemia. Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby; the muscles lack tone; the brain fags, and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, despondent and melancholy.

"If you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I have taken Nuxated Iron myself and experienced its health-giving and strength building effect, and in the interest of public welfare I feel it my duty to make known the results of its use. I am well past my threescore years, and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is largely due today to my personal use of Nuxated Iron. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied abroad in great European medical institutions, said: "Senator Mason is right. As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders.

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of twenty and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking organic iron — Nuxated Iron had filled him with renewed life. At thirty he was in bad health; at forty-six he was care-worn and nearly all in. Now at fifty, after taking Nuxated Iron, a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change your food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which was used by Senator Mason with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists, and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach, on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Standard Drug Company, Limited, and all good druggists.

From the Congressional Directory published by the United States Government: "Wm. E. Mason, Senator from Illinois, was elected to the 50th Congress in 1887, to the 51st Congress in 1891—defeated for the 52nd Congress, 1892—Elected Senator to the 55th Congress, 1897 to 1903."

Senator Mason is now Congressman from the State of Illinois.

Senator Mason's championship of Pure Food and Drugs legislation, his fight for the rural free delivery system, and his strong advocacy of all bills favoring labor and the rights of the masses as against trusts and combines, make him a national figure at Washington, and endeared him to the hearts of the workingman and the great masses of people throughout the United States. Senator Mason has the distinction of being one of the really big men of the nation. His strong indorsement of Nuxated Iron should convince any Intelligent, thinking reader that it must be a preparation of very great merit, and one which the Senator feels is bound to be of great value to the masses of people everywhere, otherwise he could not afford to lend his name to it, especially after his strong advocacy of pure food and drugs legislation.