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The London Advertiser Company, LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 5.

THE TELEGRAM.

THE Bishop of London spoke of all when he recently said: "What about national slates. cootfall of the telegraph boy, who may don and other places in Western Ontario have had their sheaf of yellow

We asked one of the boys how the mothers and wives of men at the front tering of hearts whenever it occurs. He "They take it without making no scene, sir."

tragic news ever published. We must a side issue read them with solemn eyes and think interest in most of the names, some where there is a welling sorrow for each line of type.

vice to those whose sons are fighting

"I cannot tell you how I feel for those mothers and wives and sisters. I do what I can for them. They come to see me and I go to see fortitude; nothing but that will carry them through. And think of mothers who have had the fateful telegram. In one day I saw six, each of whom had lost a bright young son. Two women came to me one afternoon, each of whom had lost husband, brother and son. On my way to one of my Lent services I called on a lady who twelve months had lost husband. daughter, and three sons.'

IN 1852 AND 1915.

"These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a milistone around our necks. - Disraeli, August 13, 1852. GREAT as Disraell may have been, twentieth century. His shade may have blushed when it heard that the governor-general of each overseas dominion had received the following from Mr.

Will you at the same time inform your prime minister that it is the intention of His Majesty's Government to consult him most fully when the time arrives, and, if possible, personally, when the time arrives to discuss the terms

Less than a century ago, Canada and the rest of the colonies were the "ugly ducklings' of the Empire; at least, in the eyes of Beaconsfield. A few months or a year or more, and Premier Borden, or whoever else may be premier. will be throwing the weight of Canadian opinion in the conference that proposes peace. Until this time, Canada's service to the empire has been a matter of course, though anything but

shall have something to say, much to say, for anything to say will be much. future of the world. And whether it feel that the message he carries to the most notable peace-making of the world will be a fearless and a frank young nation that has poured its blood voice that Canada is to have. It a counsel of wisdom and humanity will

REPUDIATION.

T IS estimated that the cost of the first year of war to Great Britain will be about six billions of dollars. counting direct expenditure, loss of production and loss of human life. Lloyd George is now asking for further huge amounts which may last only six months. Germany's bill for the first year is placed at some 14 billions; France's at 8, Austria's at 71/2, Russia's at 7, the Belgian loss at 21/2 '0 3 of the summer season, let us not forcomes to over 45 billions of idiots. dollars. If the war goes on for three years at this rate, the total cost to

total wealth of the British Isles. An article in the New York Outlook umph suggests as a possibility that the Euro pean states will repudiate their debts. load may be almost or quite beyoud mortal endurance to carry, is saying "No election" in tones of Noah held a mortgage of thunder. one of his sons on a piece of Babylon

or worse, wiping out many millions of

told, they were all scum and refuse in that earlier liquidation) and generally submerging values.

In the 1790's, the old French Republic of the revolution practically repudiated a debt of over a billion dollars. Before this war began, the French national debt was already 61/2 billions of dollars, Russia's 41/2 billions, Germany's 4, Austria's nearly 4. Great Britain's 336 billions (since the large reductions effected by seven years of Lloyd Georgian finance). When these debts have risen to 30, 25, 40, 26 and about 20 billions. respectively, after three years of colossal conflict, what is going to happen? Italy also will probably be in the same fix as the rest.

One thing is certain. When the Allies have put the Teuton pirates finally a bill of damages that will make their ancient or modern. own debt "look like thirty cents." Germany and Austria will have no chance strous crime is expiated, so far as insult to the Canadian people. money can do it. The chant of hate may go on, if it will lighten their Again Doc Cook, breaks into print, what has been in the hearts of in all countries towards cleaning the to startle the world once more by doing cigars cannot keep still very long.

VOICE OF PROTEST.

THE action of the London Presbytery I in expressing its opposition to a general election while Canada and the been busy each night for many nights, Empire are at war with Germany, is with their sad mission, Each day Lon- just another instance of the demand from all parts of the Dominion that the country shall not be plunged into a political strife while the Empire is batsheets, that read. "We regret to in- tling for its life. Commercial and financial life, the professions, labor, in fact, all sections of the community, setting aside their political leanings, are op posed to the outrage of an election at ring nations-it makes me think of the took the sudden summons to the door, this time. Just so long as this country beggar," said Andrew Carnegle at a the ring or knock that causes a flut- is head and heels in an election fight, it will be a handicap to Asquith, asked a lady for a nickel. Kitcherfer, Lloyd George and French. was an English boy, and he replied: Every bit of the national energy should work," be concentrated on helping and upholding those who are conducting the war. killed my wife. Yet these casualty lists are the most | We cannot afford to waste any of it on

STRAITS.

The tribute of the bishop and his adare making excellent progress by Still is the tramp of eager feet, the Dardanelles, and the clearing of the way to Constantinople. On the peninsula side of the straits are the British forces, and on the Asiatic side the French both armies endeavoring to keep abreast of one another. Between them the allied fleets are battering away at the fortifications. About midway between the mouth of the straits But now the bridge 'twixt care and and the outlet to the Sea of Marmora are the Narrows, and the news that both the allied fleets and land batteries are shelling the fortifications at this point In vain the tulips come to bloom, show how rapid has been the advance since the landing of troops last week, the British have carried one defence after another, and appear to have worsted the Turk at every encounter This is no small achievement, as the Turks, under the expert guidance of preparing the most elaborate defences. Barbed wire entanglements, masked pits, trenches filled with machine guns, have been unable to halt the British. The Australian and New Zealand divisions, especially, have shown dash and determination, and have won their way to a dominating position in the mountains above Fort Nagara, which has been the hardest nut the

Allies have had to crack. Once more the Queen Elizabeth, mightiest of the battleships, is hurling her devastating shells at the fortifications, well up the Dardanelles. This means that the waters have been swept clear of the mines that proved so disastrous to the allied fleet in its first attempt to get through, permitting a co-operation between the land down all the defences.

However they may have blundered in the first attack, that stern lesson seems to have been well learned. There the enemy's strength and resources, powers previously exercised by the Probut a powerful force is converging steadily from three directions on the the Allies and the Sultan's capital. Once these fall, it would not be surprising were Turkey to throw up the sponge. statement, the strong conviction of a thing for the Allies, as it would at once steady down the Balkans to undoubted neutrality or bring them actively into the field against the Teutonic alliance. should be the prayer of this nation that Russia could greatly add to the strength of her armies combatting the be given the man who carries Canada's Germans, Without doubt the Allies will for the benefit of the people, and in the responsibility to that epoch-making push the Dardanelles campaign with all the vigor they possess.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ished from Flanders. Also the flour.

The press of Berlin has turned on Dr. Dernburg, and before long he will be

Whilst we are swatting the first flies The grand total for these get to swat the first rock-the-boat

There are indications that the Ger-Europe will amount to about twice the man defeat of the Russians in West "It is an easy thing to do." Galicia is another made-to-order-tri-

Robert Rogers is doing the "hesitation." Meanwhile the country

"Housecleaning Made Easy" is the siness property whose value the flood title of a new publication. But where had wiped out, he was not likely ever is the woman who would consider her to realize on it. This war may turn house clean if the job was an easy out to be something like Noah's flood, one?

earth's finest flower (where, we are Although he was far from beautiful,

Proud of Her Neighbors

[Rochester Post-Express.] As even combatants may pay tribute to the bravery of their of neutrality to notice the magnificent conduct of the Canadian contingent on the field of battle. The official reports have it that their gallatry and determination undoubtedly saved the situation, and "their conduct was magnifi-cent throughout." These mer who are giving their lives to the mother country are our neigh bors, more like us than any other soldiers in the war ,and it is natural that we should take pride

down and out, if they haven't all pois- the late John Bunny's face was his oned themselves with their own gas by fortune, as much as any of the stage that time, they will be presented with or professional beauties of history, emnly examining the landscape and

The Toronto World says that an to repudiate this bill. It will be col- election is necessary so that the Canlected year in and year out at the adian people can decide whether to send bayonet's point, until the whole mon- more contingents or not. This is an brunette cigar. He, too, sat down in

labors, and total abstinence will help this time by declaring that he is going ous, sandy man who smokes black something quite unexpected. Must intend to admit he didn't reach the Pole.

Both the Eitel Friedrich and the rumbling voice. "It's a lot warmer in Kron Prinz took on large cargoes of coal just before interning. The world would not be surprised any morning to his chair until he could study hear that they had decamped. "Ger- fellow exile. His eyes narrowed a many's necessity" would be sufficient excuse. If Uncle Sam is wise he will

SELFISH AS A GOVERNMENT.

[Exchange.] "The naive, frank selfishness of warluncheon in New York. "A beggar, muscular and well-fed.

"I'm afraid you are not overfond of "No. ma'am, I ain't," the beggar "How could I be? Work's wot chair. It was now his turn to study agreed.

THE BELLE ISLE BRIDGE.

[Exchange.] that even though we have no personal SMASHING THROUGH THE The path that led to play is gone, The bridge 'twixt care and rest is down: No more shall toilers travel on

Its planks to shun the busy town, The march to happiness is o'er How distant now the garden sweet That yesterday was at our door!

But yesterday the children ran

Across its kindly boards in droves, and many a tired, soul-weary man comfort in the shady Sought groves That waited, scarce a mile away, And gloried in the charms of

spring; play Appears a charred and twisted

But few the blossoming trees shall

Beneath the elm and maple tree Where groups of happy children played. Unbroken solitude must reign. Elsewhere must lover woo his maid.

fume.

Until the bridge shall rise again, thousands owned the joys of

Theirs was a breathing spell from strife, An ownership that they could feel By virtue of the bridge they know The squirrel tenant of each tree. places where the violets grew, And always was their title free.

But now the all-consuming flames Have robbed them of their garden

The children may not play their games Away from dangers of the street. Now distant is the spot so fair, That vesterday was close to town The bridge from weariness and care To rest and happiness is down.

A FACTOR IN POLITICS: (Ottawa Citizen's (Conservative) Com ment on Change in New Liquor License Act.]

Already there has been a scrious a into being the new Ontario liquor license they had found three additional playommission. According to dispatches in ers, including Cullen, the proprietor the daily press, clause 12 of the new act, which invested the commission with the it seems having been a semi-profesincial Secretary has been deleted from the proclamation and will not, therefore, Under this change the Tanner, Cullen and Shannon. commission will have no control over the granting of licenses to breweries, distileries or wholesalers, or over the eagerly, "there's a fine chance to-

5 per cent bar proceeds. That would be an excellent misgiving. If there is any concentrated it! power of a political sort in the hands f the liquor interests it surely will be ers. most evident in the case of the wealthy and influential body of men who consti- duled for tomorrow afternoon," said tute the distillers and brewers of the Shadow Shannon, "but it has been province. The change puts this group of called off by the visitors. That makes men in a particularly strong position as an open date. Now, if it could be

a factor in provincial elections. The system may, of course, work out interests of honest and upright government. Nevertheless, it possesses immense potentialities for evil and must be regarded as a dangerous tool in the hands of unskilled or unprincipled workmen on the legislative fabric.

THE LITTLE CARPET TACK. [Exchange.]

A little tack was in the way. Oh, sad and sorry juncture, I did not see it where it lay, And so I got a puncture.

The language that I thought of th

Was harsh; I don't defend it. I faced my task, as other men, And undertook to mend it.

With iron rods and wrenches, I toiled as Britisher or Hun In Europe's cruel trenches.

I read that in the folder. shortly wore the grimy hue That typifies a molder.

I broke two finger nails and tore I'd never fixed a tire before,

'Twas still my chore to pump it. 'Twas just one little carpet tack.

"All we got to do is to hold 'em, feilows!" panted Tanner. "Tired, are you? I'm dead!" Up came the heaviest hitter of the town team, laughing scornfully at Finn, who was blowing upon his

thumb and profanely urging Shannoi beside the cover.

Ten Minutes With em beside the cover.

"Right here goes your old ball game!" taunted the heaviest hitter. the Short-Story He swung on a weak offering with fell intent and a mushroom bat. Out over centre field went the ball, mounting higher and higher, Mike pursuit. His short, fat legs were staggering under him when the ball Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co. struck the ground ten feet in front, THEY SELDOM RETURN and mercifully bounded into the long

Writers

By Charles E. Van Loan.

been at some pains to conceal.

goods store in New Haven.

town!"

said, without looking at the other.

man started slightly, and turned in

fingers were likewise deformed.

Marty. I joined the team only a few

The dignified Mr. Finn smote the

with his tongue.

den ejaculation

features.

for a thousand dollars!"

weeks before you quit."

"Is that all, sir?"

both hands.

asked the waiter.

Farson here?

York, sir?"

"For the present," said Finn,

believe you mentioned Mike Farson

"Well?" said Finn very shortly.

"The barber!" said Finn.

Mike up here tonight!"

him to come right up!"

"Cf course

Impossible!

"Did you know he was here, sir?"

"Here?" ejaculated Powers. "Mike

"Yes, sir. He's the barber at this

"Yes, sir, and I took the liberty of

mentioning to him that Mr. Finn and

and he's been all upset ever since,

"Old Mike Farson!" said Powers.

"Finn, do you remember how you used

to talk to him when he came to bat,

and he'd get so mad that he couldn't

see the ball? Say! We ought to have

By eleven o'clock the reunion had

warmed up to such an extent that

It was quite a respectable gather-

"If you really wanted a game, gen-

morrow afternoon. The local club-

"Consider what?" demanded Pow

"The local club had a game sche-

cried Tanner. "Just the thing! We'll

"With six players!" asked Finn.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the cadav-

could play third base. One of the

be good sport! What do you say!"

It was a motley aggregation which

opened the score was nine to

hree in favor of the veterans. Finn,

Farson and Powers were drenched with persipiration, and even the cada-

erous Shannon was showing signs of

took the field against the town teaman aggregation clad, for the mast part,

the entire gathering.

once christened, first at bat.

he unaccustomed exercise.

He

be a semi-professional, sir.

challenge the town train!"

ing. Messrs. Finn, Farson, Powers,

greatest "wing" of the old New York A man sat on the porch of a sumoutfield, Farson threw toward the mer hotel in Connecticut, endeavoring diamond. Jimmy Powers ran forward, made the catch, and whirled to English friendship is strong because it that tiredness and langour and to hypotize himself into the belief that he enjoyed the stiff, hobby-horse throw to Finn at the plate. The rests upon the common necessity of strengthens the whole system.

that was exactly his waist measure— a fact which a competent tailor had judge the play. line and blocking the plate with both legs, took the throw perfectly. At the same instant the heaviest hitter signed a contract which will not While this lone sojourner was solvondering what was happening in his office, a second victim of judicious advertising emerged from the interior of and futile attempt to tag the spiked the hostelry. The second man was thin, nervous, sandy, and forty, and thunderbolt as he fell. cloud of dust which hung over the he was puffing energetically upon a palms spread downward. a rocking-chair and began to wonder what was happening in a furnishing-

You may have noticed that a nerv-"Oh, I don't know, sir," said the man with the chins, in a queer, At the sound of the voice the thin

Marty Finn of the old days, and thousands of others who devour bit and took on the faraway look of Scrappy Mart, whose very name was chunks; thousands of men who are one who tries hard to remember.

A long silence followed, during of the Chicagos—this man forgot that dismantle them completely and at which the sandy man puffed like a volcano. The other, dimly conscious of the keen scrutiny, stirred uneasily clients. He stepped back fifteen the explaining themselves, Well, it has side-whiskered all gone off as happily as possible."

They Are Chums. in the chair, and his left hand fell at years in the twinkling of an eye, at his side. The first joint of the thumb the same time stepping forward with Dumanet murders "Tipperary," and was much enlarged, the nail thick a pile-driving right-hander, which Tommy murders the 'Marselllaise.' and heavy, and the second and fourth crashed under the third button of the Tommy gives Dumanet his jam. Du-

> years this summer-yes, it's been just rescue. Scrappy Mart met him most fifteen years-but you're Marty Finn, The fat man fairly bounced in his the umpire in dreamland.

sandy man. "Well, I don't blame you, volved. The local players, who might not have fought for the sake of the a unique and imperishable thing in the umpire, saw the heaviest hitter twitching upon the ground, and arm of his rocking-chair with a sudcharged valiantly with yells of rage. The Misfits rallied to Finn's support. "You must be the kid from Eau Claire—that shortstop. I remember ed, but the odds were against age, experience and forty-five-inch waistlines. Further complicating matters "Yes," said the thin man, offering his hand, "you've got me now. I'm the outskirts of the gathering, smiting every alien head as it appeared And then, of course, both said it One by one the Misfits went down and

fades.

knockout. The waiter backed toward the door, where he paused and took his courage "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I used to play centre field for New

> 'Mr. Finn-er-my son informs me that you were once a ball player." Mr. Finn looks up suspiciously, glances out of the wirdow, and rumbles assent.

er-perform." Powers were in the house, sir, Deep silence from Mr. Fini "Mr. Finn," says the clent, "I should like to know, do you ever-erfeel any inclination to engage in athletic sports? Say, for play another game of ball?" "Never," says Mr. Finn grimly. "Ah!" says the client.

"You see, sir," said the waiter, "he of thing?" "Yes," says Mr. Finn. felt a little delicate about intruding "And," pursues the rabbitlike old gentleman, "what becomes of the old "Pshaw!" said Powers heartily. "No ball players?" need for that at all-eh, Finn? Ask

[Detroit Free Press.]

and the waiter, Shannon; this latter pair of 'em to play with When the busy day is done. A girl with fond caresses said the cadaverous waiter Your clothing with his feet but I'm afraid you wouldn't consider But here's a fortune which is Beyond your power to hold.

> pair of 'em to scampe Each evening down the street. To fondle you and pamper With tender love and sweet Though slow or swift your pace is, In merry mood or glum. They show with smiling faces They're glad to see you come Oh, where in money only Is any real delight, If you are sad and lonely

in borrowed sweaters and flannel There are interned today in our ports with only one pair of spiked shoes in 55 German and 11 Austro-Hungarian merchant ships, with a total tomage of After a very short preliminary practice the teams took the field. The value of these ships is many times the value of American with the Misfits, as they were at merchantmen likely to be imperilled in the German "war zone." Here is a situation which should have a very For six innings the Misfits held a killing pace; and when the seventh calming effect on German opinion

MUSIC IN THE BARN. [Kansas City Journal.] And likewise merriment, That melody has lots of worth

They say that music cheers a cow. . We promptly took the cue, Put in a graphophone, and now Our milk is never blue.

Tommy and Jean Fast Friends.

ster Abbey whispering together about [Toronto World.] it. What new laurels, indeed, the glori-The comic endeavors of German ous island will wear. I have not said papers like the Frankfort Gazette to but I have said enough to show Farson, gasping like a fish, in vain persuade the French that "England is the Boches how ridiculous their attempts are, and, if I were they, I

the common enemy of France and Germany amuse French people and mensely, M. Leon Daudet, the son of Alphonse Daudet, is the writer who With the last expiring effort of the treats the subject most amusingly. can be avoided by renewing the blood "These imbecilities, of course, have with not the slightest importance. Francomotion of a rocking-chair. The man's hitter was between third and home, saving what is equally dear to both of age might have been forty-five, and and the umpire was racing forward to us—western civilization. The land of Finn, standing well down the base- of Descartes and Racine know what

'Dumanet and Tommy are chums.

tween Burgundy and claret, which is

no small matter. When we came to the

officers, I know a young lieutenant of

hussars who cannot cease praising the

unassuming gallantry of the English

Another told me: 'We love to see them

land in their hundreds of thousands.

numerous against the Boches but be-

cause the Franco-English alliance is

"When all this will be judged in the

TURCO

MADE IN CANADA

time to come it will dazzle everyone.

I fancy I hear the ghosts of Westmin-

world.

launched himself at the human cease. Among the men at the front obstacle, feet foremost. Down went Franco-English friendship is stronger Finn with a crash, making a blind than ever. The Difference Between, "One wondered at first how this as From the sociation would work, of thousands of plate came the umpire with both men who say 'Coquerico' when the crock crows, and thousands of others "Safe!" he shouted. who say 'Cock-a-doodle-do'; thousands Finn rose from the ground with the of men who drink wine and thousands snort of an enraged rhinoceros. He of others who drink tea; thousands of seized the umpire by the coat-collar men who never catch cold after a cold and yanked him nearly off his feet. bath, and thousands of others who al-

"He's out!" bellowed Finn hoarse- ways do; thousands of men who get "I got him a city block!" to the station at one minute to 12 for t to the station at one minute to 12 for ter, crawling away from the plate. others who get there at 11 for the same "You missed me a mile, you big train; thousands of men who cut up a leg of fowl with a knife and fork and "Yes," said the umpire eagerly, thousands of others who suck "you missed him. Leggo my coat, or bone; thousands of others who eat

manet, in his zeal, even takes to tea, umpire's coat. Down went the unfor-The thin man made a clicking noise tunate judge of play as if struck by and Tommy, at the end of the war, lightning.

> The heaviest hitter rushed to the cordially with a well-timed right swing, and the heaviest hitter joined

Immediately thereafter competition increased rapidly, and the situation bewas wonderful, and that nobody out. Cullen alone escaped. He found would have thought it—two members a hole in the right field fence.

of the old Chicago baseball team meeting on the porch of a summer There is one whirling motion-picture hotel in Connecticut after fifteen which must forever remain fixed in the minds of those who witnessed the final distressing scene of carnace and At nine o'clock that evening, after riot-a picture with a fat man as its a generous meal, the reunion contin- central figure-a fat man who stood ued in Finn's room, and a cadaverous out of the midst of the turmoil like waiter responded to the electric signal of distress. He was laboring under like pistons, a fringe of Scottish plaid some severe mental strain, and several times he opened his mouth as last rush, a whirl of arms, the flash if about to speak, but what he said of a high-flung bat-and the picture Seven men claimed the honor of that

> Mr. Finn is back in his Broad street His right eye is slightly puffed, and there is a new gold tooth bend his unsmiling lips. Mr. Finn is listening politely to the inconsequential remarks of a client-an aged gentleman with white sidewhiskers and the profile of a rabbit.

"Ah!" says the client. ". y son-er

my son says he has often . en you-

you-er-stick to golf and all that sort "They never come back," says Mr.

"Eh?" says the client.

RICHES.

To laugh your care away with And end your tasks with fun. To make each evening sweet Old Croesus, count your riches And hoard your coins of gold,

When you get home at night?

pair of 'em to stray with When the holidays are here, erous waiter, "but the hostler used To stroll along the way with At the laughter time of year bell-boys could take second, and then ail we should need, sir, would be an A boy and girl to talk with outfielder. I think I may say, sir, Of birds and flowers and trees, And hand in hand to walk with that we could fill out the team very What joys can rival these? easily without going outside of the Oh. I have sen the yearning "Why not?" urged Tanner. "Just That spoke of envy burning for the fun of the thing! It would When such a brood passed by.

HALF-MILLION TONS OF HOST. [New York Tribune.]

They claim that animals like mirth, In keeping them content.

DR. MILES -ANTI-

aches.

PAIN PILLS

Stop it!

Ouickly relieve all aches and pains, and should be in every Household.

25 Doses, 25 Cents

SEEMED CLASSICAL TO HER. [Exchange.]

"Why do you call that song she's singing 'classical'? As a matter of fact, it's just a little popular ballad." "Is that so? I thought it must be classical. I can't understand a word

she's singing." Resorts-Atlantic City, N.J.

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PARLOR, bedroom and bath, from

should try to think of something else.

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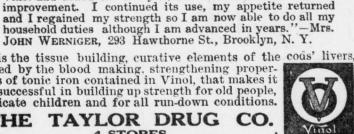
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JOHN WERNIGER, 293 Hawthorne St., Brooklyn, N. Y. It is the tissue building, curative elements of the coas' livers, aided by the blood making, strengthening properties of tonic iron contained in Vinol, that makes it so successful in building up strength for old people,

delicate children and for all run-down conditions. THE TAYLOR DRUG CO. 4 STORES LONDON - - ONT.

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