London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, January 10.

EMMA'S SAD CASE.

Consider the sad, even pathetic predicament which faces Emma Goldmann, Berkmann and the cargo of Reds as impelled by the stout boot of Uncle Sam, they approach Russia. Deported by the United States for preaching terrorism, they will find upon arrival in Russia that Lenine and Trotzky have approached the Allied nations with an offer of peace, promising to do away with the terror and other forms of persecution and intimidation, and to drop their propaganda in other lands, the very things that Emma and her precious band have been revelling in for many years. Emma has consistently urged the utilization of the bomb, the torch and the knife in order to turn the American nation over to anarchy. Now the arch priests of anarchy, the supreme leaders of discord, who have been trying to sow the seeds of disorder and strife the world over, announce themselves as ready to discard violence and frightfulness and take to the decent methods of other nations. It will be a cruel blow to Emma and her Berkmann to learn that Red Russia, so beautifully discordant, is about to adopt something of the manner of the "cursed" American democracy. "Long live the revolution" was Goldmann's last word to America, and it appears that she is about to experience a revolution in the ranks of Russian anarchy, such as she never imagined could take place. Grand champion of disorder and pandemonium in the New World, for her activities she is deported to the home of anarchy, only to find it flirting with order and sanity. It is a sad, topsy-turvy world, Emma!

BIRD FRIENDS.

To have once felt the exquisite thrill of wonder at the alighting touch of a tiny chickadee on one's hand and the awe of watching it feed, marvelling at the shy confidence of the wild thing, with the sacred privilege of seeing so closely the miracle of the glossy black head and bright, bead-like eyes, the tiny bill with the rich black dash of plumage immediately underneath, the pale buff breast with the dainty little fluffy edge of down where the wings fit closely around the little body, the wonderfully folded wings, so alert for use withal, is to have glimpsed something of the intricate and limitless beauty of fancy in the soul of the Creator. Given a rather quiet lawn with spruce trees or hedges of cedar for protection from the extreme cold, and a heart that loves and seeks to understand the little, flitting, feathered friends, it is a venture quite possible and beautiful to teach the birds to come to one's window and with patience and understanding, to coax them to alight on the hand for food, or to take it from one's lips. Two delightfully interesting people of London have a family of ten chickadees, a pair of cardinals, a pair of white-breasted nuthatches and a pair of downy woodpeckers, and they are patiently awaiting the appearance of the red-breasted nuthatch to make the group still more wonderful.

On a grey winter morning to see poised proudly on the dark green of the spruce boughs the flaming scarlet of the male cardinal, tenderly aware of his matchless mate with her lovely pastel-tinted body, her bright, crimson beak and scarlet tinged wings, is to fancy oneself in the land of summer. More timidly than the chickadees, the cardinals seek the uncracked corn and crush it easily with their peculiarly fitted beaks, while a stray sparrow with usual audacity waits to seize the falling bits from the cardinal's feast. Cleverly hung inverted feeding stations hold choice bits of food held in readiness for the tiny visitors by the cooling of melted grease; plates of sunflower seed and bits of nuts, which are often taken and hidden in the bark of tree trunks for hungrier moments, are on the window feeding board, and bits of suet are spiked in naturally arranged nooks, or hung in the spruce trees. At one time the nuthatch, the woodpecker and a chickadee have all eaten from the one plate without quarrelling. As many as eight chickadees have feasted together on the window board, and one wee chap, a little more soiled than the others, is friendliest. As yet the cardinals have not been won to the intimacy of this particular window board, but there is every indication that they will soon be induced to come, by the airy example of the chickadees, which, with quiet unconcern, turn their backs to the one feeding them and chatting with them, this being a token of extreme confidence. Listening to the beautiful optimism of the happy little chorus "chickadee-dee-dee" from the tree boughs and window perches, and the busy whirr of wings in joyous little flittings, one wonders why more people with the necessary surroundings are not feeding and making friends of the birds.

A REPREHENSIBLE STRIKE.

Last week without warning the employees of the Montreal water works department went on strike, leaving the city without water for three days. The facts of the clash between the administrative commission and the men have not yet been made public in detail, but no matter what the points in the dispute may be, in leaving the city waterless, the strikers were acting in a most reprehensible, if not criminal manner. If the men were being unfairly treated in the matter of wages they had but to make this clear to the public. Public opinion would have compelled the city to do the right thing. By sticking to their posts during negotiations they would have earned and secured the support of the general public. Instead of adopting this diplomatic and humane course, after but one meeting with the commission they walked out at midnight and brought a water famine on over half a million of their fellow citizens. The result was great suffering in the many hospitals of the city suddenly bereft of water and heat, and exasperating, dangerous and painful inconvenience in hundreds of thousands of private homes. In addition the city was left without fire protection. Had a great conflagration broken out during the water famine many lives might have been sacrificed and certainly there would have been stupendous property loss. By their reckless act the waterworks employees have antagonized every class in the community. Their strike was cruel and unnecessary and has lost them the backing of public sentiment as it should. It was no more excusable than the strike of the Boston police, which left that city in the hands of murderers, thieves and plundering mobs.

PRODUCTION A CONDITION OF PEACE.

What prices farm products will command during the next year or two cannot be stated with any degree of accuracy. No one can foretell whether or not Europe will be able to pay for her supplies next year or the year after, but all who have studied the situation feel able to state with reasonable certainty that it will likely take at least two years for the production of breadstuffs to meet the world's requirements and have over a moderate reserve as security against scarcity the following year; that it will be many years before the world's production of milk, butter and cheese can adequately meet the demand and that several years must elapse before supplies of cattle and hog products can be sufficient to provide for the natural requirements of the people who ordinarily buy them.

The farmers of Canada will not make any mistake in producing as much as they can of all the staple food products. It is sure to be needed. The world's prices in the main will be determined by conditions and factors beyond our control. But our farmers may depend upon being able to obtain the highest prices which the world's markets will afford. Canadian farm products have a preference in the markets of Great Britain because of their known superior quality; and in other European markets they are sure of an equality in price with the products of any other country The farmer cannot expect more than that. Whether he produces more or less, that is the highest rate to be had. The more we produce the more money our farmers will receive, the more quickly our nation will recover from the losses of the war, and the more will we help to bring good cheer to a world still reeling and scarcely yet conscious of the extent of the appalling waste of years of destruction.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sinn Fein prisoners have started a hunger strike. However, with Vienna starving there need be no waste of the food.

Recently The Advertiser reproduced in its editorial columns a letter in the New York Times on the League of Nations controversy in the United States Senate. By an error this letter was credited to Mr. Carter Glass, instead of Mr. Chester Glass of New York.

Pope Benedict says that 1919 was one of the worst years of humanity. A good many will take exception to this statement of His Holiness. True, it produced much misery, disorder and bloody strife, but on the other hand it witnessed a distinct start made in the progress towards a happier world. Not much has as yet come from the peace treaty and the League of Nations, but in these documents rests rich promise of better times. In its potentiality for good 1919 was one of the best of years.

THE ARGUMENT.

[Francis Carlin.]

Between the duty road to kill
And a grey mud-mason wall,
A couple lived on Harney's Hill
When I was small.

Kind they were in deed and word
And as peaceful as the next,
Until they heard the singing bird
That made them vexed.

"The little robineen," said she,
"Is early in his bush."
"Sure, woman, dear, o'dear," said he,
"It is a thrush."

'Twas then the woman started that
Which lasted for a long
Warm while of arguing, as to what
Bird sang the song.

Four seasons passed away, and then
Said he, "Dear woman, dear,
Do you recall that we heard the wren
This day last year?"

"You mean the willy-wagtail," said
The wrathful farmer's wife,
And the old discussion that was dead
Came back to life.

So on that day in every spring,
The arguing couple's words
Renew the case to which they bring
Their different birds.

For I could end the long discourse
By imitating all
The birds that sang among the gorse
When I was small.

A PATHETIC WAIL.

For the following reasons I am unable to send you the check asked for:

I have been held up, held down, sandbagged, walked on, sat on, flattened out and squeezed. First by the Canadian Government for Federal War Tax, the Excess Profits Tax, the Victory Loan Bonds, Thrift Capital Stock Tax, Merchants' License and Auto Tax; and by every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can invent to extract what I may or may not possess.

From the Society of John the Baptist, the G. W. V. A., the Women's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Purple Cross, the Black Cross, the Double Cross, the Children's Home, the Dorcas Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, the Belgian Relief, and every hospital in town.

The Government has so governed my business that I don't know who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and re-examined, informed, required and commanded, so I don't know who I am, where I am, and why I am here. All I know is I am supposed to be an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need of the human race, and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, held up, hung up, robbed and nearly ruined; and the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what in hell is coming next.

SCARCITY OF SKY PILOTS.

[Guelph Mercury.]

H. C. of L. is thinning the ranks of ministers in the United States, and the conferences are demanding a minimum that shall at least equal the pay of the sextons. Unless this is forthcoming, sky pilots will adopt a scale of prices that will make the rich pay special pilotage rates.

From Here and There

OVER THE HILLS OF HOME.

[Lillian Leveridge.]

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies and the dogwood and daffodils;
For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow-rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing for me and you;
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as white as foam.
We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over the hillls at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song,
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip along;
But your own little song is sweeter, your own with its merry trills;
So whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home.
Can you hear the klingle-klangle of their bell in the greenwood gloam?
Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with you;
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's wing.
Oh, hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him caroling.
The vesper song of the thrushes and the plaint of the whip-poor-wills—
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twillt hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughful eye.
You have many a mile to travel, and many a task to do;
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the Land of Liberty
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that fall.
Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain;
For never shall we together 'mid the birds and blossoms roam,
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France" you sleep.
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down,
You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine grown.
As Mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme.
As we list for your dear lost whistle, laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved Laddie! How soon should we cease to weep,
Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam.
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of home.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[Ottawa Journal.]

Nearly every proposition looks a sure winner—on paper.

It's a good thing to avoid people who think you are a good thing.

Most of the splinters in the balusters of life are unnoticed until we begin to slide down.

Clean up the little tasks of today and be ready for the big tasks of tomorrow.

A woman can get a man to do anything she wants him to if she has tact enough to induce him to talk about himself.

Don't get the idea under your hat that other people think as much of you as you think of yourself.

The everyday Christian has seven chances to the Sunday fellow's one.

VALUABLE FOXES.

[Listowel Banner.]

Like everything else, blue foxes are going up. A good skin of this much-prized animal will cost you at least $200 in the coming winter.

It should not be confused with the silver fox, which is a phase or variant of the common red fox; the same animal, that is to say, with a freak color (black, with white-tipped hairs), which may be perpetuated from generation to generation by selection and breeding.

The blue fox is, in the same way, a variant of the white Arctic fox, which has a brown and tawny pelage in the summer time. In other words, its color, which is a dark blue-grey, is abnormal and rare. But, for some unexplained reason, most of the foxes on the Pribylof Islands, in Bering Sea, are of this color.

WHY GERMANY WEEPS.

[Minneapolis News.]

Germany is weeping again. She has wept many times since the armistice. She will weep still more in the future. For, by her tears she hopes to dissolve the close association of America and the Allies. If the separation comes, Germany's future course of action will be clear. Preparations for revenge can be safely begun. All of Germany's plans for revenge depend on America's future attitude toward the war-proven democracies of Europe. Let it become known that America is indifferent to her former comrades in arms, and the junkers and Pan-Germans will soon be back into power. They are best fitted to direct a policy of revenge. Once America drops out, they will drop in.

WHEN BRIDES MUST WEEP.

The wedding day in most countries is the bride's day, says Tit-Bits. It is her part to look happy, however long a face the groom may pull. Only in Lithuania is it a day of ostentatious gloom for her, when, after being led through the lighted church by two young men, followed by her bridesmaids, she takes her stand in front of the altar, to be joined by the groom, also accompanied by several young men.

Behind the wedding party come the two mothers. While the priest performs the ceremony the bride must weep incessantly. If she is unable to hide her real jubilation and cannot squeeze out a tear, she is considered guilty of a serious breach of etiquette, and the ceremony is rendered more interesting by a vigorous scolding administered by the two mothers. Thus the maiden is expected to show the boon she is conferring upon mere man by becoming his wife.

This same attitude towards the Lithuanian woman is proved by all the customs of the little Baltic state that has declared itself a republic. It is shown, for instance, in old photographs. In these the woman is not standing with her hands on the shoulder of her seated lord, like our own photographs of a former period, but throned in state, with her husband and sons standing gallantly beside her.

THE PACKERS' COMBINATION.

[New York Times.]

Better cause of action for the dissolution of the packers' combination could not be stated than that set forth by Attorney-General Palmer when he says that "in general this decree prevents the defendants from exercising any further control over the marketing of live stock. It forever prevents them from any control over the retailing of meat products. . . . But, greater than all, it establishes the principle that no group of men, no matter how powerful, can ever attempt to control the food table of the American people." It is not right, it is not necessary, it is not safe that control over practically the whole buying market and the whole selling market of food supplies, or over a very great part of them, should be lodged in the hands of one group of men.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

AN INDIAN MAIDEN FAIR.

(By Vincent G. Perry).

Two men could not have been in frames of mind more directly opposite. Phil Lancaster was enthused, enraptured, excited, while his chum, Steven Marshall, was bored, disgusted and full of complaint. Phil gave a sigh of regret when the play was over, Steve a sigh of relief.

"What a dandy play!"

"What a punk show!" The two men voiced their opinions as they rose from their seats in the front box.

"How do you make that out?" Phil turned to Steve ready to champion the cause of the play.

"It's the same old thing done over again, the most impossible of all the impossible plots—a white man falling in love with an Indian girl, a handsome white hero giving up friends, fortune and everything for the hand of the squaw who saved his life. I'll rub it in in my critique, you can bet."

"You must be crazy!" Phil gasped. "I am going to praise the play to the top of the roof. Who wouldn't fall for an Indian girl like that one? I would myself in a minute."

"Of course, you would." Steve sneered, "that one wasn't an Indian girl. She was an American actress, and a mighty pretty one at that, with some Indian scenery to show her up. She was as much like a real Indian as I am."

That is how the wager was made. Phil held to it that there were thousands of Indian girls as beautiful as the actress who portrayed the part of an Indian maiden, but Steve would not admit it. Indian girls were beautiful enough in the eyes of Indian men, he admitted, but they could not come up to the standard of American white girls in the estimation of the typical American white man—white men like the hero of the play. Why the thing was absurd!

"You would fall in love with an Indian girl yourself, if you came in contact with one," Phil argued.

"I bet I wouldn't," Steve laughed. "I can prove that I won't. I am spending my vacation—six whole weeks this time—in the Canadian west, right near an Indian reserve. I'll see more squaws than the man who wrote that play ever saw in his life, and I bet I don't even like the looks of one of them."

"I bet you five hundred dollars you marry one of them," Phil backed up his argument with, "you'll bring her home with you."

"Taken!" Steve did not lack in sportsmanship. The wager was promptly put into writing.

The vacation season over! Steve leaned back in the seat of the Pullman and found it hard to realize that his six weeks were up and he was on his homeward journey. The wager! There it was in black and white. He had telegraphed Phil as he boarded the train, announcing himself the winner. He had seen very few Indian maidens, even though he had been within a few miles of their reserve and had fished on their territory by special permission, and the ones he had seen had not appealed to him at all. He had been quite right in his side of the argument.

He reached for his club bag to place the copy of the wager with some other important papers, found he couldn't reach it without standing and got to his feet. Then it happened. There was a sudden lurch, a crash! Steve felt himself shooting through space and all went black.

There was a sickening sensation when Steve opened his eyes. It was quite some time before he could make out his surroundings, but as his brain cleared he realized that he was in a cot in a hospital. There had been a wreck and he was injured. As his eyes became more accustomed to the light he noticed someone moving about him. A nurse—one of the prettiest he had ever seen! He watched her, fascinated, as she moved silently about, preparing something that he guessed was for him. Her very presence seemed to give him strength.

"You are better!" There was just the faintest touch of accent to her rich, musical tone, as she looked down at him with her big dark eyes.

"Much better," Steve answered weakly. "Was I badly hurt?"

"Not badly—others go to Happy Hunting Ground, but you only bumped on head; better soon." There was no mistaking her accent this time. She was a real Indian maiden, but somehow that did not make any difference to Steve. She was more like an angel to him just at that time than anything else.

There was an odd mixture of feeling in Steve's heart as he waited in the library of Phil Lancaster's home for his chum. It was more than a month after the train wreck, and Steve had been back in the city for nearly a week, but this was his first call on Phil.

"Well, have you come to claim your wager?" It was Phil, advancing with outstretched hand. "Welcome, old boy, I am glad to think you didn't fare any worse in that wreck. You always were a lucky beggar!"

"Thanks, old man," Steve answered, but there was little animation in his voice. "About the wager, Phil, let's call it off."

"Because I lost," Phil laughed. "Nothing doing. I am a good sport, I'll pay up."

"If anyone pays, I will," Steve had risen to his feet, and was shaking all over.

"What! Have you got an Indian wife after all?"

"No, but that is my fault. Just because of that fool wager I have thrown away my only chance for real happiness. I have left the sweetest little girl in all the world back in a western hospital slaving away as a nurse, just because she was an Indian. For five weeks she nursed me. I loved her from the start. She was the cutest little thing alive, and her quaint little accent had the warmth of a whole nation in it. I left her like a cad, without saying good-bye, just because I couldn't trust myself, just because I thought I did not love her because of her race. But I do love her. The week that we have been separated tells me I love her more than anyone else in the world, and I am going back to her. To h—l with the wager!"

"Well-spoken, my pale-face brave!" A third person had entered and was standing in the doorway. It was her, his Indian nurse—but no, Phil knew her, he was introducing her as his sister, and she had suddenly dropped her accent and was blushing in confusion. It all seemed like a dream to Steve. Of course, there were explanations to clear it up.

"Steve had written me about your wager, and I had heard so much about you I thought I knew you. When you were brought into the hospital I found out who you were from your papers in your pockets. You weren't badly hurt, I knew, so I thought it would be good fun to play the Indian part. I had been an Indian in a play at college, so knew something of the accent. You'll forgive me, won't you?"

Forgive her? Why Steve had her in his arms before she knew it, and she did not offer a word of protest.

"How about the wager, old man?" Phil asked, after the excitement had subsided a little. "I guess I pay after all."

"You can give it to us for our wedding present," Steve grinned. It was a double victory after all.

London & Port Stanley Railway

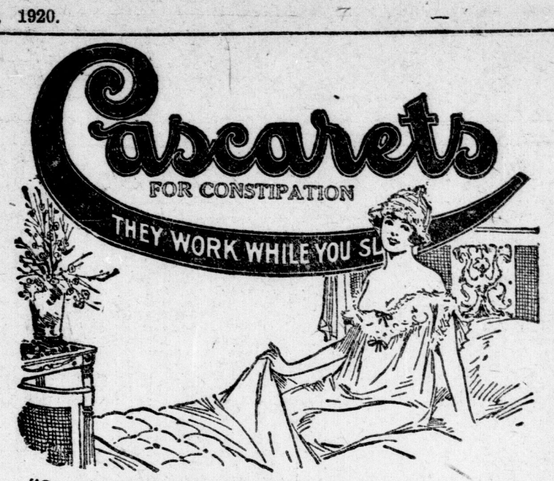
Time Table Effective September 8.

To St. Thomas—†5:00, †*6:20, 7:20, *8:20, 9:20, *10:20, 11:20 a.m., *12:20 *1:20, 2:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:30, *7:20 8:20, 9:20, *10:20, †11:20 p.m.

To Port Stanley—†*6:20, *8:20, *10:20, *1:20, *3:20, *5:20, *7:20, *10:20 p.m.

†Daily except Sunday.

*Limited train, London to St. Thomas



"Cascarets" act on Liver and Bowels without Griping or Sickening you—So Convenient! You wake up with your Head Clear, Complexion Rosy, Breath and Stomach Sweet—No Biliousness, Headache or Upset Stomach.

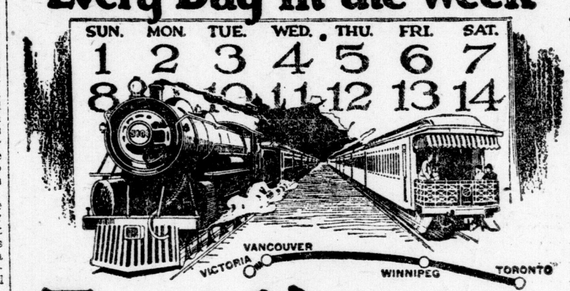
INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest, surest relief for a Sour, Acid, Gassy Stomach—Distress vanishes!

Stomach acidity causes indigestion! Food souring, gas, distress! Wonder what upset your stomach? Well, don't bother! The moment you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the lumps of indigestion pain, the sourness, heartburn and belching of gases, due to acidity, vanish—truly wonderful!

Millions of people know that it is needless to be bothered with indigestion, dyspepsia or a disordered stomach. A few tablets of Pape's Diapepsin neutralize acidity and give relief at once—no waiting! Buy a box of Pape's Diapepsin now! Don't stay miserable! Try to regulate your stomach so you can eat favorite foods without causing distress. The cost is so little. The benefits so great. You, too, will be a Diapepsin enthusiast afterwards.

Every Day in the Week



Toronto-Vancouver

(Both Ways)

Commencing SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5th, leaving

TORONTO (UNION STATION)

9.15 P.M. DAILY

MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT

Standard Sleeping, Dining, Tourist and Colonist Cars. First-class Day Coaches. Parlor Car through the Rockies.

Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Friday Canadian National all the way.

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Via G.T.R., North Bay, Cochrane and Canadian National.

Further information from Canadian National Ticket Agents, or GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, TORONTO

Canadian National Railways

Are Weak Nerves and Lack of Physical Strength Holding You Back in Life?

You Must Have Plenty of Iron in Your Blood If You Want the Power and Energy To Win, Says Physician.

When the crushing grip of worry, trials and care saps your vitality, and keeps you from the full enjoyment of home, social and business life—take Nuxated Iron and watch its strength-giving, upbuilding effect—it will increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

THOUSANDS are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting on the relation of strong nerves and physical endurance to the attainment of success and power.

A weak body means a weakened brain; weak nerve force means weakened will power, and, like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman fails just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

"In my opinion, the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. Iron is absolutely essential to enable your blood to transform the food you eat into muscular tissue and brain. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages, and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken other iron products and failed to get results, remember that such preparations are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron, which has been used and strongly indorsed by many physicians formerly connected with well-known hospitals, and such men as former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential Nominee Charles A. Towne, former member of Congress; Judge Atkinson, of the United States Court of Claims at Washington; Ignace Jan Paderewski Premier of Poland and Master Pianist, and others."

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, Former Health Commissioner of Chicago, William R. Kerr, said: "As Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet have I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel an exception should be made to the rule. From my own experience with it, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country, and if my indorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my lifelong rule in recommending it."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, formerly 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 results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired; next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase your strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians and which is being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by Cairncross & Lawrence, Standard Drug Company, Taylor Drug Company, and other druggists.

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