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London, Ont., Wednesday, December 8.

WESTERN UNIVERSITY'S RIGHTS.

The claims of Western University for an increased measure of support from the Provincial Government will today be presented in Toronto, before the commission investigating university finances. The presentation of the case for the University of Toronto, which took place on Monday, does not weaken the claim of Western, but rather strengthens it. What is clearly demonstrated with respect to the provincial university is that by its very bulk it is becoming unable to do properly the work for which it was constituted. It is a proud boast, no doubt, that it is the largest university in the British Empire in point of attendance of students, but there are other features necessary to a successful university besides mere numbers of students. The character and quality of the work that is done with these students is the really important point, and it has been a question for some time if the ordinary student at Toronto is not so small a fraction of the whole machine that the process of education has become more or less mechanical. Such a situation has faced every large American university, and has compelled radical changes in policy. There are some of the larger state universities that are facing such a situation today, and this very element of weakness has given a strong impetus in the United States to the building up of the smaller colleges and universities, where personal touch between teacher and student, is still possible.

Toronto has an enormous student body, but a large slice of it comes from the city of Toronto and the county of York. The number of students attending becomes less and less in proportion to the distance they are located from the capital. There are probably fewer students from Kent than from Middlesex, fewer from Essex than from Kent, though the matter of miles may be small. But Western University has been able to draw over 500 students out of Western Ontario, the majority of whom would have been barred from university training were there but the one university in Ontario. The city of Kingston, with 20,000 population, has six times more students at Queen's than the city of Hamilton, with six times the population, sends to all universities. Accessibility clearly has an important bearing on attendance.

When comparisons are made between Ontario's provincial university and the larger state universities across the border, it is often overlooked that this province has an area three or four times that of the ordinary state. To expect students from the extreme ends of Ontario to journey to Toronto or go without proper university training is folly. Between the three universities there should not be, and there is not, we believe, any animosity. The University of Toronto has had more students for years than it could properly handle, and because of the tremendous pressure of its undergraduate work has never developed what should be its legitimate field for Ontario, post-graduate work and research. The result is that Ontario graduates cross the line for their post-graduate work, and the majority of them do not return. That is a national loss that would at least partially be prevented by providing proper facilities for advanced work in our own province.

Western University has a good case. The fourteen counties of Western Ontario, with more than a hundred high schools and colleges, will furnish a larger student body as soon as there are facilities in London to care for them. London city can hardly be expected of itself to provide higher educational facilities for all of Western Ontario. Quite as good work can be done in undergraduate studies as in Toronto, and is being done today. Provision for taking care of the students of Western Ontario in London will relieve the pressure on the provincial university at Toronto, and enable it to do better work than in the past, and to pay more attention to the individual student.

DRIVING BACK TO THE LAND.

[By Mrs. George Hambleton, M.A.]

Slow-footed hunger is allying herself with unemployment and the high cost of living to drive peoples from the city to the land in Europe. In Russia it is playing the most desperate part in the great agricultural revolution now felt in all parts of the world. Last year the cold and silent streets of Russian cities echoed the despairing march of many thousands without work. Now, the Russian Government seeks in vain for men to repair rusting ships, which should be transporting food, wood, coal, manufactures, from port to port. For when a kindly sun last spring released the death-grip of a Russian winter, the men fled to the country to raise for themselves what food they could. And no law of compulsion has been devised strong enough to drag them back.

Elsewhere, the action of hunger has been less elemental. Helpful shifts, such as con-

struction work financed by governments and unemployment insurance are aiding workers to hold on in the cities. But especially is the burden of unemployment falling most severely on the returned soldier. With him it is not the thought of past battles which fills the heart with dread. It is "famine, creeping slowly like the wolf, into his obscure chamber." He is somewhat in the mood of ancient mariners. After the dangerous voyage, the heavy struggle against wind and waves, sailors of old would hear the mysterious chanting of the sirens. Had they not been so exhausted, they would have resisted the lure. But they had fought with oar and sail through the horrors of the night, and, worn out, they preferred illusion to reality.

To the ex-soldier who, after a brief post-war experience in some industrial centre, now finds himself unemployed, the "back to the land" solution seems all too simple. He is as yet almost unconscious of the new life pulsing through the agricultural lands of the old world today, and reaching out to the new.

In the old Spanish province of Castile you will find the turbulent city of Valladolid. It lies at the junction of two rivers. Neighboring valleys and the hills about are thick with orange trees. For decades the district has been the centre of much disturbance among agricultural workers. During the past few months the disturbances have become even more violent. Workers in the orange groves wanted a labor contract, collective bargaining, fixed hours of work, and protective legislation for the women and children employed in the district. Now, for the first time in the history of Valladolid, a contract has been granted to the workers. It affects some thousands of people. In an old inn, a corner of a decayed royal residence of four centuries ago, the contract was signed. It sets up a kind of Whitley Council, on which proprietors of fruit lands and workers in the orange groves are to have equal representation. And it has become a Labor Charter for agricultural workers in Spain.

In the fertile valley of the Brahmaputra, in Northern Assam, India, coolies on the tea plantations are also asking for their contract. The wealthy proprietors of the Donni, Doma and Deodan plantations have called in troops to put down strikes. Japanese workers on four of the Hawaiian Islands, including the garden Isle of Oahu, too, are petitioning for a labor contract. They are asking for the eight-hour day, a minimum wage of \$1.50 a day for women and \$2 for men, double pay for overtime, and proper housing accommodation.

The real strength of the agricultural workers' movement, however, lies in Europe. Membership of agricultural workers' unions in Western Europe is now over one and a half millions—it is nearly 150,000 in Great Britain, over 800,000 in Italy, about 500,000 in Germany. As the number of adherents is rapidly increasing, it is probable that the demands of agricultural workers, when they are taken up next spring at the International Labor Conference, will be backed by over two million union members in Europe alone. In the Scandinavian countries, in Great Britain, in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, and in the Low Countries, contracts between unions of agricultural workers on the one hand and landed proprietors on the other, are becoming the custom. The contracts limit hours and fix wages. At the coming International Labor Conference, to be held in Geneva in April, an effort will be made to secure application to agriculture of the Washington eight-hour day convention, and the International Labor Office has requested Canada, as a member of the League of Nations, to prepare its report on the point for submission to the conference.

It is around the Mediterranean, and in the Balkans, however, that war is being carried straight into the heart of the old land system. The latter is slowly crumbling before seizures of land by peasants and government measures legalizing such seizures.

The Grecoan and Rumanian governments both have expropriated all areas of land exceeding 250 acres and held by one person. They have divided the land among the peasants. Czechoslovakia has legalized the seizure of land held by nobles. Of the old Russian provinces, Lithuania, now separate, is leading in land reform. Before the war nearly one-half of all its arable lands was held by great nobles. Today, the nobles see their lands expropriated or bought up by Lithuanians, who have returned from the United States, their pockets filled with dollars earned in munition works.

But it is in Sicily, above all regions of the earth, that love of the land has become a sacred passion. In the rest of Italy land seizures have called forth much attention. Noble proprietors of great estates, flinging money away at Deauville or Monte Carlo, while their lands languished for lack of capital, brought their own retribution. In Sicily land seizure is almost a religious rite, to be accompanied with music and song. When peasants march out to seize, a priest, carrying a cross, heads the procession. City fathers fall into line and—the land returns to the workers.

Ample testimony is also borne to Italian love for the soil by the flood of remittances pouring into Italy. They come from emigrants who left to seek a fortune overseas. It is estimated that last year the remittances amounted to about \$60,000,000, and that the greater part went to buy land in Italy.

The last census return for Canada shows that Ontario lost 52,000 people from its farms during the previous decade, and that the cities gained 392,000. The census next June will probably show in many sections of Southern Ontario, if not through the whole province, a growing disproportion between workers on the land and in the cities.

What is the cause?

Is love of the soil dead among us? Or are other forces at once depopulating Ontario farms filled with dollars earned in munition works, from returning to the land?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The reporter who reported "several solos were sung by a quartet" must have had several "quarts."

"Why not train humorists?" asks an exchange. Because a trained humorist would be a joke.

From Here and There

FRANCE DISAPPOINTED IN SOUTH AMERICA.

[Kingston Whig.]
Former Premier Viviani has returned to France after a voyage of several months in South America. "Never was French moral prestige so high," he reports, "and never was French prospect so low." America and England, he goes on to say in an article which he contributes to the Paris Matin, have largely taken possession of the field left free by Germany, while France, whose hopes of inheriting some part of this legacy had run so high, is practically excluded.

He complains bitterly that not only has France suffered from the ruin of her manufacturing districts, but that while she is repairing these ruins and preparing to resume exporting, the markets are being invaded by other nations, which will make it next to impossible for French exporters to enter them when at last they are ready to do so. He recommends that despite the urgent need for commodities in France, every effort should be made, even at the expense of some deprivation at home, to get a foothold in the South American market while there is yet time.

PLANT DOCTORS.

[Quebec Telegraph.]
Macdonald College has instituted a new department of botany which will give special training to students desirous of specializing in plant pathology. This new departure has come to fill the demand for specialists in plant diseases to cope with the problems of farmers, fruit and vegetable growers and florists along this line, and to endeavor to prevent the heavy losses which are suffered every year from the ravages of plant diseases. The immensity of the losses from various plant diseases throughout Canada, or even in the Province of Quebec, is not easy to estimate, but it is safe to say that oat smut, wheat and oat rust, apple scab, potato scab and blight, bean blight, black knot of plums and cherries, the various storage rots on vegetables, etc., cause a loss of millions of dollars to the rural communities every year, and help keep up food prices. There is a great demand for men trained in plant pathology—so great, in fact, that at this time the demand far exceeds the supply. And it is in keeping with Macdonald's motto for service that this department should be established to prepare her graduates to be of real value to the farming community. Eight students of the senior year in agriculture will specialize in plant diseases in the new department this year.

DO IT NOW.

[Guelph Mercury.]
When you think of Christmas shopping then think of the comfort to the salespeople if you don't delay the job till the last week. Spread it all over the weeks that intervene, and you'll be just as glad as the third girls who wait on you. Shop early is a good motto about this time of year, though it seems to be seldom heeded. Also more shopping on other days than Saturday would work out every week of the year to the advantage of customers and merchants alike.

CANADA'S PART IN THE WAR.

[Toronto Star.]
Canada believes in the decisive battles of the war. In this country we are all convinced that the Canadians took a hand in breaking the Hindenburg line, and the momentous battles preceding and following that event. It begins to appear, however, that if Canadians want history to be written as they know it, they must follow the practice of all other nations and write it themselves. Canada is sandwiched in between Great Britain and the United States. They were both in the war, more or less—one more and the other less—and they are both writing the history of it as they saw it from where they sat or stood. The Canadian army received high praise while the noise of battle still rang in the air, but as time goes on and peace becomes evident that permanent history is going to be considerably influenced by the environment of those who write it.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

[Boston Herald.]
John Theodore Tussaud, greatest-grandson of the famous wax modeller, the late Tussauds, who has become one of England's institutions, contributes one of the most fascinating volumes of the season, "The Romance of Madame Tussaud" (George H. Doran Company). How many persons know that the famous exhibit, which few Americans who go to London fail to visit, was founded by a Swiss girl, the intimate friend of Louis XVI's sister, and that she got her lessons from her uncle, a maker of anatomical models? What visitor to that gallery of amazingly lifelike representations of the great figures of past and present has not been confused between the wax figures and the flesh and blood around him, and startled by seeing supposedly wax figures walk away and begin to talk with their own voices? John Theodore Tussaud himself carries on the tradition of working in wax, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy. He tells the story from the founding of the institution in Paris and the days when the young Swiss girl was obliged to model the heads of "the enemies of the people," as they fell from the guillotine, through the days when the actual guillotine became a part of the London exhibit. The story ends with the recent addition of the figures of Lord Kitchener, Captain Fryatt, Edith Cavell and other notables of the great war. What a pageant passes in review! Voltaire, Benjamin Franklin, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, Napoleon, the great Duke of Wellington, Alexander, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Lord Roberts, members of the English royal family and our presidents. Mr. Tussaud discourses of and, as it were, with them all.

A WICKED PARODY.

[Toronto Star.]
Barry Pain has written a wicked parody on Mrs. Asquith's autobiography, "Wives and Admirals" (Weyburn Laurie, is ed), which follows its great original very closely in places. "In my own circle I have always been known as Marge. The name is, I am informed, derived from the Latin margo, meaning the limit." And again in the chapter about the family: "I had not her beautiful lustrous eyes, but neither had I the thoughtful, serious, and hard not my intelligence. Nor had she the priceless gift of uttering an unimportant personal opinion as if it were the final verdict of posterity with the black cap on."

THE NEW SPELLERS DESIST.

[Montreal Herald.]
After eleven years of the campaign of the Modern Language Association to popularize simplified spelling has been abandoned. The association gives it up in its own publications, and admits the word doesn't want to be torn from its old habits. There was, of course, hardly any rational argument that could be used against any of the simplified forms. They conveyed no meaning, and involved combinations of letters that took more time to write, and looked like anything but the word intended. Most everybody admitted that, but most everybody strongly resisted the conclusion that because reason and argument had the best of it they should prevail to overthrow habit and tradition. The new spelling may have appealed to our heads, but the old ones were possessed of our hearts. Yet changes do come, even by edict. We have simplified Shakespeare's spelling, and even Franklin's, but it was not done by system or prescription. We hardly know when we lost the "k" off the end of traffic. If we had known when it was dropped we would have picked it up again, but we imagine it was just allowed to go more for more goodly battle. If a society had taken the "k" in hand to banish it there would have been a fight over it. These quiet processes doubtless will go on, and a few generations hence some progress in simplification of spelling may be observed. But they will come to notice so unobtrusively that none will know just when they took place. That is the process by which our language was formed; its reform must come about by the same methods.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S QUESTIONS.

- 1—The Seven Years' War was chiefly for the sake of the French prospects in France and England.
- 2—John Graves Simcoe was the first lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada.
- 3—Alpach Island is on Ungava Bay in Hudson Strait.
- 4—The year after the battle of the Plains of Abraham the French, under De Levis, rose from their knees and attempted to retake Quebec.
- 5—Civil rights come under the jurisdiction of the provincial government.
- 6—Laura Secord's husband was a soldier, and at the time of her exploit for the British army she was 38 years of age.
- 7—Canada has 37 life-saving stations.
- 8—Alberta has 74 gas wells.
- 9—The greatest and most valuable collection of Indian relics is the McCord collection at McGill University.
- 10—Wells entered his father's regiment at 13, received his commission in the English army at 15, and was a brigade-major four years later.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—Where is Lake Garry?

2—Which is Canada's greatest manufacturing province?

3—How many Normal schools has Ontario?

4—What treaty ended the war of 1812?

5—By whom was the mission at Sault Ste. Marie established?

6—When did the French first acknowledge the inequality to be British subjects?

7—Who is Arthur W. H. Eaton?

8—What is the value of the yearly output of Manitoba fish-eries?

9—What percentage of the world trade in silver fox skins passes through the Canadian fur trade?

10—What was the population of Quebec in 1620?

Poetry and Jest

OLD FRIENDS.

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come high,
We nod the heads of meeting
To many that go by.
But we welcome through the gateway
The old friends of old times;
Then our hearts leap up and straight-
way
The open house for you,
Old friends,
Wide-open house for you.
The surface will be sparkling
Let but a sunbeam shine,
And the deep lies lurking
The true life of the wine,
The truth is for the many,
The wine is for the few,
Unseen, untouched of us,
We keep the best for you,
Old friends,
The very best for you.
"The many" cannot know us,
They only pace the strand
Where at our word we show us,
The wine that we have hid;
But out beyond the leaping
Dim surge 'tis clear and blue,
And there, old friends, we keep
A waiting calm for you,
Old friends,
A sacred calm for you.

ANGELS IN HEAVEN.

[Miss A. Woodson.]
Angels in heaven, do you ever weep?
And do you ever, weary, fall asleep?
Or do you really, as I have been told,
Watch us at night, and round us soft
wings fold?
Angels in heaven, do you see us here?
And do you ever come and help us not
to fear?
Or do you only stand and sing and play
Your golden harps, day after day?
Angels in heaven, do you really see
Our Lord and Savior, or are you like
me?
Or do you wait on Him and wash his
feet
As Mary did and pour on ointment
and weep?
Angels in heaven, I'll never cease to
do you, too, feel afraid of rain and
thunder?
Or do you feel secure and safe from
harm,
And shelter in our blessed Savior's arm?
Angels in heaven, please watch over me,
And keep me good and true, as I should
be,
Or will you, maybe let me come alone?

THE HARDEST PART.

Judge—Did your wife hit you with
a piece of brick-a-brac?
[Little Holiday Kellam in N. Y. Times.]
Dear Diana of the Garden,
With the dawn upon your face,
Poising tiptoe on the tower
With immitable grace,
Through the starry fields of space?

THE VANE.

Are you aiming at the planets
Which our blind eyes may not see
Until Night unfolds her curtain
Brooded deep with mystery?
Saturn, Mercury, Uranus,
Do you hope to bag all three?

MY JAMBOREE.

[Author Unknown.]
The hours I spent in taverns gay
Are now a string of memories.
I count them over almost every day,
My jamboree, my jamboree!

Each hour a pop, each pop a smile—

Be still, my heart, in absence wrung!
I'll slip my handings gradually,
While many a tongue—be hush—
Old memories are yours to burn.
I'll slip my liquor from a fork:
I'll kiss each drop and strive at last
To learn to kiss the cork.
Weep hard, and kiss the cork!

THE CHAPEL.

[Dorothy Cox.]
Here is a quiet room,
Pause for a little space;
And in the deepening gloom
With hands before thy face,
Pray for God's grace.

Let no unholy thought
Enter thy musing mind;
Things that the world hath wrought—
Unclean—untrue—unkind—
Leave these behind.

Pray for the strength from God,
Strength to obey His plan;
Rise from your knees less dazed
Than when your prayer began.
More of a man.

Every Man For Himself

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE.

A silence had fallen upon the crowded room and as the Honorable Milton Waring allowed his gaze to rove upon their tense, expectant faces he smiled reassuringly. He began with an explanation of the circumstances leading up to the present situation. It was merely to adjust Interprovincial Loan Company affairs by the exposure of its official head that he had brought them together. His integrity as a public servant had been questioned and there were certain features that in the interests of clean government required official inquiry. He was prepared to move for the appointment of a royal commission to investigate and report upon conditions vitally affecting financial institutions, election laws and other matters. It was something of the situation which had developed in the affairs of the Interprovincial. As a result of their investigations they stood prepared to prove gross mismanagement, falsification of the returns required by the Federal authorities, misuse of trust funds for private ends, attempted corruption of government officials, etc., etc.

The Honorable Milton was frank in his admissions that during the recent orgy of speculation into which the discovery of new mineral wealth had led the public, he had become personally involved. He was only human and the general excitement had induced him to make several disastrous investments which had left his personal affairs in a precarious tangle for a time. But it was an ill wind that blew nobody good. The financial crisis through which he had passed had brought him in touch with J. C. Nickleby, and it was not long before his eyes had been opened to the unscrupulous methods that were being followed by the president of the Interprovincial Loan and Savings Company. He had called in his learned friend, Mr. Ferguson, and as a result of their consultations it had been decided to make a few experiments in high finance with the object of uncovering the whole system.

To this end they deliberately cultivated Nickleby's confidence. It was apparent from the first that the man was utterly devoid of a common honesty. It was his idea that government graft was an established method of revenue and he seemed to be obsessed with the belief that no minister of the crown would allow his oath of office to interfere with the acquisition of personal wealth. As their relations had ripened he had grown bolder and had organized a construction company with the object of using his "connections" to swing certain contracts. Nickleby had felt so sure of himself that he had even had a contribution of \$50,000 to the party campaign funds in return for "privileges."

And there, old friends, we keep a waiting calm for you, old friends, a sacred calm for you.

A Scottish farmer, being elected a school manager, visited the village school and tested the intelligence of the class by his metaphysical questions. His first inquiry was, "Now, boys, can anyone of you tell me what nothing is?"

There was a small awkward silence. Then a small boy in a back seat rose and replied, "Please, sir, it's what ye gied me 'other day for hauling yer horse."

Angels in heaven, do you see us here?
And do you ever come and help us not
to fear?
Or do you only stand and sing and play
Your golden harps, day after day?

Angels in heaven, do you really see
Our Lord and Savior, or are you like
me?
Or do you wait on Him and wash his
feet
As Mary did and pour on ointment
and weep?

Angels in heaven, I'll never cease to
do you, too, feel afraid of rain and
thunder?
Or do you feel secure and safe from
harm,
And shelter in our blessed Savior's arm?

Angels in heaven, please watch over me,
And keep me good and true, as I should
be,
Or will you, maybe let me come alone?

Angels in heaven, it's a long, long way,
But you'll be there to welcome me—that
day.
And then, with all the others I will try
To help you keep your watch, above the
sky.

THE HARDEST PART.
Judge—Did your wife hit you with
a piece of brick-a-brac?

[Little Holiday Kellam in N. Y. Times.]
Dear Diana of the Garden,
With the dawn upon your face,
Poising tiptoe on the tower
With immitable grace,
Through the starry fields of space?

Are you aiming at the planets
Which our blind eyes may not see
Until Night unfolds her curtain
Brooded deep with mystery?
Saturn, Mercury, Uranus,
Do you hope to bag all three?

Comrade of the winds of cloudland,
Are you seeking of your position of power
Over poor Endymion lying
Prisoner in a neighboring tower?
Do you hear his love, his longing,
Every quarter of an hour?

What are years to you, Diana?
Lightly come and lightly go,
Sometimes crowning you with radiance,
Sometimes pelting you with snow—
What to you are all the people
Passing in the Square below?

Do they catch your sudden vision
Through the dust of selfish wars?
And in the deepening gloom
Scant the laurel, deep the scars—
Dear Diana of the Garden,
Keep on aiming at the stars!

MY JAMBOREE.
[Author Unknown.]
The hours I spent in taverns gay
Are now a string of memories.
I count them over almost every day,
My jamboree, my jamboree!

Each hour a pop, each pop a smile—



Buying Days to CHRISTMAS

He Wants a Gillette

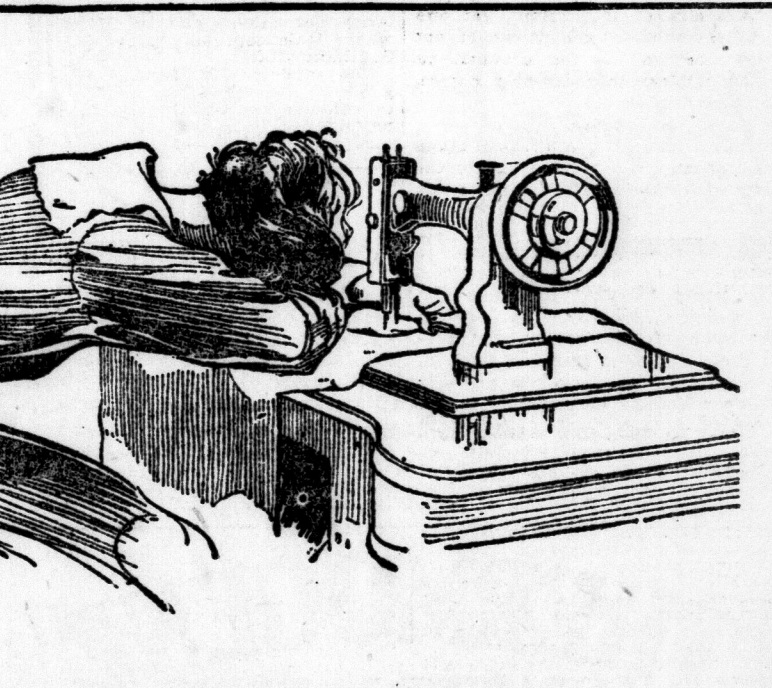
P.S.—A man is glad of two Gillettes—one for home—one for travel.

enabled them to carry their investigations to fruition. The real-estate transaction in question had been planned by Mr. Ferguson for the purpose of quieting suspicion in the mind of Nickleby. It was a case of fighting the devil with fire; for had Nickleby not believed that he was dealing with men who were as greedy as himself they would never have succeeded in uncovering the evidence they were after.

As part of their plan, therefore, they had gone to Nickleby with the proposal that the three of them—Nickleby, Ferguson and himself—form a little syndicate on the quiet to buy up a tract of land on which the government had its eye as a prospective location for the new Deaf and Dumb Institute. The land had a market value of \$100,000 and this sum the government was quite ready to pay. Nickleby had advanced the loan to negotiate the deal and Ferguson had bought up the land in small lots at sacrifice prices from individual owners for a total of \$50,000. The Honorable Milton had told Nickleby that he was acting for the government; but the check with which he had "purchased" the land from the syndicate of three had been his personal check. The amount was \$200,000. The syndicate's profit, therefore, was \$150,000 and this sum they had divided in three, \$50,000 each. But Nickleby did not know—nor McAllister, either—that the whole thing had been juggled for a purpose, with the sanction of the attorney general, and that the "profits" which had gone to Mr. Ferguson and himself had been thrown back into the deal when the site had been turned over to the government, which therefore obtained the land at its legitimate market value, \$100,000.

To Be Continued.

My Nerves Were So Bad at Times that I Could Not Keep Back the Tears



My Nerves Were So Bad at Times that I Could Not Keep Back the Tears

Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies in condensed and easily assimilated form the vital substances with which Nature rebuilds the starved and wasted nerve cells it stands out to-day as the greatest of nerve restoratives.

A careful reading of this letter will give you an idea of just what you may expect from the use of this treatment, because it describes an average case:

Mrs. S. Sharp, Midland, Ont., writes:—"About eleven years ago I had a serious nervous breakdown, and was so bad at times that I could not keep back the tears. I also had a queer feeling in the back of my head; sometimes it seemed to be going backwards. I could not do any sewing, and finally could do no work at all. I tried other remedies and doctors' medicine, but they only gave me temporary relief. Last fall I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and had not taken very many until I found I was getting better. I kept on taking them, and am at present greatly improved. I am now able to do my work, and they have strengthened me splendidly. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervous trouble of any kind."

The next step is to make the test of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in your own case. If you are careful to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy you will be sure that you are getting the genuine. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.