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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, August 30.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REPLY.

UNLESS President Wilson's reply to the pope's peace proposals suffers severely at the hands of German translators, neither the Government nor the people of Germany can fail to realize that the United States is determined, along with its allies, to carry on this war until the world is made safe from further menace by German militarism. Furthermore, there can be no misunderstanding the plain statement that there will be no dependence placed upon the word of the German Government or Kaiser Wilhelm unless there is ample evidence that the promises made are supported by the will and purpose of the German people, and this evidence must be unmistakable.

As in all his communications, the president is careful to differentiate between the German Government and the nation. He expressly points out that the power which threatened to dominate the world is not the Teutonic people, but "the ruthless master of the people." While he does not say, in so many words, that the present Government, kaiser and all, must go before peace can be brought about, there is no difficulty in reading this sentiment into his message, and it will find hearty indorsement in all Allied countries.

Equality in national security, freedom and opportunity for development he declares to be a sine qua non. No mere military strength must be able to impose the will of a large nation upon a small and weaker neighbor. If this determination is carried out, Germany's idea of "a place in the sun" must be relinquished for ever. She can have her place, equally with other nations, but not such a place as she wanted to capture by force of arms and intrigue.

With courteous and diplomatic phrases, President Wilson points out the utter impossibility of accepting the pope's plan, and shows that it would simply be playing into the hands of the foe by allowing him time and every facility to prepare for a renewal of the struggle on an even more terrible scale in years to come.

Possibly one of the most effective and inspired paragraphs is that which sets forth so clearly what would be the effect on the newly-born Russia if the Allies were to agree with the pope. It would spell ruin to the great eastern nation. This proof that the United States and the Allies in general are giving Russia's future earnest consideration in their dealings with the enemy will be welcomed in Petrograd and Moscow and may serve to make easier the task of Kerensky and Korniloff.

President Wilson has voiced the sentiments of the Allies. His note lacks nothing in strength, in clearness or in determination. It is one which all nations, except those opposed to universal freedom and liberty, can indorse, and it should end all attempts to lead the Entente Allies into peace negotiations which cannot result in the desired elimination of Prussian militarism.

A FINE EXAMPLE.

TILLSONBURG merchants gave an exhibition of patriotism and helpfulness the other day which is full of significance at this time. Within a few minutes of the fact becoming known that a widow had a crop of oats standing in the field and beginning to sprout, fifteen businessmen were on their way to remove the crop to the barn, and a few hours saw the task accomplished.

There can have been no looking around by any of these men to see if there was not someone else who had more time to spare, or who could better perform the work. Each one acted promptly when the call came and did his bit to the best of his ability. If only the people of the Dominion as a whole would display the same spirit what wonderful results would accrue!

The country never needed unselfish men more in parliament, city or country. Those who will lay aside self interests and work for the good of the nation and Empire, as these merchants did, are worth their weight in gold.

THE EUROPEAN NEUTRALS.

THAT the North European neutrals well deserve the restrictions which the United States is putting on their imports of food is evident from an article recently written by J. C. van der Veer in a London (England) paper. He shows the extent to which the Dutch producers and commercial men helped Germany by supplies of potatoes, fish, meat, eggs, vegetables, etc. The following were the exports in tons for a number of lines during the two years 1915-1916:

	To Germany.	To England
Potatoes	334,559	3,609
Potato meal	128,514	13,837
Meat	131,467	25,445
Fish	316,219	747
Butter	68,088	4,657
Cheese	39,521	15,257
Eggs	55,548	8,535
	1,176,916	72,087

Of course, the Germans were ready to pay higher prices, a fact naturally decisive with the Dutch. But the mass of the Dutch people, according to Mr. van der Veer, are suffering from scarcity and high prices, and they are also aware that Great Britain is fighting their battle against German aggression, as well as her own. They realize, he says, the ignominy put on them by the policy of their Government in allowing such assistance to the universal enemy. They know that Great Britain's intervention "actually saved Holland from falling after Belgium a prey to German ambition." They see the insults and injuries constantly offered by Germany to their country and its shipping, and are uncomfortably awaiting what the pirate will do next when ousted from the submarine base at Zeebrugge. The one convenient point that will then be left to Germany from which to attack merchant shipping will be Antwerp, and to use that port will involve the violation of Dutch territory on the Scheldt River.

In 1916 Holland sold to Germany an immense amount more than she received. German gold came flooding in during the early part of the war, but nothing but paper was received for the balance of trade last year and this. The Dutch magnates will be hoping to see Germany win and get an indemnity with which to make good some of the scraps of paper handed out in Holland. But when the Dutch people, while generally favorable to the Allies and not asleep to the facts of German aggression and ambition, have put up with want and losses in order that their rich producers and middlemen might profit, how can they reasonably object if the United States shuts them off from American food? They have allowed themselves to be deprived of their own.

It is true that the figures for Dutch exports to Germany and Great Britain compare far less unfavorably this year than in 1915 and 1916. The British Government brought Holland to agree to export equal quantities to both belligerents. However, it appears that even yet the agreement is being violated by the Dutch, half as much again of meat, fish and dairy produce going to Germany for the first three months of 1917 as to England. Besides there is, says Mr. van der Veer, a vast deal of smuggling on the Dutch frontier, which the Government is not very keen to stop.

If such is the state of affairs in Holland, what must be the conditions in Sweden, a notoriously pro-German country, the one friend the Germans and Turks have among the nations of the earth? Sweden also has great advantages of situation compared with Holland. Not being open to blockade by our fleets, and having no colonies, like Holland, to lose, Sweden cannot so easily be squeezed into agreements. Nor is she so open to German aggression as Holland. She can afford to sup a little with the devil, as she has a longer spoon to do it with. All those northern neutral countries may be firmly handled by the United States without any misgivings of doing them unmerited wrong. It will be ultimately for their own good.

SENSIBLE LENIENCY.

DURING the last month three women have been released from the local jail on parole—in other words, they have been freed after serving a portion of their term of imprisonment. This ought to be a cause of gratification not only to the friends of the women concerned, but to the whole community.

Had the authorities insisted that the full sentences be imposed, what good purpose would have been served? The fact that the offenders had to appear in court and have their sentences meted out to them after they had been proved guilty was, probably, the heaviest part of the punishment. Then came the removal to jail and the realization of their disgrace and their position in the eyes of society. A few days would be sufficient time for them to become calm and place the blame for their trouble where it belonged—on their violation of the law. After that, the imprisonment would become merely prolonged punishment, with the danger of continued residence in jail dulling the better feelings of the prisoners and making them more callous in the future.

But if this leniency towards first offenders among women is praiseworthy, it would be equally so if applied to males. Youths sentenced to a term in jail would be more likely to shun crime in the future if paroled before the first horror of their situation had worn off. The man who has not $200 with which to pay his fine for having been caught with an unsealed bottle of liquor in his possession outside his home would be just as careful of his behavior henceforth if freed after a week or two in the cells.

There is also the question of economy to be considered. If the additional length of sentence does no good to the offender, it certainly costs the country money. There is the feeding of the man while in jail; there is often need of help for his family, and there is the loss of his labor in production. It would pay well if the law were administered with more common sense and less red tape.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada is not buying the C.N.R. The Borden Government is perpetrating the act and using the people's money.

The world has pretty well despaired of seeing Norway or Sweden actively resent German bullying and piracy.

Arthur Hawkes to be a Borden candidate! There must be a terrible dearth of good material in the Tory party.

There are some "hogs" in Canada, whose exportation would be a benefit to the country, but they would be useless as food.

German writers criticize Michaelis. Wonder what they would say about Wilhelm if they were free to express their thoughts?

Food Controller Hanna says that Lord Rhondda's action, by which he hopes to reduce the cost of beef by 12 cents a pound after Christmas, largely settles Canadian prices. Must we wait four months for action and then rely on Britain for it?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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A SOLDIER RETURNS.
By Dorothy Douglas.

Capt. John Gavin dropped into a great wicker chair in the tearoom in Oxford street. His crutch, terribly new to him, was taken with an impulse of swift tenderness by a girl sitting in the chair near him. Gavin nodded silent thanks.

The girl returned to her seat, her eyes hovering over the soldier with a soft glow of which he was quite conscious.

Gavin had come back from the war crippled, sorely unnerved and deploring the fate that had sent him back at all. He desired more than anything else to be lying out there under the eiderdown of bloodstained earth that covered Stanley, Drake and Malone. Three of the finest pals ever given to man had been left on the battlefield sleeping the endless sleep. Gavin had left a leg with his pals, and with that bitter-sweet thought a smile of utter loneliness and pain crept into his eyes. He gazed at the many people drinking tea, but in a remote, impersonal way. His thoughts were still hovering over the battlefield where the splendid bodies of Drake and Maloney and Stanley were quickly turning to dust.

A blind, impotent rage had kept Gavin's brain at fever heat since after the amputation of his leg; he knew he could never return to avenge the death of his pals nor of the many brave men fighting. Cruel self pity lashed him down finally into torpid inactivity and depression.

So remote was Gavin in sense from his surroundings that he did not hear the girl who had approached. She had come to him from a nearby table at which were many laughing people. She addressed him a third time, and with that effort Gavin struggled swiftly for his crutch and would have risen had not her hand motioned him quickly to remain seated. She dropped into the chair opposite.

Gavin was shy to the extent of brusqueness with women. He feared their wistful eyes far more than enemy gunfire or the lion's jaw. And now, taken unaware, charged as it were from ambush, he colored a fine, dusky red.

The girl, Polly Malone, felt a lump rise in her throat. "These brave, brave men—what children they are," she thought tenderly.

"Please forgive me," she apologized. A softened American accent drifted along with her words. "Is there a chance, just a vague hope, that you could have known my dear, dear brother. I see you are of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and he——" she closed her eyes for a second; then Gavin saw the finest little smile he had ever seen breaking through the unshed tears—"he fell with them."

A quick, wonderful light leapt into Gavin's eyes. His face was transformed. That sweet, sweet smile struggling over the pain had been in Jimmy Malone's eyes that starry night on the battlefield when, with Gavin's arms supporting him, he had entered the Great Rest.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," he called softly and with both hands outstretched he grasped those of the girl. That haunting likeness to his pal quite unnerved him. He was not conscious of the warmth of his clasp. He knew only that he was touching someone who was kin to Jimmy Malone. The world was suddenly flooded with gold, and Capt. Gavin felt for the first time in many weary, heartsick weeks his soul-stirring within him.

He forgot his shyness with women; forgot everything that was past and ugly, while he was in the presence of Polly Malone. His nature, sensitized by acute suffering, felt the soothing charm of Jimmy Malone drifting through the person of Polly. Through Jimmy's sister Jimmy was reaching across the gulf to Gavin and offering him, if not the muscle and bone of himself, then surely the essence of their friendship.

"I was sitting here deploring the unkind fate that allowed me to live," he said frankly, "and now, because you have spoken to me, I no longer want to die. Strange," he added thoughtfully, "how a few simple words with the glance from sincere eyes can illumine the world."

Polly Malone said nothing. She was touched to the heart by the quick response in Gavin's nature. This little flurried call to friendship had made a different man of him. His need had been grave. In her heart Polly was thankful for the strength that had prompted her to address him.

"Had you not worn your uniform," she said shyly, "I should not have known——"

"I hate taking it off and getting into mufti," he replied quickly; "I seem nearer the chaps out there—with khaki on."

Polly swallowed hard. She must be a soldier, for she was facing one. The depths of his hurt lay in those simple words. His life and soul were still in khaki fighting the enemy while his body, crippled and unnerved, was lashed back in physical inability.

He told her of heroic deeds, beautiful stories of self-sacrifice for God and the good of man. The terrific havoc of warfare was made to seem but the glorious fight for eternal good, the struggle for supreme civilization and honor. The triumph and grandeur of a clarion note sounded through his words. Polly sat quietly and listened.

"And, Jimmy," he added softly, "brave old Jimmy saved our entire battalion that night. He went on a reconnoitering tour alone, and lone-handed bombed the enemy trench. But they got him, the fiends, by hoisting the flag of truce—and Jimmy—fell. I took command then, and we fought like devils gone mad. When the skirmish was over I found Jimmy and held him in my arms while he smiled through the pain—that brave, brave sile of the Borderland.

"Captain Gavin," Polly faltered eagerly, "you have lighted a great big torch for me. I have been fighting depression, grief and overpowering sense of defeat. This horrible ache, aching for Jimmy has just sickened me until I longed for oblivion. It was weak, I know, but I loved Jimmy with my entire being; he was pal, brother and friend. We had been together all our lives—just he and I." She paused while the brave little smile again struggled through the pain.

Capt. Gavin drew a heavy breath. There were fragments of emotion flying about him much like the bits of shrapnel from a bursting bomb. His smile was slow and searching.

"But now," continued Polly, "you have brought Jimmy back to me in a way that makes me ashamed of my weakness. His body is lost to me, but——"

"His soul is shining right in your eyes," Gavin said softly, "the soul of a soldier. I think between us—little sister of Jimmy Malone—we are going to patch up quite a remarkable friendship."

"It is not going to require a great number of patches," Polly commented shyly; "it is charmingly whole even now. And when you come to see me every day and ride and drive and chat with me and I try to make you forget the nerve-tearing part of war—perhaps you will not find any holes in our friendship that need patching."

The searching smile deepened in Gavin's eyes. Behind it, however, was a trend of thought that Polly intuitively followed. She knew that he was going to ascertain for a certainty that his mind and body were going to respond to the call of health and strength before serious affection matured. He would never, she realized, offer her the fragments of a strong life. Being of an expressive nature, Polly gave voice to her thoughts.

"You know," she said wistfully, "I shall always feel very, very small and humble beside you. You have suffered mentally, physically and given your blood and bones and muscles in this great fight for humanity, while I——"

"Don't say anything against Jimmy Malone's sister," Gavin requested quickly. "she will some day command a sturdy little army of her own, and where will a poor, battle-scarred soldier be then?" He looked with disturbing warmth deep into Polly's eyes.

"Not too far away—I hope," she managed to say before the onslaught of emotion held them both in silent understanding.

BURIED AT PORT ELGIN.

PORT ELGIN, Aug. 28.—The remains of Miss Melinda Ewald arrived here today from Buffalo, where the young woman was taken ill and after an operation for abscess on the lungs died. Miss Ewald was a nurse, and had followed her profession in Buffalo for the past twelve years.

She was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Ewald of Port Elgin.

The funeral was held here today interment taking place in Greenwood Cemetery.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

The inspired bulletin writer on this paper says that the cold storages would be "naturalized." Trouble is that the men behind them have been acting unnaturally towards us eating folks.

* * *

Arthur Hawkes will run against Archie McColg in Kent. An enemy must have done that to Arthur. Could not have been a friend. He had better pick the pallbearers now.

* * *

There is a shortage of chorus girls. That's one thing that does not make us positively wild. Hotels may be getting better dining-room service.

* * *

The Russian soldiers get 6 cents a day, which is a pretty fair price for running home.

* * *

The enemy may have nerves, and be jumpy, as some of the inspired correspondents at the front say, but we will not be satisfied until he is so jumpy that he will beat a jack rabbit on his way home.

* * *

We hope that no law will be passed preventing the folks from discussing the purchase of the C. N. R. A lot of folks are quite interested in this little thing.

* * *

Some day soon a gent will rise up in his pew and become immortal by inventing a slogan—"Save a hog."

* * *

About as scarce as beauty in a suffragette is the price to purchase bacon and eggs for breakfast.

* * *

Mayor Bowlby, Brantford, should be a suffragette. He is the greatest little interrupter in the world.

* * *

A woman has written a novel called "The Ford." Must be cousin in blood to Joe Miller's joke book, or a tragedy, just as you like to figure it.

* * *

Some American newspapers are worrying about a nickname for the Yankee soldiers in France. Leave that to the Germans. The Canadians are called the Butchers of Germans, and the Scotch, the Ladies from Hell. Something for them to shoot at.

* * *

WE DID not write this:

It's too horrible to contemplate? Not so, friend, not so. 'Tis but a soothing melody—a flock of sneezes liberated by a hefty diaphragm.

So YOU are the fat man! Upon my word, wonders will never cease in this dear old world. I couldn't have believed that anyone could be FAT and so nimble-witted all at one and the same time. For many moons all you have had to say is "Wait a minute," and I've waited—and giggled and grinned, and grinned and giggled.

No more sympathy do I waste on you; you're clever enough to see a ragweed sneeze a mile off—yes, do let's go.

"SOME PERSON."

* * *

John Noble says something about assessing: An optimistic assessor essayed to launch out intuitively in his perambulations to assess in a municipality a canine of the female species belonging to a veritable Scotsman for two dollars, whereupon at the initial session of the council the typical Scot detailed his estimable consort to obtain one dollar for the deficit in the gender, when the pessimistic clerk decreed that the spinster would make believe that she was the reputed wife of the veritable Scot. The Scotsman took umbrage at the pessimistic clerk because of the humiliation, and went forth to have an audience with the wiseacres of the municipality, and delivered the following peroracute: Gentlemen, I am going to make a speech. The assessor came around and assessed my dog for two dollars, and it is no fair, and I sent my wife yesterday to get a dollar back for the dog, when you made her swear that she was the wife of my husband before you gave her back the dollar for the dog. I will make you listen to me. And thus terminated the painful incident.

WESTERN LIGHTS REQUEST BORDEN TO STAND DOWN; PARTY REFUSES

Premier Offers Leadership to Foster, But Latter Declines.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

OTTAWA, Aug. 29.—A Conservative caucus to-day, reconfirmed the leadership of Sir Robert Borden. Mr. Justice Duff gave assent to the conscription bill. Sir Wilfrid Laurier accepted the request of the prime minister to join him in the creation of a board of selection to name the exemption tribunals for the conscription measure, and expressed the opinion that now that conscription was law it was "the duty of all loyal British subjects to see that it is carried out as harmoniously as possible."

These were the interlocking events of an important parliamentary day. Emotion softened the ugly feelings that a good many of the Conservatives took with them to the caucus. The long negotiations that Sir Robert has been carrying on with one set of Liberals after another to induce them to enter a reconstructed government have been resented by Conservatives, who have felt that the publicity, marking the successive attempts and failures of the prime minister, have been in the nature of criticism upon the Government, its work and the Conservative members who have supported it.

West Wants Borden Out.

With the opening of the caucus there was some criticism of this character.

However, the prime minister made a statement of the difficulties that had encountered in his efforts at government reconstruction and closed with the statement that Messrs. Arthur Sifton, Calder and Crerar had informed him that they would go into a union government only on the condition that he handed over the leadership to Sir George Foster. Mr. Justice Duff, Sir Adam Beck or Sir Wm. Mulock. The premier then offered to resign in favor of Sir George Foster. He did this with evidence of great feeling, and his tears, which were plainly in evidence, moved many of the Conservative members and senators in similar fashion.

There were many wet eyes in the caucus when Sir George Foster arose and declined the proferred premiership, on the ground that Sir Robert was the proper person to carry the party through the war. The verdict of Sir George was unanimously confirmed by the caucus, which also authorized the prime minister to continue his efforts to achieve satisfactory cabinet reconstruction.

Few Liberals on Cabinet.

The general opinion among members of both sides is that as the result of the caucus Sir Robert Borden is stronger with his parliamentary followers than before; that in the cabinet reconstruction the Liberal element will be comparatively small, and possibly there will be none; that the coming election will be a party fight, with Sir Robert leading one side and Sir Wilfrid the other, marked by some breaking of English Liberals to Sir Robert and of French Conservatives to Sir Wilfrid.

A resolution was passed by the caucus and an official statement was prepared by a committee that was named for the purpose.

Approve Their Own Policy.

The resolution is: "We, the supporters of Sir Robert Borden's Government in the Parliament of Canada, record our emphatic approval of that Government's policy and achievements during these three years of war.

"We indorse the earnest and patient efforts of the prime minister to bring about a union of all the war forces of Canada, and to give to this Dominion in these days of ever-increasing stress, suffering and peril, the advantage of an administration which would typify that union, and speak to the world the unswerving resolution of our people to see this war through to victory.

"For the purpose of such union we are one, and prepared to make any personal or party sacrifice that the occasion may demand.

"We record unanimously our profound admiration of the great work and splendid leadership of Sir Robert Borden. We sincerely believe that no other man can discharge with like capacity the tremendous task of the prime minister during this crisis, and that now, of all time, his continuance in the premiership is indispensable to the matter, and to his support we pledge our unalterable devotion."

HADN'T SEEN WELL DAY IN 12 MONTHS

Nerves Were Fast Giving Way Under the Strain.

HEALTH WAS WRETCHED

Toronto Woman Says Tanlac Has Saved Her From a Nervous Breakdown.

"I had not seen a well day for the past twelve months, and I firmly believe that two bottles of Tanlac saved me from a nervous breakdown," said Mrs. Elsie Maeer of 322 Weston road, South Toronto, whose husband is with the Canadian expeditionary forces "somewhere in France," in a recent interview.

"I had nervous indigestion for a long time," she continued. "My appetite failed, and what little I did eat seemed to settle in a hard lump right in my chest and made me miserable all the time. My health was wretched, my system all run down, and I worried so much my nerves were fast giving way under the strain. The least little excitement would completely upset me, and I would almost jump out of my chair at the ringing of the doorbell. I couldn't hardly sleep at all, but would roll and toss from one side of the bed to the other all night long. I had no life nor strength and was as limp as a rag and too weak to do anything about the house. I was fast going down hill and thought if I didn't find relief soon, I would become a nervous and physical wreck.

"One of my neighbors told me about Tanlac and advised me to try it, and I was certainly surprised to find I was getting better almost from the first dose. I am now on my second bottle, and am fast overcoming my nervousness, so that I now sleep fine every night and get up in the morning feeling stronger and better than I have in a long time. I have a splendid appetite and eat anything I want and am never bothered by indigestion at all. I am improving every day and am going to keep on with Tanlac as long as it does me as much good as it is doing now."

Tanlac is sold in London by Standard Drug, Limited, under the direction of a special representative, and by an established agency in every town.

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

Help Yourself!—

It's delightful—a beautiful, light layer cake chocolate iced and chocolate filled, having the real, rich chocolate flavour.

It's ever so simple to make—just follow directions in recipes and you will be rewarded with the daintiest and most tasty layer cake you ever baked.

CAUTION!—Be sure it's Cowan's Perfection Cocoa you use—no other gives such a perfect chocolate color or so pleasing a taste. Remember the name.

COWAN'S COCOA—

"Perfection Brand" Purest and Best

A-64

TRY THESE RECIPES.

COCOA ICING.

4 teaspoonfuls Cowan's Perfection Cocoa
2 cups icing sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cold water.
3 tablespoonfuls hot water
½ teaspoonful vanilla.

Place the cocoa in a saucepan and mix with cold water until of a perfectly smooth appearance. The hot water is then added and the whole is then cooked from 1 to 2 minutes. Add the flavoring and a pinch of salt. Enough sugar should then be added to make the whole mixture sufficiently stiff to spread evenly. To ensure against lumps beat these ingredients until smooth and glossy. Should the mixture be too thick a little cold water may be added, and, on the other hand, add a little sugar if not sufficiently thick.

COCOA FILLING.

½ cup Cowan's Perfection Cocoa
¾ cup sugar
3 tablespoonfuls milk
1 egg
2 teaspoonfuls butter
1 teaspoonful vanilla
Pinch of salt

The whole should be cooked in a double boiler till the substance thickens. Care should be taken to stir constantly. Now cool the mixture and add the flavoring. About 1 cup of nuts or cocoanut in the same proportion, or even mixed fruits, make a splendid addition to this filling.

Cowan's Products Always Preferred. Write for Cowan's Dainty Recipe Book on Cakes and Desserts—mailed free.

SILENT TRIBUTE TO EARL GREY'S MEMORY BY C. N. E. DIRECTORS

Toronto, Aug. 29.—"The Canadian National Exhibition never had a better friend than the late Earl Grey," said President Marshall in proposing a toast to the memory of the former governor-general of Canada, who died in London, England, this morning.

The assembly stood in silence at the midday luncheon of the C. N. E. directors as the toast was honored.

Hon. W. D. McPherson, speaking for the Ontario Government, said that he was sure he was voicing the sentiments of the people of the province to say that they were in the great fight to the last man and the last dollar in defence of the most magnificent Empire the world had ever seen.

"Of the 426,000 odd who have volunteered for overseas, Ontario has the satisfaction of having enlisted 86,000. They have been voluntary enlistments, and no such example of cheerful willingness to serve has ever been exhibited before in the history of the world. In due course many of those who are now absent will return, and in their absence it is our duty to make adequate preparation for their return."

A. E. Donovan, M.P.P., and Lloyd Harris of Brantford, a member of the military hospitals commission, were the other speakers at the luncheon. Mr. Harris briefly reviewed the work of the military hospitals commission. He stated that the commission had now 10,000 beds in Canada in hospitals connected with the care of the returned soldiers. When the Whitby Hospital was finished there would be 1,200 beds, and possibly room for 1,700 returned soldiers. In a short time the Toronto Base Hospital would be taken over by the commission.

THOUGHT CHILD WAS DYING.

"CHOLERA INFANTUM"

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURED HER.

Mothers should look well after their children during the hot summer months, as this is the time of the year this trouble is most prevalent. It begins with a profuse diarrhoea, the stomach becomes irritated, vomiting and purging set in, and the child rapidly loses flesh, and becomes weak, prostrated and languid.

Mrs. B. A. Cirwell, Rossway, N. S., writes: "I can recommend, most highly, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. A friend of mine whose little daughter was ill with cholera infantum was given up by the doctors. The little one's mother asked me to come in and see the child. I told her I had a bottle of "Dr. Fowler's" and asked her if she would try it. When the bottle was half-used the child was well. This cure was a miraculous one, for I thought the child was dying at the time."

There is nothing can take the place of Dr. Fowler's.

There is nothing just as good.

Do not accept a substitute, and thus endanger your life.

The original is 35c per bottle, and put up only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

LEST USED IN OVERT ACT

Fourteen Cases Left Over on Quebec Job.

STE. CLOTHILDE DE CHATEAUGUAY, Que., Aug. 29.—Fourteen cases of dynamite, which had been left on a farm in connection with the deepening of the channel here, the work having been temporarily suspended, have been dumped into the river by Government inspectors, in order to make certain that the dynamite shall not be used for any overt purpose anywhere. Twenty-five cases were removed by the contractor, when the work ceased.

Dr. Mahan's Regulators

are what you need. They clear the stomach of bile, and tone liver and bowels, thereby placing the whole system in a healthy, vigorous condition. An efficient laxative that will not gripe. ONLY 25c AT ALL DRUGGISTS'. w

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective June 1, 1917.

To Port Stanley—*5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20, *11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, †2:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20 p.m. Saturdays only, July and August, 11:20 p.m.

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

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

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

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

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Aug. 31.

Traction Company

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

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CAUTION—While Saltogyn has given excellent results in the treatment of nervous indigestion, it should not be taken longer than five days at a time by those who are not willing to gain at least ten pounds in weight.

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