

LUMBY'S SURE SINUS HEALER MARVELOUS DISCOVERY!!

Mr. George Lumby, formerly of Guelph but now resident in Toronto has applied for patent rights for a new process, which he claims, will revolutionize post-war surgery.

Some of our greatest surgeons have been battling for



years, trying to discover some cure for wounds which will not heal. In some cases they were successful but in others they were not.

Mr. Lumby, realizing the crying need for a dependable remedy and having long and continuous experience with an open wound, started experimenting and has finally brought out "LUMBY'S SURE SINUS HEALER"

The inventor describes it as a piece of rubber, cut from an old bicycle tire which fastened over the wound with a special preparation of Goo or cement effectually seals the opening and prevents all discharge.

Mr. Lumby is at home to prospective purchasers from 7 to 9 P.M. at his home on the D.O.H. roof

I LIKE PUMPKIN PIES -
WHAT OFFERS - APPLY
FRENCHY - ROOF WARD -

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Hamilton-Mills Weekly
Dear (?) Editor :-

In the paper for Sept 11th you tell everybody I'm a crook for sell bead bags too high. Maybe you think they cost not much to make? Maybe you think beads cost nothing at the bead foundry. Eh? To make bead bags needs beaucoup brains, so it aint like writing a newspaper - all you do is find out what aint true and write lies about it. I only charge what they're worth. Just like your paper. Comprenez-vous? If I would make bags like you draw pictures of me, I would go into the fish business. I hope you print this.

Yours until you do
Franchy

The man muttered something under his breath and hoisted one kid up, catching the slack of his trousers on the top of a picket fence where he hung like an animated jumping jack, then sat down on the kerb yanked the other hopeful across his knee and treated him to an excellent example of the modern application of "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child"

He finished that one, changed him for the one on the fence and repeated the dose, then taking them by the hand again he walked majestically down the street with his still bawling but quite tractable charges floundering in his wake.

Now if any of our readers happen to see a similar occurrence, don't call a policeman or interfere yourself. The man is Mr. Frank Sharp, one-time secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at the D.O.H., carrying out his new duties in connection with the Juvenile Court, and he seems able to cope with his difficulties