

London Advertiser

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LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, Dec. 18.

CONSCRIPTION NOT WANTED.

Under pressure, doubtless, from the Union cabinet at Ottawa, Major-Gen. Mewburn has hastened to deny the report that he is calling for a measure of conscription for the permanent force and militia in Canada. The result is that the military enthusiasts who hastened to commend his view are left rather flat on their backs. If there is one thing that the Unionist cabinet will not place in its platform at the present time it is conscription for the militia, or for the permanent force, either, for that matter. It is a world weary of militarism that is starting out now on the task of rebuilding what war-mad militarists have broken down. Neither Canada, nor any other civilized country, for that matter, is in the mood just now to lead to another war.

It is only a few days ago Ottawa reported that the estimates for the militia department for next year would be \$25,000,000. The report was officially denied, but there is little doubt that the military bureaucracy at Ottawa are after this amount, or more. If they can get it. To do what? To maintain the militia, we are told, and to give the young men of Canada proper physical training. If one may judge by the character of militia expenditure in 1914, and before, the share that was devoted to actual militia training and the physical improvement of young Canada show up rather slimly beside the amount spent on maintaining a vastly over-manned department at Ottawa, with inspectors, deputy inspectors and deputy-deputy inspectors for this, that and everything the country over, traveling in style, and all landing pickings in the shape of allowances for house, for fuel, for clothing, for horse-keep, and what not; not to mention such extravaganzas as the building of political drill halls at cross-roads, and the sending of de luxe parties of officers on joy-rides to Europe. Canada is pretty familiar with the militia department and its ways. The era of Sam Hughes was a heyday for the honorary colonels and their lesser lights, and before the department of today gets any \$25,000,000 there will be a demand to know how it is going to spend it.

At the present time a young man, sick and under doctor's care, lies in London jail. What is his offence? Simply that he neglected, or was unable, according to his own statement, to comply with a red-tape technicality of some military martinet. That young man served his country, offered his life, if need be, on Flanders fields, but he will probably spend this Christmas in a county jail, where he will have time to consider carefully the ideals for which he went to war, and may also compare a Christmas in jail with a Christmas in the trenches. The Great War Veterans' Association have taken up this case, as they have had occasion to take up other cases of somewhat similar character before this, and they may be counted upon to see this thing through. One can hardly think that any officer who himself saw France would be responsible for this kind of military justice, and local officers, to their credit, asked the court to be lenient. But the young man is still in jail while Ottawa thinks it over. Most of us associate this sort of thing with Germany and its Zabern incidents. We rather prided ourselves, too, that it was to wipe out this kind of thing that we entered the war freely and of our own volition. To have the same thing arising in our own land is rather a shock.

Canada is no pacifist country. We do not have to tell others what we did in the war. We do not claim to have won it, do not even say very often what share we think we had in winning it. We prefer to let others make that estimate. And just because we are that kind of a people, and because we honor every man who fought or served, but refuse absolutely to deliver ourselves up to any military autocrats or bureaucrats, we will have something to say about what the measure of our service in the future shall be, who shall dictate it, and what its character shall be.

THE HEALTH OF THE SOUL.

Sanitation has grown in a few years from a fad to a science. Precautions that are common today in every civilized home used to be considered as the absurd requirements of foolish old men. The compound microscope has assembled the facts concerning preventable disease. The practical test given to modern medicine by the Japanese in the war with Russia is impressive. The abolition of yellow fever in Panama was corroborative. The testimony of sanitary practice in the great war was convincing. Enteric and tetanus, the former terrors of warfare, are definitely conquered. Experiment has proved in both war and peace that life in the open air is both salutary and wholesome. The hygiene of the body has become of commanding importance.

There is also a hygiene of the mind. Educationists have discovered by experiment and investigation that some forms of teaching are unwholesome. The rise of cold intellectualism to a position of dominance was a disaster for Germany and a curse to the world. Much learning, in conjunction with lack of character, has been proven more dangerous than the typhoid-bearing fly or the poisonous mosquito. On the other hand, the superficial education that makes a sentimental, unreal novel the book of the year is causing real alarm to the leaders of the

people. Some day our education may be revised in the light of scientific mental hygiene.

There is a hygiene of the soul. Just as physical hygiene has one object, to adjust the human body to harmonize with the laws of life, so physical sanitation must seek to adjust the soul to the spiritual laws of God. The world has abundant proof of the dangers of insanitary soul-life. The man who knowingly chooses to perform a wrong action, or to accept a low ideal, is destroying himself and endangering the soul as surely as the man who drinks sewage-laden water or who denies the existence of ptomaines. The insanitary soul is even worse than the insanitary mind. Ignorance is less mischievous than crime. Sentimentality is less dangerous than irreverence. Thousands of folk who are deeply concerned about their bodily health live continually in the fetid atmosphere of moral corruption. Some learned persons talk very lightly of national and individual sin. They even question the existence of sin. Perhaps, also, squinting personages may yet be found who deny the existence of typhoid fever or the efficacy of the serum treatment for its prevention.

The Christian church preaches the gospel of soul-sanitation. It is time for the people of Canada to overlook the health of the personality. Is it wise to care for the mortal body and neglect the morsel of immortality that dwells within it?

GEN. PERSHING REPORTS.

Americans who have put an over-emphasis on America's contribution to the triumph should peruse Gen. Pershing's report on the operations of American troops in France. They would be greatly enlightened as to who won the war. The nearest Pershing comes to claiming the supreme honor for his fighters is his statement that American troops arrived in time to shatter the Hun's last drive. Undoubtedly the fine dash of the American soldier helped throw back the enemy with a speed and decisiveness that was spectacular, but from end to end of the long line, British and French forces delivered one terrific blow after another until Ludendorff cried quits. There is no single Allied army that can take credit for the victory beyond that of any other. Combined under the incomparable Foch they swept back the German line. The glory is shared by all.

NO WET SPELL FOR SAM.

Some millions of Americans have been disappointed by the decision of the United States supreme court that war-time prohibition is constitutional. It was expected that judgment would be for the "wets," which would have thrown the bars open until January 17, when constitutional prohibition goes into effect. Only by ratification of the peace treaty between now and January 17 can a relief from the drought be had, and as Congress will adjourn for the holidays, and the Senate shows no indication of an early settlement of the treaty fight, the outlook for those who would have a farewell celebration is not promising. Billions of dollars' worth of booze in various forms had been gathered for the expected wet spell, and unless the owners are able to export this stock they will suffer heavy loss. So great is the accumulation of liquor, it is said, 10,000 freight cars would be required to move it to the Atlantic seaboard. This could not be done without seriously hampering industry and transportation. The liquor manufacturer and dealer took a big chance, and lost.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Do Christmas shopping early and avoid Christmas scrambling later.

There was no truth in the report that the world was to come to an end yesterday.

The powers say the Turks cannot be wiped out, but surely a sufficiently high wall can be constructed to keep them permanently confined.

AN ONTARIO BEAUTY SPOT.

In a county noted for its scenic beauty, picturesque waterfalls, crystal streams and unspoiled rivers, the Rocky Saugeen, where it crosses the Canadian road, has few peers. And the loveliest feature of the place is the romantic Rocky Saugeen Park, owned by Mr. George Shier, whose love of nature and his artistic taste in developing this beauty spot, has done much to develop and enhance what was originally a place richly endowed. The park consists of nine acres of ground covered with rare clumps of twiggy cedars in places, while in others they rear their graceful heads from 50 to 60 feet almost motionless, and straight as an Indian arrow. A silvery streamlet, spanned by many rustic bridges, meanders through the park and falls in a series of cascades into a little cove on the river's bank. The owner has a varied tower garden in an open plain, wide "divers" patches in every direction. Tents group around the central home, which has a history all by itself, being the first school house erected in Durham, 75 years ago. It is fitted to overflowing with all necessary camping utensils and odd-looking specimens; but the rarest item is a fossilized human face. The forehead is high, the face oblong. We think it must have belonged to some politician, as one eye is half closed, the other wide awake, one ear closed, the other intently open; the lips apart, the tongue thrust out, as if it was a long time between drinks. Some think the features bear a striking resemblance to the late Andy Kelly, owing largely to the shape of the nasal organ. With the old grist mill a short distance down the stream, and the power house of the furniture company just above the park, they all combine to make a spot of more than ordinary interest. A Burns or a Scott would immortalize them.

SYMPATHY.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]
Is the way hard and thorny, oh, my brother?
Do tempests beat, and adverse winds blow?
Are you spent, and broken at each nightfall,
Yet with each morn you rise and onward go?
Brother, I know, I know!
I, too, have journeyed so.

In your heart mad with longing, oh, my sister?
Are all great passions in your breast aglow?
Does the white wonder of your own soul blind you?
And are you torn with rapture and with woe?
Sister, I know, I know!
I, too, have suffered so.

Is the road filled with snare and quicksand,
pilgrims?
Do pitfalls lie where roses seem to grow?
And have you sometimes stumbled in the darkness?
And are you bruised and scarred by many a blow?
Pilgrim, I know, I know!
I, too, have stumbled so.

Do you send out rebellious cry, and question,
As mocking hours pass silently and slow?
Does your insistent wherefore bring no answer,
While stars wax pale with watching, and drop
I, too, have questioned so.
But now, I know, I know!
To toil, to strive, to err, to cry, to grow,
To love through all—this is the way to know.

From Here and There

CHRISTMAS CANADIAN.

The Christmas issue of The Canadian Magazine is attractive in cover and contents, this publication being the first to secure the rights of publishing the names and verse of the prizewinners in the national literary competition. "Christ as Poet" is a new and appealing subject in an article from the pen of Dr. J. Logan. The illustrations, always choice, are very beautifully chosen and reproduced in this issue.

REGRETS.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]
Life's poetry is turned to prose
These are the days of my regret.
All withered is the red, red rose
You gave me yesterday.

All tarnished is the little ring,
And even the lock of hair
Is now a dull and dusty thing
That once was gold and fair!

'Tis natural it should be so,
And therefore should we weep?
That poetry was not, you know,
That rose was very cheap!

The ring was only plated brass,
And that same shining dress
You could replace today, my lass,
For eighty cents or less.

Our tender love might still remain
Unalterably true;
But oh, we must confess with pain
That it was phony, too!

IT WAS EVER THUS.

The boat drifted out on the sunset sea. The man and the maiden were silent and a little sad. His leave was ended; the time for parting had come. "Dearest," he breathed softly, "will you float with me always—on the sea of life?" "The same as now," she whispered. "The same as now," he said. "I will, gladly," she cried. "He was rowing, doing all the hard work, she had the helm—the steering."

ENGLAND GOES ON.

[New York Sun.]
There is no wild excitement in London over the exchange situation, with the American dollar at a high premium. It is no more in London to jack up the pound sterling against the law of nature. There is no hallucination in London as to what will turn the adverse exchange rate. There is no doubt that it will turn when the time comes for it to turn soundly and surely.

Steady old England, tried in a thousand financial and economic tests, as tried on a thousand battlefields, knows that every day British exports go up; knows that if British imports go up it is only because they are being brought in to be manufactured and sold abroad again at very much higher prices than the imported material cost. England knows that though she may be selling part of these exports on credit, the date of settlement draws nearer every day. England knows that when her foreign freight bills, for interest charges, her dividend returns and her overseas trade profits come home, she will find them all in reality. She knows that the pound sterling, when it rises, perhaps goes more swiftly than it fell. And England, wise old trader, knows that with the pound sterling down she can sell more goods the world over than this country can with the dollar up. So keeping cool, and with an eye always to the main chance, England, the veteran, watches turbidly the exchange rates and sells the goods.

ROD AND GUN.

Away down the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia lives Bonnycastle Lake, the well-known naturalist, who contributes interesting articles to Rod and Gun in Canada. A few years ago he lived on the coast of the Pacific Ocean gathering specimens and photos of Canadian wild life. Deceptive issue of Rod and Gun in Canada tells the interesting story of how he spent one Christmas Day amongst the harbor seals, sea urchins and varied water life of the Gulf of Georgia. Other interesting stories and articles include in this issue, "The Keyhole Bullets," by the skilled writer of nature stories, George Gilbert; "In the Basin," by R. C. Haddon; "Silver Tip—A Tale of the Far North," by Robert E. Healey; "The Propagation of Brook Trout," by John W. Rice; in addition to these splendid features Rod and Gun in Canada for December contains the usual high-class fishing, game and trap line departments. W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, publisher.

TO WIGGINS.

[Leonie S. Hanford.]
'T was only a dog after all," they said,
And does 'ave no souls, that's sure!
But the world seems a pretty fair place to me,
Since they carried 'im in 'ere send.

'T was my Pal, and wot did 'e care
For trench mud or wet or cold;
'T was my dog, and 'I'd give 'im my right 'and
For the 'Un wot potted 'im in 'ere send.

'T was my Pal, and wot did 'e care
For trench mud or wet or cold;
'T was my dog, and 'I'd give 'im my right 'and
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CONFETTI.

[Manchester Guardian.]
The Cumberland vicar who protests with very good sense against the throwing of confetti at weddings, protests in point of fact against a usage that nowadays is little more than an example of the kind of practical joke that delights in making people uncomfortable, like an apple-pie or a bowl of water poised on the top of a door. If, as he asserts, there are people so stupid as to throw it before the bride and groom, the confetti, then the believers in this particular piece of exuberance have done more than made an unseemly mess within the four walls that presumably they have every reason to respect and hold sacred. They have also managed to divert the attention of its last shred of national significance. The original English custom was to cast wheat upon the head of the bride in her return from the church, as a happy omen of abundance. In all good things, Herriek, who never missed anything from his garden of the fragrant traditions of the England that he knew, refers to this example of them when he tells the bride how.

Some repeat
Your praise and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat.

For a later day, when unsmiled wheat would be a rarity in most households, confetti presented a not particularly appropriate substitute. Later still the confetti of the French carnival ousted the rice, though in point of any real meaning the onlookers might just as reasonably have insisted on the bride's wearing a false nose. The present usage provides an example of an old English marriage custom degraded almost out of recognition. There are many others that have perished completely, and one or two that have no recognizable vestige left at all. Some years ago a rope stretched across the road by which the bride party returned from church dragged the driver of the first motor car out of his seat, and there was a second in an action of assault in the police court. The stretchers of the rope defended themselves on the ground that "it was an old custom." Very properly the plea went for nothing, for it was observed that nobody else had ever heard of such a custom, and that, if it did exist, it must have dated from a period when the essential difference between a marriage and a funeral was imperfectly apprehended. It would be hard for anyone to defend confetti, throwing with much more success. The wedding guests no longer parcel out the bride's garters between them, nor do they wear bridal favors of ribbons in their hats for a week or two after the ceremony. Is there anything more to be said in favor of confetti, throwing as an omen of plenty—unless, of course, anyone is so extravagant as to manufacture it privately by slicing up treasury notes?

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

BLUFFING.

By Vincent G. Perry.

"Life is made up of bluffs and love is the biggest bluff of all."

Terrance Conway, artist, threw the paper aside and fairly snorted with indignation. For a man with an artistic temperament, Terrance Conway could be aroused.

"Why in heaven's name do newspapers use that line?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Every day the writer of that column comes out with some of the bluffs and love—life is nothing but a bare-faced lie. Life isn't a bluff and love—real love—is the direct opposite to bluff. An epigram like that might pass down to posterity just as did that other fool epigram on love did. The idiot who wrote 'True love never runs smooth' was just as crazy as the idiot who wrote 'Love is the smoothest thing in the world, there's an epigram for you, Mr. Newspaperman, and if you were here I would punch it into your empty head.' He had taken up the newspaper again and was yelling right into it."

Up to that time Conway had no reason to believe that love was anything but smooth and true. It had been so on him so unexpectedly, he was too enamored with it to stop to analyze it. A year before he had not known, or believed, in the existence of such a thing. But even that was before he had met, or known the existence of, Beatrice Flanders.

From the very first time he saw Beatrice, he knew she was different from the other models. Her beauty was there, but there was nothing patched-up or artificial about her. Her innocence, her greatest charm, although her charms were many. Love came as a matter of course. He had not stopped to think who she was, or where she came from; he had told her all about his love and they had become engaged and were happy in the thought of what they were to each other. Certainly, up to that time, their love had run smooth—and it was true love.

It was just two days later that the first rough spot was reached. Tremulously and breathlessly, Beatrice unfolded a confession. She was not a real model at all. In reality she was the daughter of an old and stately family and she had posed as a model just in the spirit of adventure. Her love for Terrance would never be com-

plained by her family, she felt sure of it. What was she to do?

Terrance told her what to do. He told her family where to go. His outburst only shocked her.

"But I owe a debt to my family," she pleaded. "We are rich in blood, but poor otherwise. I must marry a millionaire and save the family from everlasting disgrace."

"Then money comes before love," his tone was harsher than she had ever heard it.

"No, no, love to me is everything; but it is my family. I must consider them."

In vain did he plead, she left in tears, and he sank in a chair and wished he could cry also. For a long, long time he sat there, his mind working in revolutions. Suddenly it stopped upon a bluff.

"\$100,000 IN BILLS TAKEN LAST NIGHT FROM SUBURBAN BANK"

In glaring type these headlines caught Beatrice's eyes the moment she picked up the morning paper. As she read the story of the daring robbery by one lone bandit, a terrible thought entered her mind. What if Terrance had committed that robbery in order to get the wealth she had made him believe was necessary for the man she married to have. They were on his track with bloodhounds. It was terrible, the thought made her shudder. She threw the paper aside in an effort to dispel the suggestion, but it was not so easily dispelled. After nearly an hour's agony of mind she could stand it no longer. Hurriedly, she put on her things and hastened from the house.

At the door that led to Terrance's studio she hesitated. What if the police and bloodhounds had been there first? What if at that moment he was behind prison bars? She could not stand the suspense longer, with a shaking hand she turned the knob and opened the door quickly, just in time to see Terrance crouching under the table, with his head buried in his hands, and a closer glance told her their denouement—Thousand dollar bills! Terrance was spread out on the table, and a closer glance told her their denouement—Thousand dollar bills! Terrance was spread out on the table, and a closer glance told her their denouement—Thousand dollar bills!

"It has all been a bluff—we have both been bluffing," she gasped, as it suddenly dawned upon her.

"Life is a bluff and love is the biggest bluff of all," Terrance found him self repeating.

"True love never runs smooth," Beatrice sighed.

"And yet, love is the truest and the smoothest thing in the world," Terrance added as he placed his arms around her and drew her closer. "Why it's heaven itself."

must go before they come. Oh please hurry," she implored. We can be married before we catch the train, but there's no time for anything else."

The mention of marriage had the desired effect. In less than a minute he had a club bag packed. He was about to close it when Beatrice intercepted. Quickly she gathered the bills on the table into her hands and placed them in the club bag.

"We must not leave these behind for evidence," she said, as she closed the bag. "We can destroy them after we are safe away. Just as they were about to depart Terrance tried to kiss her but she shoved him aside. There was not time for that. As they walked, her brain did all the thinking. It was she who remembered that a license would have to be purchased before they could be married."

Five minutes before the train for the East was scheduled to pull out, they boarded it, happily married. It was a horrible five minutes for Beatrice and she wondered at Terrance's calmness. To make matters worse, in the seat they occupied some one had left a paper with the robbery story in it. Not until they were many miles from the city could Beatrice trust herself to speak, and then she started in to confess brokenly.

"Our engagement had come in such a matter of fact way and everything had been running so smoothly I just didn't think of it," she said. "I tried to tell you about a family to test you," she half-sobbed.

"I had known what it would have led to I would have died sooner than told it. Oh, why did you believe it, and why did you do such a silly thing as to rob that bank? It is all my fault," she was really crying by this time.

"Rob that bank?" he exclaimed incredulously. "What are you talking about?"

She handed him the paper and pointed to the story.

"How brave of you to try and save me misadventure, but the bills in your club bag are the proof," she said when he finished reading.

Not painted these and was going to use them to try and make you believe I was rich," he explained. "This story says that the bills stolen from the bank were of a small denomination."

"It has all been a bluff—we have both been bluffing," she gasped, as it suddenly dawned upon her.

"Life is a bluff and love is the biggest bluff of all," Terrance found him self repeating.

"True love never runs smooth," Beatrice sighed.

"And yet, love is the truest and the smoothest thing in the world," Terrance added as he placed his arms around her and drew her closer. "Why it's heaven itself."

We have many new "His Master's Voice" Records, which voice the Christmas spirit. Stop in any time and we will play these Records for you, as well as any others. Records make splendid Christmas gifts. Write to Mason & Hirsch, Limited, 28 Dundas street.

NEARLY EVERY GIRL CAN MAKE HERSELF PRETTY AND ATTRACTIVE

Some Wholesome Truths That Every Girl Should Think About.

Probably you know just such a girl. Perhaps she is sixteen—good to look at, and pretty—quite interesting because she reflects the graces and charms that give promise of happiness to herself and others. But she is not strong. The color in her cheeks, once rosy, has faded away—her eyes are listless—the buoyancy of spirit and vigor she once possessed are sadly lacking. Parents, friends, this girl needs Perrozene—needs it that her blood may be renewed—needs it to restore the nerve force that growth, study and the development of her fresh youth have exhausted. This girl will become a queen with Perrozene—which will restore her color, bring back her old-time energy—give brightness to her eyes and vivacity to her spirits. In Perrozene every girl finds strength—then she can do things. In Perrozene there is endurance—that drives away morning tiredness and languor. For the girl or woman that wants to be happy, healthy, winning—who values rosy cheeks, laughing eyes and abundant good spirits, nothing can compare with Perrozene; 50¢ per box, or six for \$2.50. Get it today from any dealer in medicine, or by mail from The Catarthozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

London & Port Stanley Railway

Time Table Effective September 8.

To St. Thomas—14:40, 16:20, 17:20, 18:20, 19:20, 20:20, 21:20, 22:20, 23:20, 24:20, 25:20, 26:20, 27:20, 28:20, 29:20, 30:20, 31:20, 32:20, 33:20, 34:20, 35:20, 36:20, 37:20, 38:20, 39:20, 40:20, 41:20, 42:20, 43:20, 44:20, 45:20, 46:20, 47:20, 48:20, 49:20, 50:20, 51:20, 52:20, 53:20, 54:20, 55:20, 56:20, 57:20, 58:20, 59:20, 60:20, 61:20, 62:20, 63:20, 64:20, 65:20, 66:20, 67:20, 68:20, 69:20, 70:20, 71:20, 72:20, 73:20, 74:20, 75:20, 76:20, 77:20, 78:20, 79:20, 80:20, 81:20, 82:20, 83:20, 84:20, 85:20, 86:20, 87:20, 88:20, 89:20, 90:20, 91:20, 92:20, 93:20, 94:20, 95:20, 96:20, 97:20, 98:20, 99:20, 100:20.

To Port Stanley—16:20, 17:20, 18:20, 19:20, 20:20, 21:20, 22:20, 23:20, 24:20, 25:20, 26:20, 27:20, 28:20, 29:20, 30:20, 31:20, 32:20, 33:20, 34:20, 35:20, 36:20, 37:20, 38:20, 39:20, 40:20, 41:20, 42:20, 43:20, 44:20, 45:20, 46:20, 47:20, 48:20, 49:20, 50:20, 51:20, 52:20, 53:20, 54:20, 55:20, 56:20, 57:20, 58:20, 59:20, 60:20, 61:20, 62:20, 63:20, 64:20, 65:20, 66:20, 67:20, 68:20, 69:20, 70:20, 71:20, 72:20, 73:20, 74:20, 75:20, 76:20, 77:20, 78:20, 79:20, 80:20, 81:20, 82:20, 83:20, 84:20, 85:20, 86:20, 87:20, 88:20, 89:20, 90:20, 91:20, 92:20, 93:20, 94:20, 95:20, 96:20, 97:20, 98:20, 99:20, 100:20.

Limited train, London to St. Thomas.

Stockings for cold weather

Buster Brown Stockings will lighten the clothing bill this winter. They are sensible, closely-knit stockings, that will amply protect your boy against the cold, yet can be bought much more reasonably than other winter stockings.

Buster Brown Stockings wear longer—require less mending, too. They're knitted with three-ply heels and toes, and double-ply legs and feet. They give extra wear—they're shaped to fit—and they hold their color.

Get Buster Brown Stockings for your boy or boys this winter. They will lower the clothing account, especially if your family is large.

Ask for Buster Brown durable hosiery—the economical kind.

BUSTER BROWN'S SISTER'S STOCKINGS

are ideal for the girls. Fine quality two-thread English mercerised lisle, in Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White. Splendid wearing, moderately priced.

The Chippewa Hosiery Knitting Co., Limited
Hamilton, Ont.

The BUSTER BROWN STOCKING

