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LONDON, TUESDAY, JAN. 7.

LONDON AND THE YEAR 1912.

When the historian of the city of London takes up his pen he will devote a special chapter to the year 1912. He will be obliged to record that in November the citizens were startled by a project for "scrapping" the London and Port Stanley Railway, and converting it into an electric road at a cost of nearly \$900,000; and that the only evidence in support of it was supplied by two electrical engineers who had had no experience of railway operation.

Furthermore, he will set down that although leading manufacturers, wholesale merchants and jobbers pleaded for time in which to consider the effect of the project upon steam railway facilities necessary to their business, the promoters of the scheme—private citizens—denied the right of the public authorities to institute an inquiry on behalf of the city, and demanded that the taxpayers be forced to vote on the scheme on Jan. 1, 1913, two months after the report saw daylight, with no additional information of an expert character.

He will chronicle the fact that seven members of the City Council stood out against a dictatorship, and declared that it was their duty to heed the protests of the business community, to protect taxpayers against the compulsion of voting without further information, and to engage an expert or experts in railway operation to report on every factor of the problem.

Then our historian will go on to narrate that all the citizens—aldermen, manufacturers, wholesalers, jobbers and shippers—who took this position were daily held up to opprobrium, and accused of a conspiracy to "muzzle the people." He will clip the files of a certain local newspaper to show to what depths this abuse and misrepresentation of leaders of the community was carried.

What he will write of the year 1913 can only be conjectured at this moment.

A BRILLIANT LONDON GRADUATE.

The Western University, on its arts side, as well as on its medical side, has ample reason to be proud of its graduates. On the arts side no more thorough scholar has been graduated than Norman S. B. Gras. During his undergraduate years he lived in London, and his record was both substantial and brilliant. It may not be too much to say that there is not now upon this continent a man of Mr. Gras' years who has any more scholarly attainments than this graduate of the Western University. While here his work was of such a character as to warrant the Harvard University authorities in making an opportunity for him to pursue his course as a post-graduate student. His work at Harvard resulted in rewards and prizes, and not in these alone but in the building of sound scholarship and the acquiring of wise and accurate methods of investigation and research.

Two or three years ago, the Harvard authorities awarded him a "travelling scholarship," which entitled him to spend his time in Great Britain or Europe, investigating such historical subjects of interest and importance as he might desire. Before proceeding there, he was armed through the kindness of the chancellor of the university, Justice R. M. Meredith, and the Minister of Public Works, Hon. Charles S. Hyman, with letters of introduction to Lord Strathcona, Canadian high commissioner, and to others, whereby he was aided in procuring the privilege of examining the original historical documents so wisely and jealously guarded in their several repositories in the old land.

Mr. Gras chose as his subject for investigation "The Origin of the National Customs-Revenue of England." After a scholarly, laborious and able examination of the literature on the subject, followed by a re-examination of the original sources of information already consulted by other and more general investigators, he pushed his inquiry further, and went into a minute examination of the Calendar of Charter Rolls, the Calendar of Close Rolls, the Calendar of Patent Rolls, Rotuli Litterarum Patentium, Rotuli Litterarum Clausarum, Rotuli Chartarum, the King's Remembrancer, the Customs Accounts of the Exchequer, the Pipe Rolls, and about 25,000 Port books. Much of this original material had been examined before, particularly by Hall and Dowell, but not with such a single eye to the constitutional history of the customs revenue.

Some of the results of Mr. Gras' work have been published in the last number of the Quarterly Journal of Economics. He has challenged upon

the original evidence, and with evident success, some of the conclusions of such renowned scholars as Bishop Stubbs, and Hall, who published his extensive "History of the Customs-Revenue" in 1885. He has produced a very able and useful piece of work, and one which well fits into the present stage of historical economic investigation. The very choice of the subject shows a broad appreciation of the world position of economic and social study at the moment, and enables Mr. Gras to add something to the sum of human knowledge rather than to ruminate, as is too much the fashion of late. His work helps immensely in an understanding of how England (and inferentially, how other nations) developed from the local to the national economy. Mr. Gras will be an important link in the chain of investigators who are melting and will soon completely dissolve the doctrines of Rousseau's "Social Contract," and of that school of political philosophers whose writings group themselves fore and aft of the works of that brilliant though unhistorical Frenchman.

All friends of the Western University congratulate Mr. Gras on his able work, and each alumnus is a whit prouder of his alma mater because of a fellow-student's achievement.

THE LOCAL OPTION CONTESTS.

The voting on the local option by-laws shows no recession of the temperance wave. Undoubtedly the great majority of the electors of the province are against the continuance of the barroom. Communities here and there stand outside the main current of public sentiment, but they are few in comparison with the whole number. In Monday's voting, 47 municipalities gave majorities for license abolition, and 10 gave majorities against, so far as heard from. Complete returns will not appreciably change this proportion. Out of 20 repeal contests, only one succeeded. In only five of these municipalities did the by-laws fail to be sustained by majority votes—in one case by one vote, in another by nine votes.

At this writing the returns show that the bylaw carried in 24 municipalities, but failed in 23 other municipalities to get the necessary three-fifths vote, though it had majorities in all. According to present reckoning, there were majorities in 47 municipalities for the extinction of 181 barrooms, but 110 of these barrooms were saved by the three-fifths clause. It is not hard to understand why the authors of that clause have had the unfailing support of the liquor interests.

In Middlesex County the anti-barroom forces had a majority in every contested municipality. The hotel licenses were wiped out in the village of Wardville and in London and Delaware Townships and the movement for repeal defeated in the town of Stratford and the townships of Adelaide and Lobo. In Glencoe and Parkhill there were substantial majorities for abolition, but they could not overcome the three-fifths handicap.

The temperance people got their worst reverses in Hamilton and St. Thomas, where license reduction was defeated by large majorities. Against these were the second failure of the repeal movement in Owen Sound, and the majority of 476 for abolition in the city of Peterboro, though here again the three-fifths clause prevailed.

The big stick of the Minister of Power failed to frighten Stratford, too.

The three-fifths clause did so well for the barroom that it deserves a bartender's license.

Perhaps if the tax reform advocates had given it another name they would have had more success with Sir James Whitney. He instinctively bristles at the very word "reform."

Framing a tariff for the mother country is a new duty some British statesmen would thrust on the self-governing Dominions. Every Britisher who didn't like the result would then blame it on the Dominions. Some of the so-called Empire cementers have a strange brand of cement.

The British Medical Association's strike against the British Insurance Act has failed, because thousands of members of a profession noted for its humanity refused to strike against a measure for the benefit of the masses. Lloyd George has again triumphed in a contest upon which his enemies built their fondest hopes of checkmating him.

The Premier of Australia says he will not place a representative on the Committee of Imperial Defence. He has a shrewd notion that too much machinery will not tend to the smooth co-operation of the various parts of the British Empire. No one in Australia will call him a traitor for holding this opinion. This sort of politics is a Canadian specialty.

The Democrats in Congress have begun the revision of the tariff. "Big Business" may try to precipitate a panic to frighten the House or the Senate into timid measures, but business conditions, under the stimulus of a bumper crop, are decidedly healthy. At the time of the last spell of depression coinciding with Democratic tariff legislation, between 1892 and 1896, the financial system of the country had been run down by an overdose of silver. There is no such virus in the blood this time to help the panic-mongers.

REMOTE CALGARY.

Two or three years ago, Mr. Arthur Stringer did his country very genuine service by running down some of the

"Canadian fakirs," who, for the sake of furnishing American readers with stories to their liking, were spreading all kinds of wrong ideas about the Dominion. He should turn his attention to Mr. Edward Lyell Fox, who, in a story in the Red Book entitled "The Quitter," has this as his first paragraph: "Into the remote Calgary newspaper had come. The Boston Globe it was, crumpled and torn, yellowish in damp spots, smudged with run ink—a vagrant cast down beside the tracks. Days before some passenger had thrown it from the observation platform of the Vancouver express—thrown it when the engine, hot with thirst, had stopped at a lonely tank in the bush."

There was never red on the cover of the Red Book, or anywhere else, that could compare with the red which the average Calgary citizen saw when he perused the above.

SAFER ON THE SIDEWALKS.

Baker—In five years you won't see a horse on the street.
Wayburn—Yes, they would be safer on the sidewalks.

A RAPID COUNTER.

Willie was wakeful, and his mother told him to count and keep on counting until he went to sleep. All was quiet for about an hour, when he called: "Mamma."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"What comes after trillions?"

AN ANATOMICAL FACT.

Doctor (to small boy, aged 4)—"Put your tongue out, please."
The little protruded the tip of his tongue.

"No, no; put it right out."

"I can't, doctor. I'm the distressed reply, 'It's fastened on to me.'"

OUT OF GASOLINE.

Mother—Tommy, if you're pretending to be an automobile, I wish you'd run over to the store and get some butter.

Tommy—I'm sorry, mother, but I'm all out of gasoline.

TAMED AS IT WERE.

"He'll make a good husband for somebody," said the young woman gravely.

"My dear girl," said the grass widow, "I'd have you understand that good husbands are made, not born."

NO ROOM.

"Bertie," said the hospitable hostess at a Sunday School treat, "won't you eat some more cookies?"

"I can't, I'm full!" sighed Bertie.

"Well, then, put some in your pockets."

"I can't. They're full, too," was the regretful answer.

POOR MAN!

Colonel Roosevelt says it costs him \$10 a day for postage. He must be writing letters explaining how it all happened.

OUT OF THE QUESTION, SAYS TRUTH.

[Truth, London, England.]
But there are two sides to this transaction, one of which seems to have been wholly lost sight of in the torrent of hysterical gush with which the Canadian gift has been received. It is out of the question that we can accept the assistance of the overseas dominions in defending the United Kingdom. To do this would be an ignominious confession of decadence; and would place the mother country in an impossible position in relation to her dependencies.

Joint contributions must inevitably lead to joint control and joint control of foreign policies as well as of mere admiralty business. There ought to be no misapprehension on this point, for Mr. Borden has been careful to insist upon it in making his announcement. To arrive at a satisfactory arrangement for the joint control of foreign policy by the home and colonial governments, especially if this control is to extend to the power of declaring war, is beyond the wit of statesmanship.

The crisis of foreign policy out of which the resort to armed forces arises cannot be dealt with by anything in the shape of a deliberative assembly representing various interests; nor is it possible to conceive that the people of the United Kingdom will ever allow the issues of peace and war to be decided for them by any other authority than the Government, which they create and which is responsible to them.

THE INTERROGATOR.

[Washington Star.]
He asked strange questions as a child:
To answer them they tried in vain.
With airs superior he smiled
As they endeavored to explain.
Now, full grown, with a polished brow,
He brings up "problems" strange, forsooth
He asks more foolish questions now
Than in his very early youth.

Could Not Sleep Well For Four Years.

HEART AND NERVES WERE BAD.

To the thousands of people who toss on a sleepless pillow night after night, or who pace the bedroom floor with nerves unbinged, heart action wrong, and to whose eye sleep will not come, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills offer the blessing of sound, refreshing slumber.

They restore the equilibrium of the deranged nerve centres and correct the wrong action of the heart.

Mrs. Wm. Douglas, Thessalon, Ont., writes:—"I am going to send you my testimonial for what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills did for me. For four years I could not sleep well at night, as my heart and nerves were so bad. I tried all the doctors here, but none of them helped me. I read of your Heart and Nerve Pills, and tried only a few boxes, and I can certainly say they did me a great amount of good. I can now sleep as well as ever, and can advise anyone who suffers from heart trouble to try them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents a box; 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Political Satire In a Novel

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

It was Disraeli who invented the political novel. "Coningsby" was such a clever ensemble of political portraits that it has always stood as the classic example of this species of the novel of manners. There have been numerous imitations of Disraeli's masterpiece, and Mrs. Humphry Ward has produced probably the best stories of this class in our day, but it has always seemed strange to me that there have not been more successful attempts in recent years to develop this form of satire. When we do run across political novels they are by second-rate writers; the big guns, among English writers at any rate, avoid satire and satisfy themselves in the lists of Venus, perhaps because they feel that the general public have no very impetuous appetite for Coningsby horrors.

It is, therefore, interesting to chronicle the appearance of an English novel which sports characters well known to this generation, real characters who are engaged in the whirl of politics at Westminster. This new political satire is by Mr. H. H. Munro and is entitled "The Unbearable Basingstoke" (John Lane, London). Mr. Munro has changed the names of his characters slightly, but the majority of English, and even Canadian, readers will be able to guess the originals of Sir Edward Roan, the Liberal foreign secretary; Lady Caroline Bonares, the elderly Socialist aristocrat; or Sherard Blaw, the dramatist, Courtney Troughal, M. P., is described as "the young man whose knowledge of the middle east was an embarrassment to ministers at question time, and in debate."

This brilliant, cynical young man, we are told, is able to give Sir Edward, the foreign secretary, a hot time in the Commons, on the question of Persia, so that it is quite likely that Lord Curzon is the original, for he is generally regarded as an authority on the Middle East. As Youghal shares with Lady Caroline the satirical splendors of this novel, let us look at the dreaded foe of Sir Edward through our novelist's spy-glass. "He is," we are told, "a political spinster, who seems absurdly youthful to a generation that has never heard of Pitt. It was Youghal's ambition—or perhaps his hobby—to infuse into the grayness of modern political life some of the color of Disraelian dandyism, tempered with the correctness of Anglo-Saxon taste, and supplemented by the flashes of wit that were inherent from the Celtic strain in him. His success was only a half measure."

"The public missed in him that touch of blarney which it looks for in its rising public men; the decorative smoothness of his chestnut-golden hair and the lively sparkle of his epigrams were counted to him for good, but the restrained symptomatousness of his waistcoats and cravats were as wasted efforts."

"If he had habitually smoked cigarettes in a pink coral mouthpiece or worn spats of Mackenzie tartan, the great heart of the voting man and the gush of the paragraph-makers might have been unreservingly his."

This is clever enough, but Mr. Munro scores highest when he draws a portrait of Lady Caroline, the aristocratic Socialist:

"Lady Caroline Bonares had reached that age when you can say and do what you like in defiance of people's most sensitive feelings and most cherished antipathies. Not that she had waited to attain her present age before pursuing that line of conduct; she came of a family whose individual members went through life, from the nursery to the grave, with as much tact and consideration as a cactus hedge might show in going through a crowded bathing tent."

"It was a compensating mercy that they disagreed rather more among themselves than they did with the outside world; every known variety and shade of religion and politics had been pressed into the family service to avoid the possibility of any agreement on the larger essentials of life, and such a looked-for happenings as the home rule schism, the tariff reform upheaval, and the suffragette crusade were thankfully seized on as furnishing occasion for further differences and subdivisions."

"Lady Caroline's favorite scheme of entertaining was to bring jarring and antagonistic elements into close contact and play them off remorselessly one against the other."

"One gets much better results under these circumstances," she used to observe, "than by asking people who wish to meet each other. Few people talk so brilliantly to impress a friend as they do to depress an enemy."

Lady Caroline, says Mr. Munro, was a professed Socialist in politics, but it was believed, because she was thus enabled to disagree with most of the Liberals and Conservatives, and all the other Socialists of the day. She did not permit her Socialism, however, to penetrate below stairs; her cook and butler had every encouragement to be individualists. She is in reality a sort of female Bernard Shaw. This is why Mr. Munro makes her disagree with Sherard Blaw, the dramatist. It is amusing to hear her say that she regards Bernard (or Sherard) as somewhat out of date.

The whole of the Sherard Blaw school of discursive drama suggests, to my mind early Victorian furniture in a travelling circus," she declares. "However, you will always have relays of people from the suburbs to listen to the storking Bird of yesterday, and sincerely imagine it is the harbinger of something new and revolutionary."

On seeing the noted dramatist entering the theatre, Lady Caroline turns to a silver-haired archdeacon who sits beside her and wittily remarks:—"They say the poor man is haunted by the fear that he will die during a general election, and that his obituary notices will be seriously curtailed by the space taken up by the election report. The curse of our party system, from his point of view, is that it occupies so much room in the press."

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January the Month of Bargains

AT

CHAPMAN'S

CHINA SALE

1/2-Price Wednesday

Sale of Fine French, Austrian and German China on Wednesday and following days. China must be sold before the improvements take place. Everyone knows what golden opportunity this is, because we have held many similar half-price China events. Tables will be laden with handsome pieces of China—Chocolate Sets, Fruit Stands, Salad Bowls, Steins, Tankards, Tea Sets, Sugar and Creams, Jugs, Fancy Plates, Syrup Jugs, Bread and Celery Trays, and a host of other China novelties at half price.

Regular 50c Articles for 25c	Regular \$2.00 Articles for \$1.00
Regular \$1.00 Articles for 50c	Regular \$3.00 Articles for \$1.50
Regular \$1.50 Articles for 75c	Regular \$5.00 Articles for \$2.50
Regular \$10.00 Articles for	\$5.00

Sale starts at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Dinner Sets will be put on sale a few days later.

Embroidery Sale

150 pieces White Muslin Embroidery Edgings and Insertions, fine goods, narrow and wide widths. Bought at a great bargain and will be put on sale at HALF PRICE.

January Linen Sale

Additional bargains for the second week of the January Linen Sale.

TABLE CLOTHS—Heavy three-quarter bleached linen, dice pattern, border all round, size 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 yards. Nice for breakfast or kitchen tables. On sale, each 50c

TOWELS—Heavy figured huck, beautiful drying towel, hemmed ready for use, size 19x42 inches. Worth 25c each. January Sale price 19c

TABLE CLOTHS—Pure linen damask, in floral and conventional patterns, border all round, hemmed ready for use. Size 2x2 1/2 yards. January Sale price \$1.69

TOWELLING—500 yards Oatmeal Crash Towelling, pure linen; white stripe, 17 inches wide. Extra special, a yard 8 1/2c
12 yards \$1.00.

\$9.50 is the Reduced Price for Making a Ladies' Man-Tailored Suit

J. H. CHAPMAN & CO., 239-243 Dundas Street

Plucky little Stratford stood up to Mr. Beck, and refused to turn down the C. N. R. London may learn something from the Classic City.

We haven't heard about any of these new citizens registering a good, old-fashioned taxpayers' kick yet.

And, of course, no one will be rude enough to refer to Pottersburg as a "mere adjunct" of the city of London.

The only thing about these commuters—they haven't learned to vote right yet. But they are due for an awakening.

A great day for the little old oaken bucket, wasn't it?

Many a man had a local option contest with himself on Jan. 1, and some have not voted for repeal yet.

It would be interesting to know what Publicity Commissioner Henderson thinks of the C. N. R. proposal. Won't you oblige, Mr. Henderson?

The next expert to be hired by Mr. Beck to look over the electrocution report should be an alienist.

Mr. Beck opposed the C. N. R. in Stratford, and the C. N. R. won by 432 majority.

Somebody greased the plank at Stratford, too.

Adam is not a man of adamant, after all.

No, Mortimore, it is not true that Mr. Glaubitz's little old last year's car is to be "scrapped," and sold for \$25,000.

Out and In.

"I'm out for a ride," the motorist cried as he hurried away with glee;

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once, and as certainly cure you. See a box at J. H. Chapman & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

IF CONSTIPATED OR BILIOUS—"CASCARETS"

Headache, Sour Stomach, Biliousness and Bad Taste Gone By Morning.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gases, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fears, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret tonight will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing, too.

Mrs. Whitney's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething. But PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, DELAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold all over the world.

RIGHT SIDE UP.

[Saskatoon Phoenix.]

Sir James Whitney, premier of Ontario, is sore at some members of his party, who, he declares, wish to turn things upside down generally. But perhaps Sir James is twisted in his criticism. It is just possible the people he disagrees with are only trying to turn things right side up.

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once, and as certainly cure you. See a box at J. H. Chapman & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

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