

A Graded Out-Door Prison

If It Were Sought To Devise an Institution Which Should Effectively Prevent The Growth of The Power of Self Control in Men No Better Contrivance Than a Modern Prison Could be Found

smort in disgust as he reads this—if he does. The reader no doubt thinks we are being a bit... esty of our nature, the reader doubts our word. But fortunately we have court records to back us up; for our friend sued the brewery for damages. You see, the brewers used to throw out their used malt and the lees of the beer-vats in a huge pile, just back of our friend's fence. One day an enterprising young rooster whose moral upbringing had been neglected, hopped over the fence and tried some of the malt. It tasted good. Little did he know, poor bird, that he was getting in to the clutches of the Demon Rum. He ate fermented malt till he couldn't jam down another grain. Did it go to his head? Didn't it—dear reader, that young rooster accumulated the loveliest load of lush, the most beautiful and bountiful "bum" ever seen in that district—and it is a district rather famous for its "buns."

A CHILD DOESN'T LAUGH AND PLAY IF CONSTIPATED

If Peevish, Feverish and Sick, Give "California Syrup of Figs"

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once. When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given. Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the food waste, sour bile, and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle. Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company."

that would have filled half the population of Bavaria with envy. Life for them became one big "bum" after another. Instead of hopping cheerfully from bed at the first peep of dawn, those chickens slept in till noon. They didn't care who got the early worm. Then they piled over the fence to the malt pile, and stayed right there till closing time and after. They stayed, in fact, till our friend went over and carried them back. He said it made him feel like a police van on the Twelfth of July. Nothing could keep those hens away from the booze. Our friend built the fence higher; but they dug a tunnel under it. When he blocked that up, they flew over into the neighbors' yards and got around that way. They would even go out by his front gate and walk around the block, coming staggering back all hours of the night in a way that would give any house a bad name. Finally, he sued the brewery for alienating his hens' affections—they only laid one egg in three months, and when our friend tried to eat it it went to his head. But the Judge said that a man who kept hens in town should be shut up somewhere and have his property managed for him.

"I Was In It"

(Halifax Chronicle) The inaugural speech which M. Clemenceau delivered the other day, as prime minister of France, has much in it of exceeding interest and instruction to Canadians at this time. The overwhelming vote of confidence which the chamber extended to him at the close of his address indicates quite clearly that his sentiments are those of the French deputies and that for the moment, at least, France is united behind him. "Even the ranks of 'Tassany' in the persons of the Socialists, 'could scarce forbear to cheer,' and the vote, 418 to 66, is evidence that opposition from that source is not great at the moment. Speaking of the duty of France, Premier Clemenceau said: "The single, simple duty is to stand by the soldier, to live and fight for him, to renounce everything that is not of the Fatherland. Let everything today be blended, the claims of the front and the duty of the rear. Let every zone be the zone of war. All civilized nations are engaged in the same battle."

Like President Wilson, the premier of France visualizes, not merely an army of soldiers, but a nation of soldiers, for he said: "Those silent soldiers of the workshops, deaf to evil suggestions; those peasants bending over the land, those women at their toil; those children who bring them aid—these are our 'politis,' who, thinking later on of the great work, may say, like those of the trenches, 'I was in it.'"

Later on in his great address, he said: "There have been mistakes. Let us pair them. There have been crimes. Let us punish them. That is our policy. No more pacifist campaigns; no more German intrigues; neither treason nor emi-treason. Justice is on the way." Canadians would do well to think carefully over these extracts from the French premier's speech. They are point and meaning for us, as well as for the nation to which they were addressed. Before we proceed further along the path of dissent, upon which we have set foot, it would be well for us to pause and think whether it leads and what its end may be. Of course, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier has said, "If we lose this war, nothing else matters," but we are not going to lose this war, and it matters very much indeed to us now and for the future what part we shall have in the winning of it. Whatever comes, it must be a worthy part, a part to the full of our ability. We cannot falter now. Nobody in this country or out of it can truthfully say that we have yet approached our maximum of effort. We must go on until the end, cost what it may. And when the day of victory comes, as come it will, let us hope that each one of us will be able to say with our gallant allies, the French—"I was in it."

OVER 40 YEARS ON THE ROAD

The name of W. G. Reid of Hamilton, Ont., is a familiar one to thousands throughout the Dominion. For over forty years Mr. Reid has seen service as a commercial traveller. A letter recently received from him indicates how he suffered from Rheumatism, and at last found relief. Read this letter: Hamilton, Ont. "About four years ago I wrote you of my condition from Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble and my efforts through travel and change of climate to rid myself of these unwelcome guests, and how I only found relief in Gin Pills after spending a lot of time and money in foreign lands. Since then Gin Pills have been my sheet anchor. I find in advancing years a tendency of the kidneys to get out of order more easily than formerly but a few doses of Gin Pills puts them right and wards off other more serious trouble. I feel it not only a duty but a pleasure to recommend Gin Pills for Kidney and Bladder Troubles to my thousands of personal friends throughout Canada to whom I am well known as a commercial traveller of over forty years' service."

Yours truly, (Signed) W. G. Reid. A sample of Gin Pills sent free upon request to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, or to the U. S. address—Na-Dru-Co Inc., 208 Main St. Buffalo, N.Y.

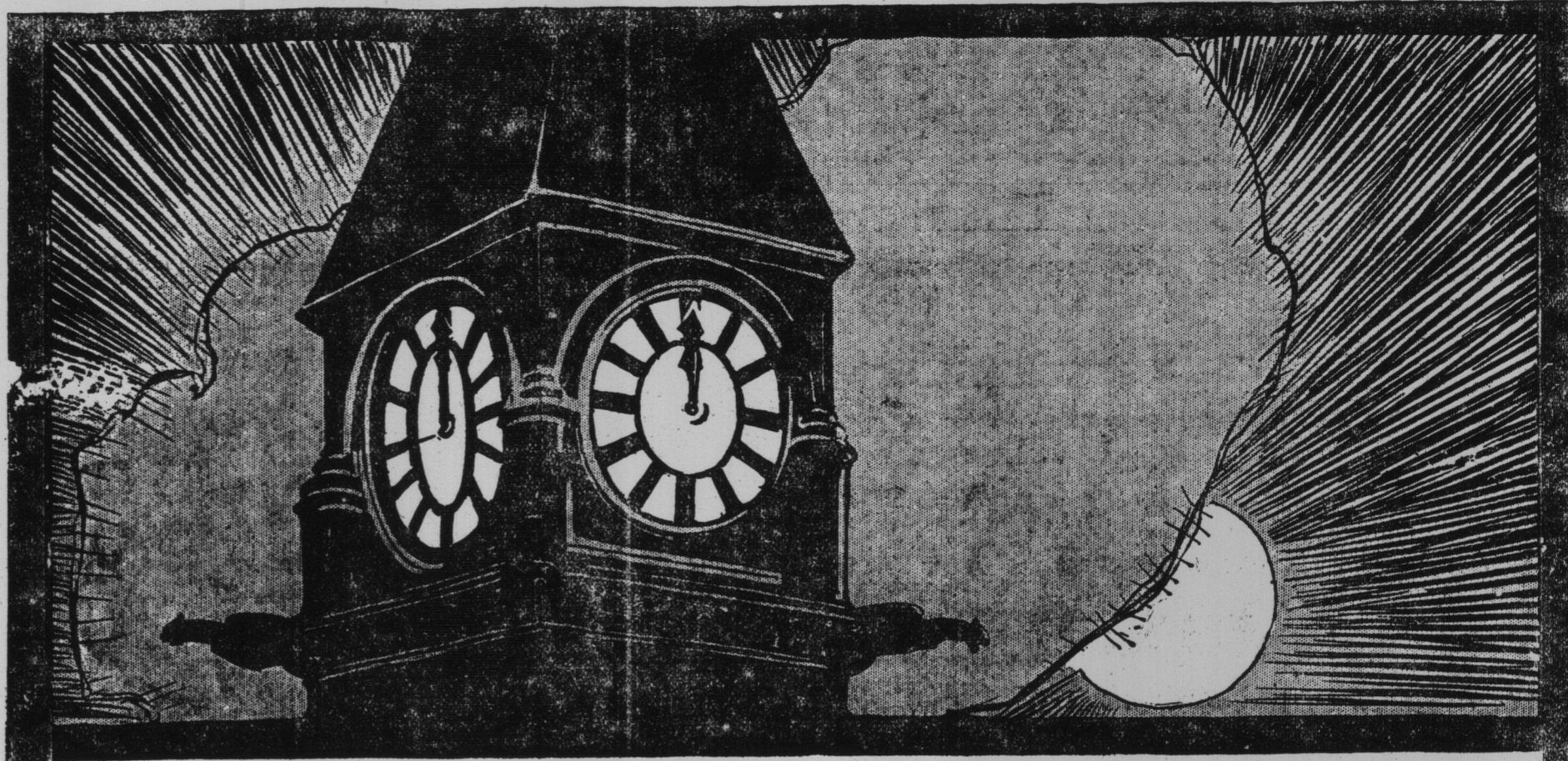
CATARRHAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

A simple, safe and reliable way that calls for no use of trumpets, phones or other instruments. To be deaf is very annoying and embarrassing. People who are deaf are generally mighty sensitive on this subject. And yet many deaf folk carry around instruments that call attention to their infirmity. Therefore people who are hard of hearing, who suffer from head noises, or who are actually deaf from catarrhal trouble, will be glad to know of a simple recipe that can be easily made up at home for few cent's cost that is really quite efficient in relieving the disagreeable deafness and head noises caused by catarrh. From any drug store get one ounce of Parmitin (double strength). Take this home and put it into a simple syrup made of 1/2 pint of hot water and four ounces of ordinary granulated sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day. This treatment should by tonic action reduce the inflammation in the middle ear that a catarrhal condition would be likely to cause and with the inflammation gone the distressing head noises, headaches, cloudy thinking and dull feeling in the ears should gradually disappear. Anyone who suffers from catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises should give Parmitin a trial. It is pleasant to take and is quite inexpensive.

KNOWLEDGE SAVES MANY LIVES

Doctors and patients appreciate the efforts of nurses specially trained for work in the home. Many are saving lives and winning honor, and splendid salaries in this excellent work. Full information of how to learn without loss of time by home study is supplied free by THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, 709 N3 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.

USE THE WANT AD. WAY



At 12 o'clock to-night the Victory Loan Campaign Closes

WHEN the clock has struck that hour the fighting men of Canada who are forcing back the Hun in France and Flanders will be waiting to hear what you have done.

And what have you done?

Is your name enrolled among the thousands who have responded to the call?

Have you sacrificed some chosen desire so that you could put money into Victory Bonds?

Are you standing behind a soldier?

Rush into the fight while the Door of Opportunity is open.

Cancel every other engagement; sweep away every lingering doubt; only a few hours remain.

The one task before you is to BUY VICTORY BONDS BEFORE MIDNIGHT

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

THE CENTENARY OF JOHN B. GOUGH—THE GREAT APOSTLE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE To the Editor of the Times-Star— Sir,—It was just one hundred years ago on August 22nd of the present year since John B. Gough first saw the light of day. Born in England, his father a soldier and a Methodist, his mother a Baptist, he started on his somewhat varied career. At twelve years of age he came to the United States, and for two years worked on a farm. He hoped for a larger field and found it in the city of New York. He found other things, too, and suffered more than on the farm. He learned the trade of a book-binder and should have been able to earn a good living, but his employer failed and he young John began to drift, becoming an actor in Boston. He also became a drunkard and a bad one, too. In spite of this he married and went to live in Dorchester, Mass., where his wife and child died. He sank so low that he bought laudanum intending to end his own life, but his courage failed him. Every morning he resolved to reform, but every evening found the resolve broken, until he became hateful to himself. Change of environment did little for him. Like the friend in "Paradise Lost," he might say, "Me miserable! which way shall I fly? I cannot fly— myself am Hell!" In October, 1842, he "felt a kind hand on his shoulder," and under the influence of Joel Stratton, a waiter in a temperance hotel, he signed a total abstinence pledge. His platform efforts at the Frankfort, Philadelphia. After speaking in tones of thrilling intensity for twenty minutes, he appealed, "Young man, keep your record clean." Pressing his hand to his head he sank to the floor, lapsed into unconsciousness and died three days later. "His body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." J. H. HAZLEWOOD, Social Service Department.