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HEARST TAKES THE PLUNGE.
After prolonged hesitation that has caused widespread exasperation amongst the voters of the province of every political complexion the Hearst Government has finally issued the order for a provincial general election for October 20, the date on which the referendum ballot will be taken. The delay in setting a date is a strong indication that the Government has been fearful of taking the plunge. The aggregation at Queen's Park has been anything but a happy family for some time. There have been quarrels and friction that has, it is authoritatively stated, frequently gone to the length of open rebellion. Lacking the united spirit that goes with success there has been nervous stalling, a putting off of the issue until the very last moment. One element in the cabinet has been tied up to the corporation interests. Another has fallen in behind Sir Adam Beck, who is openly rebellious to any cabinet supervision of his stепенiously costly hydro-electric schemes. That this demoralization exists we have on the word of Colonel Pratt, the Conservative member for South Norfolk, who has publicly declared that twenty-seven Conservative members of the Legislature have refused to follow further Premier Hearst's leadership.
The Liberal candidates will go to the people unitedly for progress and prosperity, for advanced legislation along all lines of public service and activities, and they are fortunate in being led by the most outstanding figure in the political life of the province today. Mr. Dewar has shown himself a hard-hitting, two-fisted, skilful fighter, whose lead the party candidates can follow without hesitation. His vigorous and searching exposures placed the Government on the defensive from the beginning, and kept it there. He has shown by the most careful investigation that the soldier land settlement has been grossly mismanaged and its arrangement of the Government for the export of nickel to the enemy is unwarrantable, to mention two of the bigger sins of the Government.
The polling on October 20 will carry more than the usual uncertainty that attaches to elections, because of the three-cornered contest in many constituencies, due to nominees of the United Farmers of Ontario. After the last general election on June 29, 1914, the parties stood: Conservatives 84, Liberals 25, Independent Liberal 1, Labor 1. Today the standing is: Conservatives 76, Liberals 30, United Farmers 2, with two Conservative and one Labor seat vacant. The latest count of the nominations in the present contest shows 44 Conservatives, 47 Liberals and 57 United Farmers.

A JUVENILE COURT.
There should be a general response to the efforts of the London Rotary Club looking to the establishment of a juvenile court in this city. The law is designed to be corrective, to guard society by punishing offenders, to warn those who may be tempted to stray from the narrow path, but it is not vindictive. The hardened criminal suffers severe punishment, the first offender is let off easier because it is desired to give everyone a fighting chance. Why then should a boy or girl who in a youthful burst of folly or because of lack of proper training commits a minor offence be thrown, at times, into a cell grim with the atmosphere of drunkenness, theft or even murder and be held before the court which dispenses justice to sordid men and disreputable women?
A merciful law protects thoughtless boys and girls from undesirable notoriety. London's magistrate deals with them with all possible consideration and kindness, either in his own office or in a closed court. He saves them from the eyes and gossip of the curious, but after all the boy who in a spirit of bravado, without appreciation of the error of his deed, smashes a window or "pinches" a wheel, realizes that he has been before the magistrate who deals with real "bad men," and in his folly thinks that some day he, too, may be in the near Jesse James class. This is the way of many a boy which the juvenile court atmosphere tends to correct.

THE STORY OF CARL PARKER.
A very human story with a timely message is "An American Idyll," by Cornelia Stratton Parker. It is the story of her husband, Carlton Parker, who died in March, 1918, at the age of forty, on the threshold of what promised to be a remarkably useful career. Those who have read the book will agree that there is difficulty in determining which has the greater interest, the romantic life of the Parkers or the threads of economic teaching that appear all through it. As a love story it is typically American in its joyousness amidst hardship and adventure, in its lightheartedness and enthusiasm for life.
Parker's knack in getting along with men brought him as a youth into contact with the radical labor organizations of the west and his knowledge was later used by the federal and

state governments in dealing with labor troubles, particularly after the United States entered the war. He was secretary of the immigration and housing commission of California for a time, a member of the teaching staff of the University of California and was later called to establish a department of economics at the University of Washington. His work there was cut short by the government's insistent demands that he act as mediator in extensive strikes on the Pacific coast. He was overworked by his many duties, fell a victim to pneumonia and died with his lifework only begun.

"He gave as a federal mediator," says one of his appreciators, "all his unparalleled knowledge and understanding of labor and its point of view. That knowledge, that understanding, he gained not by academic investigation, but by working in mines and weeds, in shops and on farms. He had the trust and confidence of both sides in disputes between labor and capital; his services were called in wherever trouble was brewing. Thanks to him strikes were averted; war-work of the most vital importance threatened by misunderstanding and smouldering discontent went on."

Parker had a distinct theory of his own, a theory by the way which has advanced materially even since his death. He protested against orthodox economics for its refusal to incorporate into its weightings and appraisals the facts and hypotheses of modern psychology. "The sin of economics," he said, "has been the divorce of its work from reality, of announcing an analysis of human activity with the human element left out." He believed that human conduct tended to become more intelligible and more amenable to control as it was viewed in the light of an understanding of the instinctive mainsprings of action. He believed that the causes of the conduct of individuals and groups was knowable, that human nature was subject to law and that, if subject to law, it could be controlled if the causes of conduct were controlled.

A good example of Parker's work and of his viewpoint may be found in his article on the I. W. W., which appeared in the *staid old Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1917, an article which probably made some of the Atlantic's readers rub their eyes in astonishment when they first noticed the title in the table of contents. His judgment on the "Wobblies" movement is interesting:

"The American I. W. W. is a neglected and lonely hobo worker, usually malnourished, and in need of medical care. He is as far from being a scheming syndicalist, as far from being a menacing anarchist, as the French model, as the imagination might conceive. The characteristic of the I. W. W. movement most worthy of serious consideration is the decay of the ideal of thrift and industry. It is a natural psychic outcome of a distressing and anti-social labor condition. The I. W. W. is but a phenomenon of revolt. The cure lies in taking care of its psychic antecedents; the stability of our republic depends on the degree of courage and wisdom with which we move to the task."

Short as was his career, Parker started a movement that is already bearing fruit. In his first report upon a labor riot he analyzed the situation back to the conditions of living, and concluded that those responsible for these conditions were responsible for the deadly outbreak. This incident attracted wide attention to his ideas, for the reason that, acting as a clinical physician, he not only diagnosed but prescribed and cured. That his ideas are being extended and applied by others is already evident. In the preface to his new book, "Instincts in Industry," Mr. Ordway Tead says that it was at Parker's suggestion that he first undertook this important study of employment conditions in which he has made employers' observations scientific and psychologists' observations practicable.

DANGERS OF MORE WAR.
Flume is not the only point in Europe from which there is danger of a new war springing. The cables from London tell of a serious difference between Belgium and Holland that has brought about the withdrawal of diplomatic representatives of the two nations. An outbreak of hostilities may not result from the quarrel, as it is certain that the great powers will go to extreme lengths in order to prevent an armed clash, but the relations between the two countries are greatly strained and unless this tension can be relieved there will remain a bitterness and antagonism that may at some later hour burst into active warfare.

Possession of the district of Limburg, a piece of land belonging to Holland, ten miles wide and thirty miles long, which lies between Germany and Belgium, with the River Meuse as the dividing line, is the heart of the trouble. Before the war this strip of land was of little use to Belgium, as she had the powers' guarantee of protection from invasion as a neutral state. Now, however, that she is no longer in a position of immunity, Belgium insists upon holding Limburg as a barrier to any future attack, and this demand, of course, meets with the strenuous opposition at The Hague. Furthermore, Belgium objects to the Dutch retaining control of the south shore of the Scheldt. The possession of both of these strips are of immense strategic importance to both countries, but more particularly to the Belgians. Holland, needless to say, cannot see why she should surrender any area, as she remained strictly neutral throughout the struggle.

Belgium is in an unfortunate position over the matter, and will carry a large amount of sympathy in the dispute, but as a matter of cold justice Holland's claims can hardly be denied. In the interest of keeping the peace so hardly won Holland may be persuaded by the Allied council to make some concessions to Belgium and remove a sore that might easily become a festering peril. At any rate the incident is another vivid instance showing the necessity for some such body as a league of nations. Will Senator Lodge and his band of peace treaty wreckers please take notice?

EDITORIAL NOTES.
The attempt of the steel workers to shut down the mills is really a "show down" between capital and labor.

A Government devoid of scandal, with clean hands and an honest appeal.—London Free Press.
Yes, that would be a pleasant change. By all means, let's have it.

From Here and There

MAKING DIAMONDS FROM EXPLOSIVES.

As a result of the war almost everyone will be able to wear diamonds! This startling statement means that the high explosives which have been discovered and used in the war may now be used for the purpose of manufacturing diamonds on a large scale, thus bringing these glittering precious stones within the reach of a large number of people. Diamonds are merely carbon crystallized by enormous pressure, usually, it is believed, through the gases generated in volcanic eruptions crystallizing small particles of burning trees. The carbon contained in iron has frequently been turned into tiny diamonds in the process of smelting.

Although identical with the diamonds formed by nature, stones accidentally formed in this manner are so small that they are valueless. The diamonds that the great French chemist, Moissan, manufactured were also of no commercial value, and for some years it was believed that it would be impossible to manufacture diamonds large enough to be of value through lack of concentrated power to develop the required pressure.

The war has solved this problem. Explosives have been used that exert a pressure of 35 tons to one inch. Carbon, rendered white hot through the medium of oxygen or electricity, and subjected to this pressure, crystallizes instantly, and is transformed into a pure diamond. Until shortly before his death, the late Professor Sir William Crookes was conducting highly successful experiments in diamond making by this method.

AN ADAMLESS EDEN.

[Hamilton Spectator.]

London, Ont., has established a precedent in the purchase of a park for the use of women only. It claims to be the first of its kind in the world, and acclaims enthusiastically this advent of "an Adamless Eden."

And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.—1 Samuel, xvi, 23.

It is in these words that the Bible describes the first "musical prescription," taken by King Saul in 1063 B. C.—just 2,982 years ago—when David, the youthful harpist, with the magic of his lyre, soothed the troubled ruler.

Today—nearly 3,000 years later—a whole nation can become "refreshed and well," even as King Saul was by the magic of music, in the opinion of Mrs. Iren Maude Ilsen, director of hospital music, music-therapy hospitals for the American Red Cross, and occupation since last winter of the chair of music-therapy at Columbia University, New York city, if people everywhere take seriously this famous scriptural narrative, which is held to be the first authentic account of the therapeutic action of music extant.

Mrs. Ilsen says she hopes the time will come when every hospital will have its musical director. Already, she says, a hospital in Allentown, Pa., requires its nurses to take a two-year course in voice culture to qualify for work in that institution.

"Trying to co-ordinate music with living and making the former the greatest possible instrument for Americanization," are the summarized objectives of Mrs. Ilsen, who holds a unique and exclusive place in her particular field of endeavor.

Prior to the time when the reconstruction hospitals were placed in charge of the Red Cross, Mrs. Ilsen carried on her work of applying music in the treatment of the wounded under the commission on training camp activities of the war department. Accepting the position of music-therapist, she has been primarily interested in its psycho-physiological effects on patients who have been the victims of disfigurement as a result of the war.

For years before the outbreak of hostilities, Mrs. Ilsen applied her scientific training and musical skill in a series of experiments on the afflicted in prisons, insane asylums and homes for the incurable and feeble-minded, as well as in diverse large industrial plants, and the experience in these places was brought to bear when the test came in the military hospitals of Canada, where she served first at the start of the war, and later when she returned to the United States as director of hospital music under war department auspices.

Thus, in view of the success of Mrs. Ilsen's experiments, strictly to date, you should have a fling at musical therapy. If you suffer from sciatica, shell shock, or lumbago or housemaid's knee, take a harmonic prescription. A barcarolle or a sonata may bring you out of the slough of despond into new life. If you are a victim of insomnia, try a serenade.

If it has a lilt and sound, it is not because the practitioners of the new system of healing do not take it seriously. They have even devised a list of "don'ts" for a musical physician. For instance: Do not wear sombre colors or evening dress; wear something light and dainty. From which one gathers that the practitioners are feminine. Fancy Caruso in "something light and dainty!" But there is nothing in the rules to prevent a male from practicing "the slow, sweet surgery" of singing to an ailing patient.

In making her experiments to determine the various effects of music on patients, Mrs. Ilsen used none of the accepted scientific instruments, such as the plethograph, pneumograph, audiograph and dynamometer.

The nature and extent of the "musical application" in every case Mrs. Ilsen determined after she had made a simple examination of the patient. As a result of her wide experiments in this little explored field of science, Mrs. Ilsen has devised the following "musical prescriptions," which, she says, have been of particular value in her hospital work and the diseases they are designated to cure:

Insomnia—Music: "Singing Maiden," "Ave Maria," Schubert (violin); "Mammy's Song," Ware; "Serenade," Schubert; "Reverie," Schmitt.
Hysteria—Music: Barcarolle, "Tales of Hoffman," "Moonlight," Sonata, first movement, Beethoven; "To a Wild Rose," Macdowell.
Rheumatism—Music: "Toccata," Bach; "Rondo," sonata, opus 53; presto con fuoco, opus 31, No. 3; rondo from sonata, opus 49, No. 1; minuet from opus 49, No. 2, Beethoven.
Dyspepsia—Music: "La Cinquintaine," Gabriel; "Tambourin Chinois," Kreisler; "Love's Joy," Kreisler; "Hungarian Dance," Brahms; "Spanish Dance," Sarasate; "Hungarian Dance," Macdowell; "To the Sea," Macdowell; "Prelude," Rachmaninoff; "Mazurka," A minor, Chopin; "Spring Waltz," D nat major, Carreno; "March Grottesque," Slindig; "Invitation to the Waltz," Weber.
Neurasthenia and Shell Shock—Music: "Melody in F," Rubenstein; "Meditation from Thais," Massenet; "Singing Song," "Spring Song," Mendelssohn; "March from Mignonne," Brahms; "Love's Joy," Kreisler; "Hungarian Dance," Brahms; "The Little Waltz," "The Delicate Air," Arne; "Song of the Brook," Burleigh; "Jocelyn Lullaby," Godard; "Fair Lullaby," Mrs. Beach, opus 37, No. 1.
Incurable Diseases—Music: "Spring Song," in F, Mendelssohn; "At the Brook," Schmitt; "Over the Hills and Far Away," children's march, Grainger; "Fantaisie," Bach; waltzes, opus 39, Nos. 1, 2, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, Brahms; Songs: "Laughing Song," from "Mañana," Ober; "Ecstasy," Rogers; "Let Miss Lindy Pass," W. L. Rogers; "Didn't It Rain," Burleigh; "I Love You Truly," Carrie Jacobs Bond; "A Proposal," "Conqueror," "The Old Field Shawl," Haynes; "Twickenham Ferry," "O Night of Love," Offenbach; "The Gondolier," Nevin; "La Paloma," Sousa; marches, cheerful Irish, English and Scotch ballads.

Tuberculosis—The music for tuberculosis patients should be divided into three sections, namely, for patients who are running a high temperature and ordered by the physician to keep absolutely quiet, speaking in whispers, and sleeping as much as possible. The music chosen should be of a very soft character, not any climaxes, syncopated rhythm or music possessing an insistent, driving quality. Where the patient is not running a very high temperature, is inclined to be depressed, and yet cannot take much exercise, the music should be of a cheerful, joyous nature, and oftentimes, if the doctor gives his permission, it is of a more active to get the patient interested in strumming on a light stringed instrument, such as the ukulele, and guitar or a mandolin.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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ON PICKET DUTY

(By Izola Forrester.)

Nancy had waited for the Carrolls all day long at the little village that lay on the east side of Mount Agonac. She knew there could be no mistake. Lois had written the directions down for her painstakingly that last day in Washington.

"Don't stop over in New York. Change at Grand Central for Adirondack express. Take shuttle from Pennsylvania to Grand Central. Run no risks at all of getting mixed up. Go to Eltinge Falls. Wait in Hudson's Inn for John and myself. Will arrive on 2:19."

It was so typical for Lois to treat her as if she were nine instead of seventeen. Just as though she might have strayed along the way. She sat on the upper porch of the old wooden hotel staring rebelliously at the window at least four rama below her—a slim, medium-sized girl in dark blue traveling suit that only accentuated the bright red gold of her hair.

Two trains from the south came and went with no sign of her sister or John. Finally she went down in the cool quiet dining-room and ate a lonely dinner. She didn't know where to wire them.

John and Lois were in the city directly after she did, stop over an hour in Philadelphia to see John's people, and come straight on up.

As she stared anxiously down at her dessert of apple pie and whipped cream, the plump boy from the hotel came in with a telegram beside her. It was from Lois. She tore it open thankfully, and gasped. "John's impossible. Go to lodge tonight. I ate his measles. Go to lodge until we come. Get Mrs. Dupre."

Petie! That was John, Jr., aged four years, the ruler of an absolute monarchy. And measles meant at least four weeks. Nancy set her lips firmly and made plans for the apple pie. All her vacation plans gone to smash because Petie had caught the measles somehow at a party the night before. He had been fretful and cross and nervous days, and a little feverish, but Lois had said it was just the latest in Washington. He would be all right as soon as they got to the mountains. And now Nancy was doomed to spend four weeks in this place. The boy lingered at the door talking to the head waitress. She smiled at him invitingly, and he came back.

Did he know any person in the neighborhood named Mrs. Dupre? He grinned at her reassuringly. Sure he did. He was Joe Dupre himself. His mother helped out at the hotel in a rush time. Other times she cooked in camps. Nancy flushed her pie in peace, and after the first few days, she went around the old flagged walk of the hotel garden to find his mother. She was a little faded, but a French-Indian woman, with big, somber dark eyes, and a smile like Joe's. And she understood him. She was a good mother, and she assured her. They would go up to the camp in the morning and she would bring him a new coat, wool, and carry water and make trips back for mail and groceries.

"Is there anybody at all living near us?" asked Nancy. John had mentioned bears casually, she remembered suddenly. "Only Andre Mandego. He is Mr. Hollister's guide, ver' good guide. No possession of the lodge to wait on Petie's side of measles. It wasn't half as bad as she had imagined. The lodge over-looked a beautiful mountain lake. There was a huge fireplace, a big stove, and in the living-room low bookcases were built in everywhere filled with books that Johnny had had sent up for their vacation.

But the lake lured her. Joe found an old boat that he had to patch up in summer, and tried to patch it up for her, but still it leaked somewhat. She was a huge fireplace, a big stove, and in the living-room low bookcases were built in everywhere filled with books that Johnny had had sent up for their vacation.

And suddenly she heard a peculiar sound in the water behind her, a heavy splash and deep breathing. Just one glance back at the dark shaggy head lifting from the water, and Nancy would have fainted if it had not been for some good old pioneer strain far back that told her to stand firm. But in the end she was a large one, and paddling steadily in the wake of the canoe. She couldn't swim at all, and the distance to shore seemed a mile, when it was barely a stone's throw. Trying to keep her nerve and strength, she paddled faster, faster, but the bear gained on her, and all at once her paddle struck a sunken tree, caught and snapped in half.

"Don't jump. Keep quiet!" The voice came from the shore, but Nancy had covered her face with her hands. It was a tragic moment and yet for the life of her she couldn't keep out of her head a boy little rhyme the girls had said at school:

"Alky met a bear,
And the bear was bulgy.
And the bulge was Alky."
There came the crack of a rifle and a bounding in the water behind her; then a canoe slipped out from shore and a man sent a second shot into the bear, killing him. Nancy looked up, her hands still on her face. He was white and young, and very good looking. And she was the worst of it. She didn't appear one bit concerned over her. He was too busy throwing a rope over the bear to look at her. But in the end she was a large one, and paddling steadily in the wake of the canoe. She couldn't swim at all, and the distance to shore seemed a mile, when it was barely a stone's throw. Trying to keep her nerve and strength, she paddled faster, faster, but the bear gained on her, and all at once her paddle struck a sunken tree, caught and snapped in half.

"Don't want to lead him," said Nancy with a sense of outraged dignity. "He was chasing me, you know!" "Well, you kept your head, anyway." Some kind of a salute, she thought, and the minute they saw him. My name's Jack Hollister, and I think we're neighbors. You're Mrs. MacFarlane, aren't you? I've heard Lois and John speak of you. Are they up at the lodge?" The two canoes came into shore side by side. Nor for anything would Nancy have feared the bear, she felt her every time she stole a look back at the dead bear—not with his debonair Nimrod chatting to her as if they had met.

CURE THE HEADACHE

Don't Endure it.

That headache and neuralgia seem to be getting chronic. Every day or so, you are bothered. Get Dominion C. B. Q.—Dominion Cascade Bromide Quinine Tablets. Dominion C. B. Q. will get to work at once—easing the pain—reducing the fever, cleaning out the system, giving Nature a chance to reinforce her weakened strength.

Dominion C. B. Q. is made by the celebrated firm, Nord, Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, which, alone, is sufficient guarantee of the intrinsic worth of this preparation. Get a box to-day and be prepared to combat disease before its inroads become serious. At all druggists, in the Red Box.

Stop that Cold

It becomes chronic, with Dominion C. B. Q. Tablets (in the red box) 25 cents.

at some happy, cozy little tea in town. Mrs. Dupre took the news also stolidly, merely nodding her head. "The one ver' fine man," she said fervently. "He kill all bear."
Two weeks later Lois arrived with a pale, chattered Petie and a weariest, harassed John in tow. Nancy met them at the falls station, tanned and perfectly happy, with a strange object dangling around her neck, polished, curved claws strung Indian fashion on a thong of deer hide.
"You poor, lonely, forsaken child!" exclaimed Lois. "Did you think we were never coming? What on earth are those claws for?"
"They're a symbol of romance," said Nancy, placidly. "The bear nearly ate me."
"Bears don't eat people," interrupted John, bluntly. "You don't have to go any farther. Jack's written to me, and we—Lois and Petie and myself—have agreed to permit him to protect you from all bears in the future. I've known him since he was ten, and when Lois asked you up this year she hoped, said."
"John!" Lois's tone was final. Nancy laughed softly, her fingers holding the claws.
"But the bear really started it," she said.

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STOPPED INSTANTLY

Throat Is Cleared, Headache Stops, Sniffles Go For Good.

Catarrhzone Never Fails.

Dripping from the nose is one of the foulest and most disgusting symptoms of a Catarrhal cold. By using Catarrhzone you cure this quickly—cure it because you bathe the lining of the nose and throat with that powerful antiseptic of the Blue Gum of Australia.

So healing is Catarrhzone that you feel wonderfully benefited in five minutes' use of the inhaler. Nothing ever devised cures a cough, cold or sore throat so quickly. No drugs to take, nothing to upset the stomach—you follow nature's own plan in using Catarrhzone which supplies healing essences and soothing balsams in vapor form to the places that are needing treatment. Results talk—that's why thousands rely solely upon Catarrhzone to prevent and cure their winter ills. Get the complete kit outfit, it lasts two months; small size 50c, sample size 25c, all dealers and the Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Canada.

BE SUSPICIOUS OF

TENDER GUMS

Be suspicious of any tenderness or bleeding of the gums. This is usually the first stage of Pyorrhea—an infectious disease of the gums that rots the teeth and undermines bodily health.

Gradually the gums become spongy. They inflame, then shrink, thus exposing the bone and making tooth-aches to the ravages of decay. Tiny openings in the gums form gateways for disease germs to enter the system. Medical science has traced many ills to these infecting germs in the gums weakened by Pyorrhea.

They are now known to be a frequent cause of indigestion, anemia, rheumatism and other serious conditions. So watch carefully for that first tenderness or bleeding of the gums. Try Forhan's immediately. It positively prevents Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) if used in time and used conscientiously.

And in preventing Pyorrhea—it guards against other ills. Forhan's (For the Gums) cleans teeth scientifically as well. Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 50c and 60c tubes. All Druggists. FORHAN'S, LTD., MONTREAL

FOR THE GUMS

"Instead of Going to the Hospital"

writes Mr. Lewis MacPherson, from Halifax, N.S., "I sent for a box of Gin Pills—with the result that I am a well man. I recommend Gin Pills to everyone suffering from kidney trouble."

Mr. MacPherson had suffered untold misery, and, after treating with the best medical help available for 10 months he decided to go to Victoria Hospital, Halifax. He had inflammation of the kidneys and bladder. Two days before his intended departure a neighbour called and gave him some Gin Pills. "Six hours after taking the first dose," he writes, "the effects were simply miraculous." Then he sent for a box of Gin Pills and was cured.

This is just one of the many instances which are being brought to our notice continually. People, out of pure joy and gratitude for release from pain, write these letters to us. What Gin Pills have done for them they can do for you.

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

The formula on which Gin Pills are prepared was attained only after long and profound study and experimenting. It is unique. It embraces the beneficent properties of the Juniper in the Gin, but eliminates all the alcohol. Combined with seven other diuretics and antiseptics, it goes right to the seat

of the trouble, allaying the congested kidneys, healing inflammation, restoring weak tissues, and enabling these delicate organs to resume their work of purifying the blood. Thus the poisons are soon taken out of the system, the pain is stopped, and the debilitated body becomes strong and healthful.

If you have a backache, gravel or any of the symptoms of kidney trouble, get a box of Gin Pills at once. Your druggist or dealer has them at 50c a box with money-back guarantee. Gin Pills taken now may help you to avoid an operation. Do not delay.

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The Wonderful Liver and Constipation Tablets

At The Advertiser office, Friday, September 26th, at 1 p.m., hundreds of boxes of this wonderful medicine will be given out to London people who suffer from this complaint. Absolutely no strings to the offer, either. Just fill in the coupon below with your name and address. Present it along with the Government war tax, one cent, and you get the free box. Not a sample, mind you, but a full-sized 25-cent package. Why do we do it?

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You Are Going To Tell Your Friends All About It!

That's why we are giving you absolutely free this full-sized box, at 1 p.m., Friday, September 26th, at The Advertiser office.

No boxes given out to children.

THIS COUPON

Properly signed, when presented Friday at 1 p.m., September 26, at Advertiser Office, along with the Government war tax, one cent, is good for one full-sized box of Fig-Lax, the vegetable liver and constipation remedy.

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In Glass Jars and in the Economical two and four pound Family Tins

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FOR THE GUMS