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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, September 9.

"BULL" AND THE NATIONAL RAILWAYS.

Archibald McColg, M. P., points out that on the staff of the Canadian National Railways employed as a purchasing agent, is a former Conservative member of the Dominion House who was so discredited by the investigation into war purchases that Sir Robert Borden requested him to resign. If this charge is correct, and it is a simple matter to test the accuracy of it, the Government and the management of the National System should act promptly to cut off this sort of thing at the very start. Unless "bull" is done away with absolutely we may expect to see the Government system drop to the level of the intercolonial, which because of patronage has for many years been a joke amongst the transportation companies of the continent in point of efficiency. Politicians and ex-politicians big and little out of a job, years ago put the intercolonial in the position of a fifth rate organization. High class executives by the score have been secured to operate the intercolonial, only to resign after a few months, hopelessly hampered and handicapped by an army of ineffectives who have been rewarded by positions more or less soft. Promotion based on merit would have kept the intercolonial clean and efficient and that rule must be followed by the management of the Canadian National if successful competition with the C. P. R. is to be had. Politics must be kept out of the operation of the system.

ITALY'S LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

The situation existing in Italy today is confusing unless there is some knowledge of the labor organizations of the country which today are playing a role described in some dispatches as revolutionary, in others as Bolsheviki, but which were predicted as likely long before the war was brought to a close. At the outbreak of the war there were nearly nine hundred thousand organized workers in Italy, being about one-seventh part of the wage-earning population. Of these the Catholic unions, always non-revolutionary, totalled about one hundred and twenty thousand, the independent unions about two hundred and fifty thousand more, while of the remainder about half a million were affiliated with the Confederazione Generale del Lavoro (the C. G. L.), and one hundred thousand with the Unione Sindacale Italiana, or the Syndicalist Union.

The Syndicalists, as in other countries, reject political action and aim only at the "maximum program" as they term it, the abolition of capitalism and the dictatorship of the proletariat. The independent or isolated unions follow the same line of action as the American Federation of Labor, aiming at social betterment and giving their members an absolutely free hand in elections. The largest section, however, the C. G. L. is highly organized. Its smallest unit is the local trade or professional union. As described by Dr. Arthur Livingston in an article written last year in the New York Nation, the local unions expand and centralize in two different ways. They create first of all the provincial and national trades federations, such, for instance, as the Ironworkers' Federation, which is apparently in the lead of the present Italian unrest. It is possible for the Ironworkers' Federation, or any one of several other like bodies, to paralyze temporarily the mechanism of the state. The second grouping that takes place is the union in each town in a common organization of the locals of all the trades, forming what is called the labor chamber (camera del lavoro) and corresponding roughly to a local trades and labor council, as we know it. The C. G. L. is the national unit or central co-ordinating organ of the national trade federations, the provincial trade federations, and the chambers of labor, all of which are represented jointly and separately.

The C. G. L. does not unite but it works in harmony with the Italian Socialist party. It holds to political action only for the realization of its minimum program, improving the lot of the workers by every means possible, but looking forward to a social revolution in which its own organization shall be substituted for the mechanism of the present constitutional monarchy. One important distinction is that the C. G. L. is a working-class organization exclusively, while the socialist party has a middle class element in it and, indeed, is often led by intellectuals, lawyers, doctors and professors.

In December, 1918, there was considerable a break in both the C. G. L. and the Socialist party, the issue being between the supporters of immediate revolution and those who preferred to follow the old reformist ideas. Had the problem of reconstruction been solved satisfactorily in Italy it is not likely that the revolutionary movement would have made much headway, but with the economic breakdown that followed the end of the war and the apparent inability of the Italian Government to cope with the new conditions, the situation has probably forced the C. G. L. more further to the left. A special dispatch from Milan speaks of the Italian Federation numbering two and a half million members, and that figure is correct the chief of the Italian labor organizations has now nearly one-half of the wage-earning population organized and must be able to wield an enormous influence. It is altogether likely that a strict censorship is being exercised by the Italian Government over news of its troubles, but such news as has leaked out indicates that the revo-

A NOTABLE BOOK OF SOUTH SEAS.

"White Shadows in the South Seas" is a fascinating book just published by the Century Company, New York, and written by Mr. Frederick O'Brien. The author tells of the Marquesan people among whom he spent a year. As the title of the book implies, it is fundamentally a tragic narrative. The white man's shadow deepens over the lovely Marquesas and its beautiful, lovable people, as they rapidly near extinction. Chapter xv. on the decay of this splendid race, and chapter xxiii. on Madeleine N., a half-breed, apparently a prey of leprosy, are particularly tragic.

Mr. O'Brien has given up hope of rescue for the perishing Marquesans. Sadder of all, he thinks that things might have been otherwise. "All they needed was a brother who walked in the sunlight and showed the way," he observes wistfully at the close of chapter xv.

But tragedy is only the undertone of the book. There is much brightness, with lively stories of the author's experiences or told by the natives to him. The color of the place, its idiosyncrasy, is conveyed in many a touch of fine and sometimes humorous observation. Time is reckoned by cigarettes. The sound of nuts falling on iron roofs is characteristic. Then there are the truly wonderful photographs, to which the bright sun of the Marquesas doubtless contributed. Beautiful scenes, handsome people, all fair beyond utterance, but seemingly not altogether beyond camera and print.

Mr. O'Brien's style is facile, pleasantly amateurish. Such nouns as "urge" (p. 112) may do for H. G. Wells, but purists like them not. He races along, but sometimes attempts fine writing and perhaps uses too many adjectives. But a warm, humane temperament amidst the voluptuous luxuriance of Marquesas islands can't help an overflow in the picturesque. A kindly personality and well informed mind are expressed throughout the book.

Like Stevenson, Mr. O'Brien has a penchant for the barbaric. He notes with approval the "animal-like likeness of Marquesan girls, unknown to our clothed and dress-bound women." The great drums beaten by the hands of Haabunai and Song of the Nightingale made one want to be a savage, to throw a spear, to dance in the moonlight. Yet he recognizes that civilization cannot revert to barbarism without becoming bestial. We have lost "the power of complete surrender to simple impulses" without sacrifice of grace and modesty.

Altogether this is a delightful book. There are a few misprints, e. g., "immemorably" and "stupified," p. 127. "Herodotus" and "Cataline" p. 236, to be corrected in a second edition.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The small boy asked about the minister did they call him rector or wrecker?

Brown October ale may have the same old tint but the flavor has become a pale white.

Making love according to Hoyle is too correct to be exciting. That is why we all cheat a little.

There are "many mansions" in the sky. Houses of any sort being scarce on earth, let's migrate to heaven.

Have you noticed that when you want something badly which you are unable to get, it seems to fairly shriek "Take me."

The Government having announced that inmates of Canadian prisons are to have two suits a year we may expect a heavy increase in crime.

HANDY AT TIMES.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Recorder.] There are those in Canada who are in favor of abolishing the appeal to the judicial committee of the privy council; but it comes in handy sometimes. When a Canadian government cannot tell what it had in its mind when it undertook to do a certain thing and the supreme court of Canada cannot or will not help it out, it is very convenient for a government to be able to go to the privy council and find out what its intentions really were.

SMOKING AND EFFICIENCY.

[Kingston Standard.] That is an interesting report coming from London that the large firm of electrical engineers, Messrs. Dick Kerr, have found that smoking adds to the efficiency of the employees. The experiment was tried of allowing the men to smoke for fifteen minutes in the morning and afternoon, and this was so much appreciated and so successful in its effects that the time was enlarged to ninety minutes each morning and afternoon, from 9 to 10:30 and from 3 to 4:30. Here, then, seems to be absolute proof that those people who are decrying smoking and who in some places are trying to have laws passed to abolish it, are not only wrong in their views, but would actually decrease efficiency if they succeeded in their aim.

We do not presume to be authorities on the subject, but so far as we have observed no one seems to know exactly what the effect of smoking is. Some people claim that it is a sedative, others a stimulant, and probably it is both, according to the constitution of the smoker. The point, however, is likely to be elucidated even better than this by the experiment at the works of an American one which is going on in the United States, where both men and women are smoking, and most careful records being kept of the effects in every way upon them. It is to be hoped that the results will be given wide publicity, more particularly because it is most likely that the continuous use of tobacco through so many centuries would prove it to be beneficial, and though there may be some exaggeration in the claim made for it in Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho," there is a good deal of truth in the statement concerning tobacco that "when all things were made none were made better than this: to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. There's no herb like it under the canopy of heaven."

THE ONE-ARM DRIVER.

[Quebec Telegraph.] The Vancouver World says that Cupid is about to deal another blow. A temporary insanity is led to this remark because an officer of the local police force has denounced the love-sick motorist, and because the chief of police of Kansas City is also out with a campaign against public love-making in motor cars. This chief says that one-arm driving has been responsible for many accidents this year, and he is therefore about to issue a special anti-love ordinance. Our contemporary agrees with the belief that the merciful edict of the Vancouver park board in insisting upon one-way driving in Stanley Park has done much to permit the practices of Cupid with a minimum of risk to the public, and that the development of left-arm driving has also given Vancouver drivers unique advantages on these occasions when the right arm is being devoted to its instructive functions of making the waist please itself. But upon every other roadway, in a city, and especially in the midst of two-way traffic, or on crowded country roads, the one-arm motorist, as our contemporary very properly says, is a menace all the more dangerous because he is temporarily deranged, and it is safe to add that he should be promptly arrested.

From Here and There

WHAT ELSE?
We are now told that the German paper clothes stick to the back when one perspires, and that they have to be picked off the back in sections. Do they freeze on in cold weather?

THE MODERN HOTEL.
[New York Sun and Herald.] The latest authority on hotel life prophesies that within a few years hotels will no longer be considered a mere eating and sleeping houses, but as the backbone of our civilization. They will constitute in themselves complete cities, with music, lectures, concerts and shops of all kinds, provide both mental and physical work for transients. Above all, personal service will be entirely supplied by an elaborate caterer system capable of satisfying every legitimate want.

WOULD IT GO THAT FAR?
[Kitchener Telegraph.] A woman in Michigan, cultivating her home garden, dug 35 potatoes from one hill and got \$1.47 for them. It is surmised that she then went and spent the money for a pair of shoe laces and a glass of ice cream soda.

A MOUTHPIECE.
[Farmers' Sun.] The Hon. Arthur Meighen is boldly attacking the Farmers' party and their desire for a lower tariff. In this respect he differs greatly from Sir Robert Borden, who preferred to compromise. Farmers need expect to play from Canada's new premier. They must defend themselves by pressing the attack on the Big Interests which have Mr. Meighen as their mouthpiece.

ENOUGH OF SCOURGE.
[Halifax Chronicle.] The Poles should have known enough about the real meaning of war to deter them from continuing the scourge of Eastern Europe. Think, for example, of the depth of misery implied in the simple statement that in the district of Brest-Litovsk, where, at the beginning of the war, there were 54 people to every square kilometer, there are now only 17. In the whole of that province there were 1,037,000 people. Now there are little more than half the number. The rest are dead or homeless wanderers. In the town itself there are only 14,000 out of 57,000. This district is typical of district after district of the old eastern front, which was the scene of three years of devastating war. Europe does not want any more of that scourge.

INVULNERABLE.
[Montreal Gazette.] Lloyd George was never so sorely beset by great questions for which he must find solution; but he thrills the Houses with an epigram. He is like to stumble and fall; but he saves himself and the government by a "bon mot." He is various and elusive; he is dramatic and intense; but he expresses an exuberant humor, and carries the House with him. In France they laugh a government "out" of existence. In England they laugh a "wit" out of existence. In a damp climate, preserves a sense of humor.

KNOWS THEM OF OLD.
[Brookville Recorder.] Peach trees in the Niagara district are so laden that the branches have to be propped up. When it comes to the price, props won't be necessary.

WOMEN'S AGES.
[Halifax Chronicle.] It has long been a joke that women would not vote if they had to tell their correct age, but very few regard it as more than a joke. A writer in the New York Tribune, however, suggests that a good franchise right because of the necessity of stating their age, and she gives as her reason that there are so many women who in offices it militates against many of their young fellow-employees to be defined as "old" or "young." Her suggestion is that the question be simply confined to "Are you over 21?"

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.
[Catholic Record.] At last a war memorial has been selected regarding which there can be no difference of opinion, no possible dissension and wire-pulling of interested factions. Rheims Cathedral, at the destruction of which the world stood aghast, is to be restored by an international subscription from all friends of France. The movement, which originated, strange to say, in Denmark, has been taken up with enthusiasm in England. Queen Alexandra has given her patronage, and the president of the committee the Duke of Portland. The cost of restoration is estimated at five million dollars.

In view of the havoc wrought by German shells and the extremely artistic character of the building, the prospect of a satisfactory restoration may not at first sight appear bright. Together with Chartres, Paris and Amiens, Rheims belongs to the period in which cathedral gothic reached its height, both in the logic and engineering skill of its structure, and in the beauty and power of its sculptures and stained glass. Thanks to a wealth of photographs and measurements, the structural problem offers no great difficulty. In the matter of replacing the statues, priceless glass and other works of art, the case is different.

BE A FINISHER.
[Glenora Transcript.] The world wants more men who are thorough. We have so many starters, but so few finishers. Point out a dozen men who have been successful in life, and investigation will disclose that every one of them was a finisher, a stay, a laster. Thoroughness is the true test of permanency. The half-and-half humans who never complete, never perfect, are pretty small potatoes and few in a hill. The fellow who puts a cap on his job, who completes the thing, is in big demand.

WISE PROVISION.
[Kingston Standard.] It is satisfactory to hear that the potato crop is good; but what about the price? Evidently from past experience it will be wise to lay in a good supply, enough to last till the next one comes in again, and not wait for a repetition of this year's high prices.

EASY.
[Brookville Recorder.] A rural contemporary wants to know what has become of the old-fashioned 10-cent straw hat. That's easy. They are marked down to \$5.95.

PLUTOCRATS UNDER THE SKIN.

[New York Globe.] Vacations are not always the success literature makes them out to be. When a man comes back from fishing in mountain brooks or swimming in the salt sea, he is healthier, to be sure, full of new fire and vigor, keyed up to concert pitch. He has gained strength, tan, hope and buoyancy. By all the known mental and physical tests he should be worth more on the job than he was before he went away. In most cases he isn't—or not immediately. For he is in any sort of a man he doesn't want to come back at all. He wants to go on living in the manner of his barbaric ancestors, doing as nearly nothing as possible and wearing clothes that are no chestnut but to his comfort. He wants to call a post, to paddle a canoe, or wander through unbroken silence in the dustless upper air that lies along the crest of the range. In short, he discovers, during his absence, that office work is a rather uninspiring business, dull, cramped and unimportant, beside the business of loafing alongside of sunsets and camp fires and waterfalls. His discovery amounts to the fact that he is more nearly an independent savage and more nearly a plutocrat than he had thought. He doesn't like to work. He doesn't want to work. He wants to live without working. He gets used to the office after a while and slips into the grind, but no sooner is he thoroughly inured to noise and dust and the wheels of traffic and the noise of the world, than he discovers another cause of his dislike for working, because they wouldn't know how to take it easy when the chance came. The average man would fit into wealth and all the instincts tend all toward indolence and a careless, drifting attitude, which was realizable in the country before 1492, but is now available only for those who have scraped up or fallen into a fortune. We are all plutocrats by nature—but without the cash that should go with our inclination.

Poetry and Jest

A DREAM-SONG.
[Frank L. Stanton.] It isn't, dear, that I feel alone— That I'm longing tonight for your touch and tone; For the beautiful eyes I shall never see.

Or that Memory dwells in the dark with me, No thought of sorrow—and all it cost— It isn't, my dear, the house—the street— The ways where the violets loved to meet.

The wanders glance that they ever knew— The light in the beautiful eyes of you! No thought of sorrow—its bitter cost— It isn't, my dear, that the dream is lost!

HAD NEVER BEEN THAT WAY.
The following amusing story is told of a driving tour through North Devon he somehow lost his way, but catching sight of a house on the opposite side of the vale through which he was driving, inquired of a lad he happened to meet, the distance to it.

"Fifty miles," was the reply. "Nonsense!" said Sir Moral: "It doesn't appear half that distance."

"Ah, sir, but the road do wind a terrible lot."

"Well, now, how far would you say it was by the way the crow flies?"

"Don't know, sir; I was never fool enough to try to go that way."

HOMESICK.
[Selected.] I want to go back to the orchard, And the blue sky as they shine, and the rains as they fall. I want to wake up in the morning To the chirp of the birds in the eaves, I want to walk up through the corn-fields, The rustle of leaves.

I want the old song of the river: The little low laugh of the rills, I want the warm blue of September Again on the hills.

I want to lie down in the woodland Where the feathery clematis shines, And the blue sky above and about me, The peace of the pines.

I want to run on through the pastures And let down the dusty old bars, I want to find you there still waiting, Your eyes like twin stars.

O nights, you are weary and lonely, And days there is something you lack, To the farm in the little old valley I want to go back.

IRELAND.
[With Apologies to Ireland, the place where I was born.] Where I walked through the green Where I saw many a summer morn, The salt wind gently blowing from the distant rollers of the sea, There in Ireland and Ireland a long, long way from me.

It's a fine land, old Ireland, where rippling waters flow, And "may" and "blessed" shamrocks and reds and rushes grow; There skylarks still are singing aloft in heaven's blue, Their songs of warbling sweetness that thrills one through and through.

I see the old house standing alone there far away, The lilacs and the hawthorn, the linnet on the spray; I see the rustics plodding among the fields of wheat, Where some day I'm expecting to rest my weary feet.

It's the homeland, old Ireland, the homeland for me, Many, many leagues away across the deep blue sea; There the warm hearts will greet me, Back there within the old land: the land where I belong.

—JACK RILEY.

THE WHISTLING GIRL.
[Carolina Tar Baby.] She has a taste for whistling, A taste that's not permissible, But still I don't object to it, The pucker is so kissable.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.
"Business is Business," the Little Man said, "A battle where everything goes, Where the only gospel is 'see' and 'never more friends or foes.' 'Slay or be slain,' is the slogan cold, For must struggle and slay and tear, For Business is Business, a fight for gold.

Where all that you do is fair?" "Business is Business," the Big Man said, "A battle to make of earth A place to yield more wine and bread. More pleasure and joy and mirth: There are still some bandits and buccaneers Who are the angle-bred beasts of trade, But their number dwindles with passing years And dead is the code they made!"

"Business is Business," the Big Man said, "But it's something that's more, far more: That makes sweet gardens of deserts dead, And cities it built now roar, Where once the deer and the grey wolf ran."

From the pioneer's swift advance: Business is magic that toils for man, Business is True Romance.

"And those who make it a ruthless fight If they feel no whit of the keen delight In playing the Bigger Game, And the game that calls on the heart and the hand."

The best of man's strength and nerve: Business is magic that toils for man, Business is True Romance.

MR. BEE.
[Bliss Carman in Life.] My dear Mr. Bumble-bee, How can you so humbly be, Like a buzzsaw on a tear? Just because the window glass is too thick to let you pass!

I guess you're like other folks, With your young, peevish, stinging jokes, Mild enough as long as you Can go humming' all day through, But as arrogant as sin When somebody shuts you in.

Thunder in, and can't get out; So you bellow, roar and shout, Thump your fists and bang the pane, Then draw off and thump again, Think you'll get to heaven so, You old drunkard? Out you go.

NOT MUCH USE.
Poor Man—W. did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?

Wife—Yes, I've got it. Poor Man—That's good. What does it say?

Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to take it easy when the chance came. The average man would fit into wealth and all the instincts tend all toward indolence and a careless, drifting attitude, which was realizable in the country before 1492, but is now available only for those who have scraped up or fallen into a fortune. We are all plutocrats by nature—but without the cash that should go with our inclination.

A Red Bird Bicycle
IS THE BIRTHRIGHT OF EVERY CANADIAN BOY AND GIRL.
Bicycle and Motor Sales
425 Wellington St. Phone 3182.
A. T. S. 11.

to utilize cold roast turkey—but we haven't got a turkey.

NOT EXACTLY GENEROUS.
All the village knew that Mrs. Jackson was not exactly generous. In fact her few activities were things to avoid, if possible.

But when she invited Mr. and Mrs. Blakes to supper one evening they felt that they had to go since Mr. Jackson was their landlord.

During the forenoon of the great day Mrs. Jackson met the Binkes' maid of all work in the local grocery store.

"Good morning," said she with a gracious smile. "I hope your master and mistress are bearing 'n mind that I expect them to come to supper with me this evening at 8 o'clock."

"Indeed, an' they're remembering all right!" replied the girl, frankly. "Sure, and haven't they ordered a substantial meal at home for 6 o'clock."

"Good morning," said she with a gracious smile. "I hope your master and mistress are bearing 'n mind that I expect them to come to supper with me this evening at 8 o'clock."

"Indeed, an' they're remembering all right!" replied the girl, frankly. "Sure, and haven't they ordered a substantial meal at home for 6 o'clock."

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Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupify, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. To avoid any possibility of giving your child opiates, or narcotics of any kind, keep Fletcher's Castoria in the house, and Save the Babies.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Let's Think It Over.

There is such a thing as saying too much on any subject, and the "grand-stand" talker sooner or later becomes a bore. The truth is always welcomed, and the truth reiterated and confirmed is more than welcome—it reaches your innermost soul.

Fletcher's Castoria is all its advertising has claimed for it. Scrutin