

Health

THE RESULT OF

Nerve Freedom

CHIROPRACTORS CLAIM

Experience has taught us that methods long used to "cure" disease have proved incompetent to recover health (that is, in every case treated). There is sickness on every hand. The great constitutional disorders which have carried off thousands long before their lives have been lived out are still with us and afflict the people of our age the same as those of the past.

You hear of ailing individuals who declare that everything tried for their health failed of beneficial results. Science frequently announces that great strides have been made in curing and preventing diseases, but in view of the fact that there is more sickness than ever and that the average length of life grows less with the passing of time, the claim that their theory is working any real reform in the health situation can be justly called into question.

There are many who believe that much of the scientific inquiry into the health problem is being conducted along the wrong lines, and that no better health results may be expected from any school of health thought that views the cause of human disease as a matter in which bacterial life is chiefly responsible for practically every kind of sickness that brings the organs of man to a degenerate state. The theory that germs cause disease to a healthy body or any part that is of normal resistance to them, is widely disputed and members of such health professions as dissent from the germ theory produce many recoveries in supposed germ-caused diseases without using any of the remedies the other side declare necessary to effect a "cure."

The science of chiropractic, the leading drugless system of health practice in this country, takes full cognizance of the presence of germs, but considers these micro-organisms entirely harmless until there first is a condition of run-down resistance as a breeding ground of the diseases they are said to cause. For this predisposing cause there is a condition of spinal displacement to interfere with the normal passage of nerve power, the natural action of which maintains health in any and all parts of the body.

Hence the science of chiropractic assumes that to possess a healthy body the body itself must be in a condition of nerve freedom at the spine that the health energy generated by the brain may be transmitted in normal quantity and degree to every cell in every tissue, organ and part. This is Nature's way of imparting health-creating and health-sustaining power. If there is interference in the way of a compression of nerves by displaced joints of the spine it will act as the CAUSE of practically every disease the body suffers. To restore health, then, it becomes necessary to remove this cause. Chiropractic spinal adjustments are given to that end. The hands are used to restore the displaced joints to their true positions, and so soon as nature can adapt the parts to permanent realignment recovery from the sickness will have been effected and the prevention of further disease in them will be taken care of by the healthy resistance of natural functions.

Some may think that the spinal column is so stoutly constructed that its parts are not subject to deviations from normal arrangements. It is known with certainty that about all the joints of the spine are of limited motion and due to the fact that the organ is physically unable to withstand many effects exerted by the stress of daily life, these movable sections very frequently become displaced, thereby compressing the nerve lines and disturbing their capacity to transmit energy impulses. This will rob the organs and parts affected of their energy and power and they will gradually decline in resistance.

The Chiropractors identified with this educational campaign bear the stamp of reliability, educational qualifications and endorsement of the Chiropractic profession.

Chiropractic articles will be published in this newspaper each Saturday.

As a protective measure for the public, a booklet has been prepared and printed, giving only the names of the reliable and endorsed members of the Chiropractic profession.

We have informative Chiropractic literature that will be mailed to you on application, without cost or obligation.

Before employing the services of a Chiropractor, inquiry should be made for your convenience. The Chiropractic Educational Bureau, Address Box No. 1, London Advertiser, London, Ont.

Associated Chiropractors, London, St. Thomas, Stratford, Watford, Stratford, Galt, Simcoe, Hagersville, Jaxia, Wat-

TALKING PICTURES CREATE INTEREST

DeForest Phonofilm At Majestic Drawing Large Crowds Daily.

AMAZING INVENTION

Interest has not slackened with succeeding performances of the De Forest Phonofilm, now on exhibition at the Majestic Theatre. Presented free of charge, this amazing invention affords Londoners a splendid opportunity to observe first-hand, the progress of science as it is known to the twentieth century.

The Phonofilm is the first successful attempt at obtaining synchronism of sound and action in moving pictures. Professor Lee De Forest's remarkable invention was only obtained after months of patient and untiring effort. He succeeded where many other inventors had found only failure. "Talking pictures" are not new, but the Phonofilm represents the first successful method of producing the picture and the sound at identically the same moment.

For its first presentation to the public, the Phonofilm is necessarily brief. Following the introductory explanation it comprises instrumental selections, orchestra playing, solos and dances, all of which are ample proof of the accuracy with which the sound produced follows the actual moment when it is released on the air. The invention means a remarkable development for the moving picture industry in the near future, and the interest of the whole scientific world had been awakened by the discovery that sound and picture can be produced at identically the same moment.

Afternoon and evening there are continuous performances at the Majestic Theatre today.

CANADIAN FORESTERS ELECT HIGH OFFICERS

Ald. J. A. A. Brodeur, Montreal, Is Re-elected High Chief Ranger.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, June 20.—At the closing session of the High Court, Canadian Order of Foresters, here yesterday, Ald. J. A. A. Brodeur, Montreal, was re-elected high chief ranger, with Ald. F. H. Davidson, Winnipeg, high vice-chief ranger. A. R. Golpin, Bradford, Ont., was elected high treasurer.

Windsor, Ont., was selected as the convention place for 1925.

FEDERATION OFFICIAL RESIGNS OVER STRIKE

John E. Archer, Secretary of Postal Workers, Disagrees With Colleagues.

Canadian Press Despatch. Hamilton, June 20.—John E. Archer, secretary of the Canadian Federation of Postal employees, whose efforts were largely responsible for getting the Hamilton men back to work today, has resigned his position on the executive of the federation. He said he did so because the federation had rejected his proposal for what he considered the best method of settling the strike. Mr. Archer said he wanted to continue negotiations while the men were at work, but his colleagues decided differently.

There should never have been a postal strike, was Mr. Archer's stand before the men here. He strongly advocated negotiating for a settlement of the wage difficulty while the men were at work and not while the postal service of the country was being paralyzed.

ANOTHER ADJOURNMENT IN WOOD LIQUOR CASE

Special To The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, June 20.—Six bottles of whiskey and one bottle of gin, together with the suitcase in which they were packed, alleged to have belonged to E. (Peg) Wood of London, were produced in county court this afternoon before Magistrate MacIntyre. Wood is charged with having liquor in a place other than his private dwelling.

Barrister Cluff of London, for the accused, put in the defence under protest, claiming that an adjournment had been made for a period of more than eight days which rendered the magistrate "officially defunct." The hearing was again adjourned for another week and bail of \$4,000 renewed.

Had her uncle and cousin somehow managed to steal the necklace from Mr. Wilson? Had they been drowned in running away with it? Had he ruined himself to pay a debt of honor to her, who wanted nothing from him but love? And how was poor, so poor and so proud that he dared not ask for what was his own.

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS

By LOUISE GERARD.

INSTALLMENT XII.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS.

MRS. GREEN, who has taken a motherly interest in

DESIREE DE MAILLY, beautiful blind countess, who owns the valuable necklace of tears. She delivers it to

the safe-keeping of

JOHN WILSON, self-made Eng-

lishman, and in love with Desi-

ree, who directs that an operation be

made to save her sight. The opera-

tion is successful, but it will be two

weeks before she can see. The Count

de Gilbert and Eugene steal the neck-

lace from Wilson, but are drowned

making their escape. Wilson decides

to reimburse Desiree for the loss of

her jewels, which will impoverish him.

He tells Desiree, and leaves for Eng-

land. Two months pass while Wil-

son goes back to England, and De-

siree becomes the pet of Paris society.

Tiring of the inconsequential social

whirl and still holding Wilson in

memory, Desiree returns to her cha-

teau at Nice. She writes Wilson, ask-

ing him to send her a steward, but he

deceives her and sends an imaginary

cousin and goes to Nice posing as

Edward Wilson.

At the chateau Wilson proves him-

self a master of the estate by order-

ing improvements and putting the

place on a businesslike basis. He and

Desiree are constantly in each other's

company, he little dreaming that she

was Edward Wilson, and she wonder-

ing why he doesn't divulge his iden-

tity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Chateau Life.

During the first fortnight of his

stay at the Domaine de Mailly it

seemed to Wilson that he had gained

a lesser paradise. Then a fly ap-

peared in his ointment—not one alone,

but a swarm.

People who for years had ignored

her existence began to call. They

came in motors from 20 miles and

more away, in carriages and pairs

from Nice. Hardly a day passed with-

out bringing its visitor, and every

caller had a coat of arms on carriage

or car.

If by chance Wilson appeared dur-

ing their visit, forgotten and won-

dered, would be turned on him, and

one afternoon when this happened,

blissfully ignorant that there was

anything the matter with her man,

—a real one;—a baughty and

impetuous dame, who had brought

her son, a weedy, degenerate prin-

cing, with that it is personality

Wilson had withdrawn as soon as

he was able, seeing hostility in the

woman's stare, patronage in the

man's off-hand greeting.

Occasionally when well-placed for-

tune hunters were there, there would

come in for tea. It was a re-

fined form of torture to him, to give

Desiree a chance of really measuring

him side by side with the suave, po-

lished, elegant men of her own class.

When her visitors said disparaging

things, or looked in a disapproving

manner at her ideal, with an effort

she kept from flaring up at them,

from telling them what she thought

of them and him. But most of all

she wanted to lay her head on his

shoulder and weep because they

could not see how wonderful he was;

tell him what he had said, and how

it hurt her to hear him laugh in

his pleasant, kindly manner at all

these people and their petty ways, to

hear him so infinitely their superior, to

hear him say:

"I don't care a hang what they say,

Desiree, so long as you love me."

In past days, when she was living

at the chateau, no one had come to

see her when she really needed a

friend; no one—except Mr. Wilson.

He was the only one who had come

with gifts and invitations.

When entertaining in her own

drawing-room Desiree was always

the princess, cold, haughty and im-

puduous, unless Wilson chanced to

appear.

Then she was on longer a ruler,

but a slave girl.

Miss Ryder was not allowed to

pour out his tea. Desiree did that

herself. And she carried it to him,

and from the array of dainties fetch-

ed what she knew he liked the best.

As the days passed and Wilson

still remained unresponsive in spite

of all the timid advances she made,

managed to steal the necklace from

Mr. Wilson? Had they been drowned

in running away with it? Had he

ruined himself to pay a debt of honor

to her, who wanted nothing from

him but love? And how was poor,

so poor and so proud that he dared

not ask for what was his own.

The thought thrilled her. It was

all in keeping with her estimate of

his character.

During dinner that night he was

unusually silent, brooding on what

he had lost.

And Desiree had never seemed

more desirable, more lovely, more

bright-eyed and radiant, like one who

had just inherited a vast fortune.

All through the dinner he watched

her anxiously, a tortured look in his

eyes.

Perhaps she had made up her mind

to marry the prince. That would

be agony past all bearing.

The meal went through its course

steadily. When coffee arrived the

lamp came, turning the green sha-

dows into gold.

Beyond the terrace day had melted

into night—a gilded evening that

turned softly into silver as the moon

gathered strength and putting the

frogs croaked loudly. A myriad of

tiny lamps about the trees and

shrubs—fireflies hung and darted.

A light breeze, faintly sweet with

orange blossom, made the leaves

overhead sigh gently. The mountains

that ringed the paradise loomed like

clouds against the milky sky, where

the moon soared in a half globe

flaming silver. There were no trees,

only shadows that sighed vaguely,

No voices, only deeper depths of

indigo where nightingales sang.

As Wilson stirred his coffee, his

gaze was on the soft, blurred, scented

scene.

How he loved it all—the peace

and the beauty—this and that was

Desiree's. To live there always with

her as his wife, this girl who was

so decidedly his part of it and him; to

come between her and a rough and

tumultuous world; to work hard on

estate and make a model place of

it, to hand it on, perfected, to their

children!—he had dreamed that he in

his conceit had once dared to dream

of that! A voice broke into his brood-

ings, "Often I have sat here in the dark,

wondering what the world was made

of," it said.

"And what have you found it made

of, Countess?" he asked, a hungry

gleam in his eyes as he watched her.

"I've found that it is personality

that counts, not the person; that it

doesn't matter what people are so

long as they ring true."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Discovered Fraud.

Wilson's thoughts went to the

princeling. What unseen treasures

had a young girl's eyes discovered

in that degenerate specimen?

He lapsed into silence once more.

Again her voice broke into his

broodings, with a desperate "do or

die" note in it.

"Mr. Wilson, to whom did you sell

my necklace?"

He awoke to the fact that he and

Desiree were alone, that Miss Ryder

had gone, and that the girl was look-

ing at him with wide, strained eyes.

For a moment he tried to keep up

the face.

"What do you mean, Countess?" he

asked, a guilty flush deepening the

red of his face.

"Don't pretend you don't know.

Don't pretend to be your cousin any

longer. I know. I've always known,

you are John Wilson."

Wilson cast one quick glance at the

small face opposite him.

His fraud had been discovered, his

lies found out! There was nothing

left but to confess and have

leave a lesser paradise, for a guilty

conscience said those blue eyes were

looking at him with coldness and ac-

cusation.

"I didn't sell it," he said hoarsely.

"I didn't steal it from you?" she

asked breathlessly.

He had no time to invent an ex-

planation.

In his hesitation she read the

truth.

"Did you ruin yourself to pay me

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