London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City, 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail $4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
$4.00 per year by mail.

EVENING EDITION.
City, 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail $4.00 per year.

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, April 25.

ALIENS IN CANADA.

A GOVERNMENT sage said in the House the other day that one of the reasons the Government had not conscripted alien labor was because certain promises had been made to these people when they came to the country. It was a solemn declaration. Had one of the opposition members asked further embarrassing questions he would have been asked by the Government sage whether or not he desired to treat the country's obligations to these foreigners as "scraps of paper."

"Let the action fit the necessity," says the Government opportunist. Expediency is the middle name of the Union combination. They howled down the naturalized German and Austrian and denied him a vote at the last election, excepting in certain specified ridings like North Waterloo, where "the only good German was a Billy Wiechel German."

But when it comes to a question of putting these aliens on a war footing to meet labor needs, the Government trimmers turn the mirror on the other side and see themselves as the defenders of a sacred bond.

Meanwhile fifty or more employees of a Windsor salt company, most of whom are stated to be enemy aliens, go out on strike presumably for higher pay. Canadian labor all over the country is holding off on strikes from patriotic motives. A strike is almost an unheard-of thing among the Canadian workers in Ontario cities. Yet the alien resident, no doubt glad to press home his distinct advantage over the native born, may strike or go on making money because Canadians have been conscripted.

One dollar ten a day is enough for these strikers and all aliens capable of performing useful service. If they cannot be trusted to fight, is it fair to let them escape labor service? Let them occupy their present positions, if necessary, but let the difference between their wages and those of a private soldier go to some worthy fund. The spectacle of a Bulgarian arrested in a Western Ontario city with $2,000 in his possession, and a desire to take it easy, will aggravate public opinion on this question.

AN UNINTENTIONAL TRIBUTE.

DUBLIN'S Lord Mayor has proclaimed to the world the wonderful liberty enjoyed by those who live under the British flag. He, a supporter of those who declared a workless day as protest against conscription of the Irish, an outspoken opponent of the measure and a declared agitator against the enforcement of the law that has been passed, has asked the Government which he is flouting to grant him passports to the United States in order that he and his friends may carry on propaganda against the laws of the land. Surely this is the greatest compliment that could be paid to British generosity and broad-mindedness, even if, at the same time, the request goes beyond the bounds of reason.

Can fancy picture any portion of the German empire which might be opposed to conscription or any other national measure appealing to Berlin for permission for representatives to leave the country to carry on a campaign against the Kaiser's Government? There is no difficulty in imagining the result and the consequences to those who dared to sign such a petition.

Prejudice is proving stronger than reason in a great part of Ireland today; it is to be hoped reason will prevail.

THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

IT IS a harsh thing to kill the body of a fellow creature. Most brutal and debased of crimes is murder rated in the category of evil deeds. The brand of Cain stamped upon the forehead of a man marks him for slaughter; he is not fit to live with his fellowmen and he is in turn murdered like a beast of prey by the legal order of the community. Life, with all its charms and cares, with its black storms and rainbows, is regarded as the most precious possession. One may not himself bring the dagger to his side; society will rush to stop him, saying "Here, you may say you cannot sustain this thing you call your body, nor can I help you very much, yet you have no right to destroy it." The implication is that one does not own his body and cannot do with it as he choose.

Yet what is a beautiful body of itself? The fairest-formed and most beautifully-featured creature who ever lived, what is she, if her mind be gone, if she must be restrained or imprisoned in an asylum? Even if her mind be capable of reasoning, what if she is simply a cold automaton? Without the marvellous, intangible presence of the soul, the human being is an empty house, however pleasing of design.

Without expression of the soul, the human being is only a body. The body, we are assured, is merely a temporary abode for the soul. It is as nothing in the value of life save as a vehicle for human consciousness. We cannot define a soul. Many of us base our whole faith in a future life in the belief that the soul cannot be killed with a bullet or a dagger thrust. But can the soul be killed with any other weapon? If it cannot be killed, it may be numbed and atrophied.

Who then is the greater criminal, the murderer of your soul or the murderer of your body? The body may stand like a beautiful temple long after the soul has been deadened, and to all intents and purposes become a thing without life. To kill a soul is like burning the people in a house; to kill the body is to burn the house.

The ideal is the thing for which the soul strives. All of beauty, all of poetic fancy, all of truth, all of desire to serve, all of good impulse and kindness come from the soul. The body is merely the rented home of a wonderful tenant.

As these ideals are developed, as the eyes of vision glow with the pure light of love for humanity, so is the soul developed. But as these ideals are warped and wrung and perverted and thwarted so is the soul dulled and sickened. Doubt in the good faith of humanity creeps in; the world becomes a penitentiary to the philosopher. "The downward path is laden with unbelieving souls."

Each great soul unhampered and reaching ever upward will gain its star unless collision with darkened comets of despair strews the path with destruction. The downward path may be laden with unbelieving souls, but perhaps it is also laden with souls that have been slain through the pressing weight of disbelief and skepticism that is cast across the trail.

Beware lest you kill the soul of a man. The law will not detect you in the deed; there will be no scaffold to mount; there will be no haunting terror of your victim's face. You will not know you slew his soul; he will meet you and you will not know that the great living motive within him, the inspiration of his life, is dead. Yet like a monster you may be slaying the souls of your fellow-men all about you. If you have burned the tenants of the house, what matters the fate of the human abode? Beware the poison you may throw into the cup of youth's ideals, youth's hopes, youth's wonderful vision and youth's desires to serve. Cynicism and disbelief and cruelty are the drugs that subtly kill the soul. Hope and faith and encouragement are the good waters that make the soul a benison to all the earth. Drink deeply of them and give freely to them that thirst.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Brantford Courier suggests that after the Krupps will come the Bankrupps.

Black Jack Johnson, with all his faults, also got in on the real world's championship.

Why can't the council arrange some sort of fifty-fifty split on the street railway receipts?

Jack Munroe is one kind of a prize-fighter, and then there are big fellows like Jess Willard.

The navy didn't exactly "hunt the rats from their holes," but it sealed a few front doors.

Full many a social climber mounts to fame on the war ladder. And who can say her (or him) nay?

Of the making of books there is no end—what returned soldier who landed in New York has failed to write his?

All honor to the Light Brigade, but Tennyson could scarcely select their exploit among all the imperishable deeds of today.

Between Sir Edward Carson on the one hand and the Sinn Feiners on the other, Lloyd George's Government has a happy time.

Lord Beaverbrook has been examined and found unfit for active service. Frenzied finance takes a lot out of a man in various ways.

Charlie Chaplin says facing crowds has made a nervous wreck of him, but at that he has nothing on the crowds who have faced his pictures at times.

Will the time come when medical knowledge has made such strides that it will not be necessary for everyone to endure a cold in the head as spring begins?

Hon. T. W. Crothers believes it is necessary to have someone to replace W. F. O'Connor, while the nation believes it necessary to have Mr. O'Connor reappointed.

San Francisco court was the scene of a really picturesque shooting affair of which the marshal's fancy gun work was the feature. What if he had missed though?

Explanatory note—The Lieut. Bourassa of Montreal who is leaving with other French-Canadians to man a tank is not the W. K. Herr Henri Bourassa, also of Montreal.

Once it was the soul kiss; now it's the sold kiss offered by Mary Pickford to Liberty Bond buyers. Beautiful ladies are reminded that Canada ere long is to have another Victory Loan.

Britain has taken away Germany's supremacy in making dye, but Germany holds an unquestioned lead in causing deaths, the responsibility for every man who has fallen resting with her.

About three thousand women and girls collected money on St. Julien Day in the streets of Toronto for a fund to be used in providing suitable welcome to returned men. The list of successful canvassers was headed by ten married women, which fact is mentioned just as further proof that in getting money from men experience counts.

BROKEN MUSIC.

All last night, I, roving, listened
To the singing of the moonbeams
Gaily telling of their love dreams,
In the branches of the pines;
In and out the shadows glistened,
In their weird and witching dances,
Fairy maids—with dove-like glances,
And they blent their song with mine!

Far above, the stars were singing
Such a melody heart breaking
That the sweetness of it waking
Memories I scarce could bear;
Then along the years came ringing
Pain exquisite, sweetness thrilling,
All my pulsing being filling—
Drooped my proud head—bowed and bare!

Then the music softly dying
Seemed to know my heart was bleeding,
Seemed to hush with joy exceeding,
All my yearning hopes of years;
And the pine trees, sadly sighing,
Bade me love my hopeless sorrow,
Tender lessons from them borrow,
Of the loveliness of tears!

So across the years we've waited
In that dreamed-of land—in keeping—
Where you hush your prayerful weeping—
I'll come back from war—to you—
We'll take up our dreams belated,
Though I come all weak and broken
You have given this sweet token
That your love for me is true!

AMY E. CAMPBELL.

Bits of Byplay

by Luke McLuke

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That Long-Range German Gun.

Paris, Monday.—Shell hits schoolhouse. Fourteen children killed.

Paris, Tuesday—Shell kills octogenarian who was sitting in front of old men's home.

Paris, Wednesday—Shell hits maternity hospital. Eleven mothers killed.

Paris, Thursday.—Shell hits party of little girls who are having picnic in park. Seventeen killed.

Paris, Friday.—Shell breaks up game of tag among boys in yard. Six boys killed.

Paris, Saturday.—Shell hits orphan asylum. Nineteen little tots blown to bits.

Paris, Sunday—Shell hits church. Twenty-one killed while kneeling in prayer.

Total for week, 89 Iron Crosses.

Hoch der Kaiser!

Let's Go.

The kaiser's sure to take a slip,
When he bucks up against this nation;
For the Allies are prepared to whip
All the dern Germ-Huns in creation.

Haw, Haw!

Everybody's doing it. Mary Roberts Rinehart makes Henri ask:

"Why is a dead German like a pig's tail?"

And the answer is:

"Because that's the end of the swine."

Oh, Joy!

"I draymed of the kaiser," the Irishman said,
"And I draymed I was fillin' the baste full of lead;
An' so many big bullet in him did I put
It took sivinteen sthrong min to carry wan fut."

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is the most expensive coloring material?

Paw—Nose paint, my son.

Ouch!

My barber I would like to chide,
I think he is a mutt;
For first he goes and cuts my hide,
And then he hides my cut.

Front!

Boy, please page Miss Birdie Buckaloo, of El Paso, Texas. She is missing from the Club.

A Warning.

"Spring's on her way,"
Said Mr. Bore;
"But have a care,
Don't take 'em off!"
—Luke McLuke.

"Spring's on her way,"
Said Mr. Rocks;
"But don't put on
Those thin silk socks."
—Dalton (Ga.) Citizen.

Gosh!

How his mother must have loved that child when she named him! Anyway, Bermuda Onion is a gardener at Topsey, Texas.

Our Joe Miller Contest.

John F. Baker claims that the oldest joke is the one about the man who lost his axe in the house one day. His wife berated him about his carelessness and untidiness in letting his things lie around, but the axe remained lost for nine years. Then one day his wife swept under the bed, and there was the axe.

Things to Worry About.

What has become of the Sanjak of Novibazar.

Names Is Names.

Chase A. Deer lives at Grundeville, Texas.

Our Daily Special.

You Can't Keep Cool by Putting On Airs.

Luke McLuke Says.

A woman may forget to wear her petticoat when she goes out one of these warm days. But there isn't any chance of her forgetting to wear her 30-cent ear bobs.

We hate the old fogy that sneers at up-to-dateness and claims that they managed things much better when he was a boy. The truth of the matter is that they didn't know they were alive when he was a boy.

Funny how a man who couldn't produce a literary effort that would be worth ten cents to him can write a love letter that is worth $1,000 to some woman.

The man who invented dynamite thought that he was giving the world a dangerous article. But back in 457 B. C. Plato made him look like a piker when Plato invented platonic love.

The reason why an inch of dust remains under daughter's bed until mother sweeps it up is because daughter has to devote four hours a day to ath-a-letics and gym work.

Any time you see a man carrying an umbrella and a jacket for a woman the betting is about 800 to 1 that they are not married.

Never lend money to a stranger. It is safer and much more satisfactory to borrow it from him.

You may have noticed that there is never any failure in the whisker crop in the agricultural regions.

When a boob marries he thinks he is getting a mate. But after the honeymoon he discovers that he has annexed a captain.

Many a poor provider gets mad because his wife doesn't serve him meals like he gets down-town.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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LITTLE-HAT LADY.

[By Jane Osborne.]

Designing hats for a popular price wholesale millinery establishment was not Upton Pread's ideal of a stalwart, life-sized man's occupation. Still even young men with that innate feeling for line and color that marks them—or brands them—as artists before they have had a fair chance to determine for themselves whether they wish to follow an artist's career or not, have to eat and have to be clothed, and designing women's hats seemed at the time to be the only opportunity that afforded what Pread considered a living wage. Getting an occasional order for a portrait perhaps was more the sort of thing he had dreamed of, and more the sort of thing his friends expected, but it would not have provided for him a comfortable existence at the Stanley Arms, and Upton Pread found that living at that well appointed little hotel had advantages that offset the designing of hats.

Still Upton did not like to have people know the nature of his "artistic" work. In the morning after breakfast he got out his drawing board and, shut up in his snug little chintz-room, he would call into being first the image of heads of fair women, and then, as if by magic, he would summon hats to crown them. Hastily and with quick stroke of his pencil he would sketch the pretty heads and then, with minuteness that made reproduction by a milliner possible, he would portray the hat. Having made some four or five sketches he would roll them up securely in his portfolio and, after having had luncheon in the hotel dining-room, he would sally forth to the millinery establishment, there to deliver his wares. They were not always accepted. In fact, he was expected only to deliver two designs a day, and he made sometimes as many as six. After his visit to the milliner's he had a good part of the afternoon free—not entirely free, either, for if he elected to go to one of the fashionable indoor ice rinks he always had before him the task of studying the women's hats, not so much to "get ideas" for designs but to learn—what to him was the hardest lesson—what women thought was becoming. Upton had ideas of his own about beauty in women's apparel, and often when he made a design that he thought was his masterpiece it was only to have the manager of the millinery establishment push the design aside, declaring that if he put out hats like that his business would be ruined. So Upton would carry back the rejected drawings and crush them into his waste basket and start fresh the next morning with an effort to suppress his own notions about hats.

Upton always worked in secrecy. You see he was not proud of his calling. If the substantial, slow-moving chambermaid happened still to be setting his room to rights when he returned from breakfast, he was loath to get out his drawing things, but lingered over his morning paper or walked idly about his room. One day after she had left the room and he had begun in earnest, there was a knock at his door and, without waiting for Upton to call out "come," the chambermaid stuck her head in the door. She held a waste basket in her hand. "You don't make a mistake, sir, do you, and throw away pictures you want?" she asked. "Some of these here pretty girl's heads, I mean, seems 'most too good to throw away."

"Oh, those," Upton said as the woman held up a crushed and crumpled girl's head wearing, what the day before he had judged one of his best designs only to have it condemned as impossible by the practical millinery manager, "those are rubbish. I just do them—to amuse myself, as it were." And the chambermaid withdrew, dragging her mop and carpet sweeper after her.

The hat in question was inspired by a muscle shell. Upton had seen hats that were inspired by roses and sweet peas and even by canary birds. That sort of thing was trite. He happened to have a few shells that he had gathered on the seashore the summer before and treasured for no very good reason, and it occurred to him one day that in the graceful curves of the muscle shell and in its deep, penetrating black with brown, green and blue shadings, he might devise a hat that would be worth designing. The head he drew for this head was the head of a sea nymph. He always made the faces first to suit the hats—if the hat showed Japanese influence the girl was slightly slant-eyed, if she wore a sombrero she was of Spanish features. The hat was of black silk above with shadings of brown and blue and the lining beneath the brim was of the shimmering grey of the inside of a muscle shell. Upton really reveled in this hat—only to have it rejected the next day at headquarters, while an insipid little hat of dark blue straw with a cherry dangling at one side was pronounced a "winner."

Upton had not learned his lesson. In another daring mood he designed a hat that he said was inspired by a German air raid at night, though the millinery manager did not even attempt to see the similarity. He did admit, however, that the design was original and might do for a theatrical costume, but for his purposes—never. And that was consigned to the waste basket, where a few days before had gone the muscle shell hat and on another day a hat that had been suggested by the colors and shape of a spring onion. Upton had had them for dinner the night before and had actually carried one to his room, put it in water and taken his design from life. That also was among the failures.

Upton knew that onion hat of his was original. Still someone else must have designed it simultaneously. For a week later as Upton sat at dinner he looked up and there two tables off the very pretty golden-brown blonde who dined alone and seemed to have few friends—Upton had seen her often and not infrequently recalled her face and coloring when summoning up imaginary models in his room—there, sat the little blonde wearing the onion hat. Yes, it was exactly like the hat he had designed, with the colors as given in his sketch reproduced exactly. An expert milliner could not have reproduced the sketch more faithfully, and the little blonde was just the model for that hat. Upton was in a fever of excitement. He wanted to tell his friends of the coincidence, but to do so would have necessitated telling of his own role as hat designer.

Then—and this was really too much for Upton's peace of mind—the little blonde appeared one tempestuous spring night when the rain was pouring outside and the wind could be heard rushing around the window panes—she appeared in the hat that he had designed when thinking of an aeroplane raid at night, and in the eyes that had seemed all tenderness and mildness under the spring onion hat there was now a haunting look of distress and sorrow. But it was unmistakably Upton's hat. Then appeared the real masterpiece—the muscle-shell hat, and this seemed to suit the little blonde's face better even than the others. It was a marvelous hat and it was worn by a wonderful model. Upton noticed the eyes of other diners focused on it and he realized then his success in designing it, though he could not guess how the hat had been made. There was nothing at all striking in the cut or coloring of the hat—in the usual acceptance of the word. That it attracted attention was, Upton knew, simply because it was distinctive.

After that Upton's models were all alike. The little blonde face haunted him and the millinery manager asked him to try and vary the type of hats he designed. They were all made for the same type of face. Upton began to lose sleep. It was not so much the mystery of the matter, though it was odd enough to have another person extract ideas from your mind in this way and bring into realization so successfully your thwarted dreams. The thing was that Upton was very much in love with the little blonde and that the little blonde was not absolutely indifferent as to his existence he might have learned to his own satisfaction from the way her eyes dropped to her plate whenever he looked toward her at dinner.

Finally after she had been wearing the three hats for three weeks, he could stand the suspense no longer and he bravely followed her out of the dining-room one night, and with the manner of an old friend bade her a good evening. Not being repulsed, he sat talking with her in the hotel reception-room.

Upton was a very direct sort of person and even before he sought to solve the mystery, he told her that he was more interested in her than he had ever been in any girl before, and she, sweet, frank child that she was, told him that she was very glad of that, for she was lonely in the big city and didn't know any nice young men. That was encouragement enough even for a faint heart, and Upton's was not faint. Then Upton spoke of the hats. When he told her that he had designed them, she turned very scarlet, and said she didn't know that it was from his room the chambermaid had got them. She said she had come to the city to study millinery, as the only talent she had ever displayed was that of making her own hats. So she had come and had expected to succeed in the school until she discovered that to begin with the pupils had to draw their own designs of hats, and she simply could not draw. She told the chambermaid her troubles because she had no one else to talk to and was all but decided to return home discouraged when the chambermaid brought her the crumpled drawings from one of the waste baskets. She had taken them to school and passed them off as her own work. It was dishonest, but she was eager to succeed. Then she had worked out the designs and she had taken every prize the school offered. One of her hats was going to be sent to the international millinery exhibit—the muscle-shell one. The instructors were wild over it, and a very well-known artist who gave them lectures on colors had declared that another was a masterpiece in tones. It suggested an air raid at night, he said, though she couldn't see how he thought that.

"So they are masterpieces, after all," Upton sighed, and before the evening was far spent they had not only settled all the plans for the wedding, but were dreaming dreams of starting an exclusive shop in which they would combine their talents.

THE MAN WHO WINS

Some men seem to have all the luck. If there are any good things going these men seem to get them. They make other people do their will—they are leaders. If they are businessmen they are successful; if they are workmen they get the foreman's job. They have the power of influencing people.

The same thing is true of women. Some have the charm that makes men seek them out; others are always neglected. But this is not luck. It is due to a personal gift—vitality. Men and women of this sort are never weak, puny invalids. They may not be big, but they are full of life and energy. The whole thing is a matter of good blood, good nerves and good health. Everyone would wish to be like this, and the qualities that make for vitality and energy are purely a matter of health. By building up the blood and nerves sleeplessness, want of energy, weakness of the back, stooping shoulders, headaches and the ineffectual sort of presence which really comes from weakness can all be got rid of. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have made many weak, tired men, vigorous and healthy, and many pale, dejected girls and women plump, rosy and attractive, by improving their blood and toning up their nerves. If you are weak, ailing, low-spirited or unhealthy, begin to cure yourself today by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

You can get these Pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

YOUTHS' SMART $15.00 SUITS at - $10.00

Sizes 32 to 36 in this lot of youths' or young men's smart long-pant suits, two and three piece styles, pinch-back all-round belted and form-fitting plain backs, browns, tans and greys in neat and effective patterns. An even $5.00 saving on every suit. Be early.

A Clean-Up of Spring Coats Worth Up to $18.00, for $13.00

The odd ones and twos of our best-selling lines—slip-on, belters, pinch-backs and Chesterfield models; new Donegal tweeds, in greys and tans, Bannockburns, plain cheviots in greys and blacks; some full lined, others yoke lined only; sizes 33 to 42 in the lot.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY SALE Men's English Raincoats, $14 Value $9.75

An unusual chance for men who want a good, honest, hard-wearing coat for driving or motoring. These are English Paramattas, duble texture, with heavy moleskin lining, absolutely rainproof and almost wearproof; sizes 36 to 46; also a few grey tweeds, in sizes 38 and 40 in the lot. Be early.

Boys' High-Grade Wool Tweed Suits, $7.65

Economy and style go hand in hand in this offering of 48 Smart Suits for boys; smart new grey and brown shades in neat checks and overplaids; new coat models, with regular or patch pockets, with all-round belts; full-cut bloomers, lined all through; sizes 27 to 35. Values are regular up to $10.

Men's Standard Tweed Business Suits, Worth $20, $14.75

Plain greys and browns and neat but effective overchecks in all-wool English tweeds, splendid weights and nice, smart, three-button models, lined and trimmed in A1 style; cloths that many tailors are showing today at $28 to $30 per suit; sizes 36 to 44 in the lot. Be early.

Men's High-Grade Worsted Suits, Worth $25, on sale $19.75

No wholesaler today is offering suits like these at as little money as this. Fine imported British worsteds in plain greys, pin-checks and overplaids, handsome browns in neat overchecks, new tartan overchecks, all in smart models, well designed and splendidly tailored; sizes 35 to 44 in this range. Be early.

Children's All-Wool Serge Reefers in Blue, for $3.48

Just a few of these splendid little Spring and fall coats, in pure wool Irish serges, lined all through, silk emblem on sleeve; sizes 24 to 28; regular $5.00 and $5.95.

R. J. YOUNG & CO.

Glove Department

Ladies' White Chamoisette Gloves, special quality, all sizes. Per pair 75c

Ladies' White Chamoisette Gloves, also white with black backs. Per pair $1.10

White Washable Kid Gloves, Perrin's manufacture, also white with black backs, all sizes $1.50

Perrin's White Kid Gloves, extra quality, all sizes, elegant value. Per pair...$2.50

Black Melrose Dress Goods

Good heavy quality, all wool, old dye, 44 inches; this line is extra value. Per yard $1.75

All-Wool Black Serge, extra quality, rich black, 50 inches wide $1.50

Black Santoy, all wool, good weight, fast dye. Our leader $1.65

Priestley's Black Bendon Cord, all wool, five cord, 44 inches. Our special...$2.00

Millinery and Ready-to-Wear

SECOND FLOOR.

These departments are large, with extra light up-to-date goods at right prices. Be sure to visit these departments before making your selection.

Crepe de Chine

For fancy waists, fine quality, correct weight, 36 inches, in shades of peach, white, black, sand and maize. Very special,

$1.19

Special Sale Women's and Misses' Suits

Four styles to choose from, made in belted styles, with new coat collar and fancy silk over-collar. Skirts with belt and gathered back. Materials are all-wool imported serge, in navy, dark brown, green, tan and black. Sizes 16 to 44. Special price $22.50

Black Silk Poplin Coats for elderly women, in sizes 40 to 46, half lined, fancy square collar and revers, trimmed with black silk military braid. Very special $15.00

34 only, Ladies' Raincoats, in all-wool cashmere, thoroughly waterproof, convertible collar. Can be buttoned high or low, belted and plain styles, $12.50 value, Friday and Saturday only $8.95

Art Sateen and Repps

A splendid showing of these popular goods for drapes and box coverings; new designs, fine quality. Per yard 20c, 25c, 35c, 45c, 50c, 65c

Curtain Scrims, plain and colored border.. ..... 15c, 18c, 25c, 35c

Fine Marquisette, with stenciled borders in pink, brown, green and blue, fast colors 65c

BED SPREADS

Large size Crochet Quilts, hemmed ends, special designs,

$2.50, $2.75, $2 98, $3.75

ENGLISH MARSEILLES QUILTS.

These goods are very scarce. See our two specials, handsome designs,

$4.50 and $5.00

TWO STORES **R. J. YOUNG & CO.** LONDON LONDON EAST

IT COSTS A LOT TO LIVE

But don't let the matter of expense keep you from having your eyes cared for. Sight is more important to you than clothing, food, or anything else. Also you'll find our prices decidedly reasonable. The Brown Optical Company, Specialists, 393 Dundas Street. Phone 1877.