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ADVERTISER'S NOTE.

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London, Ontario, Wednesday, August 24, 1921.

CONSTRUCTIVE POLICY WANTED.

Some interesting points in regard to present economic conditions in the country have been brought up at the annual meeting of the Trades and Labor Congress now being held at Winnipeg. In a memorandum presented to the executive council, attention was called to the fact that the federal military and naval appropriations for the year 1921 showed an increase for the upkeep of military and naval forces of nearly \$2,000,000, and a decrease in constructive public undertakings, for which appropriations have been made by Parliament of nearly thirty-six and a half millions. A comparison made between these two items is fraught with significance. In place of doing everything possible to relieve the labor situation along sound economic lines by developing the resources with which Canada is teeming, the Government is still thinking imperially.

In speaking of the natural resources of the country one immediately thinks of the vast agricultural, mineral and forest wealth with which the Dominion is endowed, and which is to a great extent untouched. We do not hesitate to say that there were such a vast quantity of rich possibilities ready to hand in Germany that country would be at them for all she was worth in an effort to pay off her huge bill for war reparations. Such a policy would be infinitely more sound than the spoon-feeding of sickly industries and the doling out of relief to the victims who have been deprived of the means of earning a livelihood.

Coal and iron, as well as the more precious metals, are found in many parts of the Dominion, and the forest wealth of the country is an asset that cannot be overestimated. Norway and Sweden have derived vast revenues from their timber resources, particularly the supply of pulpwood, and Denmark, with its energy and enterprise to be admired, has surprised the world by her dairy products.

The war has placed a huge burden of debt on the country, the interest on which alone amounts to an appalling sum, but in place of trying to pay off this formidable obligation by sound economic methods the Government is chiefly concerned in window-dressing and keeping up appearances. The returned soldiers' organizations are at one with the labor men in demanding that this trifling should cease. It is not the welfare of Canada that is agitating the minds of the Government and its supporters at the present moment, but the safety of their own skins. The panic that forebodes the end of the usurped regime has already begun. The rats have not yet begun to leave the sinking ship owing to the fact that strenuous work at the pumps may keep her afloat a while longer, but they are putting their heads together for the final scamper.

"INSCRUTABLE" MR. MEIGHEN.

A local contemporary prints some delicious gibberish on Mr. Meighen and the Imperial Conference that might have been a nightmare of the hot spell in July. It frets that Liberals see in Mr. Meighen a separatist, and quotes for that opinion, not Mr. King or any other Liberal, but "one famous journalist of the old-time Liberal school," viz. Sir John Willison. You might better illustrate white opinion in Alabama by quotations from leading darkey agitators of that state! One who has never been white is not so opposite as one that has been blacked.

Then this juggling contemporary proceeds to contrast with Liberal Willison's ultra-British anxieties the commendations of the British press itself on Mr. Meighen. It appears curiously enough from these that over there he is regarded as championing a "co-partnership" against the old imperial system. And suddenly our contemporary agrees with this view, which transforms the old Empire into an alliance. Under pretence of castigating imaginary Liberal objections, an attempt is made to quiet the grumblings of hard-shell Round-Table men like Willison over another of Mr. Meighen's changes of front.

Over in England someone described Mr. Meighen as "the most inscrutable" of the dominion premiers. No wonder they can't make him out. The British "patriotism" of Canadian protectionists who object to Laurier's preference on British goods is inscrutable or inscrupulous, as you choose to be more or less courteous in designating it. Similarly Mr. Meighen's "co-partnership" seems so different from the dead seal on Laurier's Canadian navy, that the polite British editor calls him inscrutable. He was somewhat inscrutable in the matter of the 1917 elections and the manipulation of the votes therein. His unconstitutional clinging to power no doubt strikes some British newspapers as inscrutable, like his sudden friendliness to the United States of late (after 1911), or his attempts to shake hands with Quebec (after everything).

The British press is well aware that they have a slippery and protean quantity in Mr. Meighen, or Canadian protectionism, its tentacles and tools. They get together and praise him in stereotyped forms, partly to "coax the vampire," and mainly to compliment Canada through its official representative. One paper quoted by our contemporary says something a little different, that Mr. Meighen "disdains publicity," but they all know better than that. Who collected all the British references for our contemporary to cite? Mr.

Meighen has a shrewd enough understanding of how to use the press.

OUR WOODLAND WEALTH.

The forestry section of the Ontario Department of Agriculture is gradually making headway in its mission of educating the people in the advantages that pertain to the conservation and renewal of any timber resources of the province. The day is long since past when farmers used to haul into the market load after load of cordwood to be cut into lengths with which to replenish the kitchen stove, this fuel being in the majority of cases composed of valuable hardwoods, such as beech, oak and birdseye maple. Had there not been such a prodigal use of this material, the country would have been richer today. But there is no use crying over the past; the present and future is with what we have to deal.

In various parts of the country local organizations among the farmers have done much to advance the cause of farm forestry, and many have seen that a grave error has been committed in the past by denuding non-agricultural soil of its trees, and the remedy advocated is that those areas should be replanted. Owing to the fact that the forest crop takes so long to come to maturity, selfish reasons have had a tendency to cause the individual to shirk the responsibility. Unfortunately there does not prevail a sufficient amount of that generous and farseeing spirit which makes the planter think of those who come after; but he is standing in his own light in adopting this attitude, for in the event of his realizing his property he will find that he has a good asset in a well-planted area of non-agricultural land.

In Europe it is a recognized principle that forestry must have the aid and supervision of the state if anything like a national policy is to exist. Similarly it would be well if in this country the farmer should receive all possible assistance in carrying out a policy which will in many cases benefit posterity more than it will himself. It is also pointed out that many farmers in the older parts of Ontario depend almost entirely on the supply of coal for fuel. Sawmill operators are allowed to go into the bush and select the best timber, leaving only the useless culls, and caring nothing for the untidiness and disorder which he leaves in his trail. All the owner thinks of is the ready cash which he has netted from the transaction, and the land is accordingly denuded without thought of renewal. It is time that a decided halt should be called in this direction, and some practical system insisted upon.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Down in Nova Scotia they have been celebrating the 150th anniversary of Sir Walter Scott's birth. The best celebration for the greatest of English novelists is the general reading of his books by young and old. It is to be feared that Sir Walter is less read than a generation ago, although a liberal education absolutely must include an acquaintance with at least half a dozen of Scott's novels and half a dozen of his songs or lays.

Scott is as supreme in prose fiction as Shakespeare in the drama. If anyone complains that Scott's introductions or descriptions are too long, the answer must be that of Hamlet to Polonius, "He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps." You must pay for the good things, and Scott lays his foundations slowly but surely; as for the descriptions, they are easily skipped by those who do not like them. But if you must have a tale of bawdry, go to any modern novelist, but not to Scott.

Neither does Scott deal in moral lessons or messages. He is a great artist (not a wall paper artist or decorator), with his full share of sun-spots, and as Flecker said, "The business of art is not to save souls, but to make them worth saving." Scott is indeed a surpassing humorist as well as a dramatic artist, though the mass of cheap readers probably don't see the jokes. Great art is a study as well as an amusement.

The London Times Literary Supplement has been publishing retrospect articles every few months for some years, as the centennial anniversaries of Scott's novels roll around. To 1821 belong "Kenilworth" and "The Pirate," both stirring romances, though neither among Scott's very best. Critical opinion, which for a time turned stolidly from the author of "Waverley," has reacted back to him again of late. This is as true of his songs as of his novels. The unique value of songs like "The Pibroch of Donald Dhu," or "Lochnivar," or Madge Wildfire's song in "The Heart of Midlothian," is now handsomely recognized; the critics have come around to the people. The people will always be coming around to Scott, in spite of temporary lapses from true and simple taste.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Kitty on the green has more admirers these days than Maude in the garden.

Old world games—golf, cricket and bowling, these three, but the greatest of them (for the present) is bowling.

The members of the Meighenite Government want to hang on as long as possible. Possibly they will all hang together—suspended animation, as it were.

"Cool as a cucumber" is an ancient saw, and the farmers of Norfolk County say that their cucumbers are the coolest for years. The frost got them.

The order of the bath is an honor which might with advantage be more popular in London, according to the general manager of the public utilities.

The Greeks have crushed the Turks in the salt desert east of the Sakaria River. No doubt the Turks are now in pickle, and have only got their deserts.

Local live stock men have discovered that it is a mistake to send cattle to the Buffalo market. That tariff wall of Uncle Sam's was too high for them to steer over.

The British bowlers are playing the game both socially and recreationally. England, Ireland and Scotland can trundle the sphere together in the common cause without undue bias.

It is said that no general election will take place in Canada before a parliamentary session has been held. Let it come when it may, there is no fear of Miss Canada saying "This is too sudden."

LETTERS.

A HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
Time and again we see in the papers that some poor, friendless man or woman has been taken to the jail because in this fair city of ours there is really no other place for the care of the poor. While we know kindness is shown to them there, it does not seem right or just that people who have done no wrong should have no other place to go. People say there are the different homes in the city, the churches, Salvation Army and social service, but to those of us who work among the poor there is the crying need at present for some sort of home, where a poor man or woman, with, where such unfortunate people could, without any red tape, etc., be sent immediately when they are taken to the police. Others perhaps who cannot afford to stay in the hospitals but who are strong enough to work could pay something, however small, if they are without homes or friends. The Convent of the Holy Family at St. Catharines would be a good place, for if we had only two or three homes in such a building, if we are still unable to start a small cottage home where, without delay, the poor friendless ones of the city may go and be cared for until they are able to get on their feet, it would be a great help. Except for the friendless ones, there was no other place to send her.

Space will not allow me to tell of the many and varied cases that have come to my notice as a visitor to our county jail for years, but long ago I remember as I watched an old man, a member in one of the cot, an old, old man, who was found starving because he was too proud to beg. He was a friendless and he was taken to the jail to be cared for, and there died. I made up my mind not to be content until we had a home for the friendless ones, and although time and again I have pleaded for the same, lack of interest and lack of funds have stood in the way. The Local Council of Women has lately appointed me convener of a committee to inquire into the ways and means of dealing with the problem, and we hope, soon, to hold a meeting and see what can be done. We would be thankful if with their influence, suggestions, sympathy and then we will not fear but that funds to start such a home with may be forthcoming.

A. MARSHALL.

London, August 23, 1921.

OTHERS' VIEWS.

DIGNITY.

[Boston Globe.]
There are people who buy, on instalments, an expensive plush-covered set for the front room and then sit in the evening after dinner in the crowded kitchen, in order that the family dignity may be maintained, by having the front room look brand new. There is another family, who, when they have a dinner party, when they dine alone, have nothing but breakfast food and liver. Many a hard-working young woman cooks over the gas stove in order to keep the fur collar on her neck. Concern for dignity, caused a perfectly competent motorist to hire a chauffeur for the afternoon on which he and his wife attended a garden party at a great estate.

LOYD GEORGE AND JAPAN.

[Montreal Star.]
It is clear that the British Government, while it may "dissemble its love for Japan, does not intend to kick that country down the backstairs. Japan stood by us during the war. Mr. Lloyd George bears testimony that it was the early days of the war which enabled the Australian and the Indian contingents to reach the field of battle. "The Pacific was being raided by fast German cruisers," he says. "Our ships were being sunk. The British navy, tied to the North Atlantic, the Mediterranean and the North Sea. Yet we sent a million and a half troops to the help of the Allies, not a man of whom could have risked upon the seas in the critical months at the opening of the war if the Japanese navy had not guaranteed their safety."
We had our own experience in Canada. The North Atlantic was safe, but the British Columbia coast cities were not. We purchased some submarines in Seattle in a panic. But we had nothing which could stand for a moment against such a squadron as that of Admiral Yamato. It is true that he was sunk by British battle-cruisers at the Falklands, but that was because he was hunted out of the Pacific by the vigorous and watchful Japanese.
Today the British Empire is not going to say to Japan: "We don't need you any more. So good-bye. The British Empire," declares its prime minister, "must behave like gentlemen." The last thing this means, however, is that the British Empire under any circumstances will help anybody attack the United States. Anybody who has to behave like gentlemen, we have no intention of behaving like lunatics.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

[K. T. graph.]
Internatio. mostly concerned with war, but in war or in connection with war, most of the questions arise with which it deals. But, unfortunately, as was again shown in the recent war, the belligerent states are tempted to resort to every measure that promises success, immediate gains to its own arms overriding either moral considerations, or the faith due to treaties, or the fear of public opinion of the world. When one power disregards the other belligerents cannot fight to follow the same methods.

"BE READY."

[Montreal Gazette.]
It would appear as if the present British Parliament had almost run its course. There are many men behind the Government in Great Britain who realize that the prolongation of the present British House of Commons is ill-advised. The whole problem would seem to be, who will take up and carry on Lloyd George's leadership? Can the Labor party get the confidence of Britain after the long and paralyzing series of strikes and labor troubles which have shaken the economic foundations of the country from end to end? Mr. Lloyd George does not require to be taught the use of either the existence of a tired administration or appeal to the people, the becoming increasingly apparent that the British premier is becoming afraid of the flowing tide. He has the example of previous British premiers who have been courted danger by waiting too long. It is within the bounds of possibility that a general election may come in that case, good advice to those who imagine, like Lloyd George himself, that the "political temper" in Great Britain is abating, to "Be Ready."

A GOOD THING FOR GERMANY.

[Bay Times-Tribune.]
When the Allies forced Germany in the Versailles agreement to disarm, they conferred a great benefit on the world. Germany is to be free of the immense expense of maintaining an army and navy. Hereafter her money can be devoted to channels of constructive work, instead of being squandered in the futile and senseless struggle of the Versailles conference, which was a waste of time and money. All Germany need for the future is to mind her own business. With all efforts bent in the direction of industry, Germany will be in a position to outstrip other nations. She is beginning to realize that this requirement of the Versailles conference, while

intended as a blow between the eyes, is really a big factor toward putting Germany in the place among the business nations of the world.

THINKING ROOMS.

[Kington Standard.]
A New York hotel has established, for the benefit of authors, singers, actors, and so on, who want some quiet place, free from the noises of the city, to think in. We wish to see that this is a good idea unless these great thinkers are compelled to sit still, and think, and do nothing else, and then they are at each other, and what would their thoughts be worth? Further the manager is compelled to install, but it will be manipulated by players whose efforts do not properly come under the classification of "thinking noise." Suppose, however, that an author does not like piano music; how about his thoughts? The best cure for the thinkers would be to have a thinking office, and see how men both think and write there with all kinds of noises going on, and that is absolutely necessary for concentration upon work.

A BENEFICENT RULE.

[Montreal Herald.]
Recent agitation and outbreaks in India have fostered the idea in some quarters that British rule was weakened by the influence of such leaders as Ghandi growing to a degree dangerous to British prestige. But the loyalty of the vast majority of the people of India has been no more fundamentally affected by these machinations than by the numerous revolts and conspiracies of the first year or two of the war. A relatively small part of India, and has not touched the central provinces or the great Presidency of Madras.

QUEBEC'S LOYALTY.

[L'Action Catholique.]
The province of Quebec never makes a parade of its loyalty in the manner of certain of its neighbors, yet it is, perhaps, of all the provinces in the confederation, the most attached to the political system which it contributed to establish, and least desirous to break the bond which binds it to Great Britain. The certainty that an imperialist policy imposed upon us during recent years is of a nature calculated to provoke a sense of the reasons for the hostility of Quebec to such a measure. Lord Blyth of Vimy, then, with redoubled ardor that he found amongst the Canadians the same loyalty and the same ardor with whom he was in contact on the battlefield. Just as he had occasion to appreciate these sentiments amongst the Canadian soldiers, so, during the period of five years that he will remain here, he will have opportunity to judge to what point the Canadian citizen is attached to his country and to what measure he intends to do nothing of a nature to compromise in any manner the future which he holds to be solid and brilliant for Canada.

POETRY AND JEST.

THE LONELINESS OF AGE.

[F. L. Maudsley.]
Time once was when the day lacked hours. Enough to finish the tasks begun. When morning scattered the scent of flowers. And evening's curtain was finely spun. Of moonlight's web and starry showers. In unison.

The lyre was touched and a song went winging. Its joyous way. Easily laughter and hall came ringing. And eye met eye with the glance of youth. For so was sweet and the heart was singing. Of love, forsooth!

One by one the leaves are shaken. From old trees' branches by Autumn. So were the old companions taken. Leaving him lonely, left to the last. Left to himself and his thoughts. Living the past.

Old age makes no plan for the morrow. Whom shall it work with, with whom play? Burdened with debt of the days it borrows. Age expectantly waits to pay—Waits and dreams of the past, and sorrows. Only to stay.

THE QUESTION.

[London Evening News.]
"Now, friends and countrymen, after a long speech made in the pouring rain, 'any questions?'"
"Yes," plied all that remained of his audience, an urchin. "Can I 'ave the box you're standing on to make a go-cart with?"

LOVE'S WAGES.

[Montreal Herald.]
The wages of Love are small, so small. You scarce might know they were paid at all. A glance, a smile, or the clasp of hands. The coin of a heart that understands. A name soft whispered, a fingered kiss—The wages of Love are paid in this.

But oh, the magic such coin can buy—The waking joy of a dawn-flushed sky. Drudgery speeding on skylarks' wings. Songs in the heart beats of common things. And frell shadows of evening blent. With peace and comfort and all content.

The wages of Love are small, so small. One scarce could say they were paid at all. Yet lives are lonely and hearts still ache. In bitter lack for the wee coiner's sake. And many a silk-clad life of gold for these. Would barter its purse of gold for these.

SELF-EVIDENT.

[E. R. Butlin.]
A small boy was scrubbing the front porch of his house the other day when a lady called.
"Do you think I'd be scrubbing the porch if she wasn't?" was the rather curt reply.

THE BUTTERCUP.

[Howard S. Pearson.]
One flower there is to poet's pen Almost unknown. By every path in every mead, A careless and uncared-for weed, Self-sown.

Yet none with touch more free or bold The vernal landscape paints with gold So fair. Lowly—more fair for show than use. Heedless, unheeded, wild, profuse, And free as air.

The lowing herd avoids—the very child Disdains! One all-friend, the all-embracing scythe. Culls the frail bloom whose passing shows made blithe. The laughing plains.

Grass of the field—tomorrow doomed to die Unwept—unknown: There's not a flower that with a smile more frank Held its gold chalice to the sun or drank Its radiance deeper down.

The rose may canker and the lily pine; There none will leave the world so blank. Or make the widowed fields so blank, as where The bittercup hath been.

Cuplet of burnished gold with sunshine crowned. Thy lot be mine: To live obscurely happy—but to die Mised and forgotten—this is destiny. One half divine.

STRAIGHT ADVICE.

A woman who had been to a garden party garbed in the latest and latest of fashion's decree, on returning to town

experienced the first effects of a possible chill.

She hastened to her doctor and sought advice as to the best means to prevent an oncoming cold.

The doctor was abrupt. He merely said: "Madam, you had better go home, dress yourself and go to bed."

WAITING.

[John W. Butcher's.]
Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I have no more 'till time or fate,
For lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avail this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law,
Until the soil of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tide waves into the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

BEING NICE TO HIM.

Rachmaninoff, the pianist, tells a story about his boyhood.
"When I was a very little fellow," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian count's, and for an urchin of seven, I flattered myself that I swayed through Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' pretty successfully."

"The Kreutzer," you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests the count's wife, a somewhat elderly, leamed forward, patted me on the shoulder, and said: "Play us something you know, dear."

A SHADOW OF DANTE.

[Westminster Gazette.]
So Stromboli retreated in the gloom. Flaming red flame and molten lava high.

A flaming portent; who, we passed it by. Carry that lurid memory to the tomb; Yet round its crater living flowers bloom.

The vine, the olive, grow and fructify, As if it laughs the blue Italian sky. A paradise upon the verge of doom. As fiery as the red volcanic blast. Through years he wrestled with his unseen foe.

Waiting in pain, "I will not let Thee go. Until Thou bless me who have held Thee fast." And so our Dante from his hell of woe. Arose to paradise and peace at last.

EASY EXERCISE.

[Exchange.]
An officer on board ship was drilling his men.
"I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

After a short time one of the men stopped.
"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.
"If ye please, sir," was the answer. "I was coasting."

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CALLS PRINCE RUDOLPH AND BARONESS SUICIDES

Journalist Offers New Evidence Concerning Hapsburg Family.

VIENNA, Aug. 23. — "There is no doubt but that the death of Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and his lady friend, Baroness Marie Vetsera, were due to suicide and not murder." In this decided manner a Vienna journalist, who was on good terms with the crown prince, sets forth his version of this tragedy of the Austrian dynasty that occurred in 1889.

As proof he points out in the Neue Freie Presse that the crown prince and the baroness wrote farewell letters, the crown prince to his wife and to a titled friend, the baroness to her mother. The friend, the baroness stated that he was not on good terms with William, and therefore preferred not to say in Vienna during the emperor's visit.

Interesting and hitherto unpublished details are given in the report concerning the surprisingly advanced views of Crown Prince Rudolph, who foresaw that in the future European monarchies were bound to become republics. In reference to this he once remarked that if he should be expelled from Austria he would take service in the French republic.

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