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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, August 3.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IT WAS related by the Dayton, Ohio, lawyer who lectured here recently that the city manager of Dayton, foreseeing a serious advance in the price of gasoline, which was used in large quantities by his city, was able to secure a large supply at 9 cents a gallon. The purchasing agent, who buys all supplies under the city manager system, was "on the job," and saved his "firm" a large sum of money.

London, which operates under a haphazard, unbusinesslike system, buys its gasoline and supplies practically "from hand to mouth" at current market prices. Gasoline is used in large quantities by several departments. Road oil for the year, which runs into thousands of dollars, The Advertiser is informed, was bought so late in the season that it was several cents a gallon higher than other cities paid. In fact, one oil expert claims the city was terribly "soaked" on its road oil deal.

London need not necessarily adopt the Dayton system, but only a community wholly devoid of common-sense would permit the present hit-or-miss methods to continue.

STRONG AS ITS WEAKEST LINK.

NIAGARA POWER is only as strong as its weakest link. Its weakest link is the stubborn audacity of Sir Adam Beck in maintaining that the system does not need protection by means of a reserve supply.

When the first estimates of the system were submitted, the Government engineers, without exception, included steam reserves, but Sir Adam Beck, recognizing that the cost would be increased, refused to give the people the necessary auxiliaries, and covered up the need for a secondary system, so that the Niagara system today is an undependable system with the germs of disaster in its inadequacy—disaster for a great enterprise into which the people have put millions.

What has happened in the history of Niagara power is serious enough to make any man of common sense consider the folly of permitting Beck egotism to stand in the way of public safety.

What may happen through the refusal of Sir Adam Beck to bend his will is another question. His logic is that the people forget quickly. He means to ask for another few hundred thousand dollars for his pet railway scheme before long. First of all he owes it to the people to insure safety and unbroken service.

The hydro-electric system may well ask to be delivered from its so-called friends. Those who match their talents against nature should first consult those who are to be the victims of a mistake.

THE CURSE ON AUSTRIA.

WHEN her son was executed for participating in the Hungarian riots of 1848 the Countess Karolyi stood before the Emperor Francis Joseph and pronounced the following curse upon him:

"May your life be stripped of happiness and may you be crushed to earth in utter despair."

As his empire comes within sight of her doom, the curse must come home to the tottering old ruler. The dupe of a greater criminal, his only satisfaction may be in the realization that upon the head of the king of murderers must fall a more terrible punishment.

Today Austria is all but "crushed to earth in utter despair."

THE LEPER OF NATIONS.

CONTRAST the firm yet modest tone of Joffre's message to his men with the braggart talk of the kaiser. The one begs humbly for divine assistance, yet relies first of all upon the spirit of his men to conduct themselves as heroes for France and humanity. The other boils with hatred and fury.

It is characteristic of the Allies that there have been few statements issued by allied commanders, while the Prussian despot is constantly spouting after the manner of all egotists. Now the British and French commanders have both recently given words of cheer to their soldiers and the world. Haig and Joffre have not talked of victory until they saw it within view. Now they are certain of it, and they do not boast of the terrific defeats they mean to administer. "Do better for the sake of France and Britain," is their message.

How inspiring a thought it is that the enemy's dishonorable warfare has not altered the determination of the Allies to keep their skirts clean. Submarine commanders and zeppelin baby-killers live in comfort in England. The Germans slaughter a captain hoping that if their enemies, like themselves, are made furious, they will gain some small concession of decent opinion. But England, France and Russia move on, not defiling themselves because Germany plays the dirty game. The allied nations will add to their virtue while Germany is a despicable outcast, the leper among nations seeking to spread his foulness everywhere.

SPINELESS.

ACCORDING to dispatches from Toronto, the Hearst Government will take a referendum at an early date on the three following questions:

1. Are you in favor of the liquor license system?
2. Are you in favor of beer and wine licenses?
3. Are you in favor of total prohibition?

If the report is based on reliable information, it unmasks the Conservative party in Ontario and its premier as a spineless organization, bludgeoned into a reversal of its policy by the liquor interests. The approaching South Toronto by-election has caused chills to go up and down the back of the premier, and he has thrown all his high-sounding platitudes to the wind in order to grant the liquor interests a concession.

A plebiscite at this time breaks the pledge of the Government to the temperance people, although the Committee of One Hundred was willing to have had the whole question submitted to a vote when it interviewed the Government. The taking of the vote is merely a further indication of the Government's weakness, drifting with every gust of opinion, endeavoring to satisfy all and satisfying none.

A TORY RECORD.

EX-PREMIER FLEMMING of New Brunswick was investigated and unseated.

Ex-Premier Roblin of Manitoba was overwhelmingly defeated, and with his band of privateers is now on trial before a jury of his peers.

Ex-Premier McBride of British Columbia is safe in a $15,000 job in England, leaving Premier Bowser to face the wrath to come in September.

Quebec and Nova Scotia have given substantial increases of Liberal members, while Prince Edward also took a list toward Liberalism.

Alberta and Saskatchewan are fast in the Liberal faith. Ontario is resolved to turn out the "seven sleepers" at Toronto, as indicated by the North Perth verdict.

The seats from which Garland and Foster were ousted in disgrace because of wartime profiteering are still open.

Blondin, who said the British flag must be shot full of holes in order to breathe freedom, is Sir Robert Borden's secretary of state.

Hon. Col. Allison still holds his commission, although through his connection with Sir Sam Hughes he "skinned" the British Government out of a vast sum.

Sir Sam Hughes has fled to England, and a new "undersecretary" is administering "indefinitely" the minister's duties. The Canadians at the front got on quite well without Sir Sam Hughes for some time.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Ottawa Journal (Con.) coins the phrase we have been waiting for: "A general rottenness of administration in Canada."

Weak writing by the greatest of writers is characteristic of the war. Must a man approach the subject with a simple mind, admitting his inability to grasp it all, or must he flounder through, pretending that he is equal to every situation? Few great things have been written of the war; perhaps the finest of all by the men in the trenches in their letters home.

THE CAMP BORDEN REVIEW.

[By a Soldier's Wife.]

Not a cheer was heard, not a welcoming note,
As "Our Sam," to parade ground he hurried,
Where proudly he sat on his fretting steed,
And the men on parade looked worried.

He reviewed them sternly in heat of the sun,
Their brains with its rays were turning,
Yet he patiently sat in the glaring light
As though unaware it was burning.

No useless pity encumbered his breast
As he gazed on those soldiers around him,
But he sat like a gentleman taking his rest
With his martial air around him.

Deep and long were our soldiers' groans,
Though they voiced not aloud their sorrow,
As they steadfastly gazed on his face of content
And resolved that they'd change it tomorrow.

They wished as they stood in that hot parade,
With never a bed or a pillow,
They'd prefer very much to be tossing about,
Bound for England and crossing the billow.

Where they'll jeeringly speak of the "old man" at home,
And rejoice that he cannot upbraid 'em,
But while they'll reck, if they let him talk on,
On the pedestal Canada gave him.

Gladly and gayly they'll bid him adieu,
As they go to the field fresh and gory,
And they'll raise not a shout and they'll give not a "cuss,"
But they'll leave him at home in his glory.

FRIENDLY SERVICE.

[Toronto Star.]

"Sir Sam's enemies ought to move to have a censor appointed for his correspondence," says the Ottawa Free Press. This move ought to be made, not by his enemies, but by his friends.

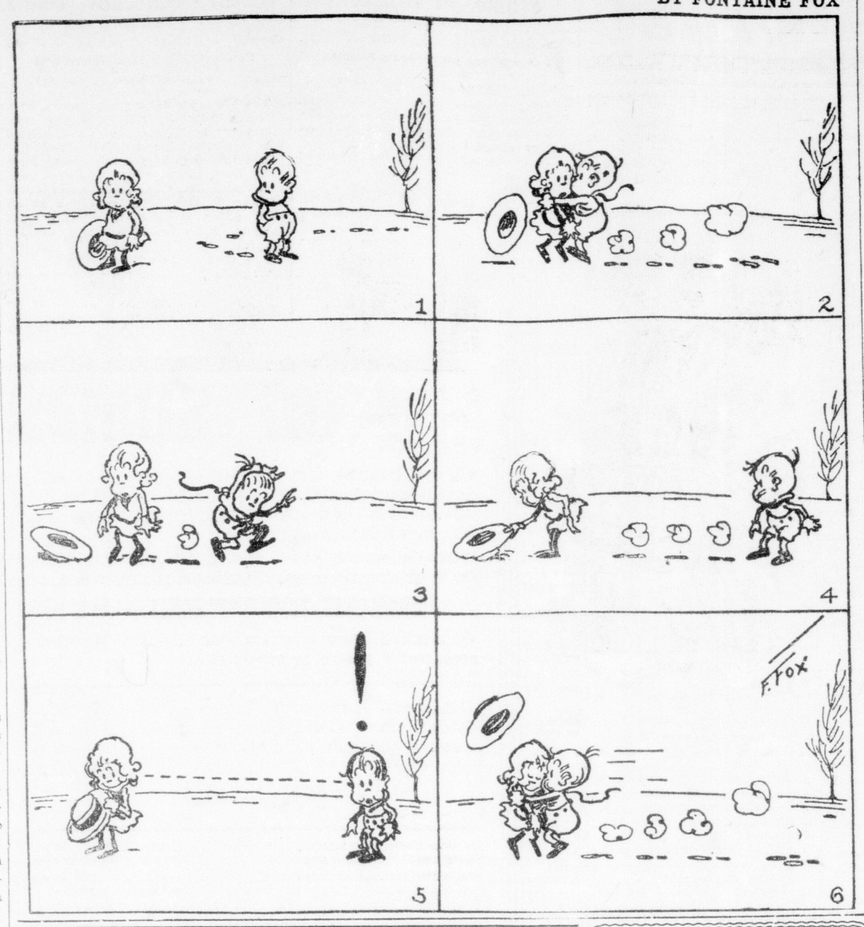
THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED.

[Montreal Herald.]

That an emperor should deliberately assume the role of a treacherous friend and a liar was impossible and unthinkable, but—it happened. That a Christian monarch should pose as an apostate and betray the Master he professed to serve was unthinkable, but—it happened. That such a monarch should find thousands of his subjects willing to help him in such a carnival of crime, to murder women and children, to do wholesale and wanton damage for the honor and glory of this despicable thief and murderer, would have been deemed impossible a few years ago.

The Remarkable Discoveries of Thomas Edison, Jr.

BY FONTAINE FOX



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1916, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Peggie

By Anna Phillips See.

Jim Kenny, lineman, went straight home from the Golden Rod saloon—that is, as straight as his uncertain legs would carry him. He knew that if the "boss" at the electric light company should see him he would be "fired." This had been the ultimatum, delivered in strong terms on the occasion of the last offence.

When the lineman entered his comfortable home, little Jimmy rushed joyously to embrace his father. At the sudden impact big Jim's equilibrium was overthrown, and he fell helplessly across the dining-room couch, where he remained to listen to the inevitable and deserved berating from his wife.

Carrie was as stout as Jim was lean, but her embonpoint was not symbolic of good nature.

"Jim Kenny," she cried sharply, "you've been drinkin' again and wastin' your money in the s'loon—and me slavin' to get you a nice supper—and me kept waitin' this hour!"

As a matter of fact, the supper had been culled from a nearby delicatessen shop, for Mrs. Kenny "cooked with a canopener." Under ordinary circumstances Jim would have reminded her of this fact, but he was too drowsy. So she proceeded:

"You're on the job tonight, too. All the wires are down from the storm."

A knock interrupted, and she opened the door to Dillon and McConway, her husband's mates.

"Come on, Jim," they called. "It's Park Hill tonight."

Between them they got him on his feet, forced him to drink a cup of muddy coffee and supported him down the stairs. As the auto-truck whizzed into the suburbs the keen October air cleared his head somewhat. When they reached Park Hill Jim managed to climb a pole, though his long legs in the spiked boots seemed to belong to someone else. For a time habit worked for him; then, without warning he fumbled, lost his balance, struck out wildly and fell crashing to the ground.

A month later he came from the hospital a cripple, with but one leg. At the electric light company Jim declared firmly that he was through with drink, as, indeed, he was, but the boss could give him no work.

Then began hard times for the Kennys. In this they were not alone, for thousands found themselves in the same straits. The great war had dealt New York business a mighty blow, and everywhere men were seeking employment.

Jim Kenny had pluck, but no right leg and no "pull." "Pull," had he possessed it, would have served him better than two legs or more. For days, weeks and months Jim looked for work, only to find scores of able-bodied men clutching at every job. Still, he kept his courage and stumped hopefully about on "Peggie," as he had christened his peg-leg.

When no man-sized job could be found Jim sold papers to eke out what he received from the charities. At first Carrie made ineffectual attempts to earn money. After a time she did nothing except to upbraid her husband for their misfortunes. Her reproaches he bore patiently, for he had provided for himself a handicap not to be overcome.

On a bitterly cold afternoon he returned tired and hungry to the one room they now occupied. Everything was in disorder. The bed was unmade, the floor unswept. Little Jim was as neglected-looking as his surroundings. Carrie sat idly, with her feet on the broken stove.

"Hello, Jimmie!" called his father cheerfully. "Here's Pop and 'Peggie.'"

"How much money've you got?" demanded Carrie.

He pulled some pennies from his pocket. "Only enough for something to eat," he replied, soberly.

She burst into copious tears.

"And this is what we've come to, with your drinkin' and losin' your leg! I wonder at your jokin' about 'Peggy'—and me without even a nickel for the movies!"

"You had enough to buy this!" Jim retorted, kicking the beer can into a corner. "Don't talk about my drinkin'! I never touch a drop now, and you know it——"

"Well, you did. A one-legged man is no good anyhow. I've a mind to get out!"

The next night when Jim came home he found Jimmie alone and a scrawl from Carrie pinned to the mirror. She had found a place as waitress in a restaurant—where, she did not specify—and she would look out for herself. Jim took his boy on his knee, and for the first time allowed himself to give way to discouragement. How could he manage to be both father and mother?

"If I only had two legs!" he groaned.

As the number of the unemployed increased, the dole from the charities grew smaller, and Jim Kenny was forced into the ranks of the "bread line." Even there he had courage to spare for his comrades.

"Well, I never expected to be a 'lineman' again," became a well-known joke.

Sometimes he lifted "Peggie" high in air, remarking quaintly: "No chilblains on this foot!" and the quip would draw a laugh from the woeful line.

At last the awful winter wore away, and May came with balmy days. Hunger is easier borne in warm weather, and Jim, with new hope, began to look for a real job. One day he stood near the Strand Theatre, on Broadway—a gaunt figure of a man with a wooden leg. His appearance proclaimed him "down," but the spirit in his blue eyes denied that he was "out." He was scanning the brilliant posters of the photo plays when a prosperous stranger tapped him on the shoulder.

"Looking for a job, friend?" he asked.

"Sure, I'm lookin'—but——"

"Oh this job is all right," said the man. "How'd you like to go to the country for awhile and act in a movie play? Five dollars a day and expenses."

"Me? You mean me?" cried Jim Kenny incredulously.

"Sure! You're just what we're looking for—a man with an old-fashioned wooden leg. You see, the play's laid 25 years ago. Old farmer with a wooden leg forbids boys to swim in his brook—they do it just the same—farmer comes along, and boys hide under a bridge—as farmer stumps across it, kerplunk! his leg goes through a hole—boys grab it and hold him—country fellow comes along with an axe—chops off wooden leg—takes farmer home on load of hay—so forth and so on. You could act it all right. What do you say?"

"I'm your man!" cried Jim eagerly. "How long will you want me?"

"Well, you're in a good many scenes—a month, anyway. That's a hundred and fifty dollars. Some money for a peg-leg, ain't it?"

"A hundred and fifty dollars for a month! Why, I never earned anything like that with two legs!" exclaimed Jim.

"I bet you didn't! Now you've got something other movie actors ain't got. See? If you fill the bill in this play, you'll have chances for others. You might send cards to the different film companies—something snappy, like 'Only Peg-leg in the Business,' or—Why, that leg of yours oughter be a regular gold mine, Mr.——"

"Kenny—Jim Kenny."

"My name's Levisohn. Well, Mr. Kenny, come to the office on Monday; here's the address, and—say——" Mr. Levisohn's heart was as warm as his eyes were keen. "And, say, Mr. Kenny, here's ten dollars on account. You may want to buy a few things. I know you'll report on Monday."

Jim Kenny's voice was husky as he replied:

"Sure, we'll be there, Mr. Levisohn—me and 'Peggie!'"

CORONACH.

[Sir Walter Scott.]

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The fount reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow.

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correl,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber.
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

Passengers on the lines to Port Stanley should carry camping outfits with them. When the power goes off they will have some accommodation at least.

* * *

The German insulators caused the trouble on the hydro line, we are informed. The kaiser will laugh when he hears that.

* * *

An actor wants to raise a troop of actors for the war in Mexico. The thing will be a success, provided the chorus girls are sufficiently attractive to suit the gay and festive Villa.

* * *

They have discovered the author of the poem, "If I Should Die Tonight." Now that this has been settled, we hope the world will jog on without many more interruptions.

* * *

Some day it will occur to folks that it is not quite the unpardonable sin to criticize hydro fairly.

* * *

Sir Roger Casement has a preference for iced drinks. There may be none where he expects to wind up.

* * *

The hydro apparently does not stand in a position of "splendid insulation."

* * *

It might be remarked in passing that some great public ownership journals were not encompassed with darkness as a result of the failure of hydro, and no editions were missed.

* * *

As a matter of fact the hydro stood in a place of "splendid consternation" as a result of the mix-up.

* * *

It will probably be another year before the Detroit Free Press actually discovers who is in the war, and which side is getting the better of it. We are optimistic.

* * *

It is said that a lion will not attack a trainer who has perfumed himself with lavender. This proves conclusively that the lion has no sense whatever.

* * *

KEEP UP YOUR PLUCK.

Keep up your pluck and take another hold;
Don't whimper; it is useless to complain,
Fortune still deals her favors to the bold,
There's never loss but somewhere is a gain.

While you have left your body and your brain,
In spite of all misfortune, be consoled,
There's always hope while these you still retain,
Keep up your pluck and take another hold.

The world to you may seem both hard and cold,
And yet it is a good world, in the main;
If sympathy is in small measure doled,
Don't whimper, it is useless to complain.

With cheerful smiles conceal the hidden pain,
Leave your vexations and your wrongs untold.
Fight, but if beaten from weak tears refrain,
Fortune still deals her favors to the bold.
Oh, those invertebrates who fret and scold,
Make faces at the cup they have to drain,
Dumbly despair at loss of land or gold!
There's never loss but somewhere is a gain.

Be valiant. Bound, then strive to break the chain
That binds you. Show yourself of iron mold,
Sit down and weep and you will weep in vain,
Work manfully and fate may be controlled.

—London Tit-Bits.

* * *

New York had a shock the other day, but it takes more than short skirts to shock New York.

* * *

A New York boy wants to sell himself into slavery for his keep. He wants to be like a lot of other New Yorkers.

* * *

An actress has married a millionaire. She is a dancer, and she will make him dance a tune or two.

* * *

NEWS FROM CAMP BORDEN.

We've the finest of news from Camp Borden today,
An eminent divine has been up there;
Who, after looking over things, has quite made up his mind,
The place is just a Sylvan glade where no one has a care.

So this theologian to Toronto has returned,
Intending to address folks through the press—
In the interest of the clique, whom he says, with foresight rare,
Bought a place that's "just like heaven"—more or less.

The officers, besides, are ranging up their men,
And will suggest that they disseminate the news,
Through the "Leading Dailies" of the towns where they belong,
That a trip up to that spot's a cure for blues.

Next thing we know, the Lord Himself—of course, we mean Sam Hughes—
Will arm several battalions and come down;
And at the bayonet's point collect the populace,
Of every city, village, cot and town,

And drive them to some magistrates, where everyone may swear,
The choice being that—or otherwise be shot:
That no matter where they've traveled or what beauties they have seen
Sam Hughes' "Marching Past Place" beats the lot.

August 2, 1916. —THE OLD 'UN.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

A Mother's Views on Borden Camp.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

While reading several articles on Borden Camp, in our newspapers, especially the one written by a soldier of the 135th Battalion of Borden Camp, printed in your paper, I became past all calm endurance, knowing mother-love as I do, and I hope I'm not trespassing on your time and space of your valuable paper when I ask you to grant me space to express my views a little on the subject that concerns mothers so much. Sir Sam Hughes seems to be the main subject for criticism, concerning his treatment of our boys since going to Borden Camp. I sincerely hope all is not true, that he is credited with.

The soldier of the 135th Battalion gives a very clear statement, and is fearless as to his remarks. Our Government expects much of the mothers in this critical time of war, and, first, the confidence of all mothers is necessary, if they expect them to give freely their sons to protect our Empire. Gambling, tyranny and all that is unchristian must be put down as much as possible by the officers. The goodwill of mothers can then be expected, and help for to protect the Empire will not be wanting. This spirit of goodwill toward each other, in Borden Camp, or elsewhere, must be shown, and greater success will be the result. We may pray for our sons, and we do so earnestly, but we must also receive help through our Government in answer to our prayers for the safety of our sons in this life and the life to come.

Worldly honor is much to be coveted, much more important is the protection of the soul to good mothers. This, added to worldly honor, is the only perfect honor, and cannot begin too early in soldier life, as many who enlisted were called through death before ever seeting the battlefield. Some believe soldiers get a free pass through the "pearly gates of heaven" on account of their loyalty to King and country in giving up their lives, a living sacrifice, on the battlefield. A false doctrine, as it encourages wrongdoing, all godly fear having left them, if they had any. It discourages all efforts on the part of others, put forth for the spiritual safety of the soul. A sin that we all must answer for at the judgment seat of Christ if we are guilty. Such a belief would cause just such scenes as are described in the letter written by our soldier of the 135th at Borden Camp. We pray that all worldly greed for honor will be forgotten by our war leaders and officers, on account of their earnest desire for the good welfare of the Empire, and those intrusted to them by the good mothers of our land.

Bible history teaches that only in this way can we expect nations to prosper. History is being repeated at the present time. Germany teaches the folly of using tyranny to accomplish good results. Especially so would it be for Britain and fair Canada, a land of the brave and true, where liberty and freedom of thought prevail.

Good discipline we all know is necessary to control any organization, and will not object to it. But we do object to machine guns placed at Borden Camp to shoot Canadian sons in case of a riot there. We hope the instigators of such a method will find out they have made a grave mistake, and remove them. Surely there must be something sadly wrong when men in a civilized land like ours can't control the men under them in a better way. Our Government, I'm sure, will do their best to change those conditions, as they know the advancement of a good cause will be hindered. Many of those men are fathers of sons at the front, and at Borden Camp, who love their children as much as the mothers. We look to them for support, and won't be disappointed. A MOTHER.

Watford, August 1, 1916.

Lashing a Lazy Liver with pills may give temporary relief—but the pill habit is not a health habit. It will put the liver out of business in time—and then everything else goes out of business. Get the health habit by eating **Shredded Wheat Biscuit,** the ideal hot-weather food, which contains more digestible, brain-making, muscle-building material than beefsteak or eggs. The tasty, delicious crispness of the baked wheat gives palate joy and stomach comfort. It supplies the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk, and its daily use keeps the bowels healthy and active. For breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with fresh fruits.

Made in Canada

ROYAL YEAST

Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking, and the last loaf will be just as good as the first.

MADE IN CANADA

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

GERMANS CONCEALED SHOOTING OF PRISONER FROM AMERICAN VISITOR

Two Who Refused to Join Casement Were Slain In Camp.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—7:32 p.m.—Baron Newton, under-secretary for foreign affairs, replying to a question in the House of Lords today as to whether the Government had any information concerning the shooting of two Irish soldiers while prisoners of war in Germany, said:

"The American embassy in Berlin notified the Government on July 7 that Patrick Moran, of the Connaught Rangers, had been shot by a guard at the working camp near Limburg on May 28. The commandant of the camp told the American representative that Moran, while intoxicated, attacked a guard, who shot him dead in self-defense.

"On July 10 the American embassy informed the Government that another Irish prisoner, William Devlin, Munster Fusiliers, had been shot at the Limburg working camp. When Ambassador Gerard visited the camp in connection with the death of Moran, the shooting of Devlin was concealed.

"It is important to note that, according to our information, both soldiers had refused to join with Roger Casement in his proposed expedition to Ireland."

Baron Newton added that on July 13 the British Government had addressed a strong protest to the German Government against their action in placing obstacles in the way of Ambassador Gerard's inquiries into the shooting of Moran and the concealment of Devlin's death.

"We demanded an immediate inquiry in the presence of a member of the American embassy into the shooting of the two prisoners, and the punishment of the ones found guilty," said the under-secretary. "We pointed out that the proceeding would be all the more infamous if it were found to be connected with the men's refusal to join Casement. On the 30th we received a detailed report of the shooting of Moran, from which it appeared that the German authorities refused to allow Ambassador Gerard to talk to witnesses except in the presence of a German officer.

"It appeared from Ambassador Page's report," added the under-secretary, "that the investigation into the shooting of Devlin was not undertaken until Ambassador Gerard took the matter up. The ambassador was even warned by the German officer commanding at Frankfort not to go to Limburg. Devlin was shot the day before Ambassador Gerard visited the camp, but neither the chief of staff at Frankfort nor the commandant at the camp informed Ambassador Gerard of this."

AUSTRIANS CLAIM 18,000 PRISONERS TAKEN IN JULY

Sayville Gets Report That Russian Attacks Fail.

BERLIN, Aug. 2, via wireless to Sayville.—The capture during the month of July of more than 18,000 Russians is announced by Austro-Hungarian army headquarters in its statement of August 1. The statement says:

"Enemy attack near Molodgonow, northwest of Kelomea, failed

"South of the Pripet, during July, 90 Russian officers and 18,000 men, together with 70 machine guns, were captured."

The official Austro-Hungarian headquarters report of today announces that the situation all along the Russian front is unchanged.

No change in conditions along the Italian front has occurred, says the announcement. Attacks by two Italians companies east of Siefsette were repulsed.

Listen For Bronchial Wheeze When You Breathe Deeply

It means that disease will soon attack the lungs. Wheezing is distressing to the sufferer and annoying to his friends. Nothing half so certain in bronchitis and throat trouble as "Catarrhozone"; it gives instant relief and cures even the worst cases. Bronchitis fairly flees under the magic influence of Catarrhozone which cures so thoroughly the disease never returns. Other remedies may relieve, but Catarrhozone cures bronchitis, catarrh, and throat trouble for all time to come.

Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genunle Catarrhozone, which is sold everywhere, large size, containing two months' treatment, costs $1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

FRY'S COCOA

In handsome, dust-proof cartons, at the better grocers.
Dominion Salt Co. Limited, Sarnia

HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR
ALWAYS THE SAME

YOUR SICK CHILD IS CONSTIPATED! LOOK AT TONGUE

Hurry, Mother! Remove Poisons From Little Stomach, Liver, Bowels.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" If Cross, Bilious or Feverish.

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmess "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs"; then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company.

Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With

Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else that contains too much alkali, for this is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain muisified cocoanut oil, for it is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.—advt.

Carnegie said:

"If I were reduced to poverty to-morrow and given ten dollars to start all over again—in the light of my life experience—I'd put half in a savings bank."

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