

### WAR HUBBIES IN U.S. DISCOMFITED

Newly Enrolled Benedict are Unable to Escape Military Service

MARRIED IN A HURRY And Now Find Themselves Liable to be Drafted

(By Eric Dixon in New York Sun) The U. S. is a pack for a slacker. And, by the way, that is a slacker. A slacker, in the present popular use of the term, is a person who sneaks out when no one is looking and leaves his part of the work for the other fellow to do. He wears rubber soles on his shoes, a white feather in his hat, a yellow streak down his spine. He carries a bundle of alibis where he can reach them quickly in case anyone calls his hand and he has to make good on the why and wherefore. He is the same man who sits in the kitchen with his chair tipped back while the wife sweeps all around and under him. He will do anything to get on in life except work.

The slacker would love to live on a farm if it weren't for the plowing and the planting and the harrowing and the harvesting. He would like a job in a factory if the hours weren't so long, if the wages were higher, if the boss would divvy the profit at the end of the year. He would take a position in an office, only so much inside work does not agree with him. He would even go and help dig the new subway only what man could stand to see those Wops and Slavs and the rest of the foreigners getting better jobs than he gets? Let something good come along, something that can be sold to him on a silver platter with good fixings and he will be Johnny on the job.

When that gallant bird, the American eagle, began to emit war screams and Uncle Sam notified his 50,000,000 nephews it was time to rally round the Star Spangled Banner, a new species of slacker sprang up in the wake of the answering wave of patriotism. He was immediately dubbed "Cupid's slacker," because of his efforts to hide behind the skirts of the rosy little god of love.

Now, as most folks knew, Cupid's slacker that he is seldom wears a skirt. Often he dresses him up in a lion cloth or a wreath of flowers or a silk hat or something timely, but as a rule he is clad only in his own chubbiness, ably assisted by the well known bowdler arrow. He never seems to mind the heat or the cold.

So when the new grade slacker developed a tendency to dodge behind the scenery of Dan the Doughy, he found himself in the position of the ostrich with its head in the sand, and all the rest of its anatomy exposed to the jibes of the public, not to mention the bullets of the hunter. This is the way it happened: Uncle Sam, great heart, and God given, said that as things stood at present he would excuse all married men from enlisting. By this he meant he would excuse them from direct service in the army or navy. Of course they are expected to do their part at home in the field of supplies, which is quite as important, if not more so than the actual field of battle.

The reason Uncle Sam made this exemption is because, first, last and always he stands for the home. The home making man must be left to form the foundation of the nation as long as the exigencies of war will permit. Widows and orphans do not combine to make a prosperous and happy people. Therefore we must have no widows and orphans—yet. Here was just the sort of a loophole a slacker can squeeze through without danger to himself. The prospect of trenches, of long nights on bridges with the wind biting through to the bone, of treacherous submarines, sinking up under cover of dark to hurl missiles of death and destruction across the pulsing waters of the bark of big guns, the ball of lead or bit of shell that blinks out life as a candle is snuffed by a breeze—all of this sent his slacker blood running as icy as the Hudson river in February. Better far to face the fusillade of a marrying parson or one of those marriage-a-minute aldermen.

Little did the slacker wot at the moment of the matrimonial warfare that may dog his steps until a real battle behind a curtain of fire would seem like child's play. And serve him jolly well right, too. Many a soldier of misfortune in marriage would gladly exchange his place in the home trench for a nice job as gunner in the navy or a mulcteer, a position for which which he believes he is fitted by means of a long combat with a mulctee nature. He will tell you how a frying pan in the hand of a good practiced marks-woman may be almost as effective as a Lewis gun.

Anyhow, the slacker hustled out on the heels of war and did some close up and fancy proposing. He was transformed overnight from an indifferent caller into a great lover. The girl, who in many cases, had been trying to persuade him to fit her snarler to a wedding ring for months or even years, was naturally as pleased as Punch. Most of the time Cupid wears a bandage over his eyes. She did not set the significance of the sudden voluntary leap after she had been trying to push him off the cliff of single blessedness without getting so much as a badge. "I'll run right along and get my trousseau ready," she gurgled. "Never mind putting on any laces, I'll be right back, slacking he had him to see if he were overheard.

### WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach.

Says inside-bathing makes anyone look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream, through lymph ducts which should serve only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash these poisons, gases and toxins from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels; thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A quarter pound of limestone phosphate costs but very little at the drug store but is sufficient to make anyone an enthusiast on inside-bathing. Men and women who are accustomed to wake up with a dull, aching head or have turred tongue, bad taste, nasty breath, sallow complexion, others who have bilious attacks, acid stomach or constipation are assured of pronounced improvement in both health and appearance shortly.

"Slip on your blue serge suit and we'll drop in at the license bureau this afternoon and make out the papers. We can get some one down there to do the heavy work, or we can stop on our way back and get a preacher to pull off the performance. I don't care how the act is staged so long as it goes on to-day. Hurry up and get your bonnet. We have no time to lose. The sooner the safer for me."

The "for me" was tacked on very much sotto voice, after the happily excited bride-to-be had scampered away to don her emergency wedding clothes.

Our hero took his place in line, pulled his hat well down and avoiding the eyes of fellow slackers engaged in stampeding the bureau for a safe out. Not until the "for me" announced you man and wife had landed or stranded him on the matrimonial shore was he able to look an American flag in the face with comfort.

There is one compensation for the name of such slackers under Old Glory. It is that even if men of this stamp did get shunted into service they would be pure dead weight to the cause. The best they might do is clutter up the army and navy with their useless hulks. Given a nice, shallow first trench well within range of the enemy, plus a practical efficiency expert with the courage of his convictions, and the problem of the made slacker will be solved.

"Yes, business has certainly picked up," admitted one of the workers who help to man the marriage license bureau in New York. "For a few days it looked like a stampede. But the newspapers got busy and began to show some of these fellows up. When I see one of them you can tell them at a glance—I feel



### BRITISH SUCCESSES

Successful operations by the British are reported in the neighborhood of Baillecourt between Monchy and Guemappe on both sides of the Arras-Cambrai Road and north of Scarpe-Rixer. Those places and the battle-line between LaBassee Canal and Queant are shown on the map.

Like handing him a good stiff wallop instead of a license.

The records show that from April 7 to 13, inclusive, nearly 3,700 licenses to marry were issued. The banner day was April 12, when 4712 permits to hook into double harness and try travelling in twos instead of single file, were given. On Friday, the 13th, some 275 men and the same number of women snapped their fingers in the faces of brother Jinx and set sail for the possible ports of September divorce. They figure they may be able to miss it in spite of the day and the date.

"We have seen very few applicants in uniform," said the license clerk in response to an inquiry. "When we do we're giving them the best we've got. I'd like to have the papers for the soldiers specially embossed and handed to them in gold frames. Any bride who can go to the preacher with her hand on the arm of a U. S. uniform is a darn lucky girl, and you can tell 'em so for me."

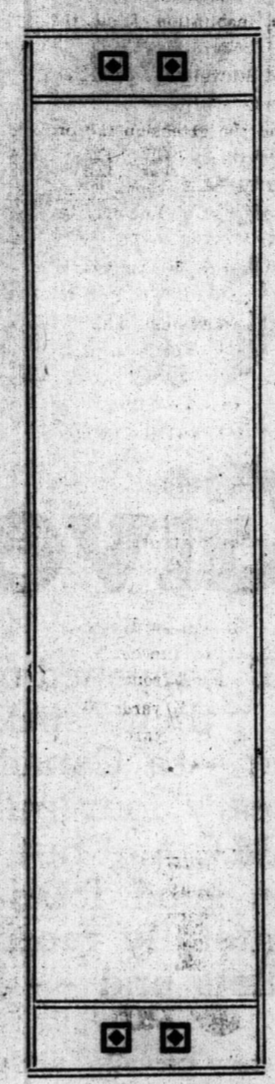
One happy incident broke the monotony of the license grist mill the other day. A tall, lanky, Irishman with the shamrock sprouting from his brogue and a new clay pipe in his pocket approached the fatal wicket. In the background hung a pump with a marriage with her eyes of Erin's blue, a bunch of street vendors roses clutched tightly in her hands. "Me name's O'Halloran," boomed the bridegroom, looking around the room to make sure no one was out of earshot. "O! can lick the best six Germans that ever hocked the Kaiser or any six men here that sez O! can't. After O! get spliced O!m goin' straight out an' carry a gun for me Uncle Sammy. Come on now, Della, till the gentleman th' name's O!."

"My daughter shall never marry a sailor. He has a sweetheart in every port." So warned the mothers of peace time.

No loyal American mother of today sound any such warnings. They are proud to give their daughters to the Starry Banner's Jack tars. Freedom little time have the blue jackets nowadays far sweetering in strange ports. They are too busy persuading their favorite of Uncle Sam's needs to enlist under General Cupid and take the oath of eternal allegiance. You will see them in the parks, along Riverside drive,

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**KILLED IN ACTION**  
Woodstock—Lieut. R. P. Cattell.  
Bothwell—Pte. Ernest Durance.  
London—Pte. Gabriel McAllister.  
Pte. Donald H. Rankin.  
**DIED OF WOUNDS.**  
Goderich—Pte. Frederick Robertson.  
**WOUNDED.**  
Moorefield—Pte. H. Clarke.  
Rodney—Pte. E. R. Peace.  
Shedden—Pte. L. Hamilton.  
Kitchener—Pte. J. Britton.  
Port Stanley—Pte. R. E. Kew.  
Norwich—Pte. H. D. MacLachlan.  
Port Rowan—Pte. R. Rocketteller.  
Lucan—Lance-Corp. R. E. Colleigh.  
Chatham—Pte. T. Brown.  
Wyoming—Pte. J. A. Chivers.  
Woodstock—Pte. John Clarkson.  
Pte. Harvey Searle.  
Galt—Pte. Andrew Kidd.  
Ingersoll—Pte. William K. Wright.  
Pte. Harvey Wilson.  
Palmerston—Sergt. E. H. Sease.  
Pte. Angus McPherson.  
London—Pte. Marcus Garlick.  
Underwood, Pte. Jack Milliken.  
Bridgetown—Pte. Herbert Downs.  
**ILL.**  
London—Pte. G. J. Bolton. . . . .  
There was a slight falling off in the casualties yesterday, but the lists continue heavy. The total losses now reported among the Canadians since April 8, are 18,873.

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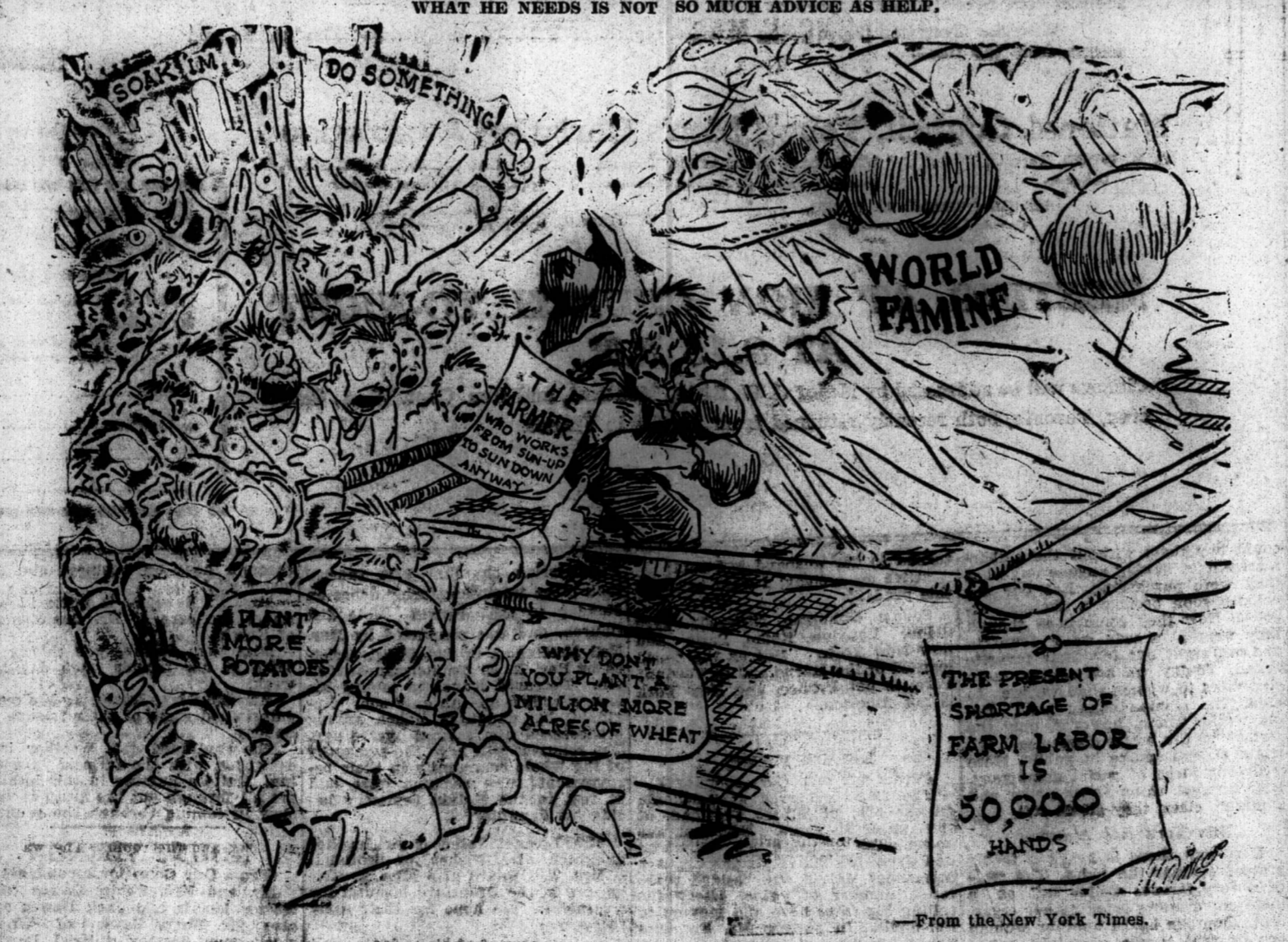
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From the New York Times.

## THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY—  
C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMS  
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(Continued from Tuesday's Daily) She did not understand why he did it, why she felt— even with seeing him except as a shadow— she would find herself wishing to whatever he might ask. It must be, she thought, the influence of the marvelous voice. She had heard Paul Van Vreck spoken of as an man, but the voice was the voice magnetic youth.

He opened the door of the living room before she could touch the handle, and, carrying his bundle followed her as she entered. There was only one lamp in this room tall reading lamp with a green shade, which stood on a table, heavy base surrounded by books, magazines. A good light for reading was thrown from under the green shade onto the table, but the rest of the room was of a cool, grey dimness; and, looking up with its visible curiosity at the face of the night visitor, it floated pale on vague background, like a portrait of Whistler.

It was unaturally white, the thought, and—yes, it was old! It was a wonderful face, the deep-set and looking out of shadowed hollows under level brows, blue eyes so like strange jewels, lit behind.

That smile came to her, and she smiled, for was appropriate to this jewel expert should have been for eyes. They were dark, blue, and from them gazed out the spirit of the man with a compelling charm.

Under a rolled-back wave of his grey hair he had a broad forehead, high cheekbones, a pointed, prominent chin, a mouth both sweet and humorous, like that of some charming woman, but its sweetness was contradicted by a hawk's nose. Had it not been for that nose would have been handsome.

"I guessed by the startled tone of your voice, when you asked 'Where?' that your husband was not explained the shadow, now transformed by the light into an extremely tall, extremely thin man in travelling clothes. 'I had a moment of repentance at troubling a man—a lady—alone; but you, the case was urgent, so I was fish."

He had carelessly tossed his hat onto the table, but kept a black bag, which he now held with a smile. "Not a big bag, is it? And so on a thief. But it holds a great deal. It has a price at all—about a million dollars."

"Oh!" exclaimed Annesley, looked horrified; and through green gloom the old man's face glared closely. "I see!" he said, with a laugh his beautiful young voice. "I have heard the great secret! It makes another who knows. But, don't afraid you'll throw me to dogs. You wouldn't do that even you weren't Michael Donaldson's wife. And being his wife, you can't."

"My husband has told me no secret about you, none at all," the girl tested, defending Knight involuntarily. "I beg you to believe that, Van Vreck."

"I do believe it. If there's anything I pride myself on, it's being judge of character. That's why I