

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH FLU

It is more than likely that henceforth when Spanish Influenza is mentioned in our presence, we may unconsciously assume a superior air of wisdom and importance, for we know all about it—with a capital "I".

We had no thought of becoming possessed of this knowledge, neither had we any desire to do so. As a matter of fact, we were supposed to be immune, for we had been inoculated with a preventive serum, and really felt quite safe.

However, General Flu in his rampage for new victims must have got his wires crossed, and mistaking us for an enemy, turned the full force of his machine guns, forty-pounders, howitzers, whizz-bangs, etc., upon us, centreing upon our headpiece, while ten thousand little devils, armed with red hot needle-pointed gimlets bored into our back. We resisted valiantly for a time, but were overwhelmed, and realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, like Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria, we unconditionally surrendered—because we could not help ourselves. For the next two days we didn't give a hang what became of us, but the scene changed and we decided that after all it was good to be alive, and began to take an active interest in the doctor's faithful efforts to restore us to health and usefulness.

Then became a period of convalescence, which perhaps is the most trying time of all—for the nurse and those about us. We could not have been quite ourselves yet, for never in our life had we experienced such a burning desire to work. We were simply determined to get up and do something. We did not get up, but we became such a nuisance that nurse concluded to give us something to do. The task assigned was to transfer sixty teaspoons of water—one of the ingredients of a gargle preparation—from one vessel to another. By the time our task was half completed, our conclusion was that never before had we seen so much water in one place, while that teaspoon weighed tons. From that moment all ardent desire for work vanished.

About all that remained for us was to lie on our back and meditate, and we utilized most of the time in assorting our friends into two classes—those who were ready and anxious to brave even the terrors of the Flu and come to our relief on the one hand, and those of a more timid nature, equally true, but almost afraid to pass on our side of the street, or the other. We do not for a moment blame the latter for their timidity. This Flu disease is deadly, and not to be trifled with. Human nature is the same the world over. There are those who when the call of duty came to save our country from the Hun beasts, lost no time in offering themselves and their services, while others retired to the background, and were perfectly willing to let the other fellows fight their battles. The same thing prevails in this great battle against disease.

But to get back to our text. We had lost all sense of time, but somewhere about the sixth day of our enforced incarceration, we discovered on sitting up, in bed, a reflection in the mirror that strongly resembled a picture we had once seen of a wild man from Borneo. For the love of Mike, could that face be ours? Nurse said that it was. Well those whiskers had to come off at once. Nurse protested; we were too weak to tackle the job. Quite an argument followed but the doctor's orders were like the laws of the Medes and Persians and could not be broken. We took up the argument with the doctor when he came that evening. He finally gave his consent for the next day, stipulating only that we remain in bed to perform the operation. Hurrah we had gained our point. But in our excitement we failed to correctly interpret the wink and smile bestowed upon nurse when he gave the permission.

Next day we were duly propped up in bed, supplied with all shaving requisites, then left to our own destruction. Have any of you gentlemen ever tried to remove a six-days

crop of whiskers with a safety razor, when well and strong? If so, you will know all about it. If not, there is no use trying to tell you. Well we stuck to the job until exhausted, we gave it up for the time being. By the time the second half was completed, the first side was ready for another shave, but did not get it. We prefer to not discuss this subject further.

Our brilliant idea was that we had remained in bed long enough. The doctor, really a good fellow, but a trifle slow in getting our viewpoint, agreed to let us up after experiencing three days without our temperature going above normal. Here was something to fight for, and we made a good record until the end of the second day after, when the cantankerous thermometer registered a degree and a fraction high. Discouraged but not beaten, we started all over again, and three days later made the grade.

No all this time we had been fed up on nice soft, mushy liquid foods. They are perhaps all right in their place, but deliver us from them for many moons to come.

Our experience with the Flu has left us a humble and chastened mood, and we suggest that if any of our readers feel that they would like to criticize the policy of the Express, or to find fault with us because circumstances have made it necessary to increase our subscription rate to \$1.50 a year, we may say that now is the opportune time while the present mood lasts.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Honey in comb.—C. A. Filby. Mr. John VanSlyke has received a souvenir from his 40th Gunner Harvey VanSlyke. It is a German helmet and weighs over three pounds.

H. Wilson, Aylmer, Ed. Crane, New Sarum and G. Kilmour of Springfield, are among the men from this district to receive war service badges.

Mr. Thos. Hammond has returned from Sandwich, where he had charge of the branch of the Dominion Cannery during the past season.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cutten, of Orwell, has decided to retire from the farm and make his home in Aylmer, in future, and has purchased the cosy home of Mrs. Dodds, corner of Oak and Creek streets.

Under the Canadian Registration Act, any person failing to give notice of marriage or change of residence is liable to a fine of \$50. The wording of the section is as follows: Any person registered under these regulations who later marries or changes his place of residence and who without lawful excuse, omits, neglects or fails to notify the central registrar of the date of his marriage and the name and place of residence of the person whom he married, or of the place of residence and post office to which he has removed, as the case may be, shall be guilty of an offence and liable to a fine not exceeding fifty dollars. Letters of notification should be sent to the Central Registrar, Canada Registration Board, Ottawa.

The E. F. V. Club of New York City, forwarded this week to Miss Lewis, secretary of the Travel Club and Field Comforts Society, a cheque for thirty-seven dollars (\$37.00) to be expended for tobacco and Christmas parcels for lonely men at the Canadian front. Miss Edith Mills, daughter of Mr. Edward Mills (who for some years made his home with Geo. Cutten, near Orwell) and many of her school friends earned this money by making paper bead necklaces and other fancy articles during their summer holidays. They held a bazaar in New York in October and sent the net proceeds for the welfare of our Canadian veterans. Is this not a work worth emulating and why can not more of our school girls do something to provide comforts for the men in this greatest of all struggles for the liberty of the world. The doughnuts in which the men are now living at the front are wet and cold. The monotonous army fare needs to be eked out by changes of food, so why can we not give of our plenty to improve conditions for the men? 75 cents will secure a nice parcel from the Field Comforts Commission such as the E. F. V. Club are sending to 26 lonely men, namely: 10 cigarettes, package of chocolate, soup plates, plum pudding, 1 lb. stationery wallet, French cooker, tin metal polish. Any contributions for this worthy object may be left at the Express office or with any member of the Travel Club.

BURNETT-LAWRENCE

At the residence of the bride's mother, South Dorchester, November 6th., 1918, John James Beatty Burnett of South Dorchester to Elizabeth Mary McLeod Lawrence, eldest daughter of the late William H. Lawrence. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. Dunlop of Aylmer.



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The biggest and best stock to choose from at lowest prices. A comparison will show you the reason for our fast increasing shoe business.

Men's Coat Sweaters..... \$2.25 to \$10.00
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Special for this week: 30 only Child's Sweaters, real wool, button at the shoulder, red or blue at \$1.00

OVERALLS AT \$2.00 and \$2.50
Rib or pant styles. These are really \$2.50 and \$3.25 values.

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Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Foster, of Tillsonburg, are the guests of Mrs. Thomas Barnecott, John St., north.

After an illness of two weeks, William George Davis, who for the past year has conducted the Matt Connor farm on the ninth concession Malahide, succumbed to an attack of influenza, on Wednesday morning. Deceased who was but 34 years of age, had become very popular in the neighborhood and was highly esteemed for his many sterling qualities. He was born at Brownsville, where he spent his life until he took possession of the Connor farm one year ago. Besides his wife, formerly Hattie Fortier, he leaves one son, Wilbur, aged 18 months. He was an honored member of the Springfield Masonic Lodge. The funeral which will be private takes place from his late residence to-day to the Aylmer Cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

Mrs. J. C. Steele wishes to thank the firemen as well as the citizens and neighbors for their timely assistance at the fire which damaged her residence on Thanksgiving Day.

FIRST HOME REMEDY FOR "FLU" IS HERE

The first home remedy for the Spanish "Flu" is here. It reached the Express Office on Friday last. Mrs. and Mr. Johnson has brought about five cures in her own family, through the following treatment: Take one-half box of pine tar and mix with white of one egg. Beat like cake frosting and then apply like old-fashioned mustard about the chest and throat. Take three hot water bottles and keep about the body for 36 hours.

Insurance

I have Fire, Sickness and Accident, auto, fire and liability, Silos, Live Stock covered anywhere on the farm, both in my Fire and Tornado and Wind policies. See my list of dwellings and farms for sale and to Rent. Collections made. Marriage Licenses issued. I have some snaps in farms just now.

GEO. H. CAUGHELL
Office next door to Trinity Church, John Street North

Miss Lulu Branion, of Bracebridge, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Branion.

Mr. George Mather has returned from a visit with friends in Detroit and Toledo.

Mrs. H. L. Graves and Mr. and Mrs. B. Tomlin spent Sunday with the former's daughter, at St. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson have taken possession of their new home on John street north.

Mr. Auto Owner

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WM. STEVENSON

LETTER FROM DICK WIFE

Dear Horace:— Since coming in, second attempt I have. It seems to require effort, both physical. The doctor said would be three or four I would be in shape. I would be similar to operation, but as the it just six times as the bowels were cut know now a little to be 99 per cent. dealing on with the other told them at home to gone, but there worry now as care! nothing to do will in time. It will of co and we'll hope I n to get a Canadian I perhaps the war ma I'm in fighting shape is a little stiff and is healed perfectly. small one in my al one just nicely brok This is my first ex itals, but it seems h place where I could ment. The orderlie: for your comfort ar tire of the innume day. The sisters a very careful and effi ward is a Hamilton somewhere in Wes right duty is not al know where she e doctor who operated care I am is a Capt Regina. He is a v although he looks 2 years younger than Here I have com the Chaplain Servic speak too highly o write home for pe us with material, ha for the thousands through and a pra ously wounded. O is from Port Arth acquainted with Re he has been excepti and has always can ing and had a short The Service are do here and many tho ned. Another thing I f to the Red Cross A been on a diet ever if it hadn't been for wouldn't have had do I mean this fo there are thousands It's nearly supper

F. W.

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