

Mr. Churchill on Foreign Missions

INSPIRING ADDRESS BY YOUNG
BRITISH STATESMAN AT LON-
DON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S
EXHIBITION.

Mr. Winston Churchill, president of the board of trade, formally opened the London Missionary Society's exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, London, June 31. The Agricultural Hall is really a series of halls. The one in which Mr. Churchill spoke will hold eight thousand persons, and it was crowded. Sir Albert Spicer, M. P., presided, and there were many well-known Nonconformists on the platform. Canon Hensley Henson also supported the chairman, and it was announced that the Archbishop of Canterbury had sent a sympathetic letter.

Mr. Churchill said the relations between the governors and officials of British possessions and the missionaries who were working in their midst were improving every year, and had never been better than they were to-day. He repeated the tribute which he has more than once paid to the striking work of the missionaries in Uganda. There in the center of Africa, he said, the traveler came upon a race of negroes clothed in peaceful, law-abiding, polite, of whom a great number had embraced the Christian faith and more than a hundred thousand had been taught to read and write solely by the influence of the missions and without the state having contributed a single penny. (Applause.) The moral service of the missionaries to the empire could never be measured. The King had armies and fleets; there were always thousands of armed men watching over the peace and order of his dominions; but it was not on that armed force that the strength and cohesion, the health and life of the Empire depended. If that were its only foundation it would collapse and perish, vanish and fade into the mists of the past which had shrouded so many powerful dominions. It was upon the essential goodness of British purpose, the high and lofty aims which the people of this island had always faithfully fought for, upon the spirit of earnest philanthropy, upon disinterested civilizing exertions, high principles of religion and public government—it was upon that and that alone that the permanent continuation of the British empire must be based. (Applause.)

ANSWER TO OBJECTIONS.

There were two arguments against missionary work which he wished to

examine. There was the ordinary unthinking argument—"Why can't you leave the natives alone? Isn't his own religion better suited to his conditions than a religion and civilization from the west?" Pitt abundantly replied to that argument when he pointed out that if it had always been applied we ourselves would have remained in the state of brutality and degradation of our ancestors. Then they were told that charity should begin at home—that there were jungles and morasses in England to be cleared and drained, numberless souls at home which needed saving. That was a stronger argument than the other, but it was not without an answer. Nothing was more important in this commercial age than to cultivate and develop the element of disinterested labor on the part of individuals and classes. The first responsibility we had to face was no doubt here at home, but that was not our only responsibility. We were all conscious of a sense of relief when we could escape from the poor little vessel of our own personality, mocked by the deep unseen tides of ocean, the sport of all the winds that blow, and take our stand upon some hilltop of high purpose, upon the rock of some great cause, and contemplate in serene and yet reverent independence a range upon range of moral or spiritual conceptions opening ever more brightly to the eye of science, of reason, of faith. No great benefit would be gained by any purely self-centered movement, however grave might be the need, however harsh the conditions which impelled it. Democracy must not be self-centered. Our countrymen must not think only of themselves. They must always have room in their hearts for outside interests and causes superior to anything that concerned themselves. (Loud applause.)

THE GLORY OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

It had long been the glory of our people—yes, even the poorest among them—that they had always possessed the faculty of enthusiasm for things which did not affect their daily life at home. When the Bulgarian or Macedonian peasant was invaded and outraged, when there were atrocities in the distant recesses of the Congo, the poor man in the street, who perhaps knew not where his next meal was to come from, still felt a moral indignation which raised him to a level with the great thinkers and teachers of the world. (Applause.) He thought our people had learnt more perhaps than any other people, that there was no something to another.

The Tramp: A Short Story

(By Guy de Maupassant.)

He had been tramping in search of work for forty days. He had left his home, Ville-Avaray, in the Manche, because work was slack. He was 27 years of age, and by trade, he was the eldest son and heir of a small farm in his family and his country. Times were hard and bread grew scarce; the two sisters were forced to seek employment, but they earned little. Jacques Raudel, the strongest, did nothing because there was nothing for him to do, and he did not like the idea of taking the bread away from the others.

He told the mayor and the secretary of his hardships, and they agreed he should try and find work in the middle of France. After thinking the question over carefully he took their advice. He bade his family good-by, well protected by papers and credentials, he started off.

He tramped for many days, taking little rest, sometimes walking most of the day and night, under the heat of the day and in the pouring rain. Though he made every effort, he did not succeed in getting home.

At first he only sought work as a carpenter, because this was his trade. But in every quarter where he asked for work he was told they had discharged the men they had. Gradually he was suffering from lack of food and rest he was glad to do any work offered him.

He became in turn excavator, stable man, scissor grinder, wood chopper, well digger, faggot gatherer and shepherd.

He refused no work, for the smallest job brought a few pennies, though he was not always paid what it was worth. But after a few weeks work grew more and more scarce.

His money was soon spent, and all he had to eat was the bread he begged from the farm women seated before their doors.

It was nightfall and Jacques Raudel, harassed, his feet sore with tramping, his stomach gnawing with hunger, was walking barefooted along the country road.

Raudel was suffering from hunger. He was a hunger known to most wild beasts and which impels wolves to hunt men for prey. Unable to tramp any longer, he threw himself on the ground; the blood in his head rushed to his swollen eyes and his lips were parched.

He clutched his walking stick as if he were planning to strike anyone who should come his way carrying food. He glanced here and there to see if a few scattered potatoes were lying on the ground. Had there only been a few more he would have gathered some twigs and kindled a fire with a burning ember.

For two days he had spoken his every thought aloud. He could think no longer, for his courage and thoughts now failed him. But fatigue, seeking work in vain, rebuffs, his solitary living, and many nights passed in lonely fields deprived him of every thought except "Why did I not stay at home?" The strongest of his arms he wished to put to use and could not. The thought that the family were in want at home made the color mount to his cheeks, and many times during the day he gave vent to his feelings in muttering. Kicking aside the rough stones that scratched his bare feet, he said: "What a miserable man I am—a carpenter by trade—and not four pennies to my name."

He was angry with himself; he felt a strong hatred for all men and all

nature. He began to mutter "What brutes there are!" as he noticed the fine gray smoke coming up from kitchen stacks, showing that some supper were cooking inside. He was of the opinion that his feeling of hatred and longing to steal were wicked. The only thought he had was to go into one of these farm-houses, to throw the occupants out, and to enjoy the supper alone.

He finally exclaimed: "I have not the right to live any longer! Here I am left to starve. I ask for work and it is refused me. Wicked people!" The pain in his limbs, the gnawing of his stomach, and the hatred in his breast stirred his brain until it became stiffer with the thought: "I have the right to live, because I breathe. The elements belong to all mankind!"

The rain began to fall in torrents and soon changed into icy sleet. He muttered time and again: "Bah! I should have to tramp a whole month before I reached home!"

Night soon fell, clothing the fields in deep shadows. He saw at a distance a dark shadow in a field. As it came nearer he knew it was a cow. The animal came near him without coming, "If I only had a cup of milk I might have some milk. He looked at the cow and she at him. Then, suddenly giving her a kick in the side, he cried, "Fie down!"

The animal responded to the blow. The man ducked his head under the animal, worked her udders, and drank until he had stilled his hunger.

But it began to rain harder and the air was cooler. His hunger was gone, though his body was growing colder every minute. The cow turned away on her side to rest. He seated himself near her and patted her head, showing that he had appreciated his supper. Noticing the steam that came from her nose he said: "You don't suffer from cold like me." He warmed his hands and then his face against her warm front, and before he knew it he was fast asleep.

Then, kissing her and hugging her a last time, he said: "Good-by, my dear—until another time; you are a good friend. Good-by."

He wakened, for two hours, always following the same road. But he was soon so tired he had to rest along the roadside. Day had come, for ever.

The bells in the steeple towers were sounding gladly. Men in blue shirts and women in snow-white caps passed by, walking and driving in small carts, hurrying to friends and relatives in the village nearby. A large peasant passed driving a flock of bellowing sheep.

Raudel thought to himself: "Have you not work for a hungry man?" The peasant answered, giving him an ugly look: "I haven't work for men tramping through the country." So the tramp seated himself along the road to wait. He waited for a kindly face; this time he selected a man with a long coat and wearing a heavy gold chain.

"I have been looking for work two months," he said. "But I can find nothing and I have not a cent to my name." To his surprise came the

answer: "You had better read the signs posted along the road, 'Vagrancy is not permitted.' Do you know that I am the mayor? If you do not move on at a lively gait I shall have you arrested!"

"I shall at least not die of hunger," and he sat down again. In a quarter of an hour two soldiers appeared, wearing bright uniforms. Though he knew why they were coming, he did not stir. They asked him many questions, and though he explained that he was without money and work and showed them the soiled papers he had in his pocket, they were unwilling to let him go.

Then one soldier announced: "Arrest you as a vagabond, a vagrant wandering along the highways without money and work."

The tired man rose and said, "Take me where you will," and, placing himself between the two soldiers, he exclaimed: "This at least will give me food and a roof."

He was taken to the council room by the guardians. Raudel found that morning seated at his table.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Here you are, my merry fellow. I told you that I would have you arrested. Well, brigadier, what has he done?"

The brigadier answered: "He is a tramp without money, work, fire and home. He is arrested as a vagrant, but the letters and papers he has in his pocket are not to his discredit."

The mayor demanded the papers, read them over carefully, and then asked what he was doing that morning on the open highway.

"Seeking work," came the answer. "You certainly cannot expect me to find work in the conditions which I am in."

The mayor said: "I shall let you go, but with the understanding you shall not return."

The carpenter answered: "I should rather stay. I am tired of chasing roads."

But the mayor shouted, "Hold your tongue!" Then he explained to his police: "You conduct this man two hundred meters from this village and start him on his way."

When they left Raudel outside the village he had no idea which way to go. He started for nearly one-half hour, too discouraged to move, and his steps stopped take him. Suddenly he stopped before a small cottage, for the kitchen window was open and the smell from the kettles told him food was being cooked inside. The old hunger, that same devouring hunger, forced him against the door.

He screamed with excitement: "In the name of God, someone will give me food, and he gave emphasis to his cries by striking against the door with his stick."

No one answered, and he cried louder than ever: "Hi! hi! Inside. Someone must be inside."

But no sound came. He went to the window, pushed it up, he came close, still felt a moral indignation which raised him to a level with the great thinkers and teachers of the world. (Applause.) He thought our people had learnt more perhaps than any other people, that there was no something to another.

He began to mutter "What brutes there are!" as he noticed the fine gray smoke coming up from kitchen stacks, showing that some supper were cooking inside. He was of the opinion that his feeling of hatred and longing to steal were wicked. The only thought he had was to go into one of these farm-houses, to throw the occupants out, and to enjoy the supper alone.

He finally exclaimed: "I have not the right to live any longer! Here I am left to starve. I ask for work and it is refused me. Wicked people!" The pain in his limbs, the gnawing of his stomach, and the hatred in his breast stirred his brain until it became stiffer with the thought: "I have the right to live, because I breathe. The elements belong to all mankind!"

The rain began to fall in torrents and soon changed into icy sleet. He muttered time and again: "Bah! I should have to tramp a whole month before I reached home!"

Night soon fell, clothing the fields in deep shadows. He saw at a distance a dark shadow in a field. As it came nearer he knew it was a cow. The animal came near him without coming, "If I only had a cup of milk I might have some milk. He looked at the cow and she at him. Then, suddenly giving her a kick in the side, he cried, "Fie down!"

The animal responded to the blow. The man ducked his head under the animal, worked her udders, and drank until he had stilled his hunger.

But it began to rain harder and the air was cooler. His hunger was gone, though his body was growing colder every minute. The cow turned away on her side to rest. He seated himself near her and patted her head, showing that he had appreciated his supper. Noticing the steam that came from her nose he said: "You don't suffer from cold like me." He warmed his hands and then his face against her warm front, and before he knew it he was fast asleep.

Then, kissing her and hugging her a last time, he said: "Good-by, my dear—until another time; you are a good friend. Good-by."

He wakened, for two hours, always following the same road. But he was soon so tired he had to rest along the roadside. Day had come, for ever.

The bells in the steeple towers were sounding gladly. Men in blue shirts and women in snow-white caps passed by, walking and driving in small carts, hurrying to friends and relatives in the village nearby. A large peasant passed driving a flock of bellowing sheep.

Raudel thought to himself: "Have you not work for a hungry man?" The peasant answered, giving him an ugly look: "I haven't work for men tramping through the country." So the tramp seated himself along the road to wait. He waited for a kindly face; this time he selected a man with a long coat and wearing a heavy gold chain.

"I have been looking for work two months," he said. "But I can find nothing and I have not a cent to my name." To his surprise came the

answer: "You had better read the signs posted along the road, 'Vagrancy is not permitted.' Do you know that I am the mayor? If you do not move on at a lively gait I shall have you arrested!"

"I shall at least not die of hunger," and he sat down again. In a quarter of an hour two soldiers appeared, wearing bright uniforms. Though he knew why they were coming, he did not stir. They asked him many questions, and though he explained that he was without money and work and showed them the soiled papers he had in his pocket, they were unwilling to let him go.

Then one soldier announced: "Arrest you as a vagabond, a vagrant wandering along the highways without money and work."

The tired man rose and said, "Take me where you will," and, placing himself between the two soldiers, he exclaimed: "This at least will give me food and a roof."

He was taken to the council room by the guardians. Raudel found that morning seated at his table.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the magistrate. "Here you are, my merry fellow. I told you that I would have you arrested. Well, brigadier, what has he done?"

IF you are tired of porridge and other "Breakfast Foods"—Try KORN-KINKS 5¢

the only flaked corn food that is malted. The choicest white flint corn blended with life-giving barley malt. Delicious in flavor, crisp, tasty, nourishing. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream. Your grocer sells it. The only Malted Corn Flakes

OLD AGE AND THE ARTERIES

FRENCH PHYSICIAN SEEKS TO UPSET A THEORY COMMONLY HELD.

For a long time now books have put down arterio-sclerosis, or hardening of the walls of the arteries, as a malady of old age. Indeed the malady of old age. A book published only the other day by a physician of long standing on how to attain old age contained the same familiar declarations. It has even been said that hardening of the arteries is what causes old age, and that if the arteries could be prevented from hardening old age could be deferred, put off indefinitely.

M. Lancereux has told the French Academy of Medicine that this is not so. He finds arterio-sclerosis rather in the young than in the old, and says that it is less harmful in the old than in the younger, and that the way to cure is to begin early with young persons predisposed to it through heredity, much as one should do to cure young girls inclined to hysteria.

"Arterio-sclerosis is not a disease of old age," said M. Lancereux, "but of middle age. It does not appear after the sixtieth or the sixty-fifth year, or at any rate undergoes a period of abatement then which renders it less dangerous."

The disease is not rare among adults, even between 20 and 30. It is more frequent among those between 20 and 40. But it is between 50 and 60 that it is most prevalent, and in such cases most often brings death between 50 and 65.

"Its development is more rapid among young persons than in the aged, and when occurring in the aged it is the less formidable."

M. Lancereux attacked another theory when he declared that, contrary to the general belief among doctors, arterio-sclerosis was not commonly due to prolonged indulgence in alcoholic drinks, no more than it was due to abuse of tobacco. The proofs offered that it came from those causes, he said, were wholly insufficient.

Neither was poisoning through too much meat in the diet accountable for the affection, nor was alimentary excess.

According to M. Lancereux gouty inflammation is most often the cause of the malady. In treatment it was necessary to attack the initial phenomena as shown in nervous disorder.

HIGHEST PEAK IN CANADA

TWO MEN WILL TRY TO SURMOUNT THE SNOWS OF MOUNT ROBSON THIS SUMMER.

Two trained mountaineers of Canada, Dr. Coleman, the geologist of Toronto University, and Mr. Kinney, of Victoria, B. C., will attempt to reach the top of Mount Robson this summer. It is a virgin peak. Mr. Kinney went to the mountain last year only to meet rain below and he could not make the climb.

Mount Robson is one of the most inaccessible summits in North America. It stands a little west of the divide between waters going to the Arctic Ocean and others flowing to the Pacific.

So far as is known it is the highest point in Canada. Its height was ascertained by the Canadian Geological Survey only about ten years ago. It is 12,700 feet above the sea and rises 10,750 feet above the neighboring valley, but somehow it never impressed those who saw it with its tremendous elevation, nearly two miles above their standpoint.

It is in the center of scenery of remarkable grandeur. James McEvoy, of the Canadian Geological Survey, explored this region in 1888 and said that the descriptions of Milton and Chaucer written in 1865 had in no respect been overdrawn.

This is of interest to all tourists in America, because this magnificent mountain region, now very hard to reach and impossible for the ordinary traveler to traverse, will before long be open to all. The route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is now being extended westward from Edmonton, will be carried through the Yellow Head Pass, and in the stretch where it will skirt the northern bank of the upper Fraser the trains will pass only a few miles south of the great mountain.

Mount Robson will be a hard proposition for the average mountaineer, and its ascent will doubtless be left to experts, for it has a slope of 60 degrees practically from base to summit. It is glacier clad, very rugged, and its apex of ice, glittering in the morning sun, two miles in the air, is said to be one of the finest sights that mountains anywhere afford.

An enormous cannon has just been placed on the coast of Havre, which, with one well-directed shell, can sink at a distance of 20 kilometers the most formidable armored cruiser. The Germans, on their part, have installed in the port of Wilhelmshafen Krupp cannons which cost the trifling sum of \$79,000, every shot of which costs \$1,650—\$267 for the projectile, \$185 for the charge which expels the shell, and \$338 for the checking apparatus. This gun cannot fire more than 95 shots before it is completely useless. Because of the repeated action of the explosions erosions are made in the bore, which destroy the quality of the steel, and the piece can no longer be used without danger of bursting. If we consider that after the deflagration of the charge the projectile remains in the gun only about the fiftieth part of a second, we can see that a cannon rendered useless after 95 shots has not yielded more than two seconds of active service!—\$79,000 for two seconds. That gives the makers of the gun a wage of \$2,370,000 a minute, \$142,200,000 an hour. Here lies the wealth of the steel and powder merchants.—Metropolitan.

On account of continued trouble with one of his legs, the physician in charge of Hon. John Charlton has decided to amputate the limb.

KITCHENER'S NEXT WORK

HIS TERM IN INDIA EXPIRES IN NOVEMBER.

Lord Kitchener's prolonged term of command in India expires in November and the usual crop of rumors as to what will be the next employment for him is already springing up. It is generally believed that the King is admirer of Kitchener's abilities and has had more than one discussion with the secretary of war regarding his future employment on leaving India.

It is generally believed that the King will promote him to an earldom, but this, of course, from an army point of view will be merely a decorative advancement. It was naturally proposed that he should be promoted to the rank of field marshal, but Kitchener himself is believed to have asked that the field marshal's baton be withheld for a time. Except in time of actual war an officer of the rank of field marshal is barred from accepting certain posts at the war office or elsewhere, and Kitchener is a man who wants to be always doing.

Meanwhile one of the latest rumors is that he will succeed the Duke of Connaught in the Mediterranean, the post of commander in chief of the British army. In abeyance since the retirement of the late Duke of Cambridge, being revived for the duke.

THE CENSOR IN TURKEY.

Last week the horses belonging to the late British Ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, were sold at auction. The usual notice was put in the local press, but the censor in the list writes in the names Pasha, Selim and Haroun, which he considered was offensive to Turks, so the list had to appear without the names.

The word "pinti," meaning availing, is not allowed to be used, as it was the Sultan's nickname when he was a prince, as he was of a most miserly character. For the same reason none of Molli's plays are allowed in the country, as he wrote one called "L'Avare"—London Telegraph.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS

BUSY STATE GAME FARM

HOW ILLINOIS IS ENDEAVORING TO RESTOCK ITS WOODS AND PRAIRIES.

The state game farm near Auburn is now the busiest place in Illinois. Already this month 8,000 baby birds have made their appearance and in the next few days 2,000 more are expected. The birds are sitting patiently on that number of eggs, and every day another is made happy by the arrival of chicks.

Thirty thousand eggs of game birds were placed this spring at the farm. They include pheasants, native quail, ducks, turkeys and all kinds of game that inhabit this state. In addition to the eggs which were placed under the hens at the farm the game warden, Dr. J. A. Wheeler, sent throughout the state 30,000 eggs for private use. The farm is now producing from 900 to 1,000 eggs a day from the 1,400 hens.

"Game birds in Illinois came through the winter remarkably well," said Dr. Wheeler. "We have had the most encouraging reports from every section of the state. The pheasant is proving itself to be an ideal bird for Illinois. You cannot starve it. It will eat the bark on a tree before it will quit. I have been surprised at its hardiness."

HIGHEST PEAK IN CANADA

TWO MEN WILL TRY TO SURMOUNT THE SNOWS OF MOUNT ROBSON THIS SUMMER.

Two trained mountaineers of Canada, Dr. Coleman, the geologist of Toronto University, and Mr. Kinney, of Victoria, B. C., will attempt to reach the top of Mount Robson this summer. It is a virgin peak. Mr. Kinney went to the mountain last year only to meet rain below and he could not make the climb.

Mount Robson is one of the most inaccessible summits in North America. It stands a little west of the divide between waters going to the Arctic Ocean and others flowing to the Pacific.

So far as is known it is the highest point in Canada. Its height was ascertained by the Canadian Geological Survey only about ten years ago. It is 12,700 feet above the sea and rises 10,750 feet above the neighboring valley, but somehow it never impressed those who saw it with its tremendous elevation, nearly two miles above their standpoint.

It is in the center of scenery of remarkable grandeur. James McEvoy, of the Canadian Geological Survey, explored this region in 1888 and said that the descriptions of Milton and Chaucer written in 1865 had in no respect been overdrawn.

This is of interest to all tourists in America, because this magnificent mountain region, now very hard to reach and impossible for the ordinary traveler to traverse, will before long be open to all. The route of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is now being extended westward from Edmonton, will be carried through the Yellow Head Pass, and in the stretch where it will skirt the northern bank of the upper Fraser the trains will pass only a few miles south of the great mountain.

Mount Robson will be a hard proposition for the average mountaineer, and its ascent will doubtless be left to experts, for it has a slope of 60 degrees practically from base to summit. It is glacier clad, very rugged, and its apex of ice, glittering in the morning sun, two miles in the air, is said to be one of the finest sights that mountains anywhere afford.

An enormous cannon has just been placed on the coast of Havre, which, with one well-directed shell, can sink at a distance of 20 kilometers the most formidable armored cruiser. The Germans, on their part, have installed in the port of Wilhelmshafen Krupp cannons which cost the trifling sum of \$79,000, every shot of which costs \$1,650—\$267 for the projectile, \$185 for the charge which expels the shell, and \$338 for the checking apparatus. This gun cannot fire more than 95 shots before it is completely useless. Because of the repeated action of the explosions erosions are made in the bore, which destroy the quality of the steel, and the piece can no longer be used without danger of bursting. If we consider that after the deflagration of the charge the projectile remains in the gun only about the fiftieth part of a second, we can see that a cannon rendered useless after 95 shots has not yielded more than two seconds of active service!—\$79,000 for two seconds. That gives the makers of the gun a wage of \$2,370,000 a minute, \$142,200,000 an hour. Here lies the wealth of the steel and powder merchants.—Metropolitan.

On account of continued trouble with one of his legs, the physician in charge of Hon. John Charlton has decided to amputate the limb.

Money to Loan

on Mortgages of Real Estate at Current Rates
All Business Strictly Confidential

Liberal Terms of Repayment
Loans Completed Quickly
Expenses Moderate
Full information gladly given

Huron & Erie

Loan and Savings Co., London, Ont.

VARICOCELE CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.
Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on a double varicocele. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me as operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. I wrote them and they sent me a FREE TREATMENT. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn \$12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning \$20 and never a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment."

HENRY C. LOCUST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN—Impudent acids or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically, and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER: Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter how long treated, write for an honest and unfeigned Free of Charge. Books Free—"The Golden Monitor," (illustrated on Diseases of Men).

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of treatment FREE FOR HOME TREATMENT.

Drs. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave., and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

While Away on Your Vacation

You will want to know what is happening in London. We will mail The Advertiser to you at any point in Canada, the United States or Great Britain, without additional cost. Send a postcard or phone 107.

The London Advertiser Co.

A SURE CURE FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS

TEN DAYS' TREATMENT FREE.

Orange Lily is a certain cure for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissue. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief; the blood vessels and nerves are