

London Advertiser

Published by
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED,
London, Ontario.

MORNING. EVENING.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS
3670 PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE
From 9 p.m. to 5:30 a.m., and holidays, call 76, Business Department; 78, Editors and Reporters; 1174, Composing Room; 76, Circulation Department.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES.
Toronto Office—F. W. Thompson, 100 King Street West, Room 20.
United States Representatives
Charles H. Eddy Company.
New York—17th Avenue Building.
Chicago—People's Gas Building.
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
City—Delivered.
15 cents per week; \$3.50 for six months; 65 cents per month; \$7.50 for one year.
By Mail, Outside City—\$5 per year, \$2.75 for six months, or 50 cents per month for short-term subscriptions.
To the United States—\$6 per year, \$3.50 for six months, or 65 cents a month.
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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.
Circulation audited by A. B. C.
Report furnished advertisers on request.

London, Ontario, Monday, August 22, 1921.

A GUARANTEE OF PEACE.
Lloyd George's vision of an alliance between Great Britain, Japan and the United States as a deciding factor in the world's peace is one which should appeal to the imagination of all. The prime minister of Great Britain considers that if the present alliance with Japan could be merged into a greater understanding with Japan and the United States on all the problems of the Pacific, it would be a guarantee of universal peace.

One can readily visualize what co-operation between these three powerful nations would mean. With Britain on the extreme west of Europe, with Japan on the extreme east of Asia, with America looking across the Pacific from the Atlantic seaboard on the one side, and from the shores of the Pacific on the other; with the southern half of the world guarded by South Africa on the one hand and Australia on the other, it is not hard to see that a triple alliance formed of these countries, not for the carrying on of war, but for its abolition, would have the effect which is adumbrated by Lloyd George's far-seeing policy. Every ocean would be patrolled, every continent have its outpost.

These ideals are so intimately associated with those of the League of Nations that it is impossible to detach them, and their consummation cannot possibly take place without the full concurrence of that great parliament of peace. It is with these ideals in view that Britain values the friendship of Japan while clinging to that of the United States. The part that both countries played in the titanic struggle for justice and equity is duly recognized, but that of Japan has been more in the background. As the British premier points out, "Thank you," and "Good-bye," accompanied by what soldiers would call the "about turn," is scarcely the way to dismiss a country that has given protection to the transit of many thousands of dominion and Indian troops across the seas, and which proved one of the deciding factors in the winning of the war. Even countries disliking the Anglo-Japanese alliance would despise the British if after such service Great Britain turned her back upon Japan. Such conduct would be rude and ungrateful in an individual; how much more so in a nation.

NEW WAY OF HISTORY.
Mr. C. L. Graves has brought out a first installment of "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England," two volumes of selected cartoons to articles from the years 1841 to 1874. It is a very comprehensive and fascinating sort of history, political, social, following all the phases of manners, work, sport and even religion. This is the right kind of book to learn history from.

History is associated in our school memories with dullness. It was chronological, constitution, legal, and the personal part was all about big-wigs. There wasn't enough of life in it, and you almost never cracked a smile. You would as soon laugh over history as in church. It was no laughing matter, dwelling on the solemn heights of aristocratic proprieties, always a hard-faced friend of landlords and accomplished facts. What history needs besides its pompous legality is a sense of the passion and tragedy of life on the one hand, and of its comedy on the other. Mr. Graves' work is doing something to supply the latter need at least.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton could not help being amusing in his "History of England," but it is too propagandist and one-sided in opinion, and its fun is largely in oddity or propositiveness of statement. Goldwin Smith's glorious essay on the history of the United States has fun in it, as for instance his account of the Hard Cider campaign of 1840, or of Abraham Lincoln as a young man lifting up the tavern beer barrel in his huge hands and drinking from the spigot to amuse the tap-room. But Smith's humor is generally dry. History needs to be written as Shakespeare wrote it, not with fictitious Falstaffs and Plinellins, but bringing out the comedies that really happened, or even the comic side of serious things. As Scott gave humor to the historical novel, and as writers like Robert Lynd, Lytton Strachey and Chesterton, have set a new standard of vivacity for once dull, long literary criticism, the same freshening would do history no harm.

Not only Punch, but other journals, private diaries and letters should provide the material for an up-to-date Clío. But for the comic side of English life, no other journal is such a record as Punch. Where a periodical such as The Illustrated London News deals mainly with the affairs of royalty and the upper class, Punch depicts all sorts of people in pretty even distribution. "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England" should be in every ambitious library. May we hope for a history of Canada some day that will be not merely a puff or a didactic summary, but amusing, critical and comprehensive?

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.
The name of Sir John Thompson means little to the generation that has grown up since he died at Windsor Castle in 1894. Indeed, the period between the death of Macdonald and the accession of Laurier in 1896 receives little attention in histories of Canada, which is a pity in so far as Thompson at least is concerned, because his abilities were marked, and for years he ranked as one of the great parliamentary figures of the country. Sir John Willison, in his "Reminiscences,"

devotes half a dozen pages to the character of Thompson, and in the current issue of The Dalhousie Review there is an appreciation by Mr. Justice Russell, sympathetic in treatment, and an addition worth while to the record of one of our premiers.

Thompson, like Tupper, was a Nova Scotian. He was at one time assistant reporter to the Provincial Assembly, his chief being Bourinot, afterwards clerk of the House at Ottawa. In 1878 he became a member of the assembly, largely, it was said, through the influence of the Roman Catholic Bishop Cameron, for shortly before this Thompson had embraced the Roman Catholic religion, to which his wife was already an adherent. His career in the Nova Scotia Legislature lasted four years, during which time he held the office of attorney-general. When the Government of which he was a member was defeated in 1882, Thompson accepted a seat on the supreme court bench, and held that until 1885, when he resigned to become minister of justice in the cabinet of Sir John Macdonald at Ottawa. His entry came just at the time when the Riel affair was agitating the country, and it has been truly said that Thompson made his parliamentary reputation by his maiden speech in answer to Hon. Edward Blake on a resolution declaring that Riel should not have been executed. It would not be true to say that Blake was overcome. It would take even more than a Thompson with all his logic to do that; but, as Sir John Willison says, "even the Opposition admitted that the reply was adequate."

Both Sir John Willison and Justice Russell pay tribute to the high sense of justice and honor that marked Thompson. Justice Russell speaks of the passion for justice that characterized him while he was on the supreme court in Nova Scotia, "a hot and angry resentment at every appearance of oppression or injustice." Thompson's temper was capable of being aroused in Parliament as well as elsewhere. There was a common notion, arising perhaps from the impetuous air that he carried in public, that he was unemotional, unaffected by praise and impervious to attack. But those who knew him intimately in Parliament recall that he boiled under adverse criticism, and one attack that he made upon Sir Richard Cartwright almost took away the breath of his friends, so violent was he in denunciation. But there were few outbreaks of that kind in his career, and the provocation was doubtless great. In general Thompson had himself under marvelous control, perhaps too much under control to be a great popular leader, for he was somewhat of Blake's type in this respect. Both of them lacked the qualities that endeared Macdonald and Laurier to the common people. But Blake and Thompson have perhaps never been approached in our public life for sheer intellectual power. Justice Russell draws attention to Thompson's faculty of always being ready for and fully equal to the work immediately in hand from day to day. Alonzo Wright, "King of the Gatineau," designated him as the "consummate master of the order paper." That may have been intended as sarcasm, coming from one who knew little of the weighty tasks of public life, but it really describes Thompson as his contemporaries in Parliament knew him.

Thompson was the subject of many attacks from within his own party because of the fact that he had changed his religion. There were those who hinted that he was more loyal to his religion than to his country, as base a charge as was ever made. Sir John Willison refutes this slander, and incidentally points out that in the matter of religion Canada is more tolerant of her leaders than either Great Britain or the United States. No Catholic was ever a president of the United States, and when has there been a Catholic prime minister of England. Yet Sir Henri Joli, a Protestant, was prime minister of Catholic Quebec, and Hon. John Sanfield Macdonald, a Roman Catholic, was premier of Protestant Ontario. And in the federal field we have had both Thompson and Laurier, the former even handicapped by the change of religion that he had made.

We can agree with both of the biographers quoted that Sir John Thompson, as much as any man who ever held the highest office in Canada, achieved it by sheer force of character and ability. Sir John Willison thinks that he would have been Sir John Macdonald's immediate successor in 1891 had his colleagues had their way. It was Thompson who was the real power during the short time that Sir John Abbott was prime minister, and his elevation at the death of Abbott was inevitable. His career as leader of the Government was brief, but it was important, and it is well that there should be remembrance of the place that he filled in the transition period of the early nineties in Canada.

FOREIGN LEGIONARIES.
The enlistment of recruits for service in Morocco at the Spanish consulate in London, England, has now been suspended. This action follows a discussion in the House of Commons on the question of allowing British ex-service men to offer themselves to either of two independent countries which are at war, such procedure being a violation of neutrality according to the Foreign Enlistment Act. It was pointed out that the Rif tribesmen against whom the Spaniards are fighting have been on friendly terms with the British and had assisted Great Britain in the late war.

Foreign legionaries in time of war have been recruited by various countries from the earliest times. It was a common expedient both with the Greeks and the Romans when their armies had been depleted by years of bloodshed, and much nearer home "soldiers of fortune" did not consider it beneath them to place their swords at the disposal of a foreign power for a consideration.

We have it on record that the faithful bodyguard of Joan of Arc was composed of Scotsmen, and who has not heard of the Irish Brigade that fought at Fontenoy? Some of these legionaries rose to high distinction in the foreign service, and who can ever forget that delightful swashbuckler, Dugal Dalgetty, who attained such a generous measure of fame under the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

But times have changed since then. The age is past when soldiers may sell their services with impunity to the highest bidder, knowing not and caring not what was the cause of the quarrel. The great war has utterly changed the world's outlook, and the man who fights merely for the sake of fighting is regarded as a brawling, truculent disturber of the peace and a dangerous nuisance. To defend the right and protect the innocent is a heaven-sent precept, but the world has no longer sympathy to bestow on the sword as an arbitrator of disputes, especially when the wielder of the weapon has no call to participate.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
The Irish thermometer indicates unsettled weather.
A good deal of flowery language is sure to be used at the opening of the great show in St. Thomas next Wednesday.

OTHERS' VIEWS

PRICE OF SOVIETISM.
[Chicago Tribune.]
Russia has ample potential resources to care for its own people. It cannot care for them because under the soviet regime its production has been reduced to a minimum. And its distribution has been rendered entirely inadequate by its habit of confiscating private property. Famine in eighteen provinces of Russia may be due to drought, lack of seed, lack of tools, lack of labor, or lack of reward for producers, but starvation of the 20,000,000 inhabitants of those provinces is due solely to the evils of the soviet regime.

FRIENDSHIP SACRIFICE.
[Los Angeles Times.]
Perhaps national friendship will develop in the future the same warm individual feeling as friendships between individuals. The old diplomatic theory that nations have no friends, but only interests, has not been so much in vogue since the world war. The example of the common good, when selfish material interest dictated that she should keep out of the struggle and profiteer off the peoples engaged, is one that has not been lost on the rest of the world. Friendship is always born of some form of sacrifice. For centuries countries have been hating each other with a bit, and stronger than that love of life, and the love of love. What is there illusory about national hatreds as strong and enduring as national friendships?

FRENCH DRAMA FOR MONTREAL.
[L'Autre.]
By reason of its wealth and in point of population, Montreal is classed as the third French city in the world. From the artistic viewpoint its importance is nil, or as little as possible. Last season our French Theatre, which is now in its fourth year, has been a success in its attempt to bring to Montreal a new kind of drama, which is commencing to do better. The art of the drama is not only agreeable and useful, but it is a necessary one for those who think and express their thoughts. In a city which is already infiltrated with the bad taste that prevails in the United States and elsewhere, it is not right that a French Canadian should be indifferent to every manifestation of French thought. The results of the campaign undertaken to rebuild our university could furnish no better evidence of this. Moreover, a careful examination shows that our people support a host of small French theatres. Success of the theatrical enterprise that would guarantee a following of practical, energetic and capable administration, an artistic, intelligent, able and broadminded direction, a young and conscientious company, and a varied and new repertory of the first class.

MISFORTUNES?
[London Daily Express.]
Lord Leconfield says that the cinema is the worst misfortune that has ever befallen England. A strong saying. As we meditate it, we instinctively remember that these islands have, from time to time, been exposed to terrific misfortunes which have made them feared by the world. The first of these was the plague, the second was the great fire, the third was the great famine, the fourth was the great pestilence, the fifth was the great earthquake, the sixth was the great flood, the seventh was the great war, the eighth was the great pestilence, the ninth was the great earthquake, the tenth was the great flood, the eleventh was the great war, the twelfth was the great pestilence, the thirteenth was the great earthquake, the fourteenth was the great flood, the fifteenth was the great war, the sixteenth was the great pestilence, the seventeenth was the great earthquake, the eighteenth was the great flood, the nineteenth was the great war, the twentieth was the great pestilence, the twenty-first was the great earthquake, the twenty-second was the great flood, the twenty-third was the great war, the twenty-fourth was the great pestilence, the twenty-fifth was the great earthquake, the twenty-sixth was the great flood, the twenty-seventh was the great war, the twenty-eighth was the great pestilence, the twenty-ninth was the great earthquake, the thirtieth was the great flood, the thirty-first was the great war, the thirty-second was the great pestilence, the thirty-third was the great earthquake, the thirty-fourth was the great flood, the thirty-fifth was the great war, the thirty-sixth was the great pestilence, the thirty-seventh was the great earthquake, the thirty-eighth was the great flood, the thirty-ninth was the great war, the fortieth was the great pestilence, the forty-first was the great earthquake, the forty-second was the great flood, the forty-third was the great war, the forty-fourth was the great pestilence, the forty-fifth was the great earthquake, the forty-sixth was the great flood, the forty-seventh was the great war, the forty-eighth was the great pestilence, the forty-ninth was the great earthquake, the fiftieth was the great flood, the fifty-first was the great war, the fifty-second was the great pestilence, the fifty-third was the great earthquake, the fifty-fourth was the great flood, the fifty-fifth was the great war, the fifty-sixth was the great pestilence, the fifty-seventh was the great earthquake, the fifty-eighth was the great flood, the fifty-ninth was the great war, the sixtieth was the great pestilence, the sixty-first was the great earthquake, the sixty-second was the great flood, the sixty-third was the great war, the sixty-fourth was the great pestilence, the sixty-fifth was the great earthquake, the sixty-sixth was the great flood, the sixty-seventh was the great war, the sixty-eighth was the great pestilence, the sixty-ninth was the great earthquake, the seventieth was the great flood, the seventy-first was the great war, the seventy-second was the great pestilence, the seventy-third was the great earthquake, the seventy-fourth was the great flood, the seventy-fifth was the great war, the seventy-sixth was the great pestilence, the seventy-seventh was the great earthquake, the seventy-eighth was the great flood, the seventy-ninth was the great war, the eightieth was the great pestilence, the eighty-first was the great earthquake, the eighty-second was the great flood, the eighty-third was the great war, the eighty-fourth was the great pestilence, the eighty-fifth was the great earthquake, the eighty-sixth was the great flood, the eighty-seventh was the great war, the eighty-eighth was the great pestilence, the eighty-ninth was the great earthquake, the ninetieth was the great flood, the ninety-first was the great war, the ninety-second was the great pestilence, the ninety-third was the great earthquake, the ninety-fourth was the great flood, the ninety-fifth was the great war, the ninety-sixth was the great pestilence, the ninety-seventh was the great earthquake, the ninety-eighth was the great flood, the ninety-ninth was the great war, the hundredth was the great pestilence.

PERILS OF GOLF.
[New York Tribune.]
So the insurance companies are offering to write golf insurance—have been able to assess in dollars the risks a golfer assumes when he goes on the links. But this, perhaps, is less grotesque than scoffers will assume. Golf has its hazards, as every duffer knows. Bunkers, traps, ponds, brooks, ditches, swamps and brambles bushes—that's what up-to-date links are made of, if it seems to the twenty-four-handicap man. There are other hazards. Any one who has intercepted a drive with his club can testify that a golf ball is a dangerous missile. And the awkward swing of a brute resembles in impact the kick of a Missouri mule. A round on one of the congested public links is often a bit of trench warfare. When thousands of persons are chasing one another from tee to tee with irons and heavy canners, the game is becoming complicated when even the sport that the physicians commend for its health-giving qualities is tangled up in the actuary's mortality tables.

IMPERIALISM AND NATIONALISM.
[Bulawayo Chronicle.]
The South African Premier went to London with the expressed determination that South Africa should do its share as a nation in building up international understanding in co-operation with the other states of the British Commonwealth, for the prosperity and safety of all. The most damning criticism that can be brought against the Nationalist movement in South Africa is that it has never approved but has repeatedly expressed dissatisfaction with the result of the late war, and appears more sorry for the ex-king and his handful of military despots than are those Germans who, whatever their regrets, are at least running their country on democratic lines. There is every reason to believe that the recent gathering of premiers will pave the way to a new era of peace, prosperity and freedom for all the nations of the Empire, in which wise local policies will combine with a rational and safe joint attitude towards all the rest of the world.

THE LEIPZIG SENTENCES.
[Westminster Gazette.]
It is true that a sentence of four years' imprisonment does not appear severe to our eyes in the case of officers who not only rank a hospital ship, but fired on the boats when the crew endeavored to escape, but part of the defect is in the differences of law between the two countries, and part is due to the fact that the officers concerned were held to be acting under the orders of a superior. In the circumstances, the sentence is probably more severe than German opinion in general will approve. It is the highest that could be imposed when the crime was reduced from murder to "illegal killing." The presiding judge described the crime as casting a shadow on the German navy, and in particular on German submarine warfare. We are bound to say that the submarine tradition of Germany is not such that it is easy to cast a shadow upon it.

EXPERT KNOWLEDGE WANTED.
[Singapore Free Press.]
The distinguishing marks of technical education are that it deals with realities. It markedly increases the productivity of man power in the community; this increase of productivity provides greater leisure, and therefore, greater opportunities for cultural studies on the part of a great mass of the people; and unlike philosophy, it means the same for all races, irrespective of color and creed, and thus assigns in breaking down racial barriers. There can be no dispute as to its importance, the pressing question is what can be done to bring technical education into being in the colony.

POETRY AND JEST

COASTING.
[Burt Franklin Jennes.]
Give me the sea with a spanking breeze,
And let me feel the dip and the lurch
Of a coaster under me.
Give me a cruise by shoal and reef,
With the pull of a running tide,
And let me hear the leadsmen call
The green depths overside.
And lay my course with lights to lift,
Through channel, strait and reach;
By rack and sound, by cape and spit,
And shining strips of beach:
With a buoy to sight or a beacon flash,
Or a lightship off to port;
Where every trick has a new-found thrill,
And a danger there to court.

By isle and dune and charted rock,
By headland, grey in the mist;
On freighter, tank or battered tramp
With a shifting cargo list—
I'll do my turn on a coasting craft,
With the friendly harbors night,
And take my chance in the beaten track.
Where the coast lights let me by,
Through rip and swell, in gust and squall,
In fog and mist and rain,
Let me go back to watch and wait,
On a coastwise ship again.

NOT IN VAIN.
[Philadelphia Ledger.]
A tall, gaunt individual of the sort known in some parts of the South as "poor white trash," was ordered by the judge of a certain police court to stand up.
"You are," said his honor, "accused of profanity in a public place."
"I reckon I did it, Judge," said the cracker. "A negro was tryin' to steal my horse."
"But you should know better than to take the name of the Lord in vain."
"It wasn't in vain, Judge. You jest oughter seen that black man run!"

FISHING.
[Robert Clarke.]
The summer woods are echoing
With the song of the babbling brook,
Filling with gay fairy music
Each cool, dreamy, shade-haunting nook;
The maple trees in majesty

Rustle in light breezes which blow,
While in the limpid stream beneath
The gleaming trout glide to and fro.
On the bank 'neath a towering giant
A lad stands with rod in hand;
Dangling above the crystal stream,
Suspended from his willow wand.
A gaily fly swings temptingly,
A luring bait for some greedy trout,
Who ever with wide hungry jaws
For morsels such as these looking out.
Patiently there the young lad stands,
Swinging o'er the stream his gaudy fly.
While in the brook flowing at his feet
The plump trout glide hungrily by—
At a swirl! A leap! And in the air
The boldest leaps up at the bait:
His hungry jaws close over it—
As men his greed has sealed his fate.
As down this stream of life we swim,
May we never be caught asleep
But always when making a venture
"Look before we leap."

HE HAD HIS DOUBTS.
[Oscar Williams in Poetry.]
An elderly man was persuaded by one of his sons to go with him to a boxing exhibition.
But now for two \$2 seats.
"Now dad," said the son joyfully, "you'll see more excitement for your \$2 than you've ever seen in your life before."
The old man grunted.
"I've got my doubts about that," he said solemnly. "Two dollars was all I paid for my marriage license."

SONG.
[Ben Johnson.]
Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue;
So men at weakest they are strongest;
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, do not women truly then,
Styled but the shadow of us men?

DOING HIS BIT.
[Boston Transcript.]
A Canadian speaker was making an earnest appeal for forest conservation. "What are our people doing to stop this fearful waste of the country's precious lumber supply?" he demanded. "Is there anyone here who is doing anything at all?"
Gravely a little man in the audience rose from his seat and said: "What? Is there really one?" ex-

claimed the orator. "And what, may I ask, are you doing to save our forests from depletion?"
"I," said the little man solemnly, "always use a toothpick twice."
COBWEBS.
[Oscar Williams in Poetry.]
Rise in the cool, dim dawn,
When the mist is hung on the pane—
The loose grey cobweb of the fog
Spun by the rain.
When the sun's long golden fingers
Have brushed it away—then go
And watch the sky through the tree tops
Fall like snow.
And after, when you are tired,
And twilight hangs on the leaves,
Listen—and the silence will tell you
Why it grieves.
For the fog, the sky and the twilight
Are the cobwebs that brush the eyes
When a man would enter the dusty door
Of paradise.

SENSATIONS.
[Punch, London.]
Once my life was a thing of pain;
Worn, down-trodden, I knew the strain
Of labor amid the city's slush;
But now for me is the wind's cool rush
And woods and hedgerows darting by
As in voluptuous curves I fly.
Sweeping and swaying, swift and light,
Cool, flower-scented, and clear, the air
Sweeps from a sky that is blue and fair;
Below, the ribbon-white road slips past
And I above it ride free at last.

Such, I imagine, the feelings are
Of a boot attached to a bridal car.

THE SILVER LINING
By Fullerton Walde.
KEEPING AT IT.
There is a message for the disheartened in the success that has come to Frank Schwarz, winner of Prix de Rome for painting.
They were about to evict him from his quarters in a New York tenement because he couldn't pay the rent of \$12 a month—when the tide turned.
In fourteen years he had earned only \$500, all told, by painting pictures. He went on painting while he turned his hand to any other kind of work

that would keep the wolf from the door.
And now—a picture submitted to competition has won him a fellowship of \$1,000 a year, besides the chance to stay in Rome with the best masters. Suppose he had quit before the sun broke through the clouds? Suppose he had flung down his brush and kicked a hole in the canvas, in a fit of disgust and depression?
The prize came to him and his dream came true because he kept on and on. He was not like that poor farmer of New Jersey who killed himself because no rain came—just three hours before a down-pour occurred that saved his crops!
Wait—hang on—sit tight—don't give up, the ship—and what happened to Frank Schwarz will happen to you.
He worked, and he waited; he did nothing that you cannot do.
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say

BAYER

Aspirin

Warning! You are not getting Aspirin at all unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Safe Milk

For young and old alike Milk is the ideal beverage for summer.

You'll like to use Carnation Milk—for two reasons.

You can keep an ample supply of milk in the house—for any need. Pure and fresh, evaporated, sealed and sterilized, Carnation Milk stays sweet indefinitely.

Then, even when the can is opened, Carnation Milk does not "turn" so readily as ordinary milk.

Carnation Milk has other advantages, too. You can serve it as cream for fresh fruits. It is ideal for taking to camp or on picnics. And it is certainly the safe milk for babies and growing children.

The fresh milk is received at the Carnation Condenseries in Canada's finest dairy counties, part of the water is removed by evaporation, and the milk of uniform creamy richness is sealed in air-tight containers.

Rigidity tested, its purity is made doubly sure by sterilization.

To restore Carnation Milk to the natural consistency you add water—at least an equal quantity.

Keep safely on your pantry shelves—proof against summer weather.

Bought ahead—when you buy your groceries!

Order three or four cans, tall (16 oz.) size, or a case of 48 cans, from your grocer—the Carnation Milkman.

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