London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City. 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City. By Mail. $4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
$4.00 per year by mail.

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, Nov. 4.

GERMANY ON THE BRINK.

GERMANY for more than two months has been swaying on the brink of disaster. The pressure upon the Hunnish nation and her allies has been so great as to cause unconditional surrender or a plunge into the depths of war's abyss.

Terms of the Allied armistice as sent out by Washington find a responsive note among the Allied peoples, whether or not Germany chooses to accept. The surrender of her navy, her great naval outpost and all her weapons of war constitutes a fair sample of what peace with the winning nations may mean for Germany. "Take it or leave it" is the spirit in which the proposal will be advanced.

Austria, thanks to the gallant Italians, is definitely out of the war. The great menace of Prussianism has been lifted for all time. Germany is deserted by her copartners in crime, and their defection has come with full knowledge of the penalties. Germany is threatened from many sides. No matter how "stiff" the Allied terms may appear there is every possibility of their acceptance by a nation which has a sufficient number of influential fatalists to foresee the inevitable.

SHOCK TROOPS.

Vimy Ridge.
Passchendaele.
The Siege of Lens.
The Drive From Albert.
Cambrai.
Valenciennes.

THESE ARE SOME of the outstanding names in the record of Canadian arms since the British forces began effective offensive fighting. The breaking of the Queant-Drocourt switch might be added to the list, because the victory which the forces of General Currie won at this point was of much greater value from a strategic point than the capture of any single town. It was here that the Hindenburg line was first pierced and effectually smashed. It was perhaps the heaviest fighting in which the Canadians were ever involved, and was participated in by some of the crack line regiments of the Germans. The breaking of the Queant-Drocourt switch was of vital import to both the Allies and the Germans. It was the key to the Hindenburg line, and its collapse meant the collapse of that formidable German bulwark. It meant the collapse of the whole German front.

The Canadians earned the reputation of shock troops with the capture of Vimy Ridge. They had previously devised a means of "taking objectives" after successful raiding and intelligence work which was unique and were selected for the formidable task of storming Vimy because it was felt they could take it. In that memorable rush they all but took Lens, and had that city under constant siege for well over a year, during which time Haig's first offensive in Flanders developed with the blasting of Messines Ridge and the clearing of the Wytschaete Ridge. That drive found an obstacle in Passchendaele Ridge, and a special storming detachment of Canadians were moved up from Lens to rout the Huns. Passchendaele fell in schedule time. The Canucks were moved back to the strafing of Lens. During the winter months their line was extended to the south of Arras.

They just barely escaped being the storm centre of the Ludendorff drive on March 21, this year. That drive went on from salient to salient with the ever-present prospect that the Lens-Arras salient would be the next object of the Prussian fury. Then came a moment when Foch said "We'll strike." Canadians were moved silently by night down in front of Amiens. On August 8 they went "over the top," drove through the Germans for eight miles before Albert. They effectively battered down the German resistance and started the long retreat which has been continuing ever since. That job done, the Canucks were moved back to the Arras-Lens region. It was conceived by the field marshals that the German retreat be made a rout. The Hindenburg line must be broken to preclude a permanent stand by the enemy this side of the Belgian border. The Canadians were sent southeast, supported on either side by British and Scottish troops, and the job was done.

Cambrai was the next hard nut to be cracked, and General Currie's forces were deviated farther southward to this task. It was done. Valenciennes, to the northeast, became the hub of the next German line of resistance. Valenciennes has been captured by the men from Canada.

The spearhead is still unblunted, and irresistible. A recent dispatch from the Canadian Press correspondent with the Canadian forces predicted the capture of Valenciennes and said the Canadians had set their minds upon Brussels and Antwerp on a long uphill line to the northeast.

ARMENIA LIBERATED.

ONE OF THE most satisfactory conditions of the armistice terms to which the Turks have submitted is that by which the Armenians pass from Turkish bondage to the protection of the Allies. It is definitely and distinctly stated that Turkey shall no longer have the ruling of Turkish-Armenia.

Armenian prisoners are to be liberated at once and the Allies are given the right to take control of all vilayets peopled by Armenians, should they deem it necessary. This puts an end to the periodic massacres that have been visited on Armenians. For centuries the rule with Turkish governments has been, when in doubt, slaughter some more Armenians. Time and again when the Kurds rose in rebellion they were turned loose on the Armenians to slay and plunder. Thus civil war was sidetracked and another batch of hated Christians wiped out. Two birds killed with one stone.

None but the hardiest and most courageous races could survive such slaughterings as have been the lot of the Armenians. Under such treatment a weakling people would have disappeared. With the Turk stripped of his power to tyrranize in Asia Minor and Western Asia that section of the world will enter a new period of peace and industry, and foremost in the progress will be found the Armenian elements in Persia, Caucasian Russia and Turkey. The Armenian is thrifty, a natural trader and agriculturist, prospering rapidly when free of persecution. He is likely to play a large and beneficent part in the made-over Near East.

HONOR DUE TO GREECE.

GREECE has gained a proud name among the nations of the Allies through the swift and skillful blows inflicted by her soldiers upon the Bulgarians in the offensive which spelled military disaster for the Balkan mercenaries of the kaiser and placed the whole central empire crew on the toboggan. Justly may she claim a place for her national flag among the grouped emblems of the people who have fought for democracy, and her right to this place will be more firmly established when the inner history of the war is revealed. Should fighting continue it is probable that the men of Greece will be called upon to play a bigger part in quelling the internal strife of Russia and in routing Bolshevism.

There are evidences that the soon-to-be-revealed early history of Greek negotiation with the Allies will present the case in clearer form, and prove beyond doubt that the people, as represented by Venizelos, were put into eclipse by the influence not only of her pro-German monarchs, but because of the refusal of Russia to accept Greece as an ally. Documents will prove, according to diplomats, that Greece made a definite offer to throw in her lot with the Allies, but was met with a firm refusal. Russia suspected that Greece played for Constantinople, and would not agree to a participation as proposed by Venizelos. Thus was opportunity given for Constantine and his crafty consort for a time to play the nation into the hands of Germany. The heart of the people was loyal to the Allied cause, but the officialdom that controlled the armies and the state was hand-in-glove with Potsdam.

Bungling diplomacy as played by the Allies during the first two and a half years of the war will probably be found a matter of Russian interference. Secret agreements among the Allies are certain to be presented to the world before long, and it will probably be shown that the double-dealing ministers of the czar were playing the game of the Germans in preventing Greece and other Balkan nations from an early lining up on the side of the Allies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The "Terrible Turk" seems to have become the terror-stricken Turk.

The kaiser says he won't surrender. Oh, well, the kaiser proposes, but Foch disposes.

The kaiser started out to seek a place in the sun. Pretty soon he will be hunting some dark spot in which to hide.

German war critics say they cannot understand Foch's strategy. Of course the marshal intended that they should.

Perhaps Turkey quit because she feared the United States would declare war and so cut off the supply of Turkish cigarettes.

In case Germany should want to reject the Allied terms we mention casually that there will be 500,000 more Americans in France by the first of the year.

If the unofficial report of the Allies' armistice terms is correct, it would appear that Lord-Let-Them-Down-Easy Milner hadn't had much say in the matter.

The Sultan of Turkey was 74 years of age Sunday. Now that the job of sultaning has been listed among the unessential employments, he will be able to spend his declining years watching world traffic go up and down the Dardanelles.

The process must be purely visionary with most people, but one may imagine the most comforting experience in the world today is to go into the cellar and fondle the coal, letting it trickle through the fingers and fall over the feet.

THE WORLD DO MOVE.
[Detroit News.]
1917.
KAISERISM.
1918.
KAISERWASM.

PHILIP GIBBS AT WORK.

[New York Times.]

"I met Philip Gibbs late in August, 1914, off to free lance in France—The enemy had hunted us out of Belgium. He is still alive. I cannot quite make that out. On Charing Cross Station that day so long ago he already looked as if he had been dead, but had come to life for a few hours. Anxious, he didn't know where he was going; for the matter of that he rarely does. Like a sound modern journalist, he gives himself into the charge of events, to let them do what they like with him. He hands himself over to luck and trusts solely to Joss.

"Since that day, accompanied by Philip Gibbs, I have been through scenes and circumstances which were so hideous and horrifying that they seemed unreal, like the dark, rapid, and senseless panorama of a nightmare, exhausting both to body and mind. My life has been reduced by years as a consequence; but Philip Gibbs still goes on, pallid as ever, tense, frail, his small mouth a little open like the beak of a startled bird. He always reminded me of a bird, acting by instinct, quick, capricious, uncertain whether he was on the right perch, apparently delicate, but able to travel further than a locomotive. I give him best. The dance he led me! It is needless for me to recount our adventures. He has done it. I believe he could write in his sleep. For months we tested the movements of the enemy by going toward him. Nervous work! Gibbs, who didn't bother about maps, gayly led us on, while our hearts were in our boots. The Boche was somewhere—heaven knew where—in front, and the French blew up bridges behind us. We went out of villages at one end while Fritz came in at the other.

"If to live dangerously is to be really alive, then Philip Gibbs saw to it that he lived. It is true that we have had to carry him, limp and spent, to bed, and have wondered whether we should be found holding his lady-like hands and trying to catch his last whispered word when the Boche arrived next day. But since then he has got his second wind and has continued in a way which is nothing less than miraculous to those who think they know him. If any fond and foolish amateur thinks that, had he the chance, he could do as well as Philip Gibbs, I can assure him that that war correspondent's diabolic activity, pallid but obstinate courage and fecundity of dispatches would daunt and sicken him in a week's free competition. I have tried and know. His capacity for work is unreasonable. Worn out with a day's toil in the mud and tangle of the battleground, stunned by the sights and sounds of it, having had no food all day, by the aid of countless cigarettes, Gibbs goes tensely spellbound, and drops the sheets of his dispatch on the floor endlessly, with the apparent ease of a snowflake. He takes nothing but cigarettes till he has finished. No. In Philip Hamilton Gibbs' fragile frame there ought to be the vitality of ten men, and the Chronicle was extremely lucky in getting the loyalty of such a writer who is one of the outstanding figures of the war."

"A Scottish Soldier's Dream"

(Sketch and Lines by Lavina J. Carrick, Whitechurch, Ont.)

In Flanders, in trenches cold,
A Scottish soldier lay,
Then dreamed he of his village home
In Scotland, far away.
And there his white-haired mother sat,
She kissed her darling son;
His wife was there with loving hands
To clasp her absent one.

"Welcome," they said, "our soldier bold,
Now let the tale of war be told,
The cruel fight is done.
How often at the evening hour,
Around the fireside bright,
We've thought upon thy well-loved name
And of the dreadful fight.

"We saw the armies marching on,
And thy loved form in sight"—
He heard the battle's roar,
When from the dream the soldier woke,
For still the fight was raging wild,
As dreadful as before.
And in the fight the soldier fell:
Oh, dark the tale we have to tell,
Of that sad field of war.

Far from his dear old village home,
They made the soldier's grave,
A prayer they said above the sod,
Where now the grasses wave.
And far away a mother weeps,
A wife her silent vigil keeps
For him the true and brave.

BITS OF BYPLAY

BY LUKE McLUKE

(Copyright, 1918.)

Quick, Doc!

I never saw a cross-eyed zwyck,
But, if I ever met one,
I'd take a booze cure just as quick
As I could go and get one.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is co-operation?

Paw—Co-operation means letting the other fellow shake the tree while you eat the apples, my son.

Excuse Bill's French.

Said Private Bill Bell,
And he said it in French:
"A Hun under ground
Is worth ten in a trench."

Oh!

"Why are there so doggone many lawyers in this country?" asked the Old Fogy.

"Because there are so doggone many laws in this country," explained the Grouch.

Notice!

Dr. Lunger of Marion, Ohio, will have charge of the Tuberculosis Pavilion in the Club Hospital.

Gosh!

Of course, there is nothing in a name. For instance, B. A. Bachelor of Bellevue, Ky., is a married man.

Wuff!

A German soldier goose-stepped past the angry Mrs. Randa;
Who said: "How like a goose he is—
a German proper gander!"
—Ball Crank.

Haw, Haw!

The British authorities refuse to let any more of our Representatives visit the front, because, as the British authorities put it, "American Congressmen talk too much." Shux! We knew that fifty years ago.

Giddap!

"At my airplane I can't get mad,"
The aviator said. "Egad!
I love the dear old plane the more,
Because it always makes me soar."
—Luke McLuke.

Well, that's all right, but as for me,
I'm in the Light Artillery;
I love my gun, although, by jing,
I often say, "Oh, shoot the thing!"
—Newark Advocate.

Things To Worry About.

A turtle has no eyelashes.

Names Is Names.

G. O. West lives at Eastport, Maine.

Our Daily Special.

No Man Is As Handsome As He Thinks He Is.

Wise Wife.

"My wife will figure, then she'll rave
About economy," said Breen;
"And how much car fare we could save
If I would buy a limousine."

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is an after-dinner speaker?

Paw—An after-dinner speaker is a man who gets up and announces that he has nothing to say and then goes ahead and says it for two hours, my son.

The Wise Fool.

"Economy is wealth," observed the Sage.

"That's the reason why so many of us are poor," commented the Fool.

You Know Him.

His ego's sure to cause you rage,
You hate his brag and blow;
He thinks that all the world's a stage,
And he's the whole blame show.

Luke McLuke Says

Once in a while you will find a man who is overworked. But before you locate him you will find 999 men who do not work hard enough.

Women are as bright as men in some ways, but they are so dense in one way that it is dangerous for a man to joke with his wife.

If a man gets you into trouble he never tries to help you out. But if a woman gets you into trouble she will either help you out or go down with you.

A prude can't understand how a girl can take a honeymoon trip and go far away from home and stop at a hotel with a man she knows little or nothing about.

The trouble with a wife is that she always seems to be in need of a little more coin than she can get.

A man wouldn't mind his wife losing her temper if she would just lose it permanently.

If a woman changed her clothes as often as she changes her mind it would take her but a few days to wear out her clothes.

Of course, Mother wouldn't think of knocking Father. Odeer, no! But Mother will merely inform Daughter that she hopes Daughter will "marry better" than her Mother did.

A man tries so many things for his rheumatism that he'd even try the Monroe Doctrine for it if some one would recommend it.

Every housekeeper in town can tell you that she is the only woman who ever moved out of a house and left it clean.

Don't monkey with a man, just because he is slow to hit back. When he does get worked up to a hitting back it is liable to be some wallop.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A KNOCK IN THE DARK.
[By Gerald St. Etienne.]

"Go! Not another word! I will not listen to you. Stop!" Flora stood on the top step, and, as she commanded in sharp, decisive tones, she pointed a finger toward the pathway.

Mathew Burgess edged first on one foot and then on the other. He had never had such a scathing lecture in his life as the one Flora had just delivered him. He longed to take her in his arms and kiss away the frown on her lips, but he did not dare, for there was something behind those eyes of hers that warned him such a movement would only make matters worse. With a shrug of his shoulders that was intended for a dignified one he started in the direction her finger was pointing. Just as he reached the gate he looked back. Flora was still standing there, a dramatic figure reflected in the moonlight.

Although he was in a shadow and was not visible to her sight, yet she seemed to realize his eyes were upon her. Her chin went up in the air as she turned and went into the open door, stopping on the threshold long enough to call out: "You need not call again, Mr. Burgess. Hereafter I will not be at home to you."

Poor Mathew was squelched. If it had been anyone else but Flora he would have had an impertinent answer ready, but his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. He did murmur something about "these women" as he unfastened his horse from the gate post and climbed into the buggy. If Flora was going to let a ltle thing like his being too late to take her to the dance come between them, then it was time they broke off their engagement. As he took one last look toward her home, he noticed how dark the night had become all at once.

The moon that had been doing its best all night had disappeared behind a dark cloud. A slight breeze fanned his cheeks and he heard the leaves of the trees rustle uneasily.

From away in the distance a muffled sound of thunder reached his ears. There was going to be a storm. "Giddap!" One light touch on the reins and Mat's horse started out on a gallop. He was going to reach home before the storm came on if it could possibly be done.

Flora wakened with a start. She had hardly been asleep five minutes, it seemed. "Oh!" A flash of snake lightning caused her to cover her head in the bed clothes, and she attempted to stuff a whole sheet in her ears to deaden the sound of the thunder that she knew would follow.

"Oh! Oh!" came in quick succession from her lips. The tumult that was taking place almost deafened her, despite the sheet. It sounded as if the whole country had been struck. Flash after flash of lightning was followed by crash after crash of thunder, made more terrible by a torrent of rain and wind. It seemed hours before a calm came, but in reality it was only a very few minutes. The stillness was almost as terrifying as the storm.

Flora longed to cry out for help, but there was no one within hearing distance. Her father was the only other person in the house, and his room was at the rear. He was deaf, and could sleep through any kind of storm. Suddenly a sound broke the stillness. Flora's trembling stopped immediately. She listened. The sound was repeated. Someone was knocking the big brass knocker on the front door. Who was it at that hour? Flora asked herself.

A telegram from her mother, was the answer that presented itself. Flora jumped from the bed and slipped into slippers and a kimono.

Her heart beat rapidly as she stood with her hand on the lock of the big oak door. She was terrified, not of personal danger, but at the thought of what news might be waiting on the outside of that door for her. Telegrams in the night are always horrible things.

No sooner had she opened the door than she jumped back with a scream that rang through the house. A big, burly body had flung itself at her, and her hands had come in contact with wet, sticky fur. Her head reeled and she was almost fainting when something told her what it was.

"Bonnie!" she gasped. "Bonnie, where did you come from?"

An answering whine caused her to sink down with a cry of thankfulness. When she flashed on the lights there stood Bonnie, Mat's merle collie. It was quite some time before Flora could become composed enough to pat the dog. He was shaking all over.

Mat was with him, was her thought as she threw open the door. But no Mat was there. It was almost dawn and the storm had cleared. The dog shrank back at the sight of the wet landscape. Who could have knocked. One look at Bonnie answered the question. He had reached up with his nose and lifted the knocker.

He seemed to be pleading for something. Mat had been hurt and the dog had come for help. She had read of such things in stories. With this thought came conviction.

"Where is he, old fellow, and how was he hurt?" Flora asked frantically.

The dog wagged his tail as if he understood, and that convinced Flora the more. A tree had fallen on Mat on his way home, or he had been struck by lightning. Mat in that storm! The thought was terrible. Oh, what could she do? Madly she raced upstairs and dressed hurriedly. It was daylight by the time she was down again.

Poor Mat had been pined down by that tree all night! Oh, what if he was dead! Bonnie would lead her to him—but Bonnie wouldn't. Nothing would coax that dog to leave the house. This was odd—for every dog she had read of that had gone in search of help had always led the rescuer to the scene of the accident. Perhaps—but the sound of the telephone bell broke her thought and she hurried to answer it. Someone had found Mat, was her first thought as she lifted the receiver.

"Hello!" she managed, timidly.

"Hello!" came excitedly from the other end of the line. "Have you seen anything of Bonnie?" Flora nearly dropped the receiver with joy. It was Mathew.

"Yes; the old darling is here," she cried. "Oh, Mat, I thought you were hurt or dead! Bonnie rapped at the door, and he's shaking as if something awful had happened."

"I went away without him," Mat answered in a tone of relief, "and he's terrified of storms. It is characteristic of collies, you know."

"Come right over and get him. I'm frightened of everything." The strain was beginning to tell on Flora, and she burst into tears.

"I will be right over," she heard Mat say as the receiver went up.

Flora sank down on the rug beside Bonnie and wept softly. Suddenly it dawned upon her that she had broken off her engagement with Mat and called him Mr. Burgess, to say nothing of ordering him from the house. She had been silly and disturbed over nothing.

"What will I do, Bonnie?" she asked in bewilderment.

The old dog looked up into her face with his big, kind, expressive eyes. Flora thought, as if to say: "Why, he's the best master in the world! Kiss him and make up, of course What else would you do?"

"That's just what I will do," she exclaimed eagerly, as she put her arms around Bonnie's neck and hugged him for the suggestion.

MILITARY NOTES

According to Saturday's orders the following have been appointed captains: Capt. Delmer Allan Craig, A. M. C., and Lieut. Arthur Bennett Rankin, A. M. C.

MAY WEAR BUTTONS.

Permission is given for soldiers to wear in uniform the Victory Loan button for the period of canvassing for subscriptions, namely, until the 16th of November, 1918, but not thereafter.

COURT OF INQUIRY.

A court of inquiry, constituted as below, will assemble at the call of the president, for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon the disability alleged due to service of No. 2008734, Pte. Edward Goodrum, 1st Battalion, C. G. R., on April 26, 1918: President, Capt. J. S. Atkinson; members, Capt. C. C. Lange and Lieut. J. E. Gillies.

MAY ATTEND THEATRES.

Saturday's orders say that commencing Monday, the 4th inst., indoor classes, and other meetings of soldiers may be resumed. Soldiers may also attend churches, theatres, schools and other public meetings.

VACCINE READY.

According to Saturday's orders a small supply of prophylactic vaccine for the prevention of the epidemic influenza has been received, and is available for use at the office of the O. C., Wolseley Barracks Hospital. The use of this serum is not cumpulsory, but is recommended as a preventive measure against epidemic influenza. Officers commanding units will bring the matter to the attention of all ranks.

TO FIX RESPONSIBILITY.

A court of inquiry, constituted as below, will assemble at the call of the president, for the purpose of investigating and fixing the responsibility for the loss of civilian clothing of Pte. James La Marsh, 1st Depot Battalion, W. O. R., while in the isolation hospital: President, Capt. T. G. Bartlett; members, Lieuts. W. H. Meek and J. C. Frith. Proceedings in triplicate to be forwarded to the D. A. A. and Q. M. G. without delay.

TRANSFERRED.

Capt. Delmer Allan Craig, A. M. S., Training Depot No. 1, is transferred to the London Military Convalescent Hospital from this date.

GOES ON STRENGTH.

Pte. Ernest John Kenville, A. M. C., Training Depot No. 1, an apprehended deserter, is posted to the A. M. C. Training Depot No. 1.

Make a Comparison

If Canadians would sit down and count up the blessings they enjoy in comparison with some countries at war, they would over-subscribe the Victory Loan at least three times.

Buy VICTORY BONDS

Space donated by

Roy Burbanks, Butcher

EAST LONDON.

NOTICE TO SOLDIERS ON HARVEST LEAVE.

Attention is directed to a recent announcement published in the Press by the Military Service Branch, Department of Justice, regarding extensions to be granted to men EXEMPTED AS FARMERS.

It is pointed out that this DOES NOT IN ANY WAY AFFECT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN ORDERED BY THE REGISTRAR TO REPORT to Depot Battalions and who have thereafter received leave of absence from the Military Authorities.

Once a man has been ordered to report for duty by the Registrar he leaves the jurisdiction of the Registrar and comes under that of the Department of Militia and Defence, and is to be considered as a soldier. This applies to men of the 20 to 22 Class who have been ordered to report by the Registrar in virtue of the cancellation of exemptions by Order-in-Council of the 20th April last, as well as to those ordered to report in the usual way on refusal of claim for exemption, or on expiration of exemption granted.

All men, accordingly, who have been ordered to report, and are therefore SOLDIERS, and who have subsequently been granted harvest leave by the military authorities, MUST, NOTWITHSTANDING THE NOTICE ABOVE REFERRED TO, REPORT ON THE EXPIRATION OF THAT LEAVE, unless they are notified to the contrary by their Commanding Officer or by general notice published by the Department of Militia and Defence.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

There is the Mending to Do

WHEREVER there are children there is plenty of mending to do, and what mother does not dread the mending of clothes and stockings ?

It may seem easy work, but there is no more severe strain on the eyes, and eye-strain is nerve-strain.

Unfortunately, it is usually necessary for the busy mother to leave the mending until some quiet hour when the children have been got off to bed. This necessitates working by artificial light, with unusual straining of the eyes..

It is this straining of the eyes which makes one feel so tired after mending, sewing, shopping or doing fancy work.

When you think of how constantly the eyes are employed, and of the continual changing of the focus to suit the distance of the object viewed, you may not be surprised to know that the optic nerve consumes an enormous amount of nervous energy.

For this reason straining of the eyes brings on fatigue, and often leads to nervous breakdown.

There is no magical way by which exhausted nerves can be restored.

It takes time and patience in order that the depleted nerve cells may be nourished back to health and vigor, but you may be sure of satisfactory results if you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly.

We know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the vital substances which go to the upbuilding of the nervous system. We have the utmost confidence in its curative properties, because we have seen it tested in so many thousands of cases. But how are we going to prove this to you unless you try it ? You are the one to be benefited, so it remains for you to make the test.

Try it when you feel tired out and discouraged. Try it for sleeplessness and irritability. Try it for nervous headache and indigestion. It is not a mere relief, and for this reason you must persevere in its use until the lost vigor is restored to the nerves. The fact that the results are both thorough and lasting will encourage you to continue the use of this food cure until you feel strong and well.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of the genuine.