London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, August 25.

FOOD CONTROL JOKES.

AFTER observing the struggles of Hon. W. J. Hanna to produce action as food controller the public must be forced, regretfully, to the conclusion that up to the present time he has labored stremuously to bring forth a mouse. Perhaps Mr. Hanna finds himself decidedly "up against it," just as Commissioner O'Connor found himself "up against it" when he sought to bring home the bacon of Sir J. Wesley Flavelle. The big food interests may be too much for him, as they have been too much for the Government.

In the first place the regulations governing beef and bacon have had the effect—the only effect so far noted—of sending up the prices of other commodities, and the price of the two other articles mentioned has not been visibly altered. Most people The Advertiser knows are content with beef twice or three times a week during the present period of stress. A roast on Sunday provides several meals for the average family of five, and we know of one home with eight hearty "consumers" where a roast has been known to stretch over three days, and in a somewhat disguised form, perhaps over four days. So that if a man does not make a practice of eating beef or bacon on more days than five he is not affected, and the meat supply is not affected, either. Take a man's steak away on Tuesday and he is hungrier for it on Wednesday.

And while The Advertiser has nothing but good to say of the practice of opening the American markets to the Canadian farmer, it is a joke policy that permits the shipment of hundreds of beef cattle and hogs out of the country while an effort is being made to cut down the supply at home.

As to the second edict, placing canned vegetables on the "banned" list during the fresh vegetable season, it is not discourteous to describe that as a whale of an idea. Who's going to [illegible] canned stuff when he can get the fresh stuff from the overflowing gardens of the present season?

Most people are quite satisfied to "can" the canned goods without any word from Mr. Hanna. Imagine canned peas when the pods are bursting to be shelled, and canned corn when the ears are just right for an ear-to-ear attack! That is apparently another little touch of humor that Mr. Hanna is injecting into the situation.

But the situation does not call for that sort of treatment. The average consumer knows that his butcher and grocery bills are no joke. The prices of all commodities are soaring. Hogs have reached a price never before known. There is not a single article which is lower than when Mr. Hanna started, and while it is difficult adequately to deal with the situation, so far the beef, bacon, fish and vegetable attempts have not struck at the high cost of living, nor can they have affected the food stocks of the Allies.

A GOOD SERVICE.

FEW CANADIAN people have an opportunity of realizing the work being done by certain Canadian newspapers to extend the interest of this country in the United States. The Advertiser is one of these newspapers, and believes that a word or two as to the service in the general interests of the campaign will be well received.

A number of newspapers joined together and made an appropriation for advertising. The preparation of copy was placed with Canadian advertising agencies and the possibilities for American trade with Canada, and in Canada by means of branch factories, were made evident in graphic fashion. These advertisements were inserted in a number of leading American journals which would reach the big advertisers and the big industries. Already there have been thousands of inquiries of the kind and another directed to this country as a result of the campaign.

While the newspapers have an eye to business and to the increasing of advertising, they are performing a great service in general publicity for the country. The results are certain to be extensive, and the present was the opportune moment for the launching of such a campaign. The newspapers have cast their bread upon the waters and the whole country will derive benefit.

A HOME FOR OUR HEROES.

IF THE RETURNED heroes who have brought glory to London and safety to Canada are desirous of securing a permanent home of their own, The Advertiser believes that citizens will not be slow to respond. Any service which this newspaper can extend to so good a cause will be freely given.

It is true that the demands have been many, but so far as making a generous donation to the returned men, as returned men, the city has done very little. In the first place, those who know the men who have served will find them a lot of royal fellows. They are not bragging of their deeds, they are [illegible] men who have [illegible] show courtesy and respect toward our womankind. They conduct themselves like gentlemen and they do not ask the city for very much. They are for the most part eager to secure their discharges and adjust themselves to conditions, and since they have pulled up the very roots of their previous connections with the country, it is difficult for them in many cases to secure employment that is not too heavy for them. A somewhat general impression that the returned men do not want to work or to assume any responsibilities will be found almost wholly erroneous. The Advertiser has talked with some of the most modest and most desirable citizens among the returned men, who are anxious to apply themselves to their future. And war has been a great education to them. They are keener men with a new appreciation of life, and those who say they have lost initiative should take the trouble to secure their opinions and to realize how close they are to the true state of affairs in the country. Citizens will do well to erect to them, and those of their companions who are taking a long leave, a monument that will be useful rather than a pile of cold marble, heroic though it may be. A soldier's home, with all the comforts money can buy, a place where these pals of the trenches can renew their comradeship, will do much to make them warm toward their city and toward the people who remained at home for whatever reason.

BOURASSA'S REVOLUTION.

BOURASSA has prophesied that the bloodiest of revolutions will end the war if the Pope's note for peace is disregarded. He says:

"If they refuse to listen to the voice of reason and humanity, all that remains of living force in the nations will turn against them with the fury of hatred and despair. If they reject the just and durable peace which the Pope offers, the war will end by the bloodiest and most avenging of revolutions."

Take this prediction in connection with facts, as reported from day to day, and there may be good grounds for hope. Austria is sick of the war, and on the verge of negotiating a separate peace. Germany has seen its most powerful days in the war. Boys of the 18 class comprise one-fourth of the prisoners taken. Germany's financial strength is fast approaching zero. German orators admit that Germany cannot pay indemnities to other nations, because it will be all it can do to pay its own war obligations. The war was entered upon by Great Britain, a Protestant nation, to protect Belgium, a Catholic nation, and is being carried on to liberate Belgium, and a necessary part of that liberation is the destruction of militarism and the liberation of the German people themselves.

From the beginning of the war until the present time, many have looked for the end of the war to come by means of a revolution in Germany. Prussia is the most Protestant part of the empire; South Germany is largely Catholic. There is no love for the Prussian War Lord in the south of Germany. Socialism, which includes a love of liberty, was flourishing as much as possible, but it was choked by militarism as effectually as the war lords could choke it, and Germany itself, the people, were taught and believed that Germans were a superior race. This has been taught for forty years, and consequently the bulk of the people now living were taught that fallacy when young, and it is hard to eradicate or shake off the teachings of the earliest years. Outsiders, alien nations, may tell them of the wrongs they suffer, but they were fed on militarism and cannot be made to see its horrors. The piling up of the dead and wounded in the war, the difficulty of obtaining sufficient to eat, and the hopelessness of a victorious ending of the war for them, may reach their understandings, and finally create such a sense of wrongs that they will be roused to vengeance, which will take the form and fact predicted by Bourassa of "the bloodiest and most avenging of revolutions."

Should the menace of the U-boats be mastered, or even materially lessened, and either is very probable, Germany's last prop would be gone, and the people's only hope would be the realization of Bourassa's prophecy, bloody revolution, and end of the war, freedom for Germany, and liberty for all the world.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The reported capture of Riga apparently was another dose of German soothing syrup.

Uncle Sam now has a knight in the family, and he must have trouble in holding back the bootjack.

Sir Adam would probably use a club in such cases as the Ottawa situation, says a local paper. Which may be intended to convey that Sir Robert is wielding a feather.

Government food and coal bureaus should be careful as to how they affect prices when they send out bulletins about shortage. In one breath we hear that coal is plentiful, and in the next we are given the impression of famine. All of which does not lower prices.

"Sir Adam Beck for premier of Canada is said to be an impossible choice, because he is not adept in smoothing out the incompatabilities found in political families. Sir Adam would probably use a club in such cases."—A local paper.

But Canada does not want any of the "those - who-oppose-me-I-shall-dash-to-pieces" statesmen as rulers. They are the kind who use a club.

A rather funny thing occurred yesterday. A London man bought a fish. He did not like the aroma which came from it. He took it back to the dealer.

"Where did you get that fish?" he asked.

"Why, it came from the Government," replied the dealer.

"Well, that fish is just like the Government," said the customer—and the dealer knew what he meant.

BE A BOOSTER.

Boost your city, boost your friend,
Boost the club that you attend,
Boost the street on which you're dwelling,
Boost the goods that you are selling,
Boost the people round about you,
They can get along without you,
But success will quicker find them
If they know that you're behind them,
Boost for every forward movement,
Boost for every new improvement,
Boost the man for whom you labor,
Boost the stranger and the neighbor,
Cease to be a chronic knocker,
Cease to be a progress blocker,
If you'd make your city better,
Boost it to the final letter.

—The Chimes.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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IN A FOG.

By Martha McCulloch Miller.

Willard sighed relief as the crossroads signpost loomed through the fog. He was lost in a strange land, one made weird, even spectral, by thick white vapors. The earth was dank and slippery and dead leaves in the autumn woods on either side gave out a pungent, penetrating, almost overpowering smell. He had loved it as he set out that morning for a day-long tramp. If he had been weatherwise he would have stayed at the log tavern notwithstanding its rough fare and lack of comfort. The wind had blown in languid, sighing gasps with intervals of dead calm—dawn had been a red lower, dogs had barked acrid discontent, and all the sparse poultry of the tavern had been noisy and restless, as were the ragged yearling mules on the common fronting the house, and the starveling calves armored in cocklepurs, bawling about a weedy orchard.

"Fallin' weather shore as shootin'—but I reckon ye be neither sugar nor salt," the landlord had said with a glum face, yet half-smiling, as he took pay for his entertainment. Willard had been glad to get away—so glad it amazed him now that he could revert longingly to the heaped log fire, the bread of pounded cornmeal, the buttermilk and fried bacon that had made his supper and breakfast. The early miles had been deliciously vagrant—he had walked as the woods invited him, not troubling himself to think of his compass so long as he kept the wind in his face. Then suddenly all things had blurred round about him, he had found with blank dismay that his compass was missing, fallen from his pocket doubtless as he stooped to look close at some sylvan mosaic of red and russet and gold-yellow, with a dash of velvet-green moss showing through. Color was his passion—it had brought him here to range the hill country in its autumn splendors. Viewing these colors he had sighed—with a despairing happiness. Art could not catch nor repeat them—they were so far beyond it. But for them he was storing up memories that might turn to gold later on.

His designs, henceforth, should have a primitive simplicity, joined to harmonies in multi-color. If they did not bring him fame—money he had already—they might at least help to teach the backward a way to great doing. There would lie for him sufficient reward. Rapt in such thought the fog had seemed at first no more than an inconvenience. Hours of it, bringing him to the edge of sundown, hours of aimless and weary wondering, made him feel it now a menace.

He peered up at the cross-arms. Once they had been lettered boldly. In clear daylight the lettering might still be legible. He felt for matches, struck one—it flickered out. When he sought another his case proved to be empty. He would not be able to smoke the cherished last cigar, much less to kindle a fire. Swearing under his breath he again looked at the guideboards. As he looked he heard rapid hoof beats, then a girl's voice vainly crying, hushedly yet anxiously: "Are you there? I was so afraid! Say something—quick—I have felt lost this last hour."

"I am here, all right enough," Willard began. The voice interrupted joyously: "Then make haste and get up before me. I couldn't get the other horse—but Selim carries double—and won't mind the weight. He knows the way, fortunately—reverend uncle bought him only a month back from his brother reverend. That's why I—oh, I was in such a stew—the fog and all—but praise me for putting on a man's saddle—I couldn't have you ride behind me."

Willard stood hesitant, amazed, yet ready for adventure. Here was a way out—the only possible way. At the girl's impatient cry: "Get up! Quick!" he mounted obediently, took the reins from her and held them loosely, while she settled herself behind him with a little relieved sigh, saying: "It would have killed me—not to find you waiting. Yes—killed me. The shame of going to meet a laggard sweetheart! O! You must be good to me always——"

"I will—God helping me," Willard interrupted fervently. He felt her tremble as she leaned lightly against him, and slipped a tiny bare hand within his free one. Clearly she mistook him for the laggard with whom she had planned to elope—as clearly it would be the height of cruelty to let her discover her mistake, so long as they were alone in this hidden world. Mist had turned into a fine chill rain—not pelting, but penetrating. Very gently Willard felt her shoulders, to find them covered with no more than a silk blouse. She laughed softly at his groping touch, saying eagerly: "If I had put on my habit, or even a jacket, they would have suspected—and stopped me. So I ran out, just as I was—making believe it was to tell Pete about shutting up my chickens. Oh," with an ecstatic breath, "you can't know how good it feels to be—free."

Selim was indeed a weight carrier—also evidently built for a hunter. Bad as the footing was, he went gallantly, up hill, down dell, along levels of slippery clay surface. Presently he whinnied, keen and shrill, and was answered from afar. At the sound, he struck into a gallop, left the beaten road, and cut across open woodland, leaped a ragged brush fence edging it, and held on to a darker blur, evidently a stable. Once again he called—to be answered in several keys. Almost before they knew it, he fetched up plump against a paddock fence across which heads were thrust in welcome.

A flickering lantern showed a groom approaching them—his figure gnomelike in the light. "Whut-all you done brung back yere, ole Selim?" he cried affably. "I knows yo' whicker—fur as I kin hear it."

"Tell your master it's—the runaway couple—to come quick—with the license—he has it—we won't get down," the girl cried, clinging to Willard, her voice tense and edged. Here, indeed, was a crisis. Willard got hot and weak inside. How should he shame this trusting creature—yet how escape? He could not marry her out of hand, knowing nothing more of her than the ride had revealed. He could not take advantage thus of circumstance—still less could he leave her to shame and despair. What was it she had said—if he had not been there she would have died? She had mistaken him for another. The shock, the agony of finding out that other had played her false, would make her even more desperate.

Better let the thing go on—he could luckily afford to set her free. Suddenly it flashed on him that as her husband he might be able to rid her of home tyrants. So when the minister, who was blear-eyed and halting, called to them from his back piazza, "Ride up! Don't expect me to go out in the rain, do ye!" Selim was duly guided to a space a yard in front of him, and held steady under a tight rein, while the marriage service was gone through. As Willard passed over a handsome fee, the parson said: "Better spell your name for me, John, so's I may git the record plumb right. Bapti' Brother Turrentine'll make a big howdy-doo over this piece of work—and upset it ef he can—don't want to give him a chance. As fer you, Ethel," addressing the girl, "I don't mind sayin' I'n glad ter have helped ye out o' his clutches—he loved yer money so well, he never wanted ter part from it."

"Follow this; then the spelling is bound to be right," Willard said; handing over a card. The minster nodded, saying: "I'll see to the recordin' my own self tomorrow. You can call for the certificate any time after."

The fog was lifting slightly, the rain slacking. Reluctantly Selim went around the house, down a ragged lawn, to a stretch of turnpike that showed like a tunnel in the gloom. Night had fallen—a few stars peered through. Also lights from a house of fair size a little way off the road. Without a word Willard made for it—as silently, as masterfully he lifted Ethel down, and started to knock, but the door flew open before them. Inside an anxious, white-haired woman cried to them: "Ethel! Dear, how did you get here? Thank God—in time."

Inside a man—tall, young, handsome—lay gasping his last, past speech but not past consciousness. Joy illumined his glazing eyes as they rested on Ethel. She sank, sobbing, at his bedside, kissed him once; then, with one glance at Willard, quietly fainted.

Explanation was easy. The dead man, John Tarbett, had been fatally hurt by a skidding car as he was going to keep his tryst. Hence his failure to meet Ethel. Chance or Providence sent John Willard instead of him. Willard showed his mettle finely—holding the sobbing girl tenderly but firmly, he explained to her the clouded situation, also what ease for her lay in making the futile ceremony effective. Unless she did, she must go back to the Turrentine house; if she did, he would promise her a brother's care and tendance. So they were married over again in the presence of the dead. Ethel mourned him truly, but youth means love. If her face is an index now, these three years past, she has been as happy a woman as though she had no history.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Dr. Michael Clark has been selected by the Conservative press as the Liberal candidate for London. Why not bring Judge Doherty, Clifford Sifton, and a few more of them here, and let us have a free-for-all.

* * *

About the only Liberal (?) candidate who could follow the instructions laid down by the Free Press governing the conduct of Liberal candidates would be Sir Robert Borden.

* * *

Bill Hanna will stop canned vegetables from being sold. He should put the ban on canned speeches.

* * *

"Raise a pig" is a new slogan. Many women have them for husbands, and they are not wild about the thing.

* * *

Those one-man tops for automobiles are so-called, we presume, because it takes only the old man and all the family to raise them.

* * *

An American newspaper man saw Germans raising pigs on the balconies of apartments. Quite used to having pigs about, we presume.

* * *

Things are all right on the surface in Germany, but it's different underneath, says a war correspondent. The sooner the underneath comes to the surface the better for the world.

* * *

It would seem that to some people a Chinese funeral is quite as interesting as a dog fight.

* * *

In this scramble for a Canadian leader, it is strange that somebody has not mentioned the name of Tommy Church, mayor of Toronto. Funny, that.

* * *

Somebody has written an article entitled a "Square Deal for Cats." Square boxes six feet underground might help some. The residents of Colborne street north might have something to say on this matter.

* * *

Some critics say the pope ignored the Balkan situation when he delivered his peace program. Civilization would be a million parasangs ahead today if the world had forgotten the doggone Balkans years ago.

* * *

Lens cannot magnify the glory of the Canadians at that.

* * *

The crown prince is yelling for help. The yell is hardly loud enough. Shout up a bit there, boy.

* * *

The wind blew up the baseball grandstand in Toronto the other day. However, the fans are used to seeing the Leafs go up in the air.

* * *

The Government will put a tax on excessive profits from munitions, etc., about four months after the business has quit. That's getting the coin.

* * *

If every family kept a pig, one would get an idea about life in the stenches.

* * *

If things keep on soaring, we hope the crop of snowballs next winter will be large. That and a large potato crop might help us soma.

* * *

We still insist that Bill Hanna would make a good controller of gasoline. He knows something about that.

* * *

There is something wrong some place. No Canadian has been knighted in a week or more. Let's hurry.

* * *

Premier Norris had to quit stalling. It looks as if he might be mulish, but he was not.

* * *

It is estimated that last year 30,000 pounds of potatoes wasted in New York being held for higher prices. That's the kind of thing that makes folks wild.

* * *

They are seizing organ pipes in Austria and Germany for war purposes. Soon there will be nothing left on which to play the Dead March for these nations.

* * *

Let's go. It's a fine night.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

PROFITS ON THE FARM.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Under the above heading there is now some discussion as to what the farmer is making. As there are but few farmers who have the time to take part in this kind of controversy, having been a farmer here in Middlesex County for some thirty years, and knowing there are many who think the farmer is getting more than his share these times, I will give you some figures to show what I was making at farming some eight years ago. Since then there has been changes on the farm, but they have not all been in favor of the farmer. This last year prices were about double what they were eight years ago, but more farmers were buyers of farm produce than were sellers, hence the high prices. To go back to my own farm experience, I was born and raised on a farm here in this county. When I was 28 years of age I married and settled on a farm. I had at that time money to buy a farm of 150 acres, fairly well built on, and good land. I bought of my neighbors until I had the 200 acres, put up buildings and improved the farm until I valued it at $12,000 (afterwards sold it for more). My accounts for the year 1909 show as follows:

Farm value, $12,000, interest at 6 per cent	$ 720 00
Farm stock: 5 horses, 3 cows, 30 head stock steers, 2 sows, valued at $2,165, interest at 6 per cent	129 90
Farm machinery, value $1,000, interest at 6 per cent	60 00
Depreciation on machinery, 6 per cent	60 00
Farm help: One man, 1 year (house, garden, cow), cash	400 00
With man 6 months, with board added	240 00
Annual repairs on buildings, fence, and tile, material only	220 00
Taxes and insurance	90 00
Hardware, tools, etc	50 00
Total debts (no charge for own time)	$1,969 00
Farm Credits—	
Gain on 30 stock steers	$ 825 00
Hogs raised and sold, 15 at $14	210 00
Sold 400 bush. wheat at 90c	360 00
Sold 600 bush. oats at 40c	240 00
Sold 300 bush. barley, at 50c	150 00
Raised 3 calves to 1 year, $20	60 00
Total credits for year	$1,845 00

We give no credit for what we consumed in the house, neither do we charge our own time. We quit the farm not because we were not making money, but on account of the difficulty of getting suitable help. You will note there is a deficit of something over $100, but then investment brings in interest on which we lived and had something to put in the bank. Prices are a great deal higher both for what the farmer buys and sells. We do not think he is making too much money.

FARMER.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

BLISTERS COVERED DAUGHTER'S HANDS

Could Hardly Stand Burning, Could Not Sleep. Healed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"When the cold weather started my daughter's hands would get covered with little blisters. They itched so that she scratched and rubbed her hands till the blood would come. Then she could hardly stand the burning. She could not sleep.

"It lasted for seven years. Then I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I afterward bought more, and her hands were healed." (Signed) Mrs. Robert Vaincourt, Franklin Centre, Que.

If you have a poor complexion improve it by using Cuticura Soap daily and Cuticura Ointment occasionally.

For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: **"Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A."** Sold everywhere.

How to Beautify a Summer Soiled Face

It's really a simple matter to renovate a face soiled by sun, winds or dirt. Ordinary mercolized wax, used like cold cream, will transform the worst old complexion into one of snowy whiteness and velvety softness. It literally peels off the outer veil of surface skin, but so gently, gradually, there's no discomfort. The wornout skin, comes off, not in patches, but evenly, in tiny particles, leaving no evidence of the treatment. The younger, healthier underskin forming the new complexion, is one of captivating loveliness. One ounce of mercolized wax, to be had at any drug store, is enough to remove any tanned, reddened, pimpled, freckled or blotchy skin. Apply before retiring, washing it off mornings.

Many skins wrinkle easily with every wind that blows, with heat, worry, etc. An excellent wrinkle remover, because it tightens the skin and strengthens relaxed muscles, is a wash lotion made as follows: Powdered saxolite, 1 oz., dissolved in witch hazel, ½ pint. This gives immediate results.—Advt.

HOTEL CADILLAC

Detroit, Mich.

UNIVERSALLY KNOWN FOR ITS HOMELIKE ATMOSPHERE.

RATES:
$1.50 and Upwards.

MANAGERS:
R. A. Carson. C. C. Shantz.
7tf law t

OAKEY'S
(LIMITED.)
EMERY CLOTH, GLASS, FLINT and GARNET PAPERS
IN SHEETS AND ROLLS
Genuine Emery
"Wellington" Knife Polish
SILVERSMITHS' SOAP, PLATE POWDER, ETC.
WELLINGTON MILLS
London, S. E. (1), England.

Traction Company

Cars leave London as follows, Sunday cars being marked with a star: 6:15, 7:30, *9:00, 10:00, *11:00 a.m., *1:00, *2:00 *3:00, *4:00, *5:00, *6:00, *7:00, *8:00, *9:00, *10:00, 11:00 p.m. Cars at 9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 p.m. run to St. Thomas only. Extra accommodation cars to St. Thomas only at 1:30 and 6:15 p.m. Fares to St. Thomas and Port Stanley and return daily 30c; children half-fare.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective June 1, 1917.

To Port Stanley—*5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20, *11:20 a.m., 12:20, *1:20, †2:20, *3:20, 4:20, *5:20, 6:20, *7:20, 8:20, *9:20, 10:20 p.m. Saturdays only, July and August, 11:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas Only—2:21, 6:21, 11:20 p.m.

*Limited. †Local on Sunday. Heavy type, daily, except Sunday.

2:20 and 6:20 p.m. cars are local between St. Thomas and Port Stanley.

Incline Railway, Port Stanley, operates daily, 6:30 a.m. till 11:30 p.m.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Harvest Help Excursions

$12 to Winnipeg

August 21 and 30—From Stations Lyn, Ont., and west to Toronto inclusive.

August 23 and 30—From Stations Toronto and west in Ontario.

For particulars as to tickets west of Winnipeg, etc., apply to any Grand Trunk Ticket Agent, or C. E. Horning, District Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto. Aug.11,15,18,22,25,29

CUNARD LINE

PASSENGER SERVICE
BETWEEN
MONTREAL AND LONDON
Calling Falmouth to Land Passengers.
AND
MONTREAL AND BRISTOL

For particulars of sailings and rates apply to local agents, or to The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King street east, Toronto. Aug. 31.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

VISITORS
TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST
ANNUAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO
(August 25th to September 10th)
WILL FIND THE
Canadian Pacific
The Convenient Route From All Points in Canada.
EXTRA TRAIN SERVICE
To and from Parkdale Station and Exhibition Grounds.
From principal points on certain dates.
Particulars from any Canadian Pacific ticket agent, or write W. B. Howard, district passenger agent, Toronto. S. B.

Canadian National Exhibition

AUGUST 25——TORONTO——SEPTEMBER 10.

JUBILEE YEAR SPECTACLE
1,200—Performers—1,200
The Last Word in Spectacular Pageantry.

More exhibits, more features, and more special attractions than ever before.

Mammoth Tractor and Farm Equipment Display
A solution for many problems of the farm.
New and enlarged Government exhibits. Giant agricultural and live stock display.

Inspiration, education and recreation on a colossal scale.

Reduced fares on all lines to travel to the biggest and best show in exhibition history.

Aug.20,22,25

CANADIAN NORTHERN

36,000 Harvesters Wanted

$12.00 TO WINNIPEG

Plus Half a Cent per Mile beyond to any Station East of Calgary, Edmonton or Burbank, Alta.

Return Fare Half a Cent per Mile to Winnipeg till November 30th, 1917, plus $18.00 to Original Starting Point.

Special Through Trains Will Leave Toronto (Union Station)
AUGUST 30 AT 10 P.M.

The Best of Equipment and Lunch Counter Cars
Electric Lighted Colonist Cars.
Special Accommodation for Women.

For Tickets and for Leaflets showing number of laborers required at each point apply to F. B. CLARKE, 416 Richmond street, London, or write General Passenger Dept., C.N.R., Toronto, Ont.

49tf-ywt

The TRANSCONTINENTAL

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HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS to WESTERN CANADA

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73tf-t

Doctor Says Crying Need Of The Woman of Today Is More Iron In Her Blood

TO PUT STRENGTH IN HER NERVES AND COLOR IN HER CHEEKS.

Any Woman Who Tires Easily, Is Nervous or Irritable, or Looks Pale, Haggard and Worn, Should Have Her Blood Examined for Iron Deficiency.

Administration of Nuxated Iron in Clinical Tests Gives Most Astonishing Youthful Strength and Makes Women Look Years Younger.

"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy-cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. "In my recent talks to physicians on the grave and serious consequences of iron deficiency in the blood of American women, I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—nuxated iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard-looking women patients. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of the anaemic woman is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength-builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"On account of the peculiar nature of woman, and the great drain placed upon her system at certain periods, she requires iron much more than man to help make up for the loss.

"Iron is also absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your blood merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance, and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver, and other troubles in from 10 to 14 days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron, simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions, with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising results in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder.

"Many an athlete and prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in ingloious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But so many American women suffer from iron deficiency with its attendant ills—physical weakness, nervous irritability, melancholy, indigestion, flabby sagging muscles, etc., etc.—and in consequence of their weakened, run-down condition they are so liable to contract serious and even fatal diseases, that I deem it my duty to advise all such to take Nuxated Iron. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, tells physicians that they should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their patients—Says anaemia—iron deficiency—is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American Woman.—Sounds warning against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and do far more harm than good; advises use of only nuxated iron.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or more in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by the Standard Drug Company, good druggists.