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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Feb. 20.

"I am conscious that I have made many mistakes. I know also that occasions there have been when I had to disappoint some of my friends. But, sir, if another had been in my place who knew this country as I know it from end to end, and in all its component elements—and without boasting I claim that perhaps I know it better than any other Canadian—even though he and I might have differed, I am sure that he would have realized that acting as I did, my aim was to win the war; and that was my aim, and to promote the highest interests of Canada.

"I was placed at the head of the Liberal party a great many years ago—so many that I had better not count them. I feel every day that I am getting riper and riper for heaven. I would gladly resign the position that I owe to the confidence and friendship of the Liberals of Canada, and leave the task to younger hands. But so long as God gives me the health which I know enjoy—though I cannot say it is as good as it was at one time, yet I believe He has left in me a kick which I can use on occasion—I will remain, and do my share.

"I will do my share in any position which is assigned to me by the party, whether it be that of general, captain, or private in the ranks. Whatever my place may be I will do my duty cheerfully, happily. Nothing would be of greater satisfaction to me, now that I have begun to feel the weight of years, than, as I have said, to leave the task of leadership to a younger general. That satisfaction may be given me, or it may not; but my duty still is to fight, and fight I will as long as God gives me health. I regret that I am not some 20 years younger and that I cannot carry on the fight with the same vigor as I would have carried it on 20 years ago.

"Still our cause remains, and with the horizon broadening day by day, our ideals are higher and higher every day. So great is that cause and so high those ideals, that no one has the right to falter, but every one must do his bit according to his ability. And looking to the future, my hope is that the day is not far distant when we shall hear again in the heavens the hopeful message brought years ago by the angels: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill to all men."—From the last public address of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"A Revealing Flash" Reveals There Are None So Blind, Etc.

The Toronto Globe quotes an interesting letter it has received from Hon. W. A. Charlton, M.P., in which he relates the facts of several interviews with Sir Wilfrid Laurier during the early negotiations toward the formation of Union Government. Mr. Charlton says that he went to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and urged him to join Sir Robert Borden and form a National Government. Finally Sir Wilfrid replied to Mr. Charlton:

"Charlton, you do what you think is right. I know you will. I live for the peace of Canada. I must hold the French. If I do not they will drift to Bourassa, and we shall have rebellion, which would please the Germans more than anything else that could happen."

The Toronto newspaper characterizes this statement as "a revealing flash." It appears to clear up much for the Globe at a time when Sir Wilfrid's death demands at least cold justice to his record and his integrity. But Mr. Charlton's statement is scarcely "a revealing flash" to the friends and supporters of Sir Wilfrid in the last campaign. They pointed to the danger of Bourassa's domination in Quebec, and they also pointed to the freedom with which Bourassa had sown the seeds of sedition during the three first years of war. They knew that Laurier fought not only those who again appropriated the flag to their own uses, but fought as well those in both provinces who by intrigue sought to bring about his downfall. Sir Wilfrid Laurier would not ask to be "let down easily" at the hour of his death. His real attitude toward the problems of Quebec was quite as well known during the election as at the present time, and the significance of his attitude scarcely could have been lost on those who studied his staunch Canadianism for many years and who only now are "awakened" by "the revealing flash."

Wounded Clemenceau Great Foe of Europe's Anarchists

The attempt on the life of Premier Clemenceau of France should not cause surprise. That the big men at the peace conference have so far escaped attack and assassination is remarkable, and attests the excellent protection that has been provided. It is certain a number of agencies would welcome the opportunity to slay those who are plotting the world out of its present chaos. The old Potsdam gang would not hesitate at the murder of Wilson, Lloyd George or Clemenceau if they believed it would throw the Versailles meeting into confusion. And the "Red" element of Europe especially resents the work of the peace conference. The peace parley is striving towards orderliness and stability; the Bolsheviki and kindred extremists want widespread anarchy and confusion. To destroy such champions of world decency and decorum as the American president, the British premier or the French chief executive would appeal to the wretched creatures of disorder as a supreme achievement.

Clemenceau is particularly hated by the anarchists and extreme socialists of Europe. Whenever he has held power and specially during the war period, he has relentlessly suppressed the activities of the French physical force section of the International. Dangerous radicalism at home has repeatedly been soundly cuffed and buffeted by the "Tiger," and he has always favored a powerful Allied campaign to crush the Bolsheviki. Whether his assailant was the active unit of a conspiracy or acting on his own responsibility the attack is a new and vivid demonstration of the bitter conflict between disorder and order. It is to be hoped that the courageous French premier will recover rapidly and completely, as his fighting qualities and alert mind are needed to combat the turbulence and social madness which stands behind the attempt on his life.

WILFRID LAURIER

"Without Fear and Without Reproach."

He'll pass no more, nor will we backward glance,
To note again that loved, commanding form,
Like some famed figure of chivalrous France,
Round which men rallied in old times of storm.

A Bayard, ever gallant in the fray,
Lute voiced of magic utterance rare,
What was the spell, the magic of his sway,
The noble life, the silver of his hair?

With her he loved through shadowed hours and gay,
In true companionship the sunset road
He walked in such felicity, the way
Seemed rose hung, and the years a lightsome load.

Unageing and majestic as the pine,
The evergreen of youth within his soul,
Tilting light-hearted, all his soul ashine,
He onward bore unto his purposed goal.

With malice unto none, e'en in defeat,
With charity in triumph he has stood.
Broad-gauge Canadian, after battle heat,
Speaking the language of wide brotherhood.

The inspiration of his service yet,
The charity, the brotherhood he taught,
Shall light our pathway though his sun be set,
And may we build as nobly as he wrought.

New tasks begin, new duties, high resolves
For Canada his land and ours we take,
And since such partings come as time evolves,
His spirit guiding, we new pledges take.

Though mute his lips, the seal of death thereon,
While men remember how he loved this land,
His voice will sound, a trumpet leading on,
Great Heart, adieu, bowed by thy bier we stand.

Dear Lady, in the sadness of this hour,
For him we honor as our noblest son,
If our affection and our love had power
To spare thee grief, we'd bear thine, everyone.

Ottawa, Feb. 17, 1919. T. A. BROWNE.

Now Watch Tories Kick Over the Shaky Unionist Party

While lifelong opponents of Sir Wilfrid Laurier are showering eulogies upon the late chieftain, his old followers will not be wise if they are deceived into a belief that a sort of truce has been declared by the opponents of Liberalism.

Already, we venture to think, the forces arrayed against Liberalism are seeking the means whereby they may turn to advantage the death of Sir Wilfrid. How will it benefit the Conservatives, is a thought behind the ceremonious compliment. There are some very wily Tory politicians in Canada. They know that Union Government as an institution cannot last. It is doomed for an early demise, and the two old parties again will be seeking to dominate the situation. The Conservatives are already lining up to be ready to move into the old house the moment they see the shaky structure of unionism commence to totter. It is possible that a man like Hon. Robert Rogers may quietly give the Tory lean-to a good stout kick while no one is looking. He and his followers may seek to bring on an election as quickly as possible, believing that with the Laurier leadership gone Liberalism will be helpless before his attack. It will be well for Liberalism to gird itself anew—and to keep an eye on Rogers & Co. He frequently works in the interests of Bordenism while appearing to be engaged elsewhere.

Scales of Hatred, Inspired By Fear, Fall From Many Eyes

One cannot fail to be impressed with the sincerity of tributes to Sir Wilfrid Laurier paid by those who have opposed him with many kinds of political weapons in his long career as a Canadian statesman. He now is beyond the power of his opponents to harm; as a political problem they have nothing more to fear from him, so dropping the daggers and bludgeons with which they were wont to assail him, they go beyond those who have been his steadfast friends in the expression of admiration and sympathy.

The tributes are sincere. The attacks frequently were the simulated rage and bitterness that find too great a place in the Canadian attitude toward public men. And now that he is gone all the pent-up feeling these statesmen and editors held for a gallant gentleman is unloosed and floods over his name and his character. After they have seen Sir Wilfrid in the majesty his passing alone could bring upon them, his old enemies will be better men for having put away the hatchet, never to be raised again on his personality. Our kinship with death is what brings the truth to the surface. One has to die to be given justice in politics. But in the case of Sir Wilfrid we find a jury of public opinion that goes beyond expectations in wiping out all the calumnies with which they sought to reproach him.

EDITORIAL NOTES

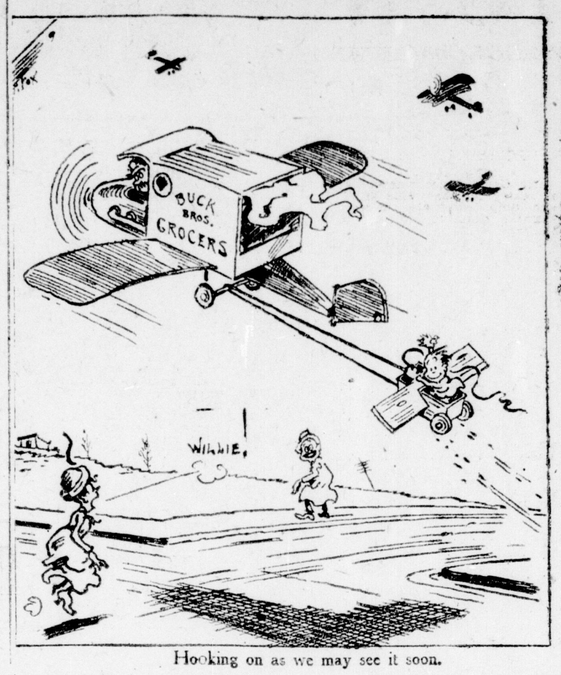
It is evident that charge accounts instead of cash-and-carry is going to be the method of doing business between nations for some time.

A semi-anonymous correspondent sends The Advertiser a bouquet which is gratefully appreciated. Just to counterbalance it there was a brickbat in the same mailbag. Life must have some sort of a compensating gear attachment.

Death in the great war has taken a second son from the family circle of an esteemed citizen. Capt. Roy Gray, M.C., son of Mr. James Gray, died of pneumonia, after a long and distinguished service of the most arduous fighting with tanks and infantry. Lieut. Ronald Gray laid down his life some months ago. Both these young Canadians were valiant youths in the finest sense of the term and in their loss father and mother could suffer no more. May consolation come to them with a full realization of their noble service to all mankind.

LITTLE WILLIE - - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)



Hooking on as we may see it soon.

THEIR EYES ON THE SWORD

By H. F. GADSBY.

OTTAWA, Feb. 20.—The war has brought not peace but a sword to Union Government. This sword is Criticism. There will be plenty of it this session. The good old hush-me-too days are over.

The signs of changed times are visible everywhere at the capital. The khaki has disappeared largely from the streets. Most of the swivel-chair generals and brigadiers have slunped back into civilian ranks, to which, truth to tell, they do not look nearly so imposing. The minister of militia does not stalk about in uniform any longer. The headquarters staff has packed its glory of brass hat and red tabs in the old tin box with the moth balls, and has become a sober-hued citizen again. The captains and the kings are departing as rapidly as possible. The four years war madness is over, and reason is about to resume her sway.

Of course, some ravages of war remain—maimed men, a staggering national debt, a huge pension list, high taxes, the 42½ per cent tariff, the war times election act, the press censorship, various war boards and commissions, and a raft of orders-in-council which look now like ugly warts on the fair face good, the British North America act.

Certain of these results are bound to disappear quickly. The maimed heroes, the national debt, the pension list and the high taxes we shall have with us for years to come, but I misjudge the temper of this House if it doesn't make an early effort to scrap the rest of the war machinery. Government by order-in-council wanes. Parliament waxes—and, bit by bit, and quickly at that, we are to get our shattered constitution back.

Parliament has long had a committee on expiring laws. It never did anything. Most of the laws that were due to expire died a natural death, and were buried without ceremony. This committee can do good work with the orders in council, some of which are half-dead already, while others are black in the face, and others again gasp for breath. The committee will not be arrested for murder if it hits all of them on the head and puts them out of misery. Nothing can be more ghastly than an order-in-council which hangs on with the death rattle in its throat.

Now that the war is over the war times election act looks like a bad practical joke. The joke is on Union Government, which expected to be elected for five years on a whittled franchise, and now finds itself with perhaps a year's existence in sight and precarious at that. Union Government expects to survive this session, but after that the dark. It lived by the sword—expected to go on living by the sword, and now the sword—a hideous breach of faith with Union Government—throws it down by making peace with the Germans. If Union Government perishes within the next eighteen months it will be because the sword was sheathed too soon to suit its purpose. At all events, the Opposition will say that a war-time Government has another guess coming if it thinks it has a four years' peace mandate, and the ginger group in the House, headed by Sir Sam Hughes, and the ginger group outside, headed by the Hon. Bob Rogers, will develop the same line of attack. One of the first things Parliament will take a kick at is the war times election act. It has few friends on either side of the House.

Of course, all this is to say that party spirit is reviving. One war is finished—now let the other begin—the merry war of Grit and Tory that we have waged for fifty years and have not tired of yet—not by a long way. Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall, but Humpty-Dumpty, safe and sound, is back on his wall. What all the king's horses and all the king's men did was simply to put him together again. The partakers of Union Government may have been educated to lofty heights of brotherhood and loving-kindness, but the people—never. They want their quarrels back—that being about the only way they can get a frank discussion of public questions. This is what Bob Rogers means when he says that he will wait and see, what Sam Hughes means when he breathes slaughter, and what Dr. Michael Clark means when he hints that Union Government is now "on its merits." Red Michael was, above all, a Briton when the trumpet sounded, but now he is a free trader and a Liberal again and no doubt intends to cut loose. It bids fair to be a long session with plenty of plain talk from everybody concerned—a sort of ammunition dump for the next general election which may be nearer than many people surmise.

A heavy barrage fire will be directed against the press censorship, which has outlived its usefulness.

Everybody in the House, except those hopelessly addicted to Union Government, will take a shot at it. The press censorship will die of shell-shock or worse, and when it crumples, some of the worst of the orders-in-council will come clattering down with it. The war measures act may stand up for a while, but it will be taking refuge in the reserve trenches. Once the press censorship is destroyed, free speech bobs up and the sword Union Government fears most—open criticism—hangs heavy over its head. My information is that the Ginger Group will be the first to crowbar the lid and take this good, old reliable Excelibur out of the box where Col. Chambers keeps it.

When this sword is again suspended from the ceiling of the Green Chamber, the late lamented Damocles will have nothing on Union Government for nervous anxiety. We can imagine them examining the suspensive thread every day, expecting the knots they have tied in it to strengthen the slender cord, and asking, while the cold sweat bedews their manly brows, "Well, how is the little old sword this morning?"

For example Sir Thomas White will look closely at the knot which stands for a 42½ per cent tariff. How long will it stay tied? Will it fray through? Will the western Unionists spill the beans? The western Unionists, by the way, don't like their name. It sounds like a certain American telegraph company and what they really want from now on is wireless politics which will give the farmer his full rights and reduce the pull of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association to a minimum. It is only a question of time until the western Unionists get back to those peaceful alignments and freer trade ideals which they intermitted while the war was being won. If the finance minister desires the sword to remain where it is he will probably shake a chiding finger at "big business," which wants war profits to continue after the war is over, even if the Government has to dip into the Victory Loan to "stabilize prices" and cash the notes of shaky European republics.

The Hon. Arthur Meighen will pay close attention to the knot labelled land policy for returned soldiers. It seems to be very loosely tied. The war ended too soon for the Hon. Arthur. With Union Government safely entrenched the minister of the interior expected the war to make good for a considerable period. The short, sharp way in which the Allies bit it off, at the first good chance, left Mr. Meighen and his land policy very much up in the air. In fact, he had no policy and he had no land. He has had to make both up on the spur of the moment. He was in a ghastly state of unpreparedness. Mr. Meighen will note to tie the knot pretty tight and very soon or the sword will come crashing down on that long clever head of his.

Sir George Foster, if he ever comes out of his trance, will take a new turn in the knot, known as after-the-war trade. He had already realized that the overseas trade commission, which threatens to become permanent, and the war trade board, which was a special band of hope to corral European business, have not earned their salt, and that the only way to drum up trade for Canada is for the Canadian manufacturers to send their own commercial travelers after it. He has realized it—as certain cable dispatches indicate—but will he act upon it? If he doesn't down comes that cruel sword on his revered, but lethargic cocoanut.

And last, but no least, Newton Wesley Rowell, king of the uplifters, will look closely to prohibition. The knot is slipping. If Leader Rowell doesn't make haste to tie it the people of this country will presently be voting the way they drink and that will be a cold day for the water-wagon.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A MAKING OVER.

By May Belleville Brown.

When Maxwell Britton came home that night, it was too late for one to see how shabby the bungalow looked. Indoors the living room borrowed a home-like look from the lamplight, and from the woman who sat sewing within its circle, but the lamplight was also a tell-tale, for it showed walls hung with a faded paper, mended curtains and decrepit furniture.

"Ah, there, Patience!" Maxwell saluted his wife jauntly. "I hope you did not mind my not coming home to supper, but Smithers gave me a ticket to the bowling match at the athletic club, so I took a lunch and went right over. Great little match it was, too."

His wife sewed on, serene and silent. Presently the man made another conversational attempt.

"Looks awfully cozy in here tonight. I tell you I appreciate this nice little home of mine!"

Patience raised her eyes and looked at her husband. She was a fair woman, with broad, white brow and well-set head. Tonight her brown eyes and full-lipped mouth were gravely serious as she announced quietly.

"Then you will be sorry to give it up!"

"Wha-at?" the question faltered into something resembling a bleat. The man—handsome he was, with a trace of weakness, with full, blue eyes and silky black hair—dropped his lip and stared.

The woman gazed intently at her husband, choosing her words.

"We have been married ten years, Max, and you have never had more than a fair salary. For five years we were only two, and everything was new, so our expenses were not large, but we saved nothing. Except for a few weeks when Dorsey came, I have done my own housework. Up to that time I spent about a hundred dollars a year on myself. Since then I have earned her clothes and mine with my needle—making clothes for the children of the neighborhood."

Injured innocence sat on Maxwell Britton's countenance as he pulled himself erect.

"A pretty tirade! Just because, after working hard all day I took a little relaxation—on a free ticket, too, madame—I have to be raked over the coals!" His indignation grew with speech. "Since this is my welcome, I will go back, and you may expect me when you see me!"

"Max!" her voice was low, but he turned at the door to listen. "I am speaking for your sake and my own—and for Dorsey. You have failed to make good with us—perhaps you can do better without us. I will not work any harder to support myself and her than I have done heretofore, so I have decided to take her and go for a year at least—the future depends upon you."

The man leaned against the door, his face white.

"Do you mean it, Patty?" he whispered.

"I mean it, Max, and nothing can change me."

"But, Patty, I have always been true to you!"

"True in the sense of relations with other women, but in the sense that you owe it to me and the children I might bear you to make the most of yourself as a citizen and as a businessman, you have been false."

It was a strange colloquy. The man blustered at times, wept, pleaded, scolded; but the woman's face scarcely changed it expression, and her voice was as unwavering as her purpose.

"The house is mine by deed of trust from my father, through Dorsey to me," she told him. "I want nothing else. Use your salary to further your own position, and I will look after myself and Dorsey. I only ask a little time to get ready. I have been laying by some money, and will sew here until I get the house ready for a tenant, and I will ask you to keep on paying such bills as you have met before. Then I shall open parlors in a downtown apartment and live there with Dorsey."

From that time life was lived on peculiar terms in the bungalow on Park Heights. Maxwell was despondent, but uncommunicative. Patience was calm, yet went about her work with sadly inscrutable eyes. There was a guarded, wistful friendliness between the two and a shying off from each other, as though to avoid mentioning the situation.

The painters and carpenters came and went, transforming the shabby house into charming freshness. Maxwell began regular work on the lawn, turning its rough surface into green velvet, cutting dead sprouts from shrubs and trees and training vines. For years he had spent his evenings downtown, on the plea that he needed relaxation.

Now he never left the place except to go to his work, and in the long twilight Patience, with the light handwork which she saved for evenings, took strange comfort in knowing that he was busy near her. Dorsey—the child's own contraction of the "Dorothy" which was given her at christening—scarcely had been acquainted with her father, but now she revelled in the company of "daddy," and trotted after him like a frolicsome puppy. Her father enjoyed it, too, and Patience would hear their merry dialogue outside until bedtime.

The inside of the house had its metamorphosis. Patience had the living-room done over inexpensively in soft browns, and made the dining-room, with its ivory enamel and blue walls, seem as though intended for the blue China inherited from her mother. Upstairs the rooms were freshened with white paint and fresh walls, and the house stood transformed.

"I want to tell you, Max," announced Patience one evening, "that, now that the house is ready, and the lawn is at its best, I feel that it should be put on the market. There is really nothing to hinder my going now."

Maxwell looked at her fixedly for a moment, then turned and left the room. She had scarcely time to wonder until he was back.

"Here!" He held out the gilt-lettered "Dressmaking" sign which for some time had been at the side entrance.

"Maxwell, what do you mean?" she asked. Was this the ease-loving, indifferent husband, who had been degenerating into a loafer, this decided man, whose blue eyes flashed so darkly, and whose mouth was so firmly set?

"It means that since you have been making over this house, you have been making me over, too, and that now I am ready to take the job off your hands."

Patience, her hands clasped over her heart, did not speak. It was his hour, and he should dominate it. He went on:

"Every word you said that night was true—only I had blamed everyone else and excused myself. It has taken three months of hard work on your part to put me on the right track. I have not told you that I have been promoted twice since you brought me up standing."

He laughed tremulously in his excitement, but mastered his voice.

"Today they made me assistant manager in my department. Next year they are going to enlarge the company, and will take me in—they say they need a Briton in the firm—imagine!"

With a single motion he broke the sign and threw it on the table.

"That's kindling wood, and nothing more—ever!" he declared, masterfully. "From now on, for the rest of the year, you may use your needle for your own and Dorsey's frills. Next year you are to hire someone to do it for you. Patience!" his victorious voice took on a note of pleading. "Your old shiftless husband is gone—forever! Won't you give the new one a trial?"

The resolute, self-controlled woman had disappeared, leaving behind a sobbing creature who clung to Maxwell, trembling at his touch like a maiden with her first love.

"I hoped that if I showed you what our home might be you would not let me destroy it," she sobbed; "every stroke that has gone to make it lovely has been for you—and Dorsey—and to keep us together!"

The little home, dreaming cosily in its green setting, seemed to smile with happiness under the still moon, for it was safe.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

[Buffalo Times.]

Doctors say kissing carries flu germs, and the usual sub-committees of the Experimental Philosophy Club are trying to find out whether that is so.

JEST SIMPLY GRAND.

[Macomb Bystander.]

It so happened that the members of the fire department were holding a meeting at the time the alarm was sounded and the company appeared at the fire in uniform.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Sir: Overheard by ex-Detroiter after two years' absence. Scene, lobby of Detroit hotel. News stand lady attendant to head porter: "Well, Dan, I'll shake you for another soda."—G. L. J.

WE WONDER.

[Toronto Star.]

It was brought out in evidence yesterday that liquor seized by the Toronto police is taken up to the Legislative buildings for storage. It is also announced that a new wing to those buildings is about to be built. Are these facts related to each other, or do they merely synchronize?

WHERE CHICKEN DINNERS ARE CHEAP.

[Atchison Globe.]

Roup has broken out among Atchison chickens.

Chicken dinner at Union Hotel tomorrow, 50 cents.

The new lunch at the old Eglinger stand. Chicken dinner 50 cents.

TOO POOR TO MAKE WAR.

[Brantford Expositor.]

A Germany burdened with the war bills of the Allies and with her own to pay or repudiate, will not be able for many years to again threaten the world peace—provided that guarantees can be secured for payment. That is one phase of the question which will require the presence in Germany of an army of occupation for many years.

And Germany, unlike France in 1870, will find none to commiserate with her in her depleted financial state.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT CLOUD-BURSTS.

[North Platte Tribune.]

T. F. Healey, who went to Omaha to visit his family, contracted the flu soon after his arrival there. He recovered from this and one day while down town attempted to assist an elderly and extremely stout woman across the icy street. In doing this generous act his feet slipped, and the woman fell upon him, rather badly injuring him and placing him in a position that required close confinement to the house.

THOSE QUEER HUNS.

[Philadelphia Record.]

There is no doubt about the League of Nations. Erzberger is going to put the thing through, and, of course, Germany will head it. Deutschland uber Allies! But Erzberger is going to have the company very select. He has decided not to let France and Japan in. Poor France supposes that it has been victorious, and is laboring under the delusion that Germany is a conquered belligerent, and now the fact is disclosed that it will be excluded from the League of Nations which Germany will lead toward universal peace and the reign of humanity—Teutonic humanity.

PROBLEM OF CONDUCT.

[British Weekly.]

After the election Mrs. Hobbs receives a letter from her sister, Mrs. Venables, a keen politician. She writes: "I did not know what to do about voting. The party I wished to support had for its candidate a man we used to know well in our youth, and whom we used to call 'Pom-pom.' I never liked him or trusted him, so I decided not to vote for him; nor could I conscientiously support the other candidates. So I did not vote for any one. My husband tells me that the contest here is so close that my vote might have turned the scale. Did I do right?"

What should Mrs. Hobbs reply?

THAT COW SHOULD DRY UP.

[Hamilton Times.]

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir,—I take note in publishing the correction about the Red Cow, you take the editorial privilege of discharging a Parthian shot at her. You say: "But pray what has the Appin cow been doing since 1915?" Since 1915, when she gave birth to twins, she has produced each year a husky calf and an admirable flow of milk, rich in butter fat. As for her further deeds you will find them recorded in her book, "The Red Cow and Her Friends," which is being published this month in New York, London, England and Toronto. Yours for free advertising.

PETER McARTHUR.

Appin, Feb. 15.

WHERE EXPERTS DIFFER.

[Woodstock Sentinel-Review.]

A prohibition bill now before the New York Legislature declares cider to be undrinkable after one month. This is a matter in regard to which the experts differ. Some there are who hold that cider is unsuitable at any time as a substitute for a real drink, but there are a good many others who hold that it is only in its fresh state that it is undrinkable—it begins to be fit to drink at a month and improves with age. There are even some who excite the envy of their neighbors by declaring that with proper treatment good cider may be induced to yield a "kick" that is scarcely distinguishable from the real thing. It is an interesting subject, and in view of obvious possibilities, may even be regarded as an important subject.

Judging from the number of people who are experimenting with the mysterious juice, public knowledge in regard to the subject should soon be widely extended.

Jump from Bed in Morning and Drink Hot Water

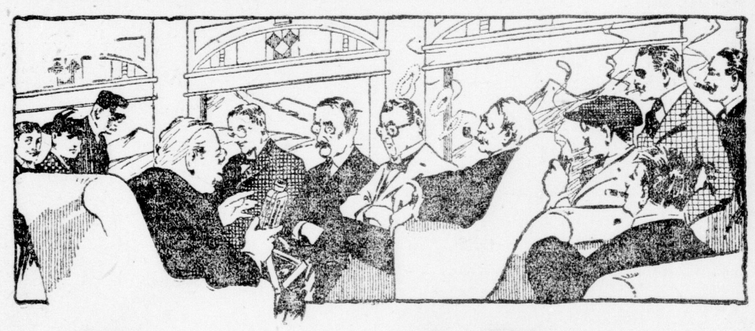
Tells why everyone should drink hot water each morning before breakfast.

Why is man and woman, half the time, feeling nervous, despondent, worried; some days headachy, dull and unstrung; some days really incapacitated by illness.

If we all would practice inside-bathing, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of thousands of half-sick, anaemic-looking souls with pasty, muddy complexions we should see crowds of happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked people everywhere. The reason is that the human system does not rid itself each day of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. For every ounce of food and drink taken into the system nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out, else it ferments and forms ptomaine-like poisons which are absorbed into the blood.

Men and women, whether sick or well, are advised to drink each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of washing out of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the indigestible material, waste, sour bile and toxins.

Millions of people who had their turn at constipation, bilious attacks, acid stomach, nervous days and sleepless nights have become real cranks about the morning inside-bath. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will not cost much at the drug store, but is sufficient to demonstrate to anyone, its cleansing, sweetening and freshening effect upon the system.



Nine out of Eleven

CARRIED ENO'S

(A true incident on a Western Pullman)

IN the observation-car out of Vancouver the conversation turned on good health. One member of the party made the statement that there are very few travelling salesmen who do not regularly carry ENO'S Fruit Salt in their bag, and added, "Right now I would be willing to bet that half the men sitting here have with them a bottle of ENO'S."

Glancing around, his companion noticed that there were eleven men sitting in the car. So, like a flash, he remarked: "That's a good bet—I'll take you on, and the dinner's on you, if you lose."

The embarrassing feature was to learn the actual facts—but so sure of his ground was the first speaker that he made bold to question those present individually.

Do you know what he discovered?

Nine Men Out Of The Eleven Actually Showed They Were Carrying A Bottle Of Eno's In Their Grips!

There is no doubt that this was a remarkable proof of the popularity of ENO'S—but it is one resulting entirely from the absolute merit of the article.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Is a clean and natural aperient composed of the tonic elements of pure, ripe fruit juices. It cleanses the liver, alimentary and digestive systems of deleterious elements that result from wrong food, impure air, lack of exercise. It has been tried and proved by over 40 years' use.

Eno's is Obtainable of Druggists Everywhere.

Prepared by J. C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, London, Eng.

Sole Agents for North America:
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Limited, 10 McCaul St., TORONTO
171 Madison Ave., New York City