

HUNGRY MOSQUITOES MAKE TRENCH LIFE MOST UNPLEASANT

Major Jewitt, Formerly With
33rd, Writes of Troubles.

GERMANS GAME LOSERS

Does Not Expect the Great
War to End Very
Soon.

Major Jewitt, formerly of the 33rd Battalion, writing to relatives from Belgium, gives the following picture of trench life:
Sunday night in a dugout in Belgium—sounds pretty good, doesn't it? And it wouldn't be bad either if the mosquitoes were not so numerous and hungry. Of course our enemy next door neighbors are rats, rats, rats and then some more rats; big, sleek fellows who like to poke their noses into one's pockets. In fact, one became so bold and inquisitive that a

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Mother who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely harmless even to the new-born babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

few nights ago that he grabbed one of the men by the ear as he lay sleeping, and by the yelling and jerking awakened the poor fellow and even when the man sat up, the rat hung on with might and main—meaning teeth and teeth—so that the doctor had to be summoned to mend the wounded part. And a wee mouse plays hide-and-seek about this particular dugout, running obstacle races across the table, climbing about the sand bag walls and in general having a good time. However, no kick on our scavenger friends, the rats and mice, as long as this good weather lasts, but slap bang at the miserable pesky mosquitoes.

Not Shell Proof.

We have a fairly decent home here for myself and one officer, but others sleep a little bit along the line. Of course the walls are of sandbags and it is large enough for two improvised beds and a dandy table, with real oil-cloth cover, and a vase with flowers in it. Our lighting system is candle power as many as you wish to light at once, and ventilation fair to middling. Of course it isn't shellproof by any means, but it provides a safe shelter from the natural elements, and a place to spend spare time. As the nights are our days, we sleep in the forenoon, and stay awake all night long. Really, no one after this campaign should be afraid of the dark; in fact we will be like cats for sight. We get Saturday English papers tonight, like a good fellow, and we are able to keep up with the times, and we can't afford to miss a day, or we would soon be away behind the Russians in their progress, and also the French and British.

Prospects Bright.

The war has a very hopeful look just now, but an afraid that unless something unforeseen happens and it ends very suddenly, it will take a great deal of wearing down and worrying of old Fritz before he quits. He is fighting hard and is standing up better than expected under heavy blows, but surely every one of them will feel now that there is a losing cause. This is Sunday night, but a different one from those I spent in Canada, still at heart it is the same, just a difference in the exterior. Of course, we miss the religious services and the atmosphere attendant on them, but here we still have the Bible, prayer and a God willing to listen to our plea. I can honestly say that so far, after a month of real military life, I have enjoyed the game, and you know I am

taking life all the way through as a game to be played squarely and fairly and in good spirit.

WOMEN SWAMPED BATTERY BOYS WITH HOMEMADE EATABLES

Kisses Even More Plentiful
Than Eats for Popular
Soldiers.

It is to be feared that the friends of the men of the 63rd and 64th Depot Batteries have little faith in the commissariat arrangements of the military authorities. Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when the batteries were leaving for Petawawa, the ladies were there in hundreds, and almost every one of them carried a parcel of eatables for their soldier boys. Not one parcel, often two and three were carried, and when the boys got on the train some of them were fairly staggering under their load of good things. One man was observed who was weighted down with three parcels, and he almost missed the train trying to get these all aboard.

A Popular Lot.

They were a popular lot, meet of a woman's message to women. If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing-down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides regularly or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, I invite you to write and ask for my simple method of home treatment, with ten days' trial entirely free and postpaid, also references to Canadian ladies, who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength, and happiness by this method. Write today. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 13, Windsor, Ont.

them getting even more kisses than parcels.

When the train of seven cars pulled out there were few dry eyes among the fair sex, and a rousing cheer and the waving of many hands and handkerchiefs gave the batterymen a last kind remembrance of London.

Majors in Charge.

Major Cameron went with his men of the 63rd, and Major Walker with the 64th. Three bugle bands from the 111th, 132nd and 130th Battalions, together with the pipers of the Ambulance Training Depot, met the men on Richmond street, and escorted them to the station. As quickly as the clinging fair sex would permit they got their belongings aboard, and the train left on schedule time.

Col. I. W. Shannon was down to see them off, as was Lieut.-Col. Taylor and Major Frank Stry, Col. H. D. Smith was there, as he had a personal interest in the affair, his son being a subaltern in the 64th Battery.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Penian Raid Medal.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
In your issue of today is the Duke of Connaught's reply in reference to his being unknown five years ago, as stated by Mr. Noel Marshall, he, the Duke, said "He forgets I have a Penian Raid medal for service which should read for 1870 (not for 1860), which please correct in your next issue and oblige one who was in the same regiment, 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, at Montreal, when the Duke came to Canada, and was at the same Penian Raid for which I have a medal."
JONATHAN CARTER.
Petrolia, Sept. 3, 1916.

The Ottawa Car.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:
Dear Sir,—Why worry about the disappearance of the pet alligator, or figure ways and means of stocking the city preserves with prize orchids and graceful deer when we are in unmentioned—and apparently eternal—possession of such a family of antiquaries as the present Ottawa cars?
There is nothing common about an Ottawa—the species is distinct unto itself.

For the benefit of the man who may not be acquainted with the rarity, and having a leisure afternoon desires to spend it coaxing one of these almost extinct specimens to eat out of his hand, we will, out of a vast experience, minutely and unmistakably mark the marks of the Ottawa, and give a few pointers gratis on the best method of procedure in stalking this game.

Choose a corner anywhere on the line—one one preferred, owing to the better facilities for study afforded by numerous switches, railroad tracks, etc. Watch carefully all approaching vehicles. After some fifteen minutes patient waiting you will (if the season is good) notice the approach of a queer looking bird that appears to roll along on its hind legs, with its nose screwing the atmosphere in irregular sweeps as it careens about on its haunches. Closer inspection will reveal green eyes in its forehead (mostly one of them broken or missing altogether), and if you can depict an "in memoriam" of a one-time coat of varnish you may be reasonably sure that your search is at an end.

You now step out among the road improvements in course of construction and wangle a deprecating hand in front of the bare of your desires in signal to the keeper (they are always accompanied by two keepers) that you wish to mount. If the keeper is an old hand at the game and the Ottawa is feeling particularly treacherous you will not have to run more than half a block after it before it stops, and you climb onto its hind quarters and make your way forward to a seat.

To an amateur the motion may be somewhat disconcerting at first, but the ride will be an education in locomotion, combining as it does the up-and-down movement of the car, the side sway of the ostrich, and that feeling of detachment and uncertainty usually held sacred to the scenic railway and roller coast.

But the line in which the Ottawa specializes, toward which it concentrates the strength of its personality, as you may say, is "that wheels." At times, when castoffs from other cars are scarce, there may be only one per head, but the usual allotment is at least two each, one front and one rear, so that you get an alternating current of scrape-grind-bump—scrape-grind-bump—calling heavy on the "bump."

When you have accustomed yourself to the peculiar motion of this feathered (?) monster, sufficiently to take an interest in your surroundings, you will discover that no pains are spared for your entertainment. There is the stop at the firehall, where you may dismount to read the weather bulletin, step around the corner for a cigar, or take refreshments with the keepers at the public drinking fountain—entirely free of charge. For those who do not care for these exciting diversions, we have the quiet of the byways and highways lying adjacent to the tracks, where one may wander at will while one or other of the keepers goes home to lunch, or the Ottawa insists on stopping at a switch to greet some belated member of his family from the opposite direction. But why proceed—the list is numerous and varied as human heart could wish—providing said human heart crosses "speed" off the calendar.

It is not customary, we believe, to close a biographical article of this nature without touching on the ambitions of the hero, so although it pains us to thus bare his heart to the public gaze, let us whisper that the Ottawa aspires to be a Grand Trunk railroad train. It is impossible to describe his whole-souled admiration—particularly for freight; you must go see it for yourself. And as you grasp the fact that the Ottawa will even forget to see-saw his haunches, as his green lamps stare in fascination on the antics of his long, lean friend, and you realize the reciprocal affection of the freight, as it proceeds to playfully shoot a car here and there on its switch or that (without for a moment leaving a clear crossing), for the benefit of its chum, the story of David and Jonathan will minimize itself in your mind.

But this touching little scene cannot last forever, and after some twenty minutes or half an hour the Ottawa will regretfully gather itself together and protestingly squeak on toward town.

SILVERWOODS

THE HOME OF PURE ICE CREAM

Looking back to our "baby" plant of three years ago, we can hardly realize that the patronage we now enjoy—from our own city, as well as almost every village and town in Western Ontario, could grow in such a short time from such a small beginning.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY to account for this growth. The reason is that *quality counts*. From the first, when we had few customers, until now, when we are favored with a large trade, we have held one principle always before our employees, and that is *quality first*. We would never be satisfied in turning out a second-grade article from any of our departments. The public pays for A1 quality, and the manufacturer who tries to "put one over" by turning out an inferior article is following a short-sighted policy.

WE AIM TO GIVE YOU THE BEST IT IS POSSIBLE FOR
MODERN MACHINERY AND SCIENCE TO PRODUCE.

ABSOLUTE SANITATION prevails throughout our entire Creamery and Ice Cream Plants.

ICE CREAM AT The WESTERN FAIR

You will find SILVERWOOD'S ICE CREAM sold in all the booths on the grounds. You need not be afraid to buy Ice Cream either for the children or the grown-ups, as nothing but the purest ingredients are used in its manufacture.

A NEW FEATURE THIS YEAR is the handling of Ice Cream in a sterilized drinking cup. This gives you more than an ordinary 10c worth of Ice Cream, a small souvenir spoon and a drinking cup, all for 10c. These will be obtainable in the MAIN BUILDING downstairs and upstairs, and in the AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, as well as at different stands throughout the grounds. These will make an ideal complement to your lunch, as they can be carried away and eaten anywhere.

ICE CREAM SANDWICHES will also be sold at many of the booths.

The Words, "SILVERWOOD" and "QUALITY" Are Synonymous

We are the largest manufacturers of CREAMERY BUTTER in Western Ontario. If your dealer does not handle "SILVERWOOD'S," phone our warehouse, and we will put you in touch with the right grocer.

We manufacture only one quality.

Order your SPECIAL ICES and ICE CREAMS during the coming fall and winter through your grocer or confectioner. Stipulate that it must be "SILVERWOOD'S." We manufacture the year round.

SILVERWOODS LIMITED

The Firm That Has Made London the Home of Ice Cream.

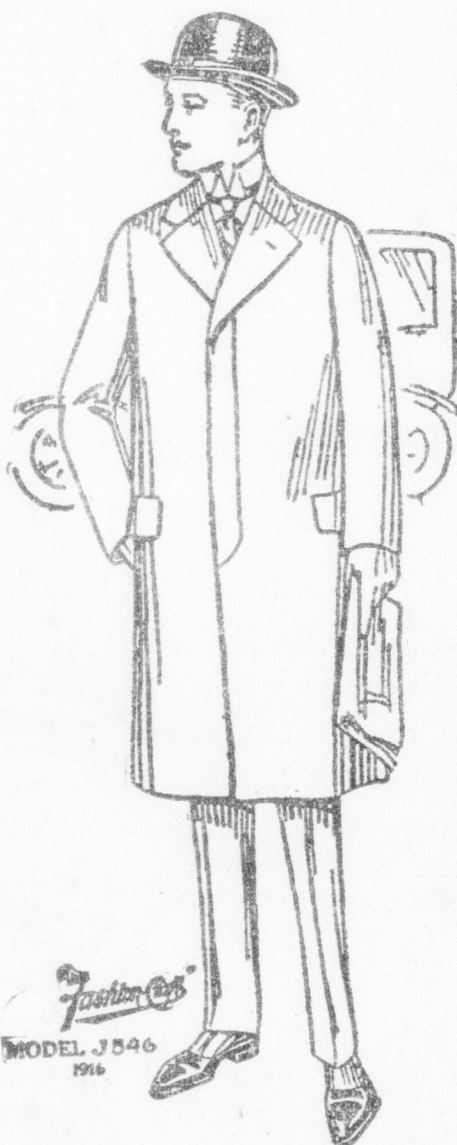
GRAHAM BROS. DUNDAS AND RICHMOND STREETS

Extend to fair visitors an invitation to inspect their large and complete stock of Men's Clothing and Furnishings. New Fall and Winter Lines in latest styles and best possible values feature every department. Your particular attention is drawn to the following well-known lines.

THE CELEBRATED Fashion-Craft Clothing

Canada's most famous Ready-to-Wear and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats, perfectly tailored and fitted, and absolutely guaranteed to keep shape and colors not to fade.

Special values in Blue Serges and Cheviots; guaranteed fast colors.



Latest Fall and Winter Models, in finest procurable British and Canadian tweeds and worsteds. Featuring the new high-waisted styles, the popular pinch-back models, and also the standard, more conservative lines in both suits and lightweight overcoats and slip-on. Values that cannot be surpassed. Priced from

\$15.00
to
\$30.00



Fair Week Sale of SOFT HATS

35 Dozen Fall Samples,
Newest Styles and Colors,
Regular \$2.00 and \$2.50
Hats at

\$1.25



SHIRTS

Newest color and patterns, in all sizes. Special Blue Gingham .75c Striped Cambrics with soft or stiff cuffs. 75c to \$2.00.

Collars and Cravats

Stylish Ties, latest colors and fabrics, from Canadian and American markets 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. All the popular brands of Collars 15c each

Underwear

Fall and winter weights in stock, in the well-known Penman, Stanfield and Turnbull lines, also many others.

Raincoats of Quality and Value, Guaranteed,
All Styles, \$7.00 to \$20.00