

London Advertiser

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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1914.

MAGINE the situation of a good, commonplace German family: Times very hard, because business is prostrate. Probably the breadwinners are away in uniform.

If it is a farm or shop the women are doing what work here. If it is an artisan's family he pay envelope has stopped.

The main occupation consists in awaiting the bulletins of killed and wounded, and searching there for the name of husband, father or son.

The outlook is bleak; for if the breadwinners come back unscathed long economy will be necessary to repair the loss of profits or earnings during wartime.

And all this misery for what? If Germany wins there may be much shouting in Berlin.

Some new glaring white stripes in Victory Alley; somebody will get decorations and titles; the newspapers will inflate their chests with pride—but this good, commonplace family will only be poorer.

It is an gain nothing whatever, for none of its interests were concerned in the war. If the generals blunder or the Russian titans prove too heavy, then fewer breadwinners will come back, and this commonplace family will get a heavier load of taxes.

Put in its place, you can imagine yourself indignantly repudiating the concern at Berlin that would inflict such misery on you for nothing—saying: "Excuse me! I have no sons to be shot in a game of statecraft. If you want to maintain, by force of arms, a theory about balance of power, go do the fighting yourself!"

Only in that way will war cease. The line is coming when people can no longer be led into war by political dogmas; when they realize that in every war they suffer horribly, while in only one possible war out of a thousand can they gain anything whatever.

Saturday Evening Post.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

W do not refer to ourselves in the above title, but to the business-men of this city. The advertising columns of this home newspaper form a fair barometer of business conditions in this city, and at a glance one can see that the local advertising has not fallen off.

The proportion of London merchants who do not advertise in The Advertiser is comparatively small, and a roster of all the important business houses is found in some of the editions in the course of a week.

How slightly the war has affected this substantial city and the substantial district surrounding it may be gauged from the amount of space used by the local merchant.

Had the national advertiser continued his business as the London advertiser has, there would be less depression than the minimum which exists, considering the circumstances in this country.

Undoubtedly this is the time, when newspapers have largely increased circulation and when newspapers are being read, to advertise extensively.

The London retail merchant has shown that with him business is as usual, and at present we firmly believe there is less business depression in London than in any other Ontario city. If other cities do not believe this let them ask their commercial travellers.

AMERICAN SENTIMENT.

A CITIZEN of London, returning from a visit to the United States, after ample opportunity of learning the views of the people in that country, reports a strong, and almost unanimous, anti-German, or rather anti-Kaiser sentiment.

Attending a convention of representative men of all classes, and from every state of the Union, he did not find one who was not anxious for the success of the allies. And this feeling would not be confined to words alone, if occasion required.

A prominent banker stated that while it might be considered a violation of the neutrality proclamation of the Government, yet if Britain ever wanted money in this contest, some way would be found in the States to provide it.

And as he had not long before been in conference with other bankers it might be taken for granted that he did not so speak without knowing the situation.

The opinion was also freely expressed that if it were not against the law there would be no difficulty in enlisting a large force of men ready to take a hand in the European war on the side of the allies.

These statements are all in line with the more guarded expressions of the leading papers. That there are some few of German birth or association who feel different, goes without saying. And there are doubtless some few who are so intensely anti-British that they would welcome a German victory. But these dissenting voices are few when compared with the utterances of the great mass of the people. They realize perfectly that Britain is not in this war for personal advantage or territorial extension. She is fighting for the pro-

tection of the weaker nations; for the maintenance of good faith among nations, and for the overthrow of military dominance. She has no feeling of ill-will against the people of Germany or any other country. But against the system of military autocracy that would ride rough-shod not only over foreign nations, but over its own people, she will fight to the bitter end.

It cannot be said that the feeling in the United States is on the side of Great Britain simply out of love for that Empire, though that is doubtless an element to some extent. But it is because all the circumstances both preceding and following the outbreak of war, have shown the unjustifiability of the course of those who brought it on. The action of the rulers of Germany and Austria is condemned because it is felt that they were in the wrong, and that they are responsible for all the suffering and slaughter that has followed.

More than that, the conduct of the military and of those in authority in the campaign has been repugnant to all right-minded people. While the Government commenced by violating solemn treaties to which it had pledged, its army has violated every law of civilized nations engaged in war. Making due allowance for the exaggeration which necessarily characterizes reports of military proceedings, there has been too much disgraceful conduct which has not only been fully verified, but actually condoned and defended by men in authority, and by those who have chosen to present what they consider the German view of the situation.

While it would be gratifying to feel that the sympathy Britain receives from this continent was due to the ties of kinship and race, it is still more gratifying to know that there is a great moral underlying cause—the conviction that the Empire is in the right, and that its opponents are in the wrong; that we are fighting on the side of truth and justice, and that we deserve support, not because we are who we are, but for the reason that we are in harmony in our conduct with all right-thinking men of every race and clime.

THEY WILL BE WELCOME.

AFTER this war, if history is to be relied upon, there will be a great movement of people from France, Germany and other European countries to the world that is still new, and without traditional hatreds from which war is bred.

The Germans will come in large numbers, in greater numbers we believe than any other race. Theirs is the land that will suffer most from this war. For many of them a new start will be the only course open. Canada will open her arms to them. As has been constantly asserted by the best of Canada's press and public opinion the Germans who have come to this country are among our very best citizens.

Along with the English, Irish and Scotch, they form the best part of our community. They are good-natured, industrious, kindly people, and this nation will be the richer for all who come.

We do not want to import Prussianism. We want to cast it out here, if it exists in the slightest degree. But for the Teuton people we have no feelings of hatred. They are as much the victims of an infernal conspiracy as we in Canada would be had we been taught to despise and distrust the American people. Did you ever hear a German who came to this country shouting against the arts of peace and complaining because there was no conscription? Not one. They know conscription for a national vampire. There will never be any of it here. There will be no imperialistic deceit nor war loads. We want all peoples to come to Canada. We have the land. To gain the greatest nationhood we must be a melting pot. We must fuse strange metals. We must have no international hatreds of men of another blood. The British Empire has almost every race in its boundaries. And to be a part of the British Empire we must open our doors to all. Otherwise we are Pharisees.

THE NEW PREMIER.

ONTARIO'S new Premier is supposed to be a compromise between the two factions in the Ontario Government. He was not, however, the choice of his colleagues in Parliament; his selection was brought about by pressure from Ottawa. He succeeded Hon. Frank Cochrane in the Legislature and Hon. Frank Cochrane's efforts succeeded in making him Prime Minister. Beside other cabinet ministers, he is comparatively a novice, but he should not interfere with the effectiveness of the Government. If his colleagues give him their support, whether Mr. Hearst is successful in bringing all the ends of the Government together, and is broad enough to see the needs of the province as a whole, remains to be seen. If strong partisanship counts for anything, he should satisfy any loyal Conservative. His work as a cabinet minister has been confined chiefly to northern Ontario, where his constituency lies, and at all times he has been a champion of the new district. It can hardly be expected that he will forget the portion of the country which has given him his political career, and in this respect he will be closely watched by the rest of the province. Whether he will come to realize that Jd Ontario demands some consideration in the interests of good roads and schools will be determined later.

One thing is pretty certain, what Hon. Mr. Hearst wants he will get. He has not been accustomed to argue or to listen to argument. His opinion is regarded as the law which guides him. His appointment, coming as it did, may not help him in this respect. He will need the advice of the more experienced men around him, several of whom were better entitled to the office than he.

If he fails to listen to them his administration will not meet with the approval of the Conservative party. If he does not discuss affairs in the in-

terest of the province as a whole, he will not have the good-will of the people.

It is expected that there will be other changes in the Cabinet. Perhaps Mr. Hearst knows how he is going to be master in fact.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

As the Brooklyn Eagle remarks, the children of Europe will not need any toy soldiers or drum, or cannons this year.

Choler is the enemy of both sides, more deadly than the dum-dum, and if it should gain a hold in Europe, the war may quickly come to an end.

Canada may well afford to let the world's series pass without going into a simulated frenzy. It seems almost irrelevant to display a keen interest in baseball in these times.

"The tapir," says Colonel Roosevelt in his book on "If and South America," is a very archaic type of ungulate not unlike the non-specialized beasts of olden days. The colonel should have realized this was a personal remark and that the tapir had no chance of replying.

"Some of these sharpshooters at Long Branch would be doing more service to their country, if they were using Germans as targets. There wouldn't be so much money in it, but infinitely more honor."—Hamilton Spectator.

Is not this the sort of thing that Earl Roberts has been rebuking in Britain?

Premier Hearst is referred to as the appointee of Hon. Frank Cochrane. Before the appointment the Toronto Telegram (con.) said: "Whether Hon. Frank Cochrane is buying himself here as a Czar or only a courier from the Czar, his gratuitous advice should not be allowed to count in favor of one candidate or against another."

OPINIONS AND FACTS.

[Washington Star.] That many will fall into some kinds of unexpected woes Who think that what he merely thinks is what he really knows.

NO EXCUSE FOR IGNORANCE. [Watchman-Examiner.] The Bible is now printed in 600 languages and dialects, and every year from eight to ten new languages or dialects are added to the list. It is not known how many dialects are spoken on earth, but it is estimated that seven out of every ten of the human population have had provided for their the gospel story in their own tongue.

REVELATION. [Any K. Campbell.] I couldn't go on in the old, dear way. With never a thought for you— It was easy to bid me just forget With never a moment's rue.

But just as your eyes became to brave With a tender care for me— I saw the sorrow you strove to kill, And I knew— for eternity!

How sweet to walk the dear, old way, With the love I never knew. Until I hid from the selfishness In the lonely eyes of you!

ACCOUNTING FOR COURAGE. [Stray Stories.] "I think," she said, hesitatingly and with downcast eyes, "that you better speak to papa."

"Of course?" he replied promptly. "That's easy. The only thing that troubled me was an interview with you."

"You're not afraid of papa?" she said, hesitatingly, opening her eyes in astonishment. "Afraid!" he exclaimed. "Why should I be?"

"Really, I don't know," she answered, "but I suppose so." "Oh, I suppose so," he answered in the off-hand way of the man of the world. "With inexperienced men there would be nothing surprising in it, but I have taken the precaution to lend him money which is still unpaid."

Then it was that the beautiful girl realized that she had caught a genuine fiancée for a husband.

PRO PATRIA. [From Punch.] Britons, in this great fight to which you go Because where honor calls you go you must. Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care, before the nation's war. Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought; But not for her sake, being what you are, Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land, May with the brute sword set a gallop; But by the seal to which you stain your hand, Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep With smiling lips and in your eyes the light, Steadfast and confident, of those who keep Their storied 'scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait— High hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer, We ask what offering we may consecrate, What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease; To find our welfare in the general good; To hold together, merging all degrees In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself to last, To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed; To spend ourselves, and never count the cost; For others' greater need;—

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane; To hush all vulgar clamor of the street; With level calm to face alike the strain Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best, So best confirm their prowess and their pride, Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test Our fortunes we confide. O. S.

IN DEVON

The simple faith of a little child is one of the great wonders of life. No philosopher need waste his time arguing with me about this; because his psychological theories on the subject are of a negative value as opposed to the positive value of this simple faith.

But when this same faith is seen in old persons, the wonder of it all is held through, the soft light of sympathy, and somehow, even in spite of ourselves we stand enthralled. Whatever may be your religion, reader, or mine, or our lack of it, is of no consequence in comparison to the fact that some people's faith in the old story is so great and so real as to overcome the most poignant of human griefs.

And nowhere, perhaps, is this so well exemplified as in the rural districts of England; and at this hour of trial, when so many have lost, and so many may lose, all that makes life worth the struggle you will find the picture I have drawn for you an outstanding reality and not an empty dream of my own creating.

A mass of clinging ivy, dormer windows peeping thro' a country lane in Devon far away. Stands a tiny cottage nestling 'mid the flowers and the ferns.

And the birds are trilling sweetly thro' the day.

And past the meadow yonder the laughing water flows. There the chaffinch and the bullfinch pipe their notes near.

And in the copses near about the thrushes flute and fly, And on the air is borne the scent of hay.

From out the clover pasture comes the low of browsing herds; And lo, the swallows wheeling up above!

Oh, the butterflies and flowers, the birds and summer air— 'Tis Devon and the Devon that I love!

But living in that cottage is a woman old and gray. Alone she sits and ponders on the joys of old endeavor and the losses that have come.

But bitterest is the loss that came the last.

Her only son is fighting and she sits and thinks of him; He planned to marry Edith in the spring. When she would live the mother's life a second time and love— Unconsciously she turns her wedding ring.

Lo, falling from her dim eyes are the tears of hopelessness. She feels the world is meaningless to her; And darkness after twilight makes her loneliness more keen.

The air is still and nothing seems to stir.

On tottering feet she rises as she wipes away her tears. With trembling hand she lights the parlor lamp.

The cushion to the table, from the old familiar place. She takes the Book that bears the holy stamp.

She turns the faded pages as she reads her favorite parts. And babbled is the deep, unuttered moan.

The Bible text of God's love, noble sacrifice and calm— O solace of the ones who are alone!

And reading thus she falls asleep and dreams of days gone by; That Devon home is filled with holy calm.

O mother love is God's great love. How else could life proceed? And mother love is also human balm!

A mass of clinging ivy creeped o'er the cottage walls— Fresh dew upon the grass and meadow slope.

The morning light awakes the birds and songs are flung afar— And in that home in Devon there is hope!

ERIC ROSS GOULDING.

NEW MANAGEMENT. [Kansas City Journal.] "This hotel is under a new management."

"I still see the old proprietor around."

"Yes, but he got married last week."

LITTLE PROGRESS. [Kansas City Journal.] "Are you working for the uplift?"

"Well, I'd like to. But everybody I try to uplift tells me to mind my own business."

LESSONS OF THE WAR. [Cleveland Plaindealer.] While cannon roar across the sea And oceans are no longer free, The fact comes home to one and all That our resources measure small.

For proof, we have no German dyes; Carbolic acid, salicylic acid, and all With citric acid and cocaine, And veronal that deadens pain, And Codein and morphine dopes, And cream of tartar, fancy soaps; While scents and polish swell the list Of chemicals that will be missed.

Of course, the moral's plain enough: We'll have to learn to make the stuff.

NOT TRUE TO LIFE. [Philadelphia Ledger.] "The play is not a bit realistic."

"Why so?" "There's an interval of one week between the first and second acts, and they have the same servant in both."

FOOL STUFF. [Cincinnati Enquirer.] A lovesick young man from the Thames Proposed to a maiden named Edithame.

"Oh light of my life," Said he, "be my rich, And I'll buy you fine clothes and rare gingham."

OVER THERE. [Detroit Journal.] Four Russian officers, men of renown, Each praising the troops from his own native town, Grew highly excited, their voices arose And it looked, for a time, they'd be coming to blows.

"The best fighters we ever have had Are those I brought down from Konstantinograd."

"Aha," said another, "then you never saw My fire-eating flock from Ekaterin-asolau!"

"I smile," said the third, "for no army could have Such fighters as mine from Svengor-oolau."

The fourth waved aloft his broad-banded Kocoutsk. Crying, "Just watch my moujiks from Irivokoutsk!"

Then they all drank from a flagon of vodka, joined hands and sang the stirring old war song, beginning: "Michaeltick, Michaelovna, Petrovivanouraskuj!"

British Courage Will Be a Theme of the Fireside

[From London Leader.] It is probable that the stories of many of the wonderful feats of daring and courage performed in France during the last weeks by the troops of the British expeditionary force will never be adequately written. But they will be handed down from father to son in the French villages and towns around which and through which our troops have been battling for the salvation of France and the liberty of Europe.

Here is a story of the Second Dragoon Guards Queen's Bays, which the Regiment will be able to hold up to recruits as an example of what will be expected of them should they ever find themselves in the field.

"I don't quite remember the date," said the wounded private who told me the story "because we have not had time to think of dates or keep count of days lately, but it was over a week ago, and we were somewhere in the neighborhood of Saint Quentin. We had been fighting all day, and had picked and watered our horses late at night. We thought we were safe, but the last of the Germans, at least for a while, but at 5:45 a.m. the colonel suddenly gave orders to saddle up. We sprang to our feet, and the moment the colonel began to burst over us and the horses stamped. The enemy's sharpshooters were already in position, and we were capturing the horses and man and canister were making the air ring and scream about us.

"The German artillery fire grew in intensity, and we began to wait anxiously for the order to get in position. But we found we should have to wait some little time, because at the moment the Germans opened fire our horses were rearing and stamping. Well, something had to be done, so we got out our Maxims, and in spite of the withering German boys quickly got busy. It would have done you good to see how calmly and quietly they went about their work.

"For a few seconds the German shells were not screaming around us, you could hear the orders of our officers as they were getting the range. Our men were working the guns keenly, they had only one thing to do, and that was to hold on until the artillery came to light. We were waiting their job was to save the regiment from annihilation. Well, in a few minutes they were sending thousands of shots in among the Germans, and shortly afterwards our artillery arrived. The R. F. A. had four guns against the Germans' eleven, but it was not long before they had silenced many of the enemy's weapons. "Our gunners showed extraordinary

courage. Between the artillery and the Queen's Bays you can bet the Germans did not have much of a chance, and it was not long before the Bays were itching to try a charge. We did not have time to wait, and almost before we expected it the bugle sounded. Off we went—hell for leather—at the guns, and the net result of this little engagement was that we captured eleven Krupp guns and took many prisoners."

Engineers' Plucky Work. Gaston Bossier, private in the Sixth Cuirassiers, known in civil life as Dartino, lyrical artist of the Comedie Francaise, tells the following story which, for splendid heroism, seems to afford a parallel to the blowing up of the Delhi bridge during the Indian Mutiny. Bossier is lying wounded in Normandy, a piece of shrapnel shell carried away a portion of his leg, and he can hardly walk.

"We were together," he says, "the Cuirassiers of France and the Royal Engineers of Great Britain; and we had retreated across the Aisne at Soissons. The Germans were advancing rapidly, and were trying to rush their masses across the bridge after us. The bridge had to be blown up. German sharpshooters were firing at us from a clump of trees, and their mitrailleuses were working havoc among the allies. The whole place was an inferno of mitrailleuse and rifle fire. Into this 'gate of hell' your Royal Engineers suddenly went. A party of them dashed towards the bridge, and although losing heavily, managed to lay a charge sufficient to destroy it, but before they could light the fuse they were all killed.

"Then we waited. Another body of these brave fellows had crept near the bridge, and had taken cover, but the German sharpshooters had somehow got their range and were pouring in a deadly fire upon them. In the next few minutes we Frenchmen saw something which we shall remember to our dying day. One of the Engineers made a dash for it, and ran on until he too fell dead, almost over the body of his comrade. A third, a fourth, a fifth, attempted to run the gauntlet of the German rifle fire, and all of them met their deaths in the same way.

"Others dashed out after them, one by one, until the death toll numbered eleven. Then, for an instant, the German rifle fire slackened, and in that instant the bridge was blown up, for the twelve men, racing across the space where the dead bodies of his comrades lay, lit the fuse, and sent the bridge up with a roar as a German rifleman brought him down dead."

A. J. RORKE (Central News).

OPINIONS ABOUT PEOPLE

The Author of "Charley's Aunt."

By the great bulk of the public Mr. Brandon Thomas, who died recently, will probably be remembered—like Single-peech Hamilton—by an isolated effort; to posterity he will go down as the author of "Charley's Aunt," that amazing farce which has overrun the world, and drawn more money every production in this country. "It was produced," says the Daily Telegraph, "on December 21, 1892, by the late Mr. S. Penley, who had previously worked it into shape during a six months' provincial tour, the precursory results of which gave no promise of the amazing success the piece was to achieve later.

It ran in London for four years, being played 1,400 times consecutively. Not only was it played in every part of the English-speaking world, but it also enjoyed the honor of translation into eighteen different languages. It brought £10,000 to the author, and the gentleman who, to float the piece, guaranteed £1,000, but was only called upon to put up a few hundreds; it yielded its author, too, a rich harvest in the shape of royalties."

A Romantic Figure in Modern Literature.

Joseph Conrad is one of the most picturesque and romantic figures in modern literature, and it may be said with hesitation that every word which he writes is a revelation of his own personality. An appreciation of his work by Richard Curle, has been chosen to lead off Messrs. Kegan Paul's new series of "Studies of Living Writers." Born in the Ukraine, in South Poland, in 1857, he was only 5 years old when his father was banished as a rebel, so that the child's youthful memories were all of suffering and unrest. He was educated at the best school at Crewe, but the heroism of a sea-life haunted his boyhood, and in 1874 he became a sailor, landing in England four years later to join the crew of an Australian liner.

The writer for sixteen years was at sea, rising steadily in the service, and when he left the trade in 1894 he had in his pocket a manuscript of "Almayer's Polly," which was published in the following year, and recognized at once among the few who care about vital literature. Thereafter Mr. Conrad became a professional author, but the atmosphere of his books remained the atmosphere of his adventurous youth.

A Stimulating Personality.

On a visit to Oxford in 1891 Mr. (now Sir) W. P. Hartley met a Mansfield College student, Mr. S. Peake, the son of a Primitive Methodist minister. Mr. Hartley formed such an impression of his personality and his scholarship that his heart was set on capturing him for the Primitive Methodist College—then a very small affair—at Manchester.

"Mr. Hartley undertook to secure the student for five years," says the Christian World, "and this association of Sir William Hartley and Dr. Peake led to princely benefactions which the college has never forgotten. Mr. Peake entered it in 1892, accommodated only thirty pupils, has now room for 195. As every body knows, Mr. Peake grew big for his height, and he has been big for the students of other denominational colleges share in the riches of his deep and clear scholarship, and the stimulating quality of his personality; he is dean of the theological faculty of Victoria University; and through his books and articles he is the chief disseminator of Anglo-Saxon Christendom."

A Robert Owen Memorial.

"Publications were excluded in his day and generation from the counters of many respectable booksellers and news-vendors. But time brings changes," says the Liverpool Post, "and the National Library of Wales this month has published a bibliography to make easier the collection of works written by



In Peace and in War—in sickness and in health—in good times and in bad times—in all climes and in all seasons—

SHREDDED WHEAT

is the one staple, universal breakfast cereal and sells at the same price throughout the civilized world. War is always the excuse for increasing the cost of living, but no dealer can raise the price of Shredded Wheat. It is always the same in price and quality—contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs—is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve.

Two shredded Wheat biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, and eaten with milk or cream, will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of not over four cents. Deliciously nourishing and satisfying for any meal with fruits or creamed vegetables.

Made by The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited Niagara Falls, Ontario Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East.

GET OUR PRICES FOR Tin, Lead, Zinc, Babbitt, Solder, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe The Canada Metal Co., Limited FACTORIES: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

FEW MINUTES! NO INDIGESTION, GAS SOUR STOMACH—PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

Digests all food, absorbs gases and stops fermentation at once.

Wonder what upset your stomach— which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well don't bother. If your stomach is in a revolt, if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; your head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and eructate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take Pape's Diapepsin, and in five minutes you will wonder what became of the indigestion.

Millions of men and women today know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little Diapepsin occasionally keeps the stomach regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear. If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is astonishing. Please don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.

Deserters

ARTEMUS WARD, the famous American humorist, whose humor sometimes was a lance-thrust, once said that he was willing to sacrifice all his first wife's relations on the altar of his country. Many a man has been willing to let others do his fighting for him—willing, also, to share the rewards of peace and victory. Men of this type belong to the deserter class.

In Canada are hundreds of business firms striving with all their might to make better times for themselves and their communities. To them all honor. But there are other firms—manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers—who are "standing pat," "playing safe," doing absolutely nothing to build up business. They are mere lookers on, not participants in the valorous struggle of their brethren to maintain and establish good times.

Look about you and you will find in the advertising columns of this and other newspapers many messages from firms with a sturdy confidence in the future.