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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, Feb. 23.

INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH.

CANADA, having decided that research work will stimulate and multiply her industries, now seeks to organize this work so as to produce the best results. In regard to the matter, Industrial Canada says:

"The question of how industrial research can best be conducted is one of primary importance. Is it better to have all research organized and installed in a national institution, or is it better to let it grow wherever it will? There are some classes of physical inquiry that, like rare plants, will only grow on a particular soil. Under the inspiration of a particular individual or nurtured by the traditions of a particular place, they flourish and give to the world wonderful fruit. Any attempt to transplant them might end in the loss of the strain forever. Such researches should be nurtured by the state with suitable funds and facilities, but no interference should be made with this mode of growth.

"There are, on the other hand, many problems the solutions of which have for long been wanted, and which are most likely to be solved, if at all, by being attacked on a large scale by many workers with almost unlimited funds behind them. They are the questions of the more economical consumption of coal, the more universal distribution of electrical energy, and numerous large chemical and electro-chemical problems that can be carried out with greater expedition under state aid than by individual enterprise. For these matters one wants national physical laboratories controlled by a commission on industrial and scientific research, such as is understood to be the scheme of the minister of trade and commerce."

Such work must have the co-operation of the universities, manufacturers and state. Each has his particular part to play, and each will find profit in the result. The manufacturers will feel the various industries growing larger and more vigorous under the influence of academically conducted industrial research, the universities will have a new field opened up, and another profession to which their students may aspire, while the state will grow in wealth and national importance, as its industries expand.

The manufacturers can do their part by supplying practical problems and machinery necessary for investigation of these problems. A great part of industrial research will involve heavy machinery, which manufacturers alone can supply, and often observations will have to be made on great quantities of goods and their effect on the market and in use. This phase of the work can be done only with the co-operation of the manufacturers. Manufacturers must also be ready to share their knowledge in particular lines. One firm is not strong enough to deal with all the problems which its particular line of manufacture brings up. Manufacturers must combine in Canada or be outdone by the great industrial combinations of foreign countries. Another way in which the manufacturers can help is for them to endow departments of industrial research in the various universities of the Dominion. Our Western University is excellently situated in an industrial centre, and might develop wonderfully along the lines of industrial research.

The universities must supply the skilled men and rare instruments for this work. Within their walls many of the most intricate experiments might be carried on. Men should be trained there who will be able to go forth into the manufactories, to continue and supervise the investigation there.

The state also has a great part to play in this work. There are many small firms which cannot afford to pay specially qualified men, and so their problems go uninvestigated, and the particular industries which they represent are hampered. It has been suggested that the state might send men to these firms, who would be able, either to settle the difficulty themselves or at least appraise its importance and hand it over to the state institutions for a more thorough investigation. The fee for such services would necessarily be based on the advantage which that particular firm gained. If, however, the knowledge derived led to the furthering of the whole industry, no fee would be charged.

The foregoing methods, if adopted by the manufacturers, universities, and state, in conjunction, and worked out by the commission of industrial research, would cause Canadian industry to advance with such strides that soon fear of any foreign market would be utterly impossible.

TAX FOR CATS.

TAX THE CATS! That's what Kingston says! So should London! Kingston is the home of birds! Therefore Kingston knows that its birds need protection! The cats have been breaking into the big cage and stealing the birds, we take it! Therefore tax the cats! Call them taxi-cats! Scat! Scat! Tax the tacking taxi-cat!

What kind of cats they have at Kingston we do not know! But the kind of cat that could carry away a Kingston bird must be a super-cat! from the jungles of the Thousand Islands, no doubt!

We have cats here, of both kinds! Tax 'em! Appoint a cat inspector at once! Dig up Ben Blackstock, and give him a net and a piece of liver! Then when he has rounded up London's 11,827,439 cats, line up your citizens and let your cats pick out their rightful owners! At that rate the city taxes would be paid overnight at $1 per pussy! Also a good-sized charge of guncotton could be applied at once, with the mayor officiating!

Eleven fences surround the twelve shovelfuls of earth that comprise our backyard! Why so much fence should be used to compass a barrowful of ashes and field stones we could never tell! It must be for the cats! They are there every night calling down maledictions on the man who invented the garbage system! Our can is sealed tight, and the cats have declared a blockade! They use every power of persuasion and threat to have us loosen the top of the can, but we merely rip off another bathroom tap and let them have that! But the cats always come back and yowl!

Therefore tax the cats and remit the taxes of the cat sufferers! Then blow them up or skin 'em for their hides, and ask the city furriers for tenders! Think of the crop of near-seal, Baffin Bay seal, Port Stanley seal, Lake St. Clair seal and Pond Mills seal coats the ladies might have to wear next summer! This has got the famous cat-catch-rat, rat-eat-cat system beaten a mile!

GERMAN PARSONS.

A DANISH theologian called Dr. Bang, a name which raises thoughts of the "drum ecclesiastic," has published a book of extracts from German sermons, which reveals from the parsonic mouth of the pirate country its diabolical character. Fifteen years ago the Danish divine drew attention in one of his books to a German commentary on the Sermon on the Mount, in which Jesus, Luther and Wilhelm the Great were described as "true world-conquerors," while Bismarck ranked along with St. Paul as a leader of life. But while Dr. Bang does not now for the first time comment on the barbarous religion of Germany, he maintains a scientific treatment of the subject, impartially exhibiting the typical phenomena.

Here is an example from one German preacher of the malignant spirit and the bombastic fury with which our enemy wages war:

"O God, do Thou accept us as strong and worthy to wield Thy fell sword of vengeance; as Thy faithful servants we will avenge the blood of our brethren with truly God-like courage."

"Well, God, we are just about as good as you," is the idea. What we do, the Lord does; it's the same thing. All these German preachers imagine Germany as a chosen instrument of "God's" wrath, hatred and vengeance. One takes it to the Lord in prayer that He "cannot place the golden crown of victory in purer hands"—take it from me, so to speak. Another announces that:

"God calls us to murderous battles, even if worlds should thereby fall to ruins. His wrathful call obliterates our sinful nature; with His iron rod we smite all our enemies in the face."

This is really very rude. Hear the pastoral first go-bang. Of course just now it is principally Belgian women and civilization or prisoners of war that the German conscripts strike in the face. Along in front of the British lines their god suffers them, singularly enough, to be much smitten themselves. Clearly this German god has feet of clay. He is made in Germany. He may call his followers to "murderous battles," but he cannot save them from destruction. The German god is apparently nothing but a big gun, and his worshippers may be termed sons of a gun.

It may be that the mass of the people are not so bad as the preachers and the press. These are tuned up to some extent by the government. Many of the preachers are scandalously servile to the powers that be. Pastor Rump thus praises the kaiser:

"As a true Israelite without guile, in the midst of an untrustworthy generation, he confronted the respectful gaze of his people and of the world. We have but partly known him. This inner greatness, this sun-clear nobility of soul, this German straightforwardness which holds out to the last moment, which does not suspect a false friend of lying or fraud until he unmasks himself—all this has simply vanquished us. To such grandeur has William the Second grown before our wondering eyes, that we feel the greatest of the Hohenzollerns to have risen again in him. In one point, my brethren, he exceeds them all—in the sense of his responsibility to the living God."

If there is such a thing as "the living devil," then we shall refer the kaiser to him or to Krupps. A German preacher called Herrman closes a long-winded justification of the Turkish alliance with this: "We must maintain that we stand near to the Turks in our faith—only they have not recognized the right foundation of the faith they hold. But we Germans can help them to that." Hindenburg doubtless supplies the Turk with a reasonable number of images of his foundation of faith, the efficient Krupp gun.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Russia christens her new trade with Canada by opening an office at Ottawa. Long may it flourish!

"It is easier to write than to make history," says Wilson. Is it also easier to write notes than to wage war?

You will find that those who believe in slave-drivers always imagine themselves in the position of the slave-driver.

The subs have failed to catch Sir Robert Borden and his party, but then they are adepts at slipping out of unpleasant situations.

The daylight-saving question is still causing disturbance in various parts of the world. Its reception here was no great advertisement for it.

"I do wish, dear, you would try and not make so many grammatical errors."
"Why? Aren't they as good as your mother used to make?"
—London Today.

THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

OPIUM AND OLIVIA.

By Dorothy Douglas.

As young Dr. Rylance stepped swiftly out of his office, a shining bauble caught his eye with its glisten in the bright morning sunshine. He stooped and picked it up. He thrust it in his pocket. He was far too intent on catching the next train in at the 110th street elevated station to examine the bauble he had found.

Having caught the train and seated himself he unfolded the morning paper. This quarter hour on the train was the only time during the day that the doctor allowed himself for the perusal of the war-filled papers.

He whistled softly as he looked at it. In the bright light from the reading lamp the bauble assumed decided value. Even to his eyes, ignorant as to the price of feminine adornment, the locket fairly screamed aloud its worth from the costly mass of jewels in the gold frame.

"Hump! I'd like to get the value of that locket for every appendix I expect to cut out," he ruminated. "I would soon have my own shingle hanging out wherever I wanted it."

There was a mysterious catch that gave the doctor no little amusement and trouble before he could open the tightly closed locket. When his fingers discovered the secret and the locket flew open his eyes expanded, then contracted, in professional scrutiny.

The locket was filled with tiny opium pills!

"Dope!" muttered the doctor. Involuntarily he sighed. There was so much wreckage floating about the world. Here was startling evidence of human tragedy. Some wretched woman was no doubt suffering the tortures of the condemned because she had lost her opium. The doctor longed for means whereby he could drag that bit of social wreckage back to power and control and self-respect.

His inner conviction was that the woman, whoever she might be, would never claim the locket for fear her ghastly skeleton should become public property. She would shrink from seeing it stalk about in the set to which she belonged.

The doctor slept little that night. The personality of the opium fiend kept rising vividly before him. In his mind she was a pitiable bit of womanhood trying desperately to escape the degradation of vice and resorting to every form of deception in order to secure the means of forgetfulness. He felt her tragedy keenly, for he was a sympathetic man.

Skeptical though he was as to results, he inserted a well-worded advertisement in the daily papers. He felt reasonably certain that no one would claim the tell-tale locket. There was the chance, however, that the owner, in abject need of the opium, would immerse her pride or employ an elaborate fabric of lies in order to redeem the drug-filled bauble.

Rylance smiled dryly as he pictured himself being fooled in his professional capacity.

He had, in his advertisements, hinted at secrecy. He wanted to protect the woman from needless suffering following fear of exposure, strict confidence was promised.

When Olivia Westin found the advertisement she had been seeking, her eyes lighted in triumph until they twitched with excitement. She glanced with tender expression at the typewriter standing forlornly on the table beside the window. Its white keys had not known the touch of Olivia's fingers for ten days. The truth was that Olivia's brain was fagged. Consequently her typewriter suffered a neglect that, had it been of masculine gender, would have troubled it greatly, for Olivia's fingers were wonderfully soft and gentle.

She arose and took up the telephone. The number she called was the one given in the advertisement.

Dr. Rylance was in his office. When he took up the telephone receiver a little snatch song was wafted along the wire. After that delightful sound Olivia's voice reached him.

"I am most anixous about my locket," she said.

"I am sorry I opened it," Rylance said to her. "But as you may know, a man's curiosity is a thing quite beyond his power to control." He appreciated the little laugh that bounded along the wires. "When can you call for the locket?" He was conscious of keen desire to study this opium fiend at close range. He desired to determine the exact amount of damage already accomplished by the habit.

"There is a wan hope." He did not know that his faintly voiced thought would travel along the wire.

The noise at the other end was more like the twittering of birds than the haunting wail of a lost soul. The doctor marveled.

"I will call this afternoon," Olivia said eagerly.

The glowing tone in her voice caused the doctor to sigh as he hung up the receiver. It was evident that she was joyous over the prospect of regaining her lost property.

During the afternoon it was difficult for Dr. Rylance to give full attention to the suffering humanity that trooped into his office. If the girl coming in the late afternoon proved to be the victim of opium, then she would be the young doctor's first experience with the drug fiend in feminine form. He shuddered unconsciously. To him there seemed nothing so pitiable as feminine flotsam drifting helplessly in a world of vice.

When the neat little nurse who acted as office attendant ushered in Olivia it was nearing the twilight hour. The doctor was forced swiftly to his feet. Having inspected human wreckage in one of its most terrifying forms, the sight of Olivia was frightfully upsetting.

She smiled with charming candor when she looked into the serious eyes of the young professional man who was so flatteringly amazed at her appearance.

"It was silly of me to lose my precious locket," she said. "I don't know how it happened. It is usually so secure." She gazed calmly, if admiringly, at Rylance.

"You—you don't look like an opium fiend," was his startled comment.

Olivia laughed gleefully.

"Neither am I," she told him. "I am only a poor, harmless writer, whose brain has been squeezed dry of every plot that it ever possessed. I hadn't written a story for ten whole days." She turned tragic eyes full upon Dr. Rylance without heeding the effect on his masculine senses. "I deliberately lost my locket—just to see who would find it and——"

Incredulity and relief in the doctor's eyes stopped the swift confession on Olivia's lips. Also there was something more disconcerting in his eyes. Olivia felt that she was going to get more out of her adventure than she had bargained for.

"But what thieves are you associated with from whom you obtain opium?" he questioned. "It's a crime, you know."

"My brother," said Olivia loftily with flaming cheeks, "is a chemist."

"And a fool if he gives you opium to make plots for stories out of."

Olivia's head droppepd.

"He—he didn't give it to me. I knew where it was kept." She glanced up swiftly in defence of her brother. "He thinks me all kinds of a foolish person, because of the things I do to get atmosphere for stories."

Dr. Rylance was looking at her in a way entirely uncalled for, considering the newness of the acquaintance. Olivia feared, from the manner in which her heart had taken to beating, that something other than a short story was going to be the outcome of her act. Never had it acted in this unusual way in the search for material.

"You may be silly," Rylance finally voiced some of the thoughts running riot in his brain during that long meeting with Olivia's eyes, "but you are also—many other things—of much nicer order." He rejoiced at the swift rush of color into Olivia's cheeks. She had also made a quick movement toward the door. He checked here exit with a gesture. "I don't get much time to read the magazines, but I suppose they occasionally take a story of love at first sight. If you want any facts or suggestions regarding the emotions of a man who has fallen suddenly, unexpectedly and completely in love at first sight—just you come to me—will you?" There was a hint of pleading below the laughter in the doctor's voice.

"My imagination is rather good," Olivia told him, "so I think it will not be difficult to weave some kind of story out of this situation."

The doctor smiled knowingly and Olivia made good her escape. It would be rather curious, even in a story, should both the hero and heroine capitulate to love in the first paragraph.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Lent is with us. We have very little to give up this year. Smoking is the only habit left with us, and we will stick to the smudge.

* * *

Fish is so expensive that most folks will have to compromise by eating snowballs and oats.

* * *

A newspaper says that Bill Bryan has the support of the thinking men of the States. Thinking men must be about as extinct as the dodo, if that be the case.

* * *

Poker may be the national game of the United States, but the kaiser has got that country bluffed to a standstill. Can't sink a boat that remains at home.

* * *

It would appear from the dispatches that Greece is frying in its own grease. Let her frizzle.

* * *

The canvassers for the Red Cross and patriotic funds received rebuffs from two pool room proprietors, it was stated the other day. The fund did not need their money, and the citizens may not need the pool rooms.

* * *

"I came into contact with 200 officers in the First Battalion since the war began," said Sergt. Jimmy Murray. "Of that number there were only three booze fighters. Two of them got drunk behind the lines, and were sent back. One got jagged in the trenches, but he did no damage, as the men would not follow him a minute. He was also sent back. That's not a bad record. The Canadians certainly did not earn any reputation for boozing on the front lines. Gen. Odlum will not allow rum issues to the 11th Brigade."

* * *

Some day some original guy will make a speech in which he will inform the world that Canadian soldiers are regular humans, that they have brains enough to know what they want, and courage enough to do the things they want to do.

* * *

Cincinnati voters sold their votes for $1 each at the last election. That's about all Cincinnati votes are worth.

* * *

New York is to have a new million dollar hotel for artists. Col. Lil Russell should be manager, and Hank Ford clerk. They're some artists.

* * *

A San Francisco woman complains that her husband has consumed 1,000 gallons of whiskey in twelve years. Speaking of tanks, this fellow looks the part.

* * *

It is hard to picture a child crying and clinging to its mother's skirts. Can't find the skirts.

* * *

Kingston proposes to tax cats. It will soon be a crime to tell the missus that she has a catty disposition.

* * *

We never feel like taxing cats. We generally feel like committing murder on the soloists in our neighborhood.

* * *

Women may soon grace our legislative halls. They will do just as well as some of the old women who misrepresent constituencies now.

* * *

A gent says that the freedom of the seas will soon be enjoyed by the icebergs and fish. How can the fish enjoy themselves with subs falling down upon them all the time?

* * *

The kaiser will shortly accuse the United States of kicking him in the face, and starting a war.

* * *

The girls nowadays are in favor of the freedom of the SEES. Oh, yep, that's what a person wrote us.

* * *

We read that 25,000 Detroit babies are born annually. Hope their being born every year does not prevent them from growing up.

* * *

The water wagon will soon be the national emblem. Yo ho and a bottle of pop.

* * *

Tell a girl these days that she's as pretty as a spotted pup, and she will call the doctor. Measles.

* * *

IN PRAISE OF PUPS.

The world has a lot of a number of things
That always are pleasant to see,
Of pretty girls' eyes and blackberry pies
And roses and paydays and glee;
And waffles and movies and blue china cups
And bargains and full dinner pails,
But pleasantest far are the nice little pups
That wiggle and waggle their tails!

A nice little, brown little puppy who seems
Just brimming with wiggles and wags,
His damp little nose, as pink as a rose,
Two ears that are pert little rags;
And half of him shrinking in fear of a spank,
And half of him wigging a plea,
And all of him ready for any old prank,—
There's nothing so pleasant as he!

And how can they say that a creature is dumb
That's wise in its own sort of way?
Altho we suppose there's little he knows,
Yet oh, how he knows how to play!
He knows how to find all the fun as he goes
Through his life in this sorrowing vale,
And especially we're glad that each little pup knows
How to wiggle and waggle his tail!

—MORRIS MILLER.

SHAW'S PRETTY LITTLE SPITEFUL WAYS.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Whatever may be thought of George Bernard Shaw as a playwright, Shaw as a privileged literary and epistolary mountebank, as a sort of super-British bagman, is once more depicted by himself in the letter he has written to the New York Drama League telling it why, to parallel Whistler, he still continues to "disappoint a continent." But what did the Drama League expect? And what did any one of the numerous American admirers who have been urging him to come and have been bespeaking in advance an autograph, or a lock of his red hair, expect? Even more than Whistler, from whom he caught a great many of "Fanny's pretty little spiteful ways," Shaw for years has diligently followed the "gentle art of making enemies" out of would-be friends, to his great personal delight and the amusement of that half of the British public that likes to see the other half shocked. Neither patriotism, nor religion, nor science, nor conventional morals, nor the comities that obtain between man and man on the basis of mutual respect, have been free from Shaw's mordant wit. With him egotism is the keynote of a mind that saw Sterne's peruke humor and went him a thousand better.

DISEASE AND THE ARMY.

[Halifax Chronicle.]

Disease used to be more destructive of armies than one army of another. But medical science, with good sanitary arrangements, has changed all that. Sir Alfred Keogh last summer reported twenty-two cases of typhoid among the British soldiers in France, and remarked that in former days with the same number of men in the field, there would have been at least 80,000 cases. The United States had 170,000 men on the Mexican border from May 1 to October 16, and there were but twenty-four typhoid cases and no deaths, in the war with Spain, in an American army of less than 150,000 men, there were 20,000 cases and 2,192 deaths.

SHIELD OF A WHOLE WORLD'S SAFETY.

[Toronto Telegram.]

A world with British Liberty dethroned at the centre of sea power would be a world in which the power and population of the United States could not provide security for the safety of the American Republic, much less a shelter for the liberty of Canada.

CHAPMAN'S Saturday Specials

Suits at $11.50

Women's suits of splendid Blue Cheviot; the coat has a belt and large collar, and the skirt is smartly designed. Sizes 36, 38 and 44. Reduced from $20.00.

New Spring Skirts Here—Many of the smart new spring styles on display.

LONG HIP CORSETS, of good quality white coutil, steel filled. Sizes 19 to 30. At 59c

STRONG HEAVY CORSETS, for full stout figures. Sizes 20 to 30. Regular $2.00, for $1.49

Over Size Nightgowns of heavy striped or white flannelette. Special $1.49

A DUET OF WAIST BARGAINS

18 dozen Ladies' White Silk Waists, consisting of three popular style. Sizes 36 to 44. One style has lace trimmed collar. **$1.25**

Ladies of London can rely on getting the best waist values in London at Chapman's. Near-Silk Waists in popular stripes. Sizes 36 to 44. **98c**

Saturday Hose Specials

WOMEN'S CASHMERETTE HOSE, wide garter top and seamless, fast black. Sizes 8½ to 10. Saturday special, per pair 25c

WOOL CASHMERE HOSE, for women and misses, a good quality black wool cashmere. All sizes. Saturday special, per pair 48c

WOMEN'S SILK-ANKLE HOSE, black only; some slight imperfections. Sizes 8½ to 10. Saturday special, per pair 25c

Shepherd Check Dress Goods

Special for Saturday's selling: Three pieces Shepherd Check Dress Goods, small and large check, clear black and white, 36 inches wide. This will be eagerly bought at 25c per yard. **25c**

100 YARDS BLACK FRENCH VOILES, all wool and permanent dye, 42 inches wide. Worth $1.25. Saturday special, per yard 75c

150 YARDS ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS, splendid weight for spring tailored suits. Old dye and old value. 50 inches wide. In black, navy and purple, $2.00 value, at, per yard $1.25

Clean-Up of Sweater Coats and Skating Caps

MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SWEATER COATS, heavy union wool garments, made by Penman, In navy, copen and khaki $2.50 formerly, on sale Saturday $1.98

GIRLS' AND MISSES' SKATING CAPS and Pretty Toques of brushed wool, in delicate shades of grey, blue, white and cardinal. Were 98c and $1.25. Saturday special 75c

WOOL AND FABRIC GLOVES, a clean-up Saturday of odd boxes of children's, misses' and women's gloves, in black, navy, red and natural. Were 35c and 50c, at, per pair 27c

Flannelettes, Cottons

Another shipment of Saxony Flannel, 36 inches wide. Present value 25c. Supply your requirements Saturday at, per yard 15c

10 PIECES WHITE TWILLED CASHMERETTE FLANNELETTE, 30 inches wide, on sale Saturday, per yard 15c

FINE WHITE CAMBRIC COTTON, no dressing, 36 inches wide, on sale, for your spring sewing, at, per yard 15c

WHITE LONSDALE, fine finished lawn, splendid for underwear of all descriptions, 36 inches wide. At, per yard 18c

Petticoat Special

10 dozen Women's Black Sateen Petticoats, fine quality for spring wear. Regular $1.00. On sale, per yard 75c

Toweling for Saturday, 300 yards Union Crash Toweling, present value 20c, at, per yard, 15c, or 7 yards for $1.00. **7 yards for $1**

J. H. Chapman & Co.

239, 241, 243 DUNDAS STREET

Traction Company

EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 17.

To St. Thomas and Port Stanley—7:30 a.m., *9:30, *11:30, *1:30 p.m., *3:30, *5:30, *7:30, *9:15 p.m.

To Tempo, 4:30. To St. Thomas, 6:15 p.m. and 11:15 p.m

Sunday cars marked with a star (*)

London and Port Stanley Railway

EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 1.

To Port Stanley—6:20, 8:20, 10:20 a.m., 1:20, 3:20, 5:20, 7:20, 10:20 p.m.

So St. Thomas—*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, *11:20 p.m.

Heavy type denotes no local stops between London and St. Thomas.
*Daily, except Sunday. tf

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
LONDON TO HALIFAX
(Via Plymouth)
HALIFAX TO LONDON
(Calling Falmouth to land passengers)
For particulars of sailings and rates, apply to local agents or to The Robert Reford Company, Limited, general agents, 50 King street east, Toronto.

"Astonishing how my

Strength and Fitness

came back," says Mr. Inman, a Winnipeg business man, cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

"It was astonishing how my strength and fitness came back," says **Mr. G. C. INMAN, of 330, HARCOURT STREET, STURGEON CREEK, WINNIPEG,** for many years a well-known man in the business life of Canada. Mr. Inman continues: "It is about three years now since I first used Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I was terribly run-down and weak. Sometimes I felt I should have to leave off altogether, my work was such an effort to me, I ate little, I had no appetite, and I suffered if I forced myself to eat.

"My nerves of course were in a bad way, and my sleep very disturbed. Everything, in fact, pointed to a nervous breakdown. It was then a friend told me about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I got some to try. The first result was that I could sleep at nights, and then my health rapidly improved. It was really astonishing how my strength and fitness came back.

"I may add that some time ago my mother was very ill with pernicious anæmia. I urged her to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets but she would not so I crushed them down and gave them in food without her knowing. She was confined to bed before she had the Tablets, and now is about again well and bright."

Mr. G. C. Inman.

Mr. Inman is now in England, having had to return there some little time ago to take control of the well-known firm of A. W. Inman and Son, Printers and Publishers, Leeds. Letters will reach him there.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

FREE SAMPLE. On receipt of 3 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognized remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Weakness	Kidney Trouble	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Dyspepsia	Vital Exhaustion

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Price: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.