

**Brant Theatre**  
Attractions Extraordinary  
Stuart Blackton's Master  
piece  
**"The World For Sale"**  
Featuring  
An Little & Conway Tearle  
Thrilling Story of the Canadian  
Northwest  
2nd Series  
**"The Price of Folly"**  
with  
**RUTH ROLAND**  
**Badder-Lavelle Trio**  
Comedy Cyclists  
**Canadian Scenic Wonder**  
Thursday Friday, Saturday  
**Pauline Frederick in**  
**"Mrs. Dane's Defence"**  
(By Henry Arthur Jones)  
Pictureization of the Great  
Stage Success of its season  
with Pauline Frederick  
at her best.

**DAYS, 21, 22, 23**  
Y DAY.  
NOTHING  
LIKE IT ON  
EARTH.  
es  
**OO**  
**UES**  
THE  
A  
Cost  
Over  
Half A  
Million Dollars  
MA EVER MADE  
e. Evening, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c  
LES DRUG STORE.  
greatest minstrel show ever  
treis." Watch for it.

**LL'S**  
PHONE 632

bequeathed an important  
the pictures to the National  
in London. In 1915 he signed  
leaving the pictures to  
but the codicil was never  
ed and on the return voyage  
d down on the Lusitania.

**D YEAR WITH**  
**SHATTERED SPINE**  
Ends the Suffering  
Gunner Gilbert Ross  
Slack.

Ont. March 19.—Gunner  
Ross Slack, aged 32 years  
lived for the past year with  
red spine, the result of be-  
by a piece of shrapnel, just  
the Vimy Ridge engagement  
1917, died in hospital here  
the young man's case  
one of the wonders of the  
although he was given up  
months ago, he has strug-  
clinging to life with won-  
dour and tenacity. He  
ght back to Canada in Octo-  
after having been given up  
by Frederick Treve, the  
British surgeon, who exam-  
ed him in London, in hope that  
was still a chance for their  
lover his parents took him  
York a month after his ar-  
rival, and he was given up  
a great American surgeon,  
en he has been in a local  
undergoing great suffering,  
ad cheerful all the time.

**DODD'S**  
**KIDNEY**  
**PILLS**  
KIDNEY DISEASE  
RHEUMATISM  
GOUT  
DIABETES  
23 THE PRO

# CANADA AND THE ALIEN PROBLEM

The Detroit Free Press besides editorially discussing the alien problem in the U.S. and looking in the direction of drafting them for farms, prints an interesting despatch from Toronto the situation in Canada as follows:

For the first time in nearly four years of war the problem of the alien enemy in Canada is becoming acute. This does not mean that the alien enemies are beginning to indulge in outrages. Canada has been singularly free from trouble on that score and continues so.

Canada's attitude toward this class ever since the outbreak of war has been lenient. This general statement is true though there may perhaps be isolated cases, where persons with German or Austrian blood have suffered what seemed like injustice when the flame of prejudice has been fanned.

**Live on Fat of Land.**  
As a class however, the aliens are living on the fat of the land. There has never at any time been any wholesale internment. Although alien enemies in Canada, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, there has never been more than 10,000 incarcerated. And the period of maximum internment was caused not in any spirit of apprehension, much less of punishment, but out of compassion at a period early in the war when a certain class found it difficult to get employment of any kind. To keep them from starving the government gathered some thousands of them up and looked after them in camp.

To-day there are only 2,645 alien enemies interned, and these are only the characters, who for some reason are considered dangerous. The others have been gradually released from custody as the demand for labor in districts they would have no difficulty in looking after themselves. Their freedom has been almost as complete as that of Canadian citizens, the only string on them being that they must report at long intervals to registrars or the dominion police.

### SAFE HOME TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM

**CHANGEABLE SPRING WEATHER STARTS THE PAINS BUT THE TROUBLE IS ROOTED IN THE BLOOD.**

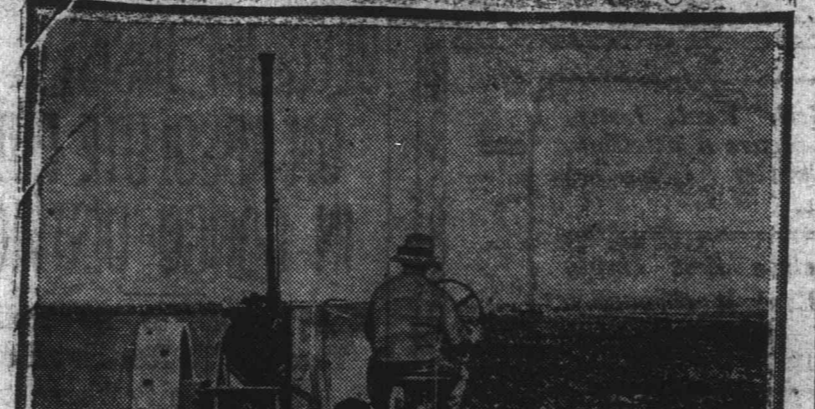
Thousands Throughout Canada Who Are Suffering Can Be Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The twinges and tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people suppose. Bad weather may start the pains going, but the real cause is rooted in the blood. Liniments and rubbing may help deaden the pain, but it always returns and usually in a worse form, simply because this treatment cannot cure. To cure rheumatism to stay cured you must root the poison out of the blood. This is the only sure way—the only sensible way to get rid of the trouble. And the one medicine for doing this which has been pre-eminently successful is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood that goes right to the root of the trouble, releasing the stiffened joints, clearing away the torturing pains and giving the sufferer renewed health and ease. If you are suffering from rheumatism, or any trouble due to poor, weak blood, you should, in your own interest, at once give this always reliable medicine a fair trial.

ACTUALLY CRIPPLED.	FREE FROM PAIN.	COMPLETELY CURED.
Mrs. F. M. Simpson, R. R. No. 1, Blenheim, Ont., says: "For a long time I was confined to bed and actually crippled with rheumatism. The trouble first located in my ankle, then spread to my knees and then to my arms. The limbs were much swollen, and if I moved caused me much pain. I seemed to get weak in other respects and fell off in weight from 156 to 110 pounds. One day while reading I came across the case of a rheumatic sufferer cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to try them and sent for three boxes. By the time these were gone I had begun to improve, and with help was able to get up. Continuing the use of the pills I was first able to go about with the use of a crutch, which later I discarded for a cane, and then through the use of the pills I was able to throw aside the cane as well, and go about as briskly as I had ever done. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been a blessing to me."	Mr. Henry Smith, a well known and respected resident of St. Jerome, Que., says: "For upwards of a year I was a victim of rheumatism in a most painful form. The trouble was located in my legs and for a long time I was so bad that I could not walk. The suffering which I endured during that time can only be imagined by those who have been similarly afflicted. Doctors' treatment did not help me and then I began trying other remedies, but with no better results. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although I had begun to lose faith in medicine, I decided to try the pills a trial. I am very grateful now that I did so, for after taking eight boxes of the pills the trouble completely disappeared. I was free from pain, the swelling in the joints disappeared, and I could walk as well as ever. I did in my life. I have since taken the pills occasionally as a precautionary measure, and I cannot speak too highly in their favor and commend them to all rheumatic sufferers."	Mr. A. E. Hinton, Western Ave., Toronto, says: "Up to about a year ago my wife had suffered for nearly three years from rheumatism, suffering greatly. She had been under the care of several doctors, besides spending dollars on advertised cures, but did not get any relief. One day talking to a fellow clerk, she said her sister had been cured of this trouble by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Although not feeling very hopeful, I took two boxes home that evening and urged my wife to try them. By the time they were used they had done her so much good that she required no pressing to continue the treatment, and after taking six or seven boxes she was completely cured. As I have said this was about a year ago, and she has had no return of the trouble since. I feel very grateful for the immense good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done my wife, and I hope other sufferers will benefit by her experience."

There has been no increase in the price of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are still sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. If your home dealer cannot supply you they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# 1500 Tractor Outfits to Help The French Grow More Food



where they evidently scented bigger game. It is the returned soldier who finds this going being the consideration the present situation of the alien enemy in Canada. The veteran comes home from the war after two or three years at the front, his savings gone, years of opportunity in the best part of his life gone, his health perhaps permanently impaired. And he finds an alien enemy in the job he left empty perhaps two or three times as much money as he himself was ever paid for the same work.

He finds alien enemies permeating industrial life everywhere. He finds thousands of them even in munition factories. In one plant in Toronto there are alien enemies earning \$12 a day each. The veteran learns of this and reflects on his own \$1.10 that he received for risking his life for his country. It is not to be wondered at that the injustice of the situation makes the veteran see red. It is not of much use to tell him that the alien enemy who is peaceable and law-abiding and working is performing a useful service, and that he is probably giving value for the wages he gets.

Needless to say the community as a whole sympathizes with the point of view of the returned soldier. But when the problem is grappled with at close quarters it is found to be one of the most difficult that have arisen since the war broke out.

**Three Suggestions Offered**  
Here are some of the suggestions that have been made for dealing with the alien enemy.

1. Suggest that the government should impose a special tax on him to take away his surplus wage over \$1.10 a day. A cumbersome administration task that might defeat its own purpose.
2. Impose a special tax on him to take away his surplus wage over \$1.10 a day. A cumbersome administration task that might defeat its own purpose.
3. Conscript him for labor purposes in factories and on the farms, paying him the soldiers' rate of pay \$1.10 a day.

### Rippling Rhymes

Now, comrade, more than ever, when war goes on apace it should be your endeavor to wear a cheerful face; don't cast wet blankets over us, there are enough to bore us with their depressing choruses when grief is a disgrace. We hear enough forecasting disaster, as we "are" enough "dod-gest" of everything below, but there is enough of sighing, we see enough of crying, without another trying to hand out slabs of woe. Don't labor to dishearten the delegates you meet; but show with courage Spartan a smile serene and sweet; we've streak of yellow, can only bear and bellow and show his rigid feet. One thing is true as blazes, and always has been true, a lot of good as new; should we strike up sailing, and see our plans go trailing, a lot of tears and wailing won't make the boys less blue. One thing is true as blazes, and always has been so; if we would trample under a fierce and deadly foe; we need high hearts undaunted; and with us is not wanted the man who's always flinching the condor wings of woe. So dry your tears disgusted, and let our soldiers feel that you have perfect trust in their courage and their steel; how can they fight, on hearing that we're instead of cheering, are doubting, weeping, fearing, and making doleful spits?

**MEMORABLE FLAG.**  
By Courier Leased Wire.  
London, March 19.—Hugh Morrison, a Scotch landowner, who took a prominent part in the relief of survivors and burial of the dead from the steamship Tuscania, has sent to the Associated Press an American flag made by Scotch women and used at all Tuscanian funerals, with the request that it be sent to President Wilson for deposit in a museum to be selected by the President. With the flag is the inscription: "An American flag made at Islay House, February 7, 1918, and hoisted with the Union Jack at all funerals of Tuscania victims on the Scotch coast. The flag was made by Mary Armour, Florence Hall, Mary Cunningham, Jessie McLellan, Catherine Macgregor, and John McDougall, and used at funerals at Port Charlotte, Kilnashilton, Killesnoan and Kinabus, all on the Island of Islay."

**R. T. OF T. IN SESSION.**  
By Courier Leased Wire.  
Hamilton, Ont., March 19.—Representatives from British Columbia, Manitoba and Quebec were present to-day at the first session of the Dominion Council, Royal Templars of Temperance. The feature of the morning session was the address of J. A. Austin, the Dominion Councilor, who dealt with the progress of prohibition made in the Dominion and the fact that many countries had curtailed the drink traffic as a result of the war, he said: "But no country has made such progress towards absolute prohibition as Canada. In another year the Dominion will be bone dry from ocean to ocean."  
Mr. Austin warned delegates that the prohibition law was only for the duration of the war and one year thereafter and the temperance people should be prepared, then to meet the liquor forces and crush the evil for ever. Following the annual banquet to-night, a burial service will be held for old John Barleycorn in honor of prohibition victories.

**EXPLOSION IN QUEBEC.**  
By Courier Leased Wire.  
Quebec, Que., March 19.—A large powder magazine belonging to the British and American Mining Company, situated some distance from the city, exploded this morning. Buildings were shaken within a large area, but no lives were lost. The cause of the explosion is a mystery.

# HOLDING THE SUB MENACE

How Trawlers Combat Numerous Work of Hun U-Boats.

London, March 18.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—One of the methods by which, as the First Sea Lord, Sir Eric Geddes said recently, the submarine menace is being "held" is vividly described by a writer in the Liverpool Journal of Commerce.  
A seaplane had "spotted" a submarine lying on the seabed. Instantly, the observer's finger commenced to tap a key and ten miles away, a long, lean destroyer and four squat trawlers detached themselves from a pack of hounds working a covert, and hastened to the kill. Meanwhile the seaplane circled around, but when the surface ships arrived her instructions, delivered by wireless were curt and precise. Acting upon them the trawlers stationed themselves at the four corners of a wet quadrangle, while the destroyer kept her guns ready to talk to Fritz should he appear above the surface.  
Then the strange thing happened. The round, black objects seemed to detach themselves from her hull and float surfacewards, to hover a second and then to commence bobbing down the tide—bobbing down a lane much frequented by those ships that brought food, munitions of war, and hundreds of other things to England's shores. "Minelayer, eh?" called the seaplane's observer.  
"That's it, lad," came the telephoned answer, "but her eggs can wait for a minute."  
The trawlers now crossed their dependent cables and thus held the U-boat in a kind of a wire cat's cradle. She seemed to suddenly wake from her danger, for with a bound she tried to disentangle herself from the meshes which held her. But it was no use; the trawlers had been too long at the game to leave any loopholes and the submarine was doomed.  
"Get him," signalled the seaplane.  
"Thanks," replied the destroyer.  
"We'll give him five minutes to come up and breathe, but no longer." That time passed but still Fritz made no further move.  
A frequent signal from the destroyer the port foremost trawler and the starboard after one clipped a small red fin of high explosives to the barbed wire, and allowed it to slide down till it touched the U-boat's hull. It was the seaplane's turn to wave a flag, and immediately there followed the crashing of two fists upon two firing-keys; the uprising of two grey mounds of water and a rumbling, muffled explosion.  
"The seaplane circled twice above the path of rising oil, ascertained that Fritz had been destroyed, and notified the destroyer of the fact. Then, with her observer slipping a drum of cartridges into his machine gun, she sped on after those objects bobbing down tide. A burst of rapid firing and the first of the devil's eggs, its buoyancy chamber punctured, sank with a gurgle; the second gave a better show for its exploded grandly—and harmlessly—as the bullets reached it.

The trawlers at the corners of the wet quadrangle got out their sweeps—long wire hawser of an incredible stoutness, with a heavy "kite" in the centre to keep their lights down on the seabed—and commenced to steam towards each other. As the pairs of vessels met, their wires simultaneously engaged themselves under the U-boat's bow and stern, and commenced to warn their sinuous way between her hull and the sea bottom.  
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### Children Cry for Fletcher's

**CASTORIA**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**  
Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
**In Use For Over 30 Years**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
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