# London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, L'MITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, February 17.

#### DON'T FEAR THE FLU.

The Montreal Star gives some excellent advice in regard to the attitude we should assume towards the flu epidemic. The Star points out that lack of fresh air and the exercise of common sense in the matter of our general living are two of the greatest allies of the scourge. An equally good aide of the disease, if not more so, is fear. Let us not become panic-stricken and half the battle is won. Personal cleanliness. simple, wholesome food, warm clothing, cheerful thoughts, absence of worry, plenty of rest and sleep, avoidance of those with the disease. These are the things that will help tremendously to make the flu fly.

#### THE HEARST PAPERS.

The Great War Veterans' Association of Niagara Falls has passed a resolution demanding that the Dominion Government bar the publications of William Randolph Hearst from Canada. This praiseworthy action reflects a rapidly spreading sentiment throughout the country against the abominable anti-British Hearst press. During the progress of the war these disgusting journals were prohibited from circulation in Canada. Now that the censorship has been removed they are once more coming into the country freely, and there is scarcely an issue of them that does not contain some bitter, unjust and lying attack on the British Empire. Hearst, whether in cooperation with others or on his own account, is contributing powerfully to the venomous anti-British propaganda which has been launched in the United States. His papers are not wanted on this side of the line by decent, loyal Canadians.

#### DOWN AFRICA BY AIR.

A British made, owned and manned aeroplane is on its way from Cape Colony to Cairo, a journey of five thousand miles. Five years ago such an attempt would have held the world's interest to the exclusion of all else. Today we take it as a matter of course, so accustomed have we become to wonderful feats and achievements in aeronautics. When a few years back an aeroplane crossed the English Channel the world stood amazed, but this amazement soon air machine went on its conquering way, soarcontinent, leaping the Atlantic and making the trip from London to Melbourne. So rapidly is the aeroplane advancing as a means of transportation that within a very short period the most remote and wild corners of the earth will be opened up to man. Take the Dark Continent, for instance. For a hundred years explorers, traders, colonizers and missionaries have been penetrating its various parts, yet it is merely a fringe of Africa that has become civilized through free and easy intercourse. Much of the vast territory remains a mystery. The aeroplane will end all this, and that very soon. It will carry trade and the gospel with their uplifting tendencies to the savage tribes that cannot now be reached because of the stupendous jungles. The aeroplane will quickly and easily search out the speediest way of overcoming the great natural obstacles to the opening up of Central Africa. And all other parts of the globe will have the same helpful experience. The last frontiers of the world's wild and desert places are about to vanish and mankind brought to a universal brotherhood, thanks to the aero-

JAMES FORD RHODES, HISTORIAN. Foremost among American historians of the day is James Ford Rhodes, author of what is renerally regarded as the best work on any period of recent American history. His narraive of the events between 1850 and 1877 appeared in seven bulky volumes between 1893 and 1906, and he has now added an eighth volume, bringing the record down to the election of McKinley in 1896. Though the later period has not the same exciting interest as that dealt with in earlier volumes, those who desire to know and understand the recent past will find the same complete gathering of data, the same keen analysis and definite conclusions that marked earlier work. Such matters es the railroad strikes of 1877, the story of the Molly Maguires, the Chinese question in California, the silver issue, civil service reform, the anarchist riots in Chicago, these and many other subjects of interest are here recorded better than they have hitherto been set down.

In dealing with history so recent as the per lod between 1877 and 1896, the historian must necessarily find his chief source of material in he newspapers. It is a question if any historian se of newspapers in writing history as has Mr. Rhodes. In a volume of historical essays pubshed a few years ago, he deals with this class f material and shows that for certain events t is the most important of all to the writer. With the enormous mass of data available with gard to a period so recent as that dealt with the eighth volume of the history compres sion must necessarily be a watchword, indeed npression has marked all of the writings of Throughout this latest narrative ere is a fine gallery of portraits, Blaine, Clevend. Hayes, Garfield and many others. He proves of Cleveland's bluntness toward connection with the Venezuela ndary dispute. He is an admirer of Hayes re than of Garfield and while willing to con-

cede good qualities to Blaine he does not regard him as having been a proper man for president.

Those who are unacquainted with the nama of James Ford Rhodes may be interested in knowing that he was in active business until he was forty years of age, and that only then. having amassed a fortune which enabled him to pursue his love of history without hardship, did he begin to write. On the period with which he has dealt his work is regarded as authoritative, and in its use of significant material gathered from every source there is nothing else like it in its field.

#### AN ACTIVE BOARD.

The action of the Board of Commerce commissioner at Windsor in closing up a firm for selling sugar "below cost" is very interesting indeed. Commissioner Murdock is quoted as saving that the Board of Commerce will not allow cheap sugar to be used "as a bait to unload commodities on a trusting public at inflated values." Evidently the board is most solicitous about the abused public.

Note the word "unload." It does not seem just the right one, and perhaps the commissioner is not exactly reported. The word is more used of dumping at a sacrifice than of selling at "inflated" prices. It would apply better to the defendant's action in sacrificing sugar than to his hypothetical extortions on other commodities. The word has a hasty, eager sound. Is it in keeping with some confused insincerity in the ostensible reasons given for the punishment of the defendant? But gratitude must surely be felt to the board for its precipitate hurry in getting after someone who might some day or other overcharge someone. The accusation does not seem to have been very explicitly made that the defendant did overcharge, but with trenchant insight the commissioner foresees that he may have or

The trouble is that all dealers who advertise bargains will begin to fear that they may be brought before the board and punished on the ground that in either the future or the past they might have got more than even with their customers by overcharges on other goods. Dealers everywhere should be crying out that the commissioner ought to have waited till explicit charges of extortion were brought against the man, instead of jumping on him for offering a bargain! And the dealers have apparently great weight with the board, almost as much considered as the public itself.

Punishing a person for what he might some time do recalls the story of the Arkansas man. He was leaning against the shaky wall of his cabin, smoking his corncob, when two tenderfoot strangers approached him to ask their way. On getting their directions, they said pleasantly, "This is a terrible war going on, isn't it?" "Why, you don't mean to tell me that old civil war's got started up again, do you?" "No, no the great European war with Germany, the colossal world struggle for democracy and justice, the . . ." "Well, now, there was two fellers yonder in the valley this morning, and they mought ha' been Germans, and I could ha'

shot 'em just as easy." A London lady expresses herself as "well satisfied" with \$39 worth of goods received from the wicked firm in Windsor. She is not bring. destroyers of the forests, but forest-builders and ing any charge of overcharge yet. A point ing over the Alps, crossing the North American | brown sugar was sometimes substituted wrongfully for the white. If it was, the customer could easily sell it again at a profit, for look at the price of brown sugar.

Certain points of the case have yet to be settled by the law. If the defendant has done wrong he will be properly punished. But the point of view which Mr. Murdock is reported to have expressed must be debated. Is anyone who offers the public a bargain to be at once presumed guilty of extortion and summarily dealt with before a charge of extortion is preferred and proved?

# WHAT FRANCE DID.

[Brockville Recorder.] The American army no doubt did excellent work after it got to France. In this connection a report issued by the French Covernment is interesting showing how helpless the United States army would have been had it depended on its own government for supplies and equipment.

items of the report show that there were handed over by the French Government to Pershing 57,000 machine guns, 222,500 rifles, 807,000 protection equipments, 2.800 revolvers, 3.800 aeroplanes, 3.834 cannon of all calibres, 240 tanks, 206,450,000 cartridges, 10,000,000 high explosive shells, 948,000 gas shells 150 tons of gas, 136,881 horses, 15,000 officers in France and 500 in America 17 camps, 6 artillery camps, 43 barracks, over 2,000 square miles of cantonments, 30,000 hospital beds, 100,000 rooms for sick soldiers, and 300 trains per day. Counting in all the supplies, along with enormous quantities of food, wood and gasoline from French stocks, the report represented a saving of 33.381.507 maritime tons. French computation, of the percentage of French material used by the American expeditionary forced in comparison with totals of 100 per cent for light and heavy artillery and tanks, 98 per cent for aeroplanes, 57 per cent for naval guns, while of the 65,000,000 shots fired by American gunners from the 75's and 155's, every shell came out of French

# SCHOOLS MUST BE SUPPORTED.

[Houston Post.] A few more years of such an exodus of teachers from the school rooms, and the public school system of America will be a ruin. The only remedy for this situation is to educate public opinion on the question of better pay for teachers. Colleges may go out and collect endowment funds from friends, the proceeds of which may be used to increase salaries of professors, and they receive large gifts from the nation's masters of wealth, but the funds for the maintenance of the public schools must come direct from the people themselves, hence the necessity of going direct to the people with this problem, and enlisting their aid in colving it. The public school affords the greatest opportunity for advancement and educational improvement that the common people of the country have. Without it they will sink back into the ignorance which char acterized them before the advent of the system of public education. The people realize what the public school means to them and to the continuance of democratic institutions. It is clearly the duty of those in charge of schools and of public spirited oughly with the present situation and its dangers. and strongly urge upon them the necessity for more liberal provision for their schools. This done in the proper manner, the response

#### will be certain and generous. WE CALL THEM RUBBER.NECKS

[London Daily Express.] A calm philosophy, a dogged patience, a steely determination to see all that is to be seen without paying for it, attach alike to the crowd which gathers around a fallen horse or a street fight. working that we rise to supreme heights. languid grace of a street gang laying roads has an almost mesmeric effect. A spirit of peace broods over the scene: the not excessive energy of the actors communicates to the spectators a bland, almost episcopal dignity. We move forward ruthlessly to the barrier and drink in every movement. If we speak it is in hushed tones. Only an offertory could disperse us.

# From Here and There

SOUL AND BODY.

[Claude MacKay in The Statesman.] My soul, athirst, drinks eagerly the dew

That falls upon its parched lip; My soul longs, aches for the bosom of the blue And the stars' companionship; But the flesh passion-fevered, passion-freighted

Soft and weak, Passion-hungry, never sated, While the higher things I seek,

While I struggle to be free,
And would grasp the laureled crown In the hour of victory,

Drags me down.

# DISAPPEARING NAMES.

[Edmonton Journal.] After this week the initials "R. N. W. M. P." will have only a historical significance. The new force, which is to include the Dominion Police, will be known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police In view of the extension of the field which is to be covered, the elimination of "Northwest" was inevitable. The word is heard less and less all the time in Canada. Up till the time of the establish ment of the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan fifteen years ago this coming autumn, when a person started off in this direction from the East, it was always said that he was going to "the Northwest." But with the disappearance of the North-west Territories the habit grew rapidly of referring country on this side of Lake Superior simply as "the West." which is much to be preferred on

#### PURPOSE OF THE LAW.

[Govan Prairie News.] There is more truth than at first appears in the statement that men cannot be legislated into heaven. Whether a man may be legislated into moral conduct is probably debatable at least, but one must not lose sight of the fact that moral attributes of character do not always exhibit themselves in action. The law may prevent an individual from simply because it makes the consequences such that he who would steal refrains from doing because of these consequences. This refraining from doing so is not, however, conclusive proof that the attribute of thievery is not present.

The purpose of law is not, therefore primarily the individual moral. A careful considera tion of the facts will convince all but the prejudiced so even if it be intended that it should. Law is made first and foremost for the protection of society. If the commission of an act is not in the best interest of society, society at once it discovers the fact seeks to make law prohibiting it-for its own

# [Le Soliel Quebec.]

Japan today one of the richest countries in the world, has attained that position only by dint of sacrifices, namely long work hours, starvation wages and primitive food, and by continuing to live thus the Japanese expect to win commercial supremacy They are getting there with giant strides, while the Western peoples are still taking it easy, counting on getting ahead by working as little as pos-

any sacrifice whatever. These are the sacrifices which we must make: Work harder and harder to increase production, to market our goods everywhere; buy as little as possible and practice the strictest economy Otherwise there is no way of avoiding disaster.

sible for the highest possible wages, without making

## FOREST HOME-BUILDERS.

[Christian Science Monitor.] At last the little animals of the woods and forests have found a champion, a defender. Heretofore, candor compels the admission, the writers of story the only friends the alert and resourceful diminutive

forest-dwellers could claim. But now there has come, out of the broad western country, where sometimes it seems that all preconceived nations resulting from a narrow civilization are finally los and forgotten, a person who knows not only the forests, but their little people, and their big people, who proclaims the little woods animals to be not Throughout the ages this friend of the animals tells us, the little furry fellows have built while men have destroyed and depleted. Now an interesting fact to be considered, in relation to the statement of this western champion of the wood folk, is that the defence which he interposes is not written in the form of a story book or nature fable. What he had to say was said, a few days ago, at a meeting of the Society of American Foresters in New York city, and the audience before which he spoke was made up of forestry experts, like himself, from all parts of the United States. Many of those who heard this defence had, no doubt, to be convinced, just as many other people must be convinced, that their preconceived theories are, after all, wrong.

#### TAXING THE IDLE. [Hamilton Spectator.]

Signor Giovanni Lombardi is introducing into the Italian parliament a bill to penalize the incorrigibly lazy. Under this proposal a tax would be placed on all persons between the ages of 20 and 65 who, though physically capable, refuse to engage in some useful labor. They moneys thus raised would be appropriated to the establishment of agricultural colonies, to which these able-bodied loafers would be sent, the surplus going towards a fund for the support of the aged and infirm. This is a drastic measure, but a just one. The curse of civilization is the great army of parasites who batten upon the industry of others, without contributing in any shape or form the sum total of human effort and achieve-

#### CHINESE CALIGRAPHY. [Family Herald.]

The Chinese, according to a Canton paper, recognize the extreme complexity of their written language. About twenty years ago, in the days of the empress-dowager, a scholar and reformer Wang Chao, who held the highest obtainable literary degree, conceived the idea of a simplified form of Chinese writing. He invented a phonetic system of symbols, which was promptly branded revolutionary and suppressed, while its "radical" author was banished. Lately, however, the idea has been reintroduced and the government has tried a system of the same kind, but more complicated, without much success. Two missionaries of Tsangcho hav fared better in an effort to revive Wang Chao's phonetic script, which is based on the fact that,

# are only 318 "word sounds" in the Chinese language.

although the number of characters is vast, there

[Guelph Herald.] In these days, when the business of the world more upset than it ever was before, and when even family life becomes upset because of the difficulty of making ends meet when the pay envelope has been handed over, men and women are very apt to do more worrying than smiling. I do a lot

myself-the former, I mean. What we all need to try and bear in mind is that there is no use in worrying. No good will come of that, will it? What is really required is a larger view of life. We are so taken up with our own little affairs we sometimes forget there is a big world beyond us, and when things go wrong we reach the conclusion that the world is just a great, flat, sunless, heartless sphere. Children worry and sometimes their hearts are almost broken because of what we consider a very trivial matter. but later on they learn to smile at what they once thought were great serrows and anxieties. We need to remember that when we are so prone to worry and cut short our lives by doing so.

None of us, I imagine, would do so much worrying if we had the real faith of our Christianity. It try and remember that our work and our life are just a part of God's great plan for the betterment of the world. If we would do that and then tackle our jobs bravely, doing our best, that's all that God

WHY WORK AT ALL? [Indianapolis News.]

A man owns what he has earned, if he has not been unfair to others. Nobody has a right to take it away from him without giving him an equivalent. As long as we respect the rights and property of others there will be little trouble. Why disc so much what ought to be done when everybody knows that the thing to do is to go to work and increase production? Germany is doing some talk-ing; but is reported to be working from ten to fourteen hours a day. Among other things we are foolishly talking about is the five and six-hour day.

# Love of the Wild

By Archie P. McKishnie

"I'd like to know who don't think the world of Gloss. She's a dear girlbless her sweet face."

Bill with a spoonful of milk-soaked bread well on the way to its destination, suspended operations for a mo-

"Widder Ross," he said "God never made a better girl nor a better lookin' one, unless it was your Marry Ann." His repast finished, he reached for

"Must be goin'." he said in answer to the widow's invitation to "set "I'll call in on you again soon," vidder. Good-night,"

"Good-night," responded the woman. She was lighting her clay pipe and did not so much as turn when Bill

walked out. Paisley skirted the scrubby walk and passed along the edge of the butternut grove toward the path across the fallow. A whip-poor-will was voicing its joys from the limb of a dead ash. The moon had sunk above the bay, and its wide splash of light lay across and its wide splash of light lay across the fallow, a blanket of milky haze. Bill lifted his head and breathed in the clear wood-scented air. From the vailey came the monotonous buzz of a saw. Suddenly Paisley dived into the haze: thicket. He had heard footsteps approaching, and rightly divined that i was the teacher and Marry Ann. Not until the young people had passed through the grove and eme. 3cd into the interval beyond did Paisley step out from his hiding place. Then he looked toward the sinking moon and sighed. "She's not for the likes of you, Bill," he murmured as he turned to the path again.

again.
Tommy stood before him.
"Bill," he said excitedly, "I want to tell you somethin. I've got to tell you, Bill, or I'll bust."
"Why, Tommy," said Bill, "thought you'd gone to bed."
"No, I slipped out and follered you, but I saw them coming, too, and I ducked same as you did. Say, Bill, you don't think much of Mr. Simpson, do you?"

Paisley laughed queerly.
"Well Tommy and what Paisley laughed queerly.
"Well Tommy, and what if I don't?"
"Well, I overheard him and that
Watson man plannin' some things together the other day. I thought I
wouldn't tell anybody, but I can't keep

wouldn't tell anybody, but I can't keep it any longer."

He stood on tiptoe and whispered something in the man's ear. Paisley gripped the lad's arm.

"You're dreamin'," he cried.

"No, Bill, I heard 'em make it up between 'em," gasped Tom. "An' what I want to know is, what's going to be done about it?"

"I don't know," answered Paisley dazedly. "I don't know—I'll have to study this thing out,"

His square jaw was set and he toyed with the lock of his rifle.

"You haven't told anyone else, "Nary a soul,"

"Then don't. I'll see you in a night or two. Keep your eyes open on the

"Then don't. I'll see you in a night or two. Keep your eyes open on the teacher. Remember, if Big McTavish or Boy hear what you've told me they'll kill him sure. You know what that will mean."

"I won't tell anybody, cross my heart," promised the lad, and their darted away.

#### CHAPTER XV.

War Tactics.

Paisley paddled slowly across the creek, drew his skiff into the willow bushes, and picking up his rifle, walked along the edge of the creek until he reached the bay. It slept grey and cold beneath the moon, and all about the tracell waters a raged tree-frame its tranquil waters a ragged tree-frame stood spiral-like and shadowy—a dis-heveled cloud in an open blotch of sky. Paisley gazed across the bay, his face fixed and his whole attitude one of

fixed and his whole attitude one of protest.

"They want to take this away from us," he mused "—all this. And the d— villians want to steal her away from all this. Well, let them try."

He turned, lifting his head to catch the low night-calls that floated from the far-away corridors of the deep wood. The forest was breathing its nocturnal song—a hushed chant, interspersed with the notes of the wild things that roamed and fed and voiced their gladness after the manner of their kind. The shrill bark of a fox sounded from nether swales, and away beyond a lynx walled sadly like a lost child. A little way into the thicket a brood of partridges huddled, peeping with plaintive voices.

"I guess they can't understand very well what all this means to us."

Palsev turned and strode on through the scanty wood-fringe along the Eau shore until he came to an open spot of nearly two acres. A dim twinkled from the window of log-house and a couple of dogs came forward with flerce yappings which changed to whines of welcome as they recognized the visitor. The door of the house flew open, and a woman, whose frame filled the doorway completely, sent a scolding command to the dogs. "David and Goliath." she commanded

sent a scolding command to the dors.
"David and Goliath." she commanded
"come in here t' once or I'll break your
no-account backs with this poker."
"Night. Mrs. Declute." called Paisley.

"Ander" rasped the aman, "be you hum? "Cause if you be, Bill Paisley wants t' know it." The huge form was nudged aside and Declute's grinning face peered out into the night.

the night.

"Come right on in, Bill" invited the lord and master. An ironwood pole leaned against the house, and on it hung a splendid specimen of buck newly killed. On the floor of the house lay a smaller deer already skinned, and now being dissected by the trapper. Three children of vanious sizes sat about the carcass, each munching a piece of corneake from a chubby fist.

"How's the babies, marm?" asked Paisley, carefully stepping through and over the wide-eyed little Declutes and sitting down on a stool near the fireplace. "Ander, two deer in an afternoon ain't such bad luck, eh?"

"I hit another," cried Ander, "bigger'n th' one outside. Shot about an inch too high, though. But I trailed him down an' I'll get him in the morn. in.' Might have killed a doe, too. Had a good chance, but I didn't take it."

"Zaccheus has got a touch of p'istnivy." said the woman. "That's what makes him squirm so uneasy like. I'm treatin' it with sassafras 'ile an' potash How've you been yourself, Bill?"

"Feedin' and sleepin' like a babe, thankee," replied Paisley. "What I dropped around for was to find out just what you folks think of the way them town-fellers are actin'. Did Hallibut or Watson make you any offer for your timber?" right on in, Bill" invited the

Watson make you any offer for your

town-fellers are actin'. Did Hallibut or Wa'son make you any offer for your timber?"

"Wall, yes, they did." answered Ander slowly. "Offered me three hundred dollars for the big stuff on my place only a day or two ago. Said that you and McTavish and Peeler and most of the others had taken an offer they made you for yours, and I said t' the feller. 'If th' other chans see it that way, I guess I'll see it that way, too.' I'm to take my deed over to Bridgetown when I tote these furs over next Saturday, an' they're goin' to give me another deed and the money."

"Who did you see?"

"That storekeeper Smythe. He says, says he, "The money'll be ready fer you when you come, an', says he, 'don't tell any-o' your neebors, 'cause we're payin' you more'n we are them, an' they won't like it."

"I don't take t' this way they have of wantin' Ander L' keep dark," said the woman. "I ain't takin' kind like t' lettin' the timber go anyway. We don't really need that money. Ander he makes enough outin' trappin' and shootin' fer our wants, and if they come in here what are they goin't do t' our propetry? That's what I want to know."

Paisley bit off a bit of tobacco and

Palsley bit off a bit of tobacco and shrugged his shoulders.

"Ander," he asked, watching the trapper roll up the green hide, "how they want to do just that, too."

"Ander," he asked, watching the trapper roll up the green hide, "how much did you make in furs and deerment last fall and winter?"

"He made four hundred and three dollars, answered the wife proudly.

"Well. then let me tell you somethin," Paisley tapped the stock of his rifle impressively with his knuckles.

"Just as soon as you take Smytne's money your trappin' days and all other days are over here, for all time."

Palsley to off tobacco and trappin' days and all one for the mass trappin' in the ponderous woman waved a hand toward the progeny on the floor, and they'll drive me an' you off, and they'll drive me an' you off and instantly. I'm want, and they ll drive me an' you off and instantly. I'm want, and they'll drive me an' you off and instantly. I'm you off the floor.

The ponder

Agents for New Idea Patterns.

# CHAPMAN'S

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Special Clearance of Separate Scarfs and Scarf Sets . . . \$1.50

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Children's School Hose, 1-1 rib, double spliced heel and toe, sizes 7½ to 10. 40c Per pair .....

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You will be charmed with our new stock of Ladies' All-Wool Dresses, in navy and black, braid trimmed, hand embroidered, new peplum, redingote and knife pleating effeets. Priced \$21.00 to \$47.50

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HITCH your wagon to a star.
The pure, white, shining star in the firmament of cleanliness is INFANTS-DELIGHT -the toilet soap of national reputation. Always insist upon INFANTS - DELIGHT - it's BORATED.



They'll have you just where they've in' Bill here an' Big Mac, anyway." an' Ander—ain't I right. Ander?" she been tryin' to get the rest of us. Once they get hold of your deed you can drawled Declute. "I war goin' over they offer you and they in on Bill on the way over. Don't consented Ander."

They'll have you just where they've in' Bill here an' Big Mac, anyway." an' Ander—ain't I right. Ander?" she they in onded, the corner of her mouth drawn down warningly.

"If you say so, ma—in course," and smore'n they offer you and they in on Bill on the way over. Don't consented Ander. whistle. This land is worth the state of the Paisley bit off a bit of tobacco and done done for the ma'sh trappin'? I guess you know. They'll drive the jury off and they'll drive me an' you off, and

The ponderous woman waved a hand toward the progeny on the floor.

"You. David an' Moses an' Zaccheus." sine commanded, "scramble out o' th' road instantly. I'm wanted; in' to get over t' th' cupboard."

"Good idea," grinned Palsley. folding the paper and placing it in his pocket. "Now, Ander, after you've finished cuttin' up that carcass, suppose you come along with me and out o' th' road instantly. I'm wanted; in' to get over t' th' cupboard."