London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City, 10c per week. $5.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail, $3.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
$3.00 per year by mail.

EVENING EDITION.
City, 10c per week. $5.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail, $3.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS. Private Branch Exchange. From 10:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors; 3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.
ADVERTISER JOB PRINTING CO. PHONE 247.

Toronto Representative — F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building. U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.
THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Friday, Jan. 12.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE.

THE man of the hour has given us a heartening message. Lloyd George's speech in London yesterday may be regarded as the first gun of the 1917 Armageddon. He predicts that Germany will this year be crushed.

The new premier has shown already that he is not merely a civilian organiser and a man of words. His prediction in regard to the war carries more conviction, as it comes at the very moment of the quick and successful blow at King Constantine. The Greek muddle, sequel to the Serbian bungle, that has been paralyzing allied endeavors in the eastern arena for a year and a half, is now swiftly cleared up, it seems. It may be true that the late regime of Asquith and Grey was not altogether responsible for the blackness in handling Greece, that pro-German bureaucrats until quite lately powerful at Petrograd, were blocking the procedure; but it is clear that not a moment has been lost by the new British premier in seizing and developing a more favorable conjunction of circumstances. Lloyd George has shown himself at the Rome conference a statesman and a strategist of high order.

It may be interesting to compare the great Welshman's career with that of the Roman Julius Caesar. Caesar had his initial advantage of high social rank and all early opportunities, though he ran through more than what property he had at the outset. For years Caesar was a local politician, and then the holder of various civil offices. Not until he was over 40 years of age did he launch himself upon a military career and world politics. Similarly, Lloyd George has been all his life a lawyer and parliamentarian, and now suddenly he blossoms out as a master of foreign affairs, international diplomacy and warcraft. He has the graceful tact, the lightning wit and activity, the versatility, the pleasantness covering an inflexible will, an intense ambition, a far-sighted purpose and a perception of the true interests of his country, which characterized the ancient Roman soldier, orator and statesman. He has come to dominate the destinies of Britain as Caesar did those of Rome. He is the colossus that doth bestride a wider world than Caesar's. And the great advantage of his character in the comparison is that he is moral, self-sacrificing and a true democrat. He will be no dictator when the strife is done, we know very well. He loves not war, but peace, as he said yesterday at Guildhall. He is in this move like Lincoln, who would certainly have resigned his high powers without a backward glance and become a simple citizen again.

For some years it has seemed that sooner or later all must be in the Welshman's hands. He has been the man of destiny since he braved the Birmingham mob in the time of the Boer war, since he fought and beat the House of Lords, since he organized the munitions of Great Britain. This organizer of victory has the right to be its prophet, and we believe every word he says, because back of every word and ahead of it is an act, a swinging blow at the enemy. He will deliver the "knockout," as he has foretold.

VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

A VISIT TO VICTORIA Hospital reveals the fact that London has one of the best hospitals to be found anywhere. Several forces have contributed to this result. When the Hospital Trust was formed it was a distinct change for the better. One of the first trustees was Mr. C. F. Complin, who gave his time without stint, just as Col. Gartshore does now, for several years. Under Mr. Complin the grounds were laid out, trees planted and many improvements introduced. The late Thomas McCormick and the late Col. Lewis deserve special mention. Col. Lewis donated the Queen Victoria memorial window. Mr. McCormick, after him, was chairman for some years. The hospital and its work, during the latter years of his life, was one of his benevolent concerns. The late Isaac Waterman, had death not claimed him too soon, would have been a valuable member of the board of trustees. He was beginning to take a genuine interest in the work before his death. The county has contributed its share of good men. The late James Gilmore, of Dorchester, was a splendid example of the public men Middlesex has produced. The late Simon McLeod was another. The county council of Middlesex under the old council system produced a chain of splendid men.

Coming down to the present, among those who know how diligently Col. Gartshore, the chairman, applies himself to the work, his praise is unstinted. The county member, Mr. John Laidlaw, is equal to those of the past. Of course without good executive officials the work the board could accomplish would be of little use. No hospital ever had better superintendents than Mr. Thomas Heard and Miss Stanley. The building itself is scrupulously clean in every part. The air has no offensive odors. Patients say the attention and food is all they could wish for. Mr. Heard meets the public and all visitors in the kindest of manner. In this he is well supported by Miss Stanley.

Perhaps none of these very desirable results would have been accomplished if London had not been the home of a medical school, now the Western University. We should not overlook the good done by the doctors of over twenty years ago who established the medical school. We should not forget Dr. Eccles and Dr. Moorhouse, Dr. Arnott and Dr. Meek, Dr. McCallum, Dr. Waugh, Dr. Moore, Dr. Wishart, Dr. Balfour and many others. It worked for good in every way. It made London a medical centre and made of many of the doctors specialists, whose practice now extends over all Western Ontario. It made the hospital better than it could possibly have been otherwise. The fact that the medical men were professors and necessarily required to be well up in their work in order to teach, benefitted not only the student, but all who came under their treatment.

When the war is over, and there are signs of coming peace, a new and adequate medical department of the Western University will be built convenient to the hospital, and from it in the future will come many graduates who will take a creditable place in the medical world, such as that taken by students of the past, like Dr. Rowntree. London is the natural centre for Western Ontario. Victoria Hospital would be a credit to a much larger city than London, but London's field is becoming more and more Western Ontario, and in nothing more clearly is this shown than in its medical men and its institutions of learning.

The foundation of it all, Victoria Hospital, has been well and surely laid. Its management could not be in better hands.

TIME TO SAVE.

IN HIS annual address to the shareholders, General Manager Aird of the Canadian Bank of Commerce suggests that "economy should be enforced in Canada, in many directions, if it is not voluntarily adopted by our people." He is for penalizing or forbidding the importation of all luxuries, the curtailment of public expenditures, and even restraint on food consumption.

There is no doubt a need for economy in this country in the cause of victory. Germany is conserving every resource to hold out through 1917. Great Britain has got down to solid, serious business. If it is a fight to a finish, we have to trim our fat off and make every ounce count.

BOOKS OF WAR SKETCHES.

TWO OF THE snappiest and sketchiest little side-pocket editions of the year come to hand from the Musson Book Company of Toronto. One is "Phillip in Particular," by W. Douglas Newton, and the other, "Pte. Pinkerton, Millionaire," by Harold Ashton. No more thrilling and delectable bits of war literature have been read, by one writer, anyway. Each has its happy character, the unflinching and ever-smiling young Britisher, to whom the conflict opened a great book of adventure, but a book on which he was to write the story.

Countless "Pinkies" and "Phillips" have carried the debonnair manner of the British schoolboy, one degree removed, to glorious feats of sacrifice. In "Phillip" there is a fair heart-clutcher in the story of the young lieutenant, who, after a raid on the German lines, got into a sap which led under his own trenches. How he let the roof of the tunnel fall upon himself is a story concluded with this sentence: "The earth made no sound as it fell in—or, at least, none that the men in the sap ever heard."

Pinkerton, a young owner of a vast estate, goes in with the ranks and plays the game, without fear or favor. He is surrounded by a rare Scot, a former burglar and a staunch sergeant-major. Such scampers as are indulged in always are against a stern background; the fun of both those little stories, that seem to come hot from the trenches, is rare fun, but it always is fatal fun. Canadians who wish to know the young Britisher at his best should pocket this pair of little war glimpses and read them in spare moments, that is, if they do not hold him to the end with their spicy flavor and glory of youth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Greece is like a spoilt child which kicks stubbornly until it realizes that it has to give in.

Sweden might just as well have entered the war. Her marine power is being depleted just the same.

When the Chicago chief of police and other police officials are arrested on a charge of graft, what can you expect from the rest of the citizens?

Harry K. Thaw's millions have rescued him from a prison and an asylum, yet his adventurous career goes on. Fleeing from the charge of assault, he attempts suicide, and yet it would seem as if even death hesitated to quiet this opulent disturber.

What right have neutrals to suggest peace? What right have the "stay-at-homes" to talk about a cessation of war? Who has a better right to voice his opinion regarding the matter than the soldier at the front? And who will have a better right to be consulted when it comes to a reconstruction of the nation after the war than the man who fought for the preservation of all that goes to make that nation great?

It is said that certain districts in France are rapidly becoming Canadianized. The streets and shops all go by English names and English and Canadian brands of goods are sold there. The newspapers found lying around are chiefly Canadian. Indeed, the Canadian soldier has so permeated some parts of France with his personality that it is doubtful whether they will ever be so French again. Thus the new world atmosphere is creeping into the old.

—CHORUS (*Informal*)

—Fung in the Seattle *Post Intelligencer*

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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

Georgian Silver

BY LOUISE OLIVER.

Alex looked down at the little girl beside him with a calm, quiet scrutiny which might have conveyed a diversity of impressions upon any who noticed. But for the enlightenment of the few who know not Alex I shall explain that he was quietest when most delighted, and he was indeed thankful to his hostess for putting him beside this sweet little violet of humanity.

He drew a long breath and waited for her to speak. The hostess, busy with a hundred guests, had considered her roof an introduction. He didn't know the girl and he hoped she didn't know him. Otherwise—he shuddered when he thought of it—she might be like the others; overtalkative, unnatural, and apt to overdo. He was too modest to appreciate the fact that, as the best catch in the matrimonial sea, he was apt to be offered bait in generous quantities and of infinite variety. As yet, none had been to his liking. He liked things wholesome and sweet and plain.

Dorothy looked around the dining room with wide eyes, then up at him with a smile. "I can't believe I'm awake," she said.

"No?" It was an invitation to go on.

"No. They say that sometimes a wish is father to a thought. Maybe I've just wished for something like this so often that now I think it's true. Maybe I'm not here at all—only thinking I am."

"What does it matter? Maybe I'm thinking all this, too."

She laughed, then said frankly: "But I really am hungry. I hope the food isn't just air-painted to look real. I don't mind a bit about all these gorgeous flowers and silk lanterns and candles and things being brain children, but, begging your pardon, I'm starved to death and hope they'll hurry up and bring me some real bread and butter soon."

"Your wish is granted," said Alex as the waiter brought the toast and caviar.

"I was just thinking," she remarked in the interval before the soup, "that it's a shame Bob couldn't be here. He'd love it so. But Aunt Jane said he couldn't come, that's all there was to it. Aunt Jane said it was kind of Mrs. Dexter to ask one of the poor Virginia relations without ringing in the three of us. You see, there's Robert, Stonewall and myself. The boys are dears, you ought to know them. Bob's my twin."

"He must be a dear," ventured Alex.

She laughed, but colored nevertheless. "You'll quite turn my silly head if you say things like that. You see I'm apt to believe all I hear. I'm not—what is the word Aunt Jane used?—sophisticated, I think it was."

Alex frowned. Aunt Jane had no business saying things like that. Wood violets were so much lovelier than the hothouse ones.

He changed the subject. "Are you fond of old silver?" he asked. "I've been admiring those Georgian candlesticks. The pattern is very rare."

Dorothy gave him an odd little side-long look before she answered "Yes, they are beautiful."

"I've been collecting bits here and there," he went on. "No doubt you can tell me some wonderful things about old silver. Most southerners can. But one thing I have discovered for myself, that southerners may part with their homes, their clothes, and even their souls, but their silver—never. I know where there are some splendid collections in the south, but you can't get them."

Dorothy's appetite for food suddenly disappeared. She laid down her fork and looked so distressed that Alex wondered what dreadful thing he had said.

"I want to—to tell you," said the girl finally, "where I happen to know you may find a beautiful collection of Georgian silver. It is at Berni's on Fifth avenue. It all came from one family and it seems to me the things ought to stay together." Then suddenly and brightly, as if to put a distasteful thought behind her, "I wish you could know Wally and Bob. They are the dearest boys in the world."

"How can I, unless you permit me to call?" Dorothy little guessed how many hearts in the room would have gone pit-a-pat upon such a request from this man.

"Permit you?" she cried. "I'd love it. Will you come? The boys are going to college next week, though. You'll have to come soon." Again a shadow stole over her face, but was gone in an instant. "I was just thinking how Bob would love this dinner. I'm trying hard to remember all the courses, so I can tell him. Poor Bob!"

"Why poor?"

"Oh, he loves nice things so. We all do! But I really meant it literally, you know. We are poor, very. You see that's why I'm—" She stopped. Virginia pride was uppermost. "Nothing," she answered his eager inquiry. "I thought I could tell you, but I can't."

A painful flush had spread over her face and Alex had an uncomfortable feeling that tears were near. Something was giving this little girl a great deal of unhappiness, he had discovered, and suddenly he had a desire to chase the clouds away from the serious dark eyes and to see the dimple come and go in her lovely, smooth cheek. A feeling of tenderness entirely foreign to his ossifying heart was giving him an unusual thrill and it pleaded him to give it its way.

"I want to tell you something funny I read today," he began, and soon Dorothy's dark eyes were brimming with merriment and her mouth curving with laughter. "That's better," he thought with satisfaction, beginning on another funny incident, but thinking all the while, "I'll bet Aunt Jane is sort of a pillbox, and after the brothers go away this little soul will likely live with her. It's a pity. She's the nicest girl I've ever met."

The next day he stopped in Berni's. Not that he would have remembered the thing of itself, but he had gone over every word Dorothy had said to him, and among other things there was the shop of antiques.

And there was Dorothy herself, hatless, coatless and in the plain black garb of a clerk. She colored furiously when she saw him.

Alex was puzzled. Was the story of Virginia then merely a happy fiction manufactured to entertain a dinner partner? If so it was good. "Good afternoon," he said: "I understand there was a fine collection of old Georgian silver here. May I see it?"

"Certainly!" Dorothy led the way to a table on which was an array that made Alex fairly jump with astonishment. There were cups, urns, toddy ladles and plates of a pattern and weight that rejoiced his connoisseur's heart.

"It's splendid!" he cried. "Whose was it? Where did it come from? I never saw anything like it."

"The silver is mine, all I have. But the boys must go to school, and it must go. I won't let anyone else sell it. That was one stipulation I made to Berni, that I must approve the purchaser. When anyone else comes along I double, treble the price."

"But I must have it! Do you approve of me?"

She nodded. "You know better than I do what it's worth."

"But the collection isn't complete. There is something else that will have to go with it before I take it."

"What is that?"

"You! I always know what I want instantly, and I could have told you that last night. You're the loveliest girl I've ever known." He reached for her hand.

Dorothy did not draw it away, but instead a deep, steady light dawned in her eyes, and the dimple Alex so longed to see appeared in her cheek.

"I wonder if this is really true, or if I'm just thinking it is," she said.

"I hope it's true for us both," he whispered.

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Winter has come in earnest. We have dug up our fuzzy hat.

* * *

A change in the date of municipal elections is advocated. It would have been a sorry day for the aspiring candidate had the elections been held after that red-hot summer. Most everybody was wild then, and they would have enjoyed offering up a few candidates on the altar of sacrifice.

* * *

Every resident of Berlin can have one egg between January 12 and 31. First thing you know the Germans are going to get something to eat.

* * *

As a liberty-loving nation, the United States do not love it enough to get a swat in the eye over it. Note the Belgians.

* * *

There is one thing about that German who told the folks that they would not have much to eat for many a year—he told the truth, and then some.

* * *

New York is said to be overrun with folks who want to spend money. Well, they hit rather a good spot to spend it.

* * *

The Greeks have accepted the Allies' terms, we read, but we still insist that folks should beware of the Greeks when they come bearing raisin pie.

* * *

We don't want you to tell everybody, as a lot of folks would envy us, and maybe say mean things, but we had an egg for breakfast yesterday.

* * *

President Wilson may not know what the Allies are fighting for, but at this precise moment they are fighting to beat the Germans. That accomplished the other things will be readily settled.

* * *

If the folks who thought that H. Knut Thaw should never have been sentenced were close at hand now, we would ask them to suggest what sort of punishment is due him now. A loon is a loon all the way through the piece.

* * *

Sir Sam Hughes breaks into print occasionally, even if it is only to dine with Raymond Hitchcock.

* * *

Turkey is said to be 45 cents a pound, but we should worry. We are strong for pigs' knuckles.

* * *

One of the committees of the city has done business in a business way. However, getting gabby does not get much as yet.

* * *

Cold weather is all right, and we like it, but when a guy walks up to you and says that it looks as if there will be a frost when the thermometer is out of sight, wouldn't it make you mad?

Our old friend has collected some little things, which he asks us to print:

GENTLE HITS.

Re Eggs—Boil an egg long enough, and you put the egg out of business. An old saying used to be, "A diamond as big as a pigeon's egg." Now it's an egg as big as a diamond.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and others corner the egg market.

Re Money—Ordinarily money talks, and many can see cents in what it says, but in this era of high prices it merely emits a faint squeak. Money talks, but in these days when a dollar goes in a grocery store it merely whispers.

Under the head of joyful news comes the Houston Post's observation that many men are buying talking machines, but more are marrying them.

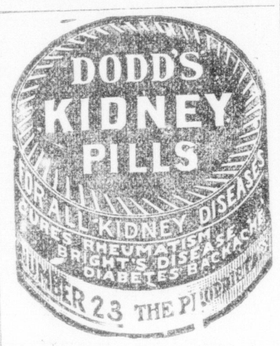
A man is well off in whose home necessities are not wanting, and superfluities not required. He ought to be happy.

One can never buy a satisfactory brand of popularity at cut rates.

Some candidates ought to take the rest cure for their ingrowing politics.

Some women are self-made, but most of them are remodeled by dressmakers.

It's difficult for a newly-married man to generate much enthusiasm over his bride's beautiful hair after he has seen her pile it on the bureau for the night.



A Transient Executor

is the individual. Is it not absurd to appoint a man who may die to-morrow as the Executor of an Estate which may require years of management? This Company goes on forever, doing just one thing—caring for Estates.

Write, or come to us about your affairs.

The London & Western Trusts Co. Limited

351 RICHMOND STREET. LONDON, ONT.

Sir George Gibbons, K.C., *President*
John S. Moore, *Manager*

17

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.

To 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.

Jan. 31.

"Security First"

EXCELSIOR LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

1916 — A Record Year — 1916

Increase in New Business Over 50 Per Cent.

J. S. HOWELL, Inspector, Merchants Bank, London.

Head Office: Toronto, Can.

SAVE MONEY!

Make 35% to 60% on Your Purchases Now

Wholesale and mill prices for next fall wearables promise to be the highest the country has ever known. Today on odd lines you can buy here many lines at actually from 20 to 30 per cent under the closest wholesale prices, meaning tremendous savings, even if you didn't use them until next winter.

Note particularly the offerings in Blue Serge Suits, Winter Overcoats, Wool Underwear, Wool Socks, Coat Sweaters.

Clearance of Men's Winter Overcoats, in Tweeds, Chinchillas, Witneys, etc. Browns, greys, tans, etc., in many styles. Values to $16.50, for $9.75

Clearance of all Men's and Young Men's Wool Mackinaw Sport Coats, in greys, browns, reds, etc. Norfolk and other styles. Values to $10.00 ..... $6.75

EXTRA 48 men's splendid winter-weight Tweed Suits, in handsome new browns and dark greys. Neat checks and herring-bone patterns. Smart 3-button sack coat styles. Sizes 36 to 42. At less than today's wholesale price, $11.75

Clearance of Men's and Young Men's Swagger Winter Overcoats in splendid imported tweeds, in the season's smartest patterns. Values to $22.00, for $14.75

Clearance of Boys' Shawl Collar Overcoats and Two-Way Ulsters, in splendid warm tweed coatings, in sizes 27 to 34, at less than wholesale prices ..... $3.98 and $5.95

EXTRA Clearance of 78 Men's and Young Men's Fine Suits of English Worsted, in many splendid patterns and colors that have been selling this year at from $20 to $25. Mostly odd lines, but sizes 34 to 42 in the lot. Extra bargain, $14.75

Extra Special!! Blue Serge Suits at Sale Prices

Three wonderful values in Blue Serge Suits that would be cleaned up in a morning's selling, did you know just what savings they represented.

NO. 1.—Men's and Young Men's Pure All-Wool British Serge Suits, indigo fast color dyed. These cloths were purchased 28 months ago, and are worth today by the yard two and one-half times what we paid for them. Specially well made in smart two and three-button coat styles. Extra good linings. Worth today at least $25.50. On sale at $19.75

NO. 2.—Men's and Young Men's Fine West of England Serges in fine twill finish, splendid making and linings. Smart 3-button coat style, with plain or cuff trousers. All sizes 35 to 42. Absolute value today $20.00 ..... $15.75

NO. 3.—Men's Union (Cotton and Wool) Blue Serge Suits, fine twill finish, will wear like iron. Smart 3-button coat style. Well and strongly made, and with first-class linings. Value today $14.00. On sale at $9.75

NOTE.—These prices on Blues are positively for one week only.

EXTRA 20 Dozen Men's Fine Soft Front Shirts, in old fast color cloths. (Purchased 12 months ago). Splendid clean-cut neat patterns, full size bodies. All sizes. Value today $1.25. On sale 85c

Furnishing Snaps

Read these items over carefully. There's real savings in every line, in many cases 10 to 20 times bank interest.

Penman's Anthracite and Scotch Knit Underwear, odd sizes. Value 90c, for 65c

Mercury Heavy Scotch Knit Underwear, unshrinkable. Mostly all sizes. Value $1.50 ..... 99c

Penman's Fine Natural Wool Socks, in three different makes. Value 45c. On sale 30c

Men's Horsehide Lined Work Mitts, seconds of $1.00 qualities. On sale at .. 59c

EXTRA Men's and Young Men's Extra Heavy Pure Wool Coat Sweaters in light colors and combinations. Perfect fitting shawl collar. Price at the mill today is $5. On sale $4.75

Men's splendid Winter Caps, with inside band for ears; nice brown plaid. Regular $1.00 ..... 79c

Clearance of all Silk Mufflers, bandanna and fringed styles. Worth up to $2.25. For 99c

Clean up of Men's Fine Soft Hats in sizes only from 7 to 7 3-8. Regular $2, $2.50, $3.00. On sale $1.39

Men's Grey Coat Sweaters with collar and pockets. Full sizes. Regular $1.50. On Sale 98c

EXTRA TAILORING OFFER The success of last week's offer prompts us to repeat it again with another lot of fine suitings, in West of England Worsteds and Scotch Tweeds. Most of these are "all year round" colors and weights, in browns, greys, greens, etc., and in qualities that ordinarily sell up to $28.00. For this week we offer your choice of 30 suit ends, made-to-measure, with first-class linings and trimmings, and a try on at the very special price $20.50

Week-End Pre-Inventory Specials

2 only, Dark Muskrat Coats, 46 inches long, full satin lined, large collar. Regular $50.00, for $39.00

2 only, Canadian Muskrat Coats, 50 inches long, full satin lined, large collar, beautifully finished coat. Regular $75.00, for $59.00

One rack of Ladies' and Misses' Cloth Coats, in tweeds, diagonals, plush, loose and semi-loose styles. Worth up to $25.00, for $12.50

Ladies Fleece-Lined Hose, all sizes, fast colors. Only 35c

Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hose, fast dye, full fashioned 45c

Ladies' Black and White Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, seamless feet. Only ..... 60c pair

D. and A. Special Corset, medium bust, rustless steels. Only $1.00

D. and A., low bust, full hip, made of good quality coutil $1.25

10 dozen Brassieres, fancy lace trimmed, perfect fitting. All sizes 25c

Ladies' Aviation Caps, in paddy green, white, red. Only $1.25

Children's Toques in white, cardinal and fancy colors ..... 45c, 50c and 60c

Special line of Ladies' Sweaters in cadet blue only. Regular $3.75, for $2.98

Staple Specials

36-Inch Unbleached Cotton, fine even thread, soft and fine. Note width, 36 inches. Our special 10c

Unbleached Cotton, extra heavy cloth, special quality, 36 inches, less than mill price. Only 12½c

One bale of Unbleached Cotton, 40 inches wide, splendid weight, good clean cloth. Only 15c

We have some extraordinary values in Bleached Cottons, at 12½c, 15c, 17c

Dress Goods

One piece only, Lister's Seal Plush, 48 inches wide, lovely deep pile. Worth $6.00 Sale price $4.50

One piece only, Black Caracul Coating, 50 inches wide. Only $3.25

Ask for our 38-inch wide Ironclad Serge, in navy, copen, brown, green. At ... 50c

SACRIFICE SALE OF FURS.

10 only, Fur Neckpieces, in grey, brown, black. Stole style. Regular $4.00 and $5.00. Sale price $1.98

R. J. YOUNG & CO.

TWO STORES. LONDON—EAST LONDON.