London Advertiser

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, Jan. 8.

THE LAUDER INCIDENT.

WHEN THREATS of violence and indignities reached Harry Lauder from Montreal, the famous Scottish entertainer stood at the parting of the ways in his career. Had he cancelled his engagement, or developed a sudden "illness" which prevented his appearance, the public would have cried "quitter" and the appeal of the man would have been lost.

But Lauder did not side-step nor seek to evade what promised to be a nasty situation. And he must have realized that there was danger no matter how bravely he acted, for a man who was made the target for stale eggs was almost certain to lose some of his professional fragrance for years to come.

No matter what faced him, there could be no wobbling course for Lauder. To weaken was to surrender his fame and his future, and to confess himself lacking in courage. The public would never have laughed quite so heartily at his quips when they realized that behind the mask lurked the poltroon.

Lauder took the manly course. No eggs have been thrown up to the moment of writing. He has won publicity by shining in an exciting situation and publicity sells theatre seats. And while Lauder has shown a willingness to discuss his statements regarding French-Canadians, and to qualify them in some degree, he has not retreated.

There is no middle course in life when decision's messenger waits at the door. Decision will not be denied an answer, and if one steals out the back way, decision will report the facts. If Lauder had skulked when decision knocked at his door, history would have applied to his name a word meaning the same as the term which be applied to others. And that word is "yellow."

THE RISING GENERATION.

TWO RECENT letters written to The Advertiser by "A Matriculant of 1917" were commented upon by a number of people and referred to as being well constructed and indicating clear reasoning power. It was surprising to many people that a young man just out of the Collegiate should be able to produce such letters. The thing to expect, apparently, was complete silence or some half-baked notions from a mind upon which the community had spent a good many hundred dollars. And a teacher, replying to Matriculant, brought out many good points in his argument, making the discussion at least productive of ideas. The young correspondent confessed that his intention was to provoke discussion, and was able to force home the case for lectures from business men to those aspiring to make their mark in the world.

If there is a lesson here is it not that young brains have a definite place in the constructive thought of the community? A voice in the affairs of the schools, the city, or the nations has never been given to the student body below a certain age, and no hand of direction has been extended to any movement that would tend to turn the ideas of the children to practical service. Students at the Collegiate, for instance, may have many ideas as to defects in the course which was shaped for their benefit. They may have commendation for many phases of their educational training and criticism of many other phases. They may see where the benefit of some kind of training is being expressed, and they recognize the futility of proceeding along other lines. One student may believe that there is too much repression, and that students should first of all be trained in self-reliance, so that a boy or girl may go forth into the world possessed of sufficient confidence to cut to the future they wish to embrace. One boy may have a bent toward invention, while another may believe himself capable of a triumph in literature. But if he goes forward trembling for his fate, with his desires unexpressed, and with no chart before him, he may drift along into the indifference that stultifies so many possibilities.

Expression comes to the adult citizen through his right to speak, in private or in public, through the press or on the public forum, by the medium of his ballot or from some lofty station granted him by his fellow citizens. The average man does not use this gift of expression to any great extent; the vote at the municipal election indicates how much the possession of the ballot is valued. It may be argued that the children in the schools would show no more interest in the affairs that surround them than their elders. But until the chance for active participation is given, the charge may never be supported.

In some of the kindergartens children are asked each day to name the songs they prefer to sing. Teachers say they are quick to name their favorites, as they are to choose the games to be played. When one thinks of it, this is actually placing a ballot in the hands of babes. It must be the proper method for there is no fairer and happier bed of human flowers than a kindergarten. But the children do not get this vote as they advance through the public school grades to collegiate, and perhaps not in any great degree when they reach university. They are told to express themselves through certain channels, and while only experience and knowledge may confer the power of decision, a working toward the interest of the child through his expression of preference will develop initiative. It will also develop an interest in affairs and a desire to participate in active management of affairs that is so deplorably lacking in the average possessor of the franchise.

School days are play days to many children, and nothing more. As they reach the upper grades, however, some glimpse of the stern necessity of coping with the world must have reached them. The sooner they grasp the oar, the sooner they must learn to row the boat. At the present time they are the idle passengers being conducted along certain streams. If they see a new vista they may not pull the craft toward it, for the course has been ordered. Let the teacher do the steering, but let it be done from the rudder seat, and let the children get a chance to apply the force that sends the boat along.

AS TO BULLDOG'S EARS.

VINCENT PERRY of this city has a wonderful dog story in a recent issue of Rod and Gun. It deals with the journey of a dog to the front line with his master and the rescue of the master by his canine attendant, and is told by the dog. In itself the story is worthy of the highest commendation given it by one editor who described it as the finest dog story he had ever read.

The bullterrier is a prize winner, but has always fallen short of the championship because his owner would not permit his pet's ears to be clipped. The big-hearted soldier thinks that the trimming of the flapping ornaments is the limit in cruelty, involving the infliction of severe pain upon a dumb animal for the gratifying of a whim.

Yet one seldom sees a dog's ears go untrimmed when the fashions in dog's ears dictates that they shall be trimmed. They trim the ears and cut the tails of dogs that are supposed to have a natural fighting strain, but the days of professional fighting dogs are past, and the practice cannot be justified on the ground of giving the animals a smart appearance. The trimming of a dog's ears is for the "glorification" of the man who does the trimming. It is a very personal matter. The dog being his is a part of him. Why doesn't he trim his own ears?

Men do not trim the ears of setters and collies and the varieties of dog that are house pets or wear their adornments as a complement of their beauty. But there appears to be a certain fascination in giving to the fighting dog an appearance of bristling fierceness and alertness. But it is not the fashion to match dogs today. Nor do many horsemen dock the tails of their horses to attain doubtful style at the cost of their better instincts.

Someone ought to read Vincent Perry's story and set a new style for all the varieties of bulldogs that must now submit to a shearing of flesh that might be expressed in terms of pain by cutting one's nose off or rather rudely tearing away the human lugs. And some men's ears might better come off than bulldogs.

A BANKER'S VIEW.

JAMES SPEYER, head of the Banking House of James Speyer & Co., New York, said among other things in discussing the after effects of the war the following:

"As the term 'labor' is commonly used to represent millions of working men, so it should be borne in mind that the word 'capital' does not really represent a thing, nor a few very wealthy men, but it means in civilized countries the savings of men and women of comparatively moderate means, which they have invested, either directly or indirectly, in industrial undertakings giving employment to millions.

"Those investors, be they savings bank depositors, life insurance policyholders, owners of railroad and public utilities securities, etc., be they large or small, have during the last few years not been shown as much consideration as is necessary for the country's prosperity and development.

"I think the people of our country have come to realize that there must be a change, because it is impossible for 'labor' to prosper if 'capital' is deprived of its fair return. The higher cost of the necessities of life, which was a good and sufficient reason for raising wages, also is a good and sufficient reason to insure to those who have been able to save and invest a higher return on their investment."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Bolshevik seems to be the "cootie" on the body politic.

January gives evidence of being willing to start the thaw early.

Bolsheviki creed: "Satan's in God's heaven. All's right with the world."

London's Red Cross drive shows in results that the spirit of giving is not exhausted.

Think not to escape the rigors of winter, but go softly to and speak gently with the coal man!

The Germans are inflicting upon one another a little of the suffering they imposed on other peoples.

Can anyone imagine Miss Canada marching to the altar with the villain Bolsheviki? Neither can we.

Soap is used as legal tender in Germany. Those Germans will give anything to get fats for their weinerwurst.

Hon. Robt. Rogers has headed for the east. Wouldn't a Bourassa-Rogers alliance be the greatest thing in comedies?

High prices must fall before high wages. The Dominion Government should realize the dangers if wages should come down first.

Thousands of soldiers in the west are vainly waiting for a Government land scheme. Meanwhile Ottawa is dragging its feet.

A chewing gum magnate has taken out an insurance policy for a million. Pretty little gamble, even if one cannot himself cash the ticket.

Paderewski says the "shevs" want to kill everyone who uses a toothbrush. And endless torture, no doubt, for the villain who takes a bath.

Canada will loan $25,000,000 to Rumania to buy Canadian goods. If the premier would be as generous to his own people, they'd buy Canadian goods, too.

The manufacturer who now hopes for the chance of pounding wages down with a labor surplus is guilty of conspiracy to throw this country into a state of chaos.

"Newspapers Are the World's Mirror"

Comment, Cleverness and Mere Verbiage From "Educators of the Common People" in Canada and Other Lands.

IN 1919!
[Brampton Conservator.]
Soft wood may be bought in Dundalk at $2.50 per cord, hard wood at $4 per cord.

TWO KINDS OF DRILLING.
[Quebec Telegraph.]
They are drilling in the Peace River district. But not for war this time; only for gas.

A SCALP HARD TO GET.
[Ottawa Journal.]
There are doubtless people in Toronto who some day hope to unearth a citizen who can lick Tommy Church for the mayoralty.

A HULL LOT OF WORK.
[Boston Transcript.]
They are now talking of making Miss Jane Adams Mayor of Chicago. Having made such a pronounced success of running Hull House, they fancy she could run the hull town.

THE MORNING AFTER.
[Orillia News-Letter.]
A Barrie man has a theory that if the prohibition elections were held at night the country might go dry. He says it is voting in the morning that puts territory into the prohibition column.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN.
[Quebec Telegraph.]
The editor of The London Advertiser says that although mistletoe is scarce this year, there are numerous other ways of getting a kiss. London seems to be a specially favored city.

REMEMBER THIS.
[Detroit Free Press.]
A newspaper very seldom prints anything that isn't so deliberately. Whenever an untruth is printed you can make up your mind that the newspaper has been unfortunate enough to get its information from a liar.

QUANTITY PRODUCTION.
[Grand Rapids Press.]
We can hardly await the appearance of Uncle Henry Ford's newspaper, which, we understand, is to be assembled like a Ford, with the sporting editor at one end of the runway and the society editor at the other.

ONE GUESS AT WHAT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT.
[Associated Press.]
Queen Mary and Mrs. Wilson carried on an animated conversation to the last moment, President Wilson having to call Mrs. Wilson's attention to the fact that the train was pulling out.

MOST OF US THINK WE HAVE.
[Brockville Recorder and Times.]
Think it over. If you have one friend who knows you altogether, and who being in possession of that knowledge, can be depended on to be at your side no matter what betide, show your appreciation and thank God every day for such a blessing.

WHOA! JANUARY.
[Flesherton cor. Markdale Standard.]
The new eleven-ton piece of machinery for the hydro power house is being slowly transported from the station by Mr. D. McTavish, who has the contract. It reached here on Saturday. A horse, belonging to Mr. Price Teeter took fright at it on the road one day last week and upsetting the cutter had a lively runaway.

"VULGAR BOUNCE!"
[Orillia Packet.]
Dubbing Orillia's new town hall, "The City Hall," is not the kind of thing which could have had the approval of "that great master of understatement," the Marquis of Salisbury. Who is responsible for that bit of vulgar bounce we do not know; but his name ought to have been tacked to the letter on the opera house front as a deterrent to future generations.

GERMANY CAN PAY.
[Col. George Harvey.]
"But we are told that Germany cannot pay. Cannot pay! With nine-tenths of her productive labor under arms, she furnished seven billions a year for four years in her dastardly attempt to conquer the world. Surely in time of peace she can provide three billions a year for fifty years. At any rate, she can and should be made to try."

IN THE "BASKET LONG AGO."
[Orillia Packet.]
A Coldwater pastor advertises a sermon on "Woman's Mission In Life." We had supposed that question to be settled by Mr. Prentier and a lot of old women of the opposite sex among the politicians. If woman's mission in life is not to vote and manage affairs of government, what under the sun is it? Not to marry, make a home, and bear children, surely. That old-fashioned notion was contemptuously thrown into the scrap-heap some time ago.

FROM A "DRY" NEWSPAPER.
[The Pioneer.]
The Pioneer has an idea that the censor is not much of a prohibitionist.

The Montreal professor, who champions the liquor business, is also a humorist.

Six car loads of "Leacock's Special" are reported to have reached Vancouver.

The coming prohibition fight will hardly be as bitter as those of the barn-burning days.

A COCKNEY TEST, TOO.
[London Tit-Bits.]
A Frenchman, boasting in company that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following from dictation:

"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule-log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

THE BRITISH WAY.
[Cobourg Sentinel-Star.]
When the British Chemical Company located in Trenton the municipality contributed $10,000 toward the establishment of the industry there. The shutting-down of the large plant following the cessation of hostilities rendered it impossible for the company to carry out their part of the agreement, and last week Mayor Ireland was handed a cheque for $10,000 by Mr. C. N. Barclay, superintendent of the British Chemical Company, thus returning the bonus without question.

SAD BUT TRUE.
[George Moore, "A Story-Teller's Holiday."]
We must love for the sake of our remembrance of the kiss we receive, but not for it, and of all, we must not hesitate to resist whatever piercing longings rise up in us to return to the things that we loved long ago. The woman may be more beautiful and more intelligent than she was when he loved her; and the prospects that we remember are, perchance, more romantic today than they were when they stirred our imagination, but we must not try to return to them; we shall lose them if we do; but by our fireside we can possess them more intensely than when they were poor illusive actualities.

THE MAN WHO HELD THE GATE
[Montreal Star.]
Birthday congratulations from all parts of the world will be showered on Marshal Joffre of France, the hero of the Marne. The love which the poilus bear him is matched only by his great love for France, their confidence in him equalled by his faith in the future of his country. While the great marshal will be remembered for the romantic inspiration of his famous message when he called on his warworn troops to stand and deliver a blow for France without counting the cost, yet it was in the hours of quiet concentration, in the days of darkest shadow that his plans were laid and his triumphs won. He gave way to another leader after the first dark days were past and, while it was left to Foch to achieve the great victory, Joffre had stemmed defeat.

The Advertisers' Daily Short Story

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SENT BY MISS WIGGIN.
By Jane Osborn.

"She says Miss Wiggin sent her and she said to give you this," drawled the small office boy to Stanley Higgins, in the middle of what seemed to said Mr. Higgins the busiest morning of the busiest week of his business career.

"The Lord knows it's time she sent someone, but why did she annoy me this morning?" retorted Higgins. "No, don't tell her to go; bring her in."

He had no time to examine the folded sheet that the girl from Miss Wiggin had brought by way of recommendation, but the large sepiatoned photograph, apparently the worse for frequent handling, opened of itself as Higgins started to flip it and the recommendation into a drawer of his desk.

He whistled and the office boy hesitated on the threshold to see whether this meant that Higgins wanted him to stop.

"No, go on," shouted Higgins. The whistle had been the natural result of the first glimpse of the photograph which showed the original to be a tall, slender blonde with a figure that mingled the litheness of a nymph with the symmetry and perfection of a Diana.

Especially was this true of the arms, which were generously displayed in the picture, though the voluminous furs about the shoulders left one obliged to guess the beauty there concealed. Higgins had never heard of sending in a picture as part of an application for a clerical job before.

It wasn't a bad idea—still it would have been more appropriate, he thought to send a picture as the young woman would appear in business—or did she come in this theatrical attire?

In a minute more she answered the question for herself. She did not, but she was as lively and as Dianesque in the neat street suit, albeit just a trifle worn and shabby, that she wore.

"Miss Wiggin sent me——" began the girl, looking searchingly around the office as if missing something that she had expected to find. She had time to say no more.

"It's high time she did send you," was Higgin's rejoinder. "I don't see any reason why you shouldn't handle the job, do you?"

"Only that my arms are just a little too short," she said; "but that perhaps doesn't matter with the work you have for me. In the fur concern where I was once it didn't matter, but Miss Wiggin said I'd better tell you."

Higgins looked up in surprise, then laughed. "Oh, that's all right," he said. The idea that there would be enough switchboard work for her to do to make it necessary to have her arms measured as one would for a central operator amused him. "Why did you leave your last place?" he asked. "Was it just on that account?"

"Not entirely," said the girl, blushing in spite of an effort not to. "But, you see—well, in my kind of work it sometimes isn't as pleasant as it might be, and—well, if I do my work well I don't like to go out to dinner with the buyers. You wouldn't expect me to do that, would you?"

"Dinner with the buyers?" gasped Higgins. Assuredly none of the government agents who came to place orders for motors in the concern for which he worked had ever yet shown any disposition to take the young women clerks out to dinner. He assured her that she would not be expected to do that sort of thing.

"I suppose you can make yourself generally useful for a day or so," he said. In spite of the fact that he was complaining of Miss Wiggin's delay in sending the girl, the filing cabinets in which he wanted her to begin the system he had in mind had not come.

Daphne Drew—for that was her name—was ready to begin work at once and though she seemed a little surprised when he told her to begin by arranging the papers in the drawers of his desk so that if it were necessary for him to ask her to do so she could at any time find anything that the desk contained, she went about the work with a will. Higgins noticed the slender white hands as they worked over the papers.

They were not awkward at their task—hands like that could never be awkward at anything—but assuredly they were not used to that sort of work. Higgins found himself watching them as they hovered over the papers. He began to despise himself as he reflected that those hands were better fitted to cull violets or roses.

Only once or twice he allowed himself to glance from the hands to the face above them. Once he pinched himself to see whether he was actually awake, later he wondered whether he really like the idea of having such radiance and beauty his near companion during business hours.

He had always complained because of the rather plain exteriors of the young women clerks who were sent to work for him. Now he realized that it was better that way. Still, the beautiful one worked silently on. You would have called her unobtrusive and demure if beauty of that type could ever be unobtrusive or demure.

Still the filing cabinet did not come. One had to expect such delays, the manufacturers told him. So Higgins had to go on making up tasks for the girl to perform. He sent to a clipping bureau for a file of clippings on motors in which he had no interest whatever so that he could get her to file them, and he sent to their own cataloguing department for a duplicate file of catalogues, mixed them all up and kept her busy a day making a card index for them.

She was not amazingly swift, but she seemed to possess initiative enough to go ahead with her work without asking any questions. She really did say almost nothing, only occasionally Higgins would see that look of wonder come into her deep grey eyes as she glanced about his office with the look she had given the day she first came as if searching in vain for something she did not find.

By the time the filing cabinet had come Daphne had been there ten days, and Stanley Higgins had missed as many good nights' sleep. The question had presented itself to him almost from the first. She was the most beautiful and most lovely woman he had ever seen, there was no question about that.

The question was, having found such a creature, was there anything to do about it but what men naturally did under the circumstances, make an effort to marry her? By the tenth day he had decided that there was but one answer to the question. If she refused, then she would have to leave his employ. He calmly made up his mind to ask her bluntly whether she would have him. He was far too busy to go about it with the usual dallying and too smitten to brook further delay.

He arrived earlier than usual the morning of the day when he planned to make his plea, and, as if to steady himself against the ordeal, he took the picture from the desk where he had put it the first day. Attached to it was the recommendation that had come from Miss Wiggin which he had never read before.

He glanced at it, first casually, then gripping the paper, read with bated breath the slip which, with printed blanks filled in, read something like this:

"Height, 5—6; coloring, natural blonde; dark grey eyes; size foot, 5, but shapely; gloves, 6½, but slender; waist, 26; bust, full 36; arms, slightly short. Willing to pose for cloaks? Yes. Furs? Yes. Hats? Yes. Lingerie and corsets? Definitely not—can't be persuaded. Reason for leaving last place—not a good mixer; wants place where doesn't have to meet buyers socially."

So preoccupied was Stanley Higgins with the perusal of this sheet that he did not recall that the original of the brief description was standing before him.

"I hoped you would never read that," she said. "I realized after the first day that a mistake had been made, and I went to Miss Wiggin. I found there that they had sent me to the wrong place by mistake. You wanted a filing clerk, didn't you? And I was a model.

"I didn't know I could make money any other way. But I like this so much better—I didn't want you to know. You see, when we go to get places as models they are only for a little while. The season is short—and we take our photographs and descriptions like that. Then they take time to talk to us. Otherwise they send us on. I hope it won't make any difference."

Higgins had not expected to lead up to this proposal so early in the morning. He had planned to wait till afternoon, but this seemed his best cue. "I can't let you be filing clerk," he blurted out, "when I want you to be my wife." He seized the dazzling Diana creature in his arms. "Daphne, girl, I am distracted about you," he said, and as the "six and a half" hand crumpled in his he knew that his suit was won.

"Table of Payments"

First Payment 25c.	9th paym't 75c	19th p'm't $1.10	29th p'm't $1.40
	10th p'm't 75c	20th p'm't $1.10	30th p'm't $1.40
	11th p'm't 75c	21st p'm't $1.20	31st p'm't $1.40
2nd p'm't 25c	12th p'm't 75c	22nd p'm't $1.20	32nd p'm't $1.40
3rd paym't 25c	13th p'm't $1.00	23rd p'm't $1.20	33rd p'm't $1.50
4th paym't 25c	14th p'm't $1.00	24th p'm't $1.20	34th p'm't $1.50
5th paym't 50c	15th p'm't $1.00	25th p'm't $1.30	35th p'm't $1.50
6th paym't 50c	16th p'm't $1.00	26th p'm't $1.30	36th p'm't $1.50
7th paym't 50c	17th p'm't $1.10	27th p'm't $1.30	
8th paym't 50c	18th p'm't $1.10	28th p'm't [illegible]	

You Can Still Join!

BUT MEMBERSHIPS ARE GOING RAPIDLY IN THE

White Progressive Club

You need pay only 25 cents to join and the balance in Easy Payments. A new White will be delivered to your home when you enroll as a member.

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY

SEW WHILE YOU PAY.

THE PAYMENTS ARE SMALL

SPECIAL PRICES

Are Offered Club Members. Only a limited number of White Sewing Machines will be sold on this plan.

10c Cash Discounts

Can Be Saved by You on every final payment you make before it is due.

No Interest To Pay

Agents' Commissions are left out of our Special Club Prices.

Don't Miss This Opportunity.

Ontario Furniture Co., Ltd.
228-30 DUNDAS STREET.
London's Largest Home Furnishers.

Come to Our Store Today.

AMHERSTBURG BRASS BAND.

AMHERSTBURG, Jan. 7.—Special services were held in St. Andrew's Church on New Year's eve.

Mayor Park has been re-elected for 1919 by acclamation.

The town council has granted the sum of $100 to enable Amherstburg to start a brass band.

HOW SALLOW SKIN CAN BE CHANGED TO ROSY COMPLEXION

Every woman with pale cheeks and poor complexion needs medicine—needs a potent tonic to regulate her system. To tone up the stomach—to insure good digestion—to give new life and vitality to the whole system—where is there a remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Dr. Hamilton's Pills enable you to eat what you like—they correct constipation — make nourishing blood — instil force and vim into a rundown system.

If nervous and can't sleep your remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they search out the cause of your condition and you rise in the morning refreshed, strong, vigorous, ready for the day's work.

Dr. Hamilton asks every weak and debilitated person to use his Mandrake and Butternut Pills. They make old folks feel young, and weak folks feel strong. Their effects upon insomnia and languor is marvellous. Hundreds declare they soothe and quiet the nerves so that a good night's rest always follows their use.

To look well, to feel well, to keep well, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, cleansing, strengthening—good for the young or old. Sold by all dealers in 25c boxes.

HAD SUFFERED FOR FOURTEEN YEARS

Couldn't Lift an Arm or Leg From Bed—Tanlac Restores Health.

"I wish I could have found Tanlac fourteen years ago," said William D. Lawrence, who lives at 417 East Thirtieth street, Tacoma, Wash., a few days ago.

"I have suffered all the pangs of inflammatory rheumatism just that many years," he continued, "and many times I have been in such pain and misery I would almost wish I could die and end it all. My whole body was racked with pain nearly all the time, and I would get terribly swollen all over, sometimes my feet would swell so bad I couldn't get my shoes on. The swelling and pain would come so sudden in my feet at times that I would have to cut the strings in my shoes, so I could get them off real quick. I was so bad off at one time that I was flat on my back for two or three months on a stretch, and couldn't raise an arm or leg all during that time, and every part of my body just ached with pain all the time. I went night after night without a minute's sleep, just had to lie there and suffer.

"I tried everything I could get my hands on, thinking I would get something after a while that would do me some good, but nothing seemed to help me very much. I thought a change might do me some good, so I came to Tacoma a short time ago, and when I got here I heard a great many people talking about the good Tanlac had done them, and I thought I would try it out myself. Well, sir, it began to overcome my trouble right away. I am practically free from those terrible rheumatic pains now, and all that swelling is a thing of the past, and, in fact, all that fourteen years of misery seems to be over. I sleep like a log and am gaining both in weight and strength every day. I never lose a minute from my work now, put in full time every day, and just feel good all the time. It sure is great to be in such fine shape after fourteen years of agony. I don't believe there is another medicine in the world equal to Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold in London by Standard Drug, Limited, and by an established agency in every town.

WHICH HAND WILL YOU HAVE?

Expectation from the cock of his ear to the wag of his stump of a tail. Eventually he'll get his Predigest Biscuit, but he's anxious, memories of the last delicious mouthful lingers yet. Doggie knows Predigest Biscuits are good.

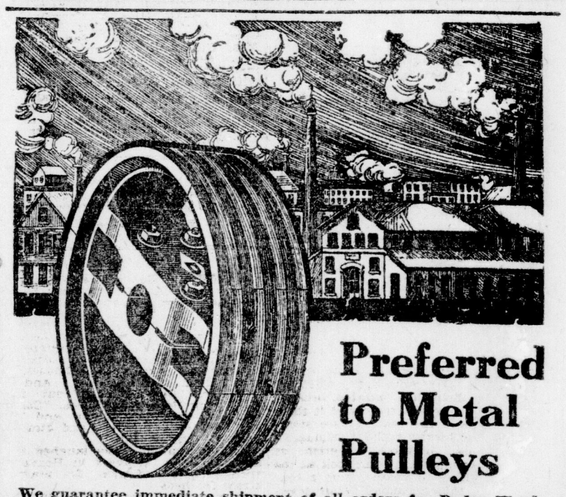
PREDIGEST DOG BISCUITS

ARE THE BEST

They are palatable, clean and wholesome, a predigested food.

Ask your dealer for Predigest by name. If he cannot supply you write us direct.

Predigest Food Company
Limited
Toronto, Canada



Preferred to Metal Pulleys

We guarantee immediate shipment of all orders for Dodge Wood-Split Pulleys from four inches up to six feet in diameter.

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