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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Tuesday, March 27.

A REAL OPPORTUNITY.

TODAY RECRUITING commences for the 7th Regiment Overseas Company, and an opportunity is offered to the young and physically fit men of London to enlist under circumstances which would have seemed ideal to those who have volunteered in other units and gone to do their duty.

The commander, some of the officers and most of the non-commissioned officers have seen service during this war. Some of them know the trials, the risks and the hardships, and will take every care that the man in the ranks has the best treatment possible. They will also see to it that the company has the training which is the best preparation for active service, and, so far as is allowable under existing orders, unnecessary "frills" are likely to be eliminated and the real, worth while activities given prominence.

Those who join the new company have many advantages. They are going overseas with their friends of the company, and in France and Belgium will rejoin other friends in the 1st and 18th Battalions. There is none of that nerve-straining uncertainty which others have had to sustain as to their fate in England, but the knowledge that they are all going as a unit and officered by experienced Western Ontario men, who will treat them as welcome comrades coming to take the places of the fallen. Friendships formed in this city will be continued in Europe, and there ought to be an esprit de corps second to none in the whole army.

Many young men have been heard to say during the last year that they would join if they had any assurance that they would not be drafted off to some battalion in which they had not a single friend. Now is the chance for such as these to come forward. The opportunity is offered, and the need is great.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

THE UNITED STATES is now thoroughly awakened. History will approve the course of President Wilson throughout. In a republic the people rule and it was necessary to have behind him their solid voice and sentiment. It was a slow process in a country so peaceably disposed as is the United States. It was necessary for President Wilson to remember that about fifteen per cent of the population of the United States is either German by birth or descent.

It should never be forgotten that the atmosphere of Europe has been a war atmosphere and that of America a peace atmosphere. This fact is well stated by Gilbert Murray: "Generation after generation of American settlers have been refugees from European persecutions. Refugee Puritans, refugee Quakers, refugee Catholics, French Huguenots, English and German Republicans; in later days persecuted Jews and Poles and Russian revolutionaries have all found shelter and freedom in America and most of them some degree of freedom and public respect, and far more numerous than those definite sufferers from religious and political persecution have been the swarms of settlers, who, for one reason or another, had found life too hard in the old world. In every generation the effect is repeated. Europe is the place that people fly from, the place of tyrants and aristocracies, of wars and crooked diplomacy, the place where the poor are so miserable that they leave their homes and families and spend their last shilling in order to work at the lowest manual labor in the one land on earth which will really assure them life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. No wonder it is easy for an American to reject all responsibility for the troubles of Europe."

After all President Wilson by the course he has taken has emphasized the blessing that the United States has been to the world. America has been the paradise of the poor man. In Europe, in any country in Europe, it has been difficult for a man to get out of the position in life in which he was born. America has been quite the reverse. Millions of men and women came to America, not so much to benefit themselves as to give their children an opportunity denied to them in older lands. Of no country in Europe is this so true as of Germany, and therefore the German in America no less than the American of German descent should unite with the American of every descent in preserving the liberties, the broad and ample rights so well laid down by the founders of the American constitution.

"BRUTAL" CANADIANS.

IN A SPECIAL wireless dispatch from Berlin to the New York Times, describing the experiences of the Bernstorff party aboard the Frederick VII, the following statement appears:

All accounts unanimously praise the British naval officers, who acted like thorough gentlemen, while the Canadian officials, especially the women employed in bodily searches, seemed to delight in brutality. Even Danish and Norwegian passengers were not spared, and one Norwegian who complained was temporarily imprisoned. The Vossiche Zeitung's Norwegian correspondent says it is impossible to print the outrageous stories passengers told him about the behavior of Canadian male and female officials. Even the British naval commandant is said to have declared: "If all that becomes known, there is bound to be a great scandal, but you can't make gentlemen out of Canadians."

It is a wonder that this was not tried before. Germans must know that among some people there is a belief that the Canadian is "sniffed at" by the typical Englishman and regarded as a mere, uncouth colonial. Of course, the "brutality" stories in regard to the Bernstorff party have been in circulation for some time. It has been said via Sayville that the members of the party was subjected to the "grossest indignities," both by British and Canadian officials. Crocodile tears flow from German eyes over everything. They can even become lachrymose over Belgium. What more natural than to have the British officials appear as fatherly investigators, who apologized as each garment came off, at the same time sympathizing with the gentle Germans who had been unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the coarse Canadians. If this is not a very transparent attempt to stir up Canadian feeling against the English, what is it?

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A MOST ingenious and varied entertainment is the Roberson Travelogue, being presented at the Lyric Theatre, under the auspices of The Advertiser. Now a picture, now an action, now the choric comment of the lecturer, or, rather, explainer—there is nothing so stiff or laborious as a lecture in the show, it is to please and not to bore, all is free and easy. The comment varies from grave to gay, from harmless, necessary platitude of moral indignation now and then to a crisp wit or humorous anecdote. Then music also lends its artful aid, and in the pauses for steady observation the audience can exchange remarks or promptings with agreeable freedom.

A Frenchman wrote a book of "Travels Around My Room." Here are real travels for the stay-at-home, inexpensive and instructive. Most tourists do not see in months of wandering over thousands of miles such sights as those on Saturday evening of vineyard-workers, Italian cavalrymen or Turkish cattle-drivers. What a future there is of expansion in this line of pleasurable instruction. Intensive cultivation of the field lies all before.

Like the theatrical advertisements which strictly announce "the moral" inculcated in plays of social problem—"there is no sterner moralist than pleasure," as Byron says—the speaker felt required to administer a strong rebuke to the scenes displayed of Monte Carlo and the Madrid bull-ring. In regard to the former, however, he gave a facetious air to his reflections. Why is it, he demanded, that Satan's palaces the world over look more gorgeous than a library or a Y. M. C. A.? The answer he knew was too obvious to stop on. Is it that good things need no gilding? No, it is that their keepers usually cannot afford to trim them up. Here, said the speaker, pointing to the exquisite picture of the world's greatest gambling den, you see the gem of the Riviera and the ulcer of humanity. That sums it up. There every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. There, said the showman, is a hotel that has a private cemetery and a private motor hearse to pick up the suicides lying about the grounds now and then, a sort of garbage collection as it were.

On the bull fight the edifying comment followed, "I call that barbarous, a disgrace to civilization." Well, rather. Mr. Roberson is reported not to have descended ino the arena himself to take the pictures, "not wanting to bother the bull." Certainly the exhibition of these bull-ring pictures can do no harm. They do not in any respect encourage the barbarous practice itself, and by awakening over the world a general feeling of active detestation they may help to discourage the thing, if public opinion counts for anything.

A good feature in an exhibition of Pyrenean scenes would be the ancient caves of Gargas, Altamira and Niaux. The walls of these caves, eerie places, half a mile inside of a mountain, are covered with drawings and paintings of animals, etc., made by prehistoric men thousands of years ago.

The rock-built homes of the Arabian city of Petra, pictured at the other end of the lecture, would be a good sequel to a view of the Pyrenean caves. The Arabian city, though very ancient, was no doubt constructed later than the cave retreats of Southwestern Europe. Something approximating to the rock-face carving of Petra, but under, can be seen in the cliff tombs of Etruria north of Rome, which also would show up scenically in such an exhibition.

Those charming Arab maidens! They looked about as well as the "alluring" Spaniards earlier shown. Were they so shy as the lecturer averred? Perhaps there was some demure or coquettish shyness, but on the whole they posed quite like our movie actresses, and that, too, on "their first appearance" before the camera's staring eye. Something of the Eternal Feminine, no doubt, in far off Arabia. And with that large reflection then came God Save the King.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Will the moving forward of British clocks an hour bring the moment of victory any nearer?

With brooms rising in price, some housewives may be more careful how they use them on erring husbands.

One George Vaux Bacon admits in New York having acted as a paid German spy in England. Some bacon!

The London Railway Commission wants to abolish 30-cent rates on two days of the week and give a 40-cent rate every day. But, with all the reported profits, could it not give a regular 30-cent rate?

The Advertiser's Hint for City Gardeners.

Information as to Preparation, Planting and Care of Plants That May Be Grown in Backyards.

SOWING THE SEED.

After the ground has been thoroughly raked and levelled, it is ready for the seed. The soil should be warm and crumbly, not sticky. The seed is usually planted in rows and this may be done at any time of the day. To insure the rows being straight a piece of board or line may be used. This is placed in the proper position and then a pointed stick drawn back and forth close to the line or board, until the trench is deep enough.

The seed is usually planted by hand from a thin dish, such as a saucer or plate. A general rule is to cover the seed with soil to a depth of two or three times the thickness of the seed, but this will not do in all cases. It is most essential to press the soil down firmly over the seeds, thereby bringing them into close contact with the soil and its moisture, and inducing germination. This may be done by patting the soil with a flat board, or tramping it with the feet.

For successful germination of the seed, heat, moisture and air are necessary. A temperature even higher than that needed for the development of the plant is best for germination. The soil should never be allowed to dry out or should it be kept wet, but merely moist. The object of sowing seed on freshly-loosened soil is to supply it with air and also to prevent weeds getting a start of the crop.

Do not sow immediately before a rain, for a crust is formed by the rain which is often too hard to allow the young seeds to push their way up through it.

All vegetables require plenty of sunshine, and in very small gardens, tomatoes, cucumbers, muskmelons, etc. may be trained to the fences by means of string, stakes or trellis.

Some growers advise soaking the seed from 12 to 24 hours in tepid water before it is planted. This may be done and two or three days gained. If the ground into which it is to be planted is moist. However, if the ground into which the seed is to be placed is dry, the rapid growth, started by the swelling seed, will be checked and nothing gained by the soaking. When seeds have been soaked, they should be carefully drained and partly dried before planting.

Such quick-growing plants as lettuce, radishes, spinach, etc., at first fail to reach the food furnished by the under-dug manure, and their growth may be stimulated by a surface application of any garden fertilizer. This should be well worked into the surface soil.

The following table shows the length of time required for the various seeds to germinate when under the best conditions:

Bean	5-10 days
Beet	7-10 days
Cabbage	5-10 days
Carrot	12-18 days
Cauliflower	5-10 days
Celery	10-20 days
Corn	5-8 days
Cucumber	6-10 days
Lettuce	6-8 days
Onion	7-10 days
Pea	6-10 days
Parsnip	10-20 days
Pepper	9-14 days
Radish	3-5 days
Salsify	7-12 days
Tomato	6-12 days
Turnip	4-8 days

THE GIRL WITH THE HOE.

POTATO CULTURE--The Food of a Potato Plant

(By Professor John Dearness.)

The second question referred to me may be put in these words—What is the food of the potato plant and how is it obtained? As might be expected, since the tuber is merely a modified underground stem, the elements entering into the composition of tuber and stem differ chiefly in proportions. About 90 per cent of the solid or dry matter of the tuber is starch. This is made by the plant out of water taken mostly from the soil by the roots, and dioxide of carbon taken wholly from the air by the leaves. A couple of hills of potatoes will yield a pound of starch, to make which they require to digest about three-quarters of a pound of carbon dioxide. To get this quantity the leaves have to breathe in at least 15,000 cubic feet of air. The potato has no other way of getting this starch component than from the air that passes into its leaves through their breathing pores. The application of this truth in potato culture is obvious. The plants must have room for abundant circulation of air. In the experiments on spacing, plants set 12 inches apart in rows 27 inches apart gave the largest yield per acre.

Source Is Sunlight.

The source of energy for these chemical decompositions and recombinations is sunlight. Using a good microscope and iodine solution it is easy to show that the leaves on the afternoon of a bright day contain countless granules of starch. If parts of the same leaves be taken at sunrise the next morning the starch granules are comparatively few. Under sunlight the healthy potato plant supplied with air and water is busy making starch, which it digests into a kind of sugar, and during the night transfers to the tuber. Hence potatoes cannot do good work in shady or sheltered situations. They need wind and sunshine to produce starch.

If a hundredweight of potatoes be cut fine and dried to the last degree the dry, solid residue, about one-fifth of the total weight, can be burned away to leave about one pound of ash. This ash has often been analyzed by chemists, and found to contain eight or nine oxides. Now if any of these compounds are entirely absent from the soil the potato cannot build its structure or perform its functions.

Nearly Always Present.

Five or six of these oxides are nearly always present in sufficient quantity even in light, sandy soil; two others, except in new ground, are pretty sure to need replenishing annually, namely, potash and phosphoric oxide. This is where the necessity of fertilizers comes in. Wood ashes, the vegetable part of garbage and decayed leaves yield potash. The muriate, a commercial salt of potash, was much employed until the war put it out of the market. The war had not been in progress six months before the price of this salt exceeded $100 a ton. Phosphates can yet be bought in the form of bone meal and mineral compounds, known as acid phosphate and superphosphate, of which a plot two by four rods can stand about fifteen pounds. A wise gardener will not permit the garbage man to carry away the bone refuse.

Nitrogen Essential.

Another element obtained from the soil, although not found in the ash, is indispensable to the potato—that is nitrogen. Nitrogen compounds, especially nitrate of soda or chili saltpetre are in the market at reasonable prices. Nitrate of soda may be applied at the rate of a pound per square rod. But the most reliable feeder for the potato crop is well decomposed farmyard manure, preferably from the cow stable, worked into the soil at the rate of a big wagonload on a plot two by four rods. Such fertilizer contains nitrates, potash and phosphates in about the right proportion.

These and the other necessary soil-foods are absorbed by the roots in the form of weak solutions, therefore potatoes use large quantities of water in producing a heavy crop. They need plenty of water and good drainage. A well-fed potato plant is one that grows in fertile soil with plenty of water, wind and sunshine. The question of the potato's insect and fungus enemies may perhaps be more profitably considered about the time they begin to make their appearance.

JOHN DEANESS.

THE ADVERTISER'S DAILY SHORT STORY

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

GIRL FROM HANKINSVILLE.

By Earl Reed Silvers.

The canoe swept gracefully down the last of the rapids and was guided easily to the wooded bank.

"That is Hankinsville," remarked Vincent Russell, indicating a cluster of white houses about half a mile down the river. "I have a letter of introduction to a girl who lives there. She's a fourth or fifth cousin of mine."

Austin Livingston smiled.

"You seem to have a cousin in every port," he remarked. "But this time you haven't anything on me. I once knew a girl from Hankinsville myself."

"Where did you meet her?"

"Down at Atlantic City two years ago. It was during a Paul Jones at a hotel ball. We had a wonderful dance together, but she refused to tell me her name until we were properly introduced. She said, however, that she came from Hankinsville. I expected to look her up the next day, but I was called away suddenly and haven't seen her since."

Vincent looked interested.

"Perhaps she is the same girl I'm looking for," he suggested. "What was she like?"

"Light hair, blue eyes and red cheecks," Austin answered.

"She may be the same one." Vincent glanced at his watch. "The girl I'm hunting for is Doris Osborn, but we'll never find her if we don't hurry up. Let's get to work."

For a few minutes they busied themselves with pots and pans and other implements of camp life.

"Are we due to leave here tomorrow morning?" Austin asked.

"Yes."

"Supposing Doris turns out to be a wonder?"

Vincent smiled.

"Well," he said, "we're not in such a hurry that we can't stay over for a day or two. Hustle along with those pans."

Supper was eaten and the dishes washed and stowed away before another thirty minutes had passed. Then, togged out in all the finery of their best camping trip clothes, the two men made their way to Hankinsville.

The village was situated on the bank of the Delaware river—a group of spotlessly clean houses clustered together on the top of a hill. In the very centre, facing the river, stood a typical summer hotel, with the village store and postoffice opposite.

"We'll stop in and ask the postmaster where the Osborns live," Vincent announced. "He'll probably be able to tell us better than any one else."

They stood for a moment on the steps leading to the store. From the hotel opposite came the sound of merry voices, and as they watched a bevy of summer girls strolled arm in arm down the broad steps of the veranda. As they passed the two strangers one of them looked coyly over her shoulder and smiled into their eyes.

Austin touched his companion's arm. "Why bother looking up your friend Doris?" he asked. "It seems to me we'd have a better time if we spent the night at the hotel."

"Well, we'll see."

Vincent's eyes were turned interestedly down the road leading away from the river and Austin's glance followed the direction of his gaze. Coming toward them he spied a girl dressed in some sort of shimmering green. Her hair was the color of goldenrod in the late autumn and her arms and neck had been tinted with deepest tan by the summer sun. She walked lightly, swinging her arms with a free motion as if she were accustomed to tramping over the country roads. Somehow she gave one the impression of the spirit of all outdoors.

"I have a presentiment," said Vincent suddenly, "that that girl is Doris Osborn."

"If it is," Austin answered, "I don't think we'll bother about the hotel, after all."

They moved to one side as the girl reached the steps. She glanced at them as she passed, and nodded pleasantly. Vincent's heart missed a beat. She had evidently taken them for some of the hotel boarders she had met, but that did not make her smile less charming. Struck by a sudden idea, Vincent entered the store.

"I'd like the Osborn mail," he heard her say.

Without waiting for the postmaster's answer he hurried out to the porch.

"It's her," he announced with the careless disregard of the rules of grammar so prevalent among college men. "I heard her ask for the mail."

The girl reappeared, a batch of letters in her hand. The two men watched as she sorted them eagerly, selecting three, which she placed in a small satin handbag on her arm. She walked leisurely down the road.

"I'm going to speak to her," Vincent announced. "Come on."

He seized the unprotesting Austin by the arm and hurried after the girl.

"I beg your pardon," he said when he had reached her side, "but my name is Vincent Russell."

She looked at him inquiringly, with the hint of a twinkle in her eye.

"I'm very pleased to know it," she answered in just the kind of voice Vincent knew she would have. "Are you trying to flirt with me?"

He flushed ever so slightly.

"No, indeed," he protested earnestly. "I believe that I have something for you."

He fished hastily into the inner pocket of his coat, and drew forth a tattered letter addressed to Miss Doris Osborn.

"Will you please read this?" he asked.

She took the envelope and looked at it curiously. For a moment she hesitated.

"How do you know that I am Doris Osborn?" she asked.

"I heard you ask for the mail," he answered proudly. "I'm a regular Sherlock Holmes."

She looked at him amusedly.

"And what does the letter say?"

"It's an introduction from Kitty Dale, who used to know you in Philadelphia. Please read it, because I want to introduce my friend here to you." He indicated Austin, who had been an interested onlooker.

The girl turned the letter in her hand, examining it curiously.

"It seems to have gone through the war," she remarked.

"I know," he laughed lightly, "but we've been canoeing for the past two weeks and it's been wet."

Another girl appeared around a bend in the road about a hundred yards away. Suddenly she held the letter toward Vincent.

"I'm sorry," she said, with the hint of a smile in her voice. "But I'm not Doris Osborn."

"What!" He fell back, amazed.

"I'm not Doris Osborn," she repeated. "My name is Edythe Halstead."

"But I heard you ask for the mail!" He was still incredulous.

"I know." She hesitated, then, noting the disappointment in his eyes, softened. "I'm visiting the Osborns," she explained. "Here is Doris now."

She indicated the second girl, who was rapidly approaching.

"Oh, Doris," she called. "Here is a friend of yours."

It didn't take very long for the real Doris to remember Kitty Dale and to read her letter of introduction. She greeted Vincent pleasantly, but when she turned to Austin her eyes opened wide.

"I believe we have met before," she remarked.

Austin was grinning from ear to ear.

"We surely have," he answered. "You're the girl from Hankinsville."

Wait a Minute!

By J. H. F.

Gasoline will be 35 cents a gallon, we hear. We always walk anyway, so we should worry.

* * *

The concern of the Germans now is to stop that voluntary retreat, as they call it. It has become quite involuntary.

* * *

A New York jury has failed to convict a pretty milliner. That jury must have been composed of bachelors. Imagine married men being kind to a milliner.

* * *

Milwaukee Germans will not allow "The Star-Spangled Banner" to be sung there. The United States are not free, apparently; they belong to the Milwaukee Germans.

* * *

T. Roosevelt has adopted a family of 20 Belgians. Bill Bryan should mother a Belgian hare—he's as fierce as a rabbit.

* * *

The czar is said to be worth two billion dollars. He and Charlie Chaplin should become quite chummy.

* * *

Rear-Admiral Fiske says that the Germans may send over a fleet and blow up New York. The British fleet would dearly love to see that German fleet under steam.

* * *

"How to get the flavor of garlic out of milk" is the subject of a story in a magazine. Cinch. Throw the milk in the sewer. Then the odor from the sewer gas will choke the garlic odor to death.

* * *

A Kansas City millionaire complains that his wife married him for his money. Apparently all she got out of him was a few shekels. He is probably as interesting as some German habits.

* * *

Shrader, the divine healer, is dead in California. This will enable a lot of silly folks to keep their money—at least until another of the kind comes along.

* * *

The kaiser has been sent to Homburg to take the cure. St. Helena would be much better.

* * *

Who's minister of militia now? We should know, but we have forgotten. There is an awful burst of silence on that job now. He is probably leaving gum shoe tracks on the sands of time.

* * *

A 60-year-old Bay City (Mich.) lad will not obey his mother. These lads are something awful to mind, are they not?

* * *

One will have to get a pass into the United States after May 1. You can return when your money is gone.

* * *

The Grand Mere man who said he would enlist when Blondin did, thought he was safe, says a Conservative contemporary. His bet is still mighty good. Blondin will go to war when Bourassa sings the National Anthem without his fingers crossed.

* * *

A gent tried 350 remedies to stop his hiccoughs. The stuff to start them with is mighty scarce since September 16, but it can be had. Looks easier now to start them than to finish them.

* * *

The way that Haig is denting that German line causes the office boy to remark that he is some dentist.

* * *

Bernhardi's book, "Germany and the Next War," is being read, but the next war will not find Germany in it. No, there will be no Germany.

* * *

A masterly retreat is a grand thing, if you can only stop the thing. The trouble is putting sand on the skids.

* * *

HISTORY OF A HORSE.

Yesterday a harnessed horse in the
street dropped dead,
And I could not understand what the
dying said.
But from the tone of the passers-by
I concluded that horse had a right to
die.
"How could he work—I cannot see,
With two spavins and a broken knee.
Gee, it looks as though he tried—
See the galls on the old nag's side."
Here the moaning wind dropped to a
sigh—
And I moved on with the passers-by.

—W. T. BOWEN.

* * *

A magazine says that what artists need is human sympathy. Most folks have a hard time giving some artists sympathy, even when they are dead.

* * *

Dr. Chase W. Eliot, of Harvard, at 83 years of age, has given up bicycle riding. Probably wants a trifle more speed, this boy.

The Operator

The telephone plant may be the last word in up-to-date apparatus, may be kept in first class condition.

But without a force of good operators, well organized and well trained, good service is impossible.

Bell operators are carefully trained before taking their places at the switchboard. The telephone "language", voice inflection, pronunciation, the intricacies of the apparatus and finally, actual operating at a practice switchboard—such training makes for good operating and good service.

Though each student operator is paid while in training, she does not take a position at a central office switchboard until thoroughly instructed.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada

"Good service * * * our true intent."

An advertisement by The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.
Will you please read it, and others of the series to follow?

FINANCE MINISTER TRYING TO LOCATE GERMAN HOLDINGS

Is Custodian of All Funds Owing Aliens.

TO BALANCE ACCOUNTS

Detail of Canadian Interests in Enemy Countries Are Also Sought.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

OTTAWA, March 26.—Information is wanted concerning the property in Canada of enemy subjects; information is also wanted concerning property of British subjects when that property is in an enemy country. The Canadian minister of finance has been appointed "public custodian" of enemy property in Canada. He has sent out a circular letter to the banks, financial and other companies asking for statements under four heads:

(1) Property, real or personal, in Canadian territory, belonging to enemy subjects.

(2) Debts including bank deposits and bank balances, due to, or held on behalf of enemy subjects resident or carrying on business in enemy territory, or due to or held on behalf of enemy subjects resident in Canada.

(3) Property, real or personal, in enemy territory, belonging to British subjects resident or carrying on business in Canada.

(4) Claims of British subjects resident or carrying on business in Canada, against enemy Governments.

Law Requires Obedience.

These are the matters upon which the finance minister wants statements, and he would be glad to hear from anyone who believes he has information upon any one of the four classes above. The law requires the return of such information to the finance minister. An intimation to him will result in forms being sent out upon which precise statements of fact are to be made.

The information is sought for several purposes. The British Government wants to have a statement of British subjects' property in Germany, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, and a statement of the property held in the British Empire by Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians, in order that there may be a balancing of accounts at the close of the war. The information gathered in Canada will be transmitted to "the public trustee" in England.

Much Money Tied Up.

Already a good deal of this knowledge has reached the Government. It has been learned that there are balances in banks credited to persons who happened to be in the Fatherland on the opening of war without drawing their money; there are sums of interest due residents of enemy countries on the bonds of Canadian companies; there are dividends due them from stock they own in Canadian banks, railways and industrial companies; there are rents due them from properties they own in Canada. These, and similar accounts, are to be placed to the credit of the Canadian finance minister, who is the public trustee in Canada, and he will hold them until the ending of war brings about the day of settlement.

One British Columbia coal company has almost a half million dollars of German capital invested in its assets; there are three department house companies of Montreal, Winnipeg and Edmonton, with $10,000,000 German capital and large sums being collected in rents; there is a German credit company with more than $5,000,000 advanced in Canada on which interest is due.

To Avoid Boomerang.

There are cutlery, jewelry and all sorts of companies of German ownership in Canada. The public trustee wants returns of all such things made to him, as the law requires. The application of the law to obligations of this sort is to prevent payments being made so that the money will reach Germany or other enemy countries, and help finance their military operations. Therefore the obligations due to British subjects, who may be so unfortunate as to be detained in Germany or other enemy territory, and the property of Belgians who may be behind the German lines and under German control, will be taken care of as to custody of revenue, until war ends. Efforts have been made by Germans to transfer to companies in Holland, Denmark and Sweden, their title to Canadian securities so that interest and dividends may be transmitted to these countries and then sent on to Germany.

U. S. Gives Avenue.

As the United States is not at war, but is a neutral country, Germans, Austrians, Turks and Bulgarians living there are entitled to recover debts due them from Canada. There has been some misunderstanding as to "blacklisted" firms. Britain put on the black list a great many firms in the United States and other alien countries. However, Canada so far has seen fit to blacklist only one firm. This is G. F. Schloetelberg of Seattle; and it is the only person or firm which Canadians are entitled to treat as blacklist institutes.

Canadians have considerable interests in the enemy countries. One agricultural implement concern has large sums due it from individuals in enemy countries; and there are other firms which hold stocks, bonds and other debts in enemy lands. The Canadian firms are entitled to take their money if they can get it, but so far they have had poor success with collections. Their accounts are to be recorded with the Canadian public trustee. are one or more factories located in Germany or Austria which are owned by Canadians. Little has been heard of them since war began; but schedules of all such properties are wanted by the public trustee.

Claims for damages by enemies to Canadian shipping are to be sent to the public trustee.

ONTARIO ELECTION THIS SPRING, VIEW TAKEN IN OTTAWA

Premier Hearst Thinks That Chances Are Good.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

OTTAWA, March 27.—It is reported in Ottawa that Premier Hearst will dissolve the Ontario Legislature and go to the country before a Dominion election is brought on. There is a good deal of quiet political activity at the federal capital which is taken to indicate this.

Authorities claim that Premier Hearst has brought forward legislation during the present session designed to catch votes. They say that he would have a better chance of carrying the province before Sir Robert Borden makes an appeal to the people, than he would have after a federal election had been fought. It is held too, that should Premier Hearst win Sir Robert Borden would be able to carry more seats than otherwise would be the case.

A provincial election this spring, therefore, is being looked for by Ottawa, with a Dominion election in the summer or autumn.

WAR LOAN DOUBLED, IS LATEST ESTIMATE; OVER $250,000,000

One Toronto Firm Sold $34,562,000—Many Small Subscriptions.

TORONTO, March 26.—Latest estimates of the Canadian war loan subscription indicate that the loan was almost twice subscribed. Applications received to date amount to over $250,000,000, including the application of Canadian chartered banks. One Toronto bond house reported sales of $34,562,000, included in which were ten of $1,000,000 and 2,363 of less than $25,000. Only 4 per cent of the above amount represents conversions from the 1925 loan.

ITALIAN COUNTER-ATTACK QUICKLY EXPELS ENEMY

ROME, March 26.—Via London.—"There was brisk artillery fire yesterday in the Lagarina valley, at the head of the Travignolo valley and on the Carso," says today's war office statement.

"In the upper Cordevole the enemy succeeded in entering one of our advanced positions on the slopes of Montesief, but was immediately driven out by our prompt counter-attack.

"On the Julian front our patrol parties made several successful raids. One of them crossed the Frigido Vippaco and seized an advanced post, capturing arms and ammunition."

AVIATOR PRINCE DEAD.

LONDON, March 27.—The Daily Express says it learns that Prince Friedrich Karl of Prussia, who was reported in a Madrid dispatch as having been shot down by artillery while flying in an airplane over the British lines near Peronne, has died of his injuries.

A German official statement March 22 said that Prince Karl, a cousin of Emperor William, had not returned from an air raid over the lines between Arras and Peronne. A later dispatch from Madrid said the prince had been wounded in the stomach and would be operated on. The prince was a son of Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia.

A GOOD WINTER HABIT

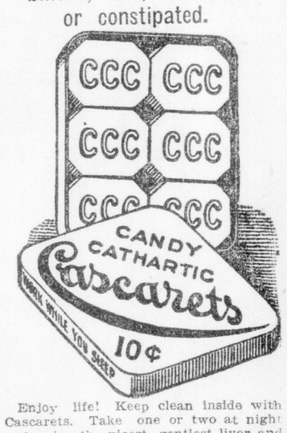
Many people dread winter because the sudden climatic changes bring colds, grippe, rheumatism, tonsilitis or bronchitis. But thousands of well-informed men and women today avoid much sickness for themselves and their children by taking a few bottles of Scott's Emulsion to make richer blood, fortify the membranes of the throat and create body-warmth to resist sickness. Soldiers at war receive cod liver oil; it will also strengthen you.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 16-31

CASCARETS SELL TWENTY MILLION BOXES PER YEAR

Best, safest cathartic for liver and bowels, and people know it.

They're fine! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy or constipated.



Enjoy life! Keep clean inside with Cascarets. Take one or two at night and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Wake up feeling grand. Your head will be clear, your tongue clean, breath right, stomach sweet and your liver and thirty feet of bowels active. Get a box at any drug store and straighten up. Stop the headaches, bilious spells, bad colds and bad days—Brighten up, Cheer up, Clean up! Mothers should give a whole Cascaret to children when cross, bilious, feverish or if tongue is coated—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.

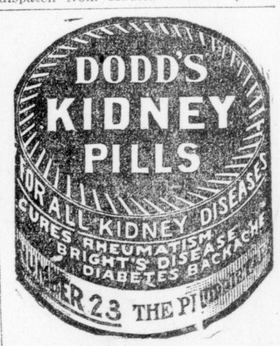
USE "TIZ" IF FEET ACHE, BURN, PUFF UP

Can't Beat "Tiz" for Sore, Tired, Swollen, Calloused Feet or Corns.

You can be happy-footed in a moment. Use "Tiz" and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired, smelly feet. "Tiz" and only "Tiz" takes the pain and soreness out of corns, callouses and bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a "Tiz" bath, you just feel the happiness soaking in. How good your poor old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. "Tiz" is grand. "Tiz" instantly draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, sweaty, smelly feet.

Get a 25-cent box of "Tiz" at any drug store or department store. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot sufferers who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.



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Business to date 100 per cent ahead of 1916.
Our new Policy is popular.

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