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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Wednesday, July 25.

A FOOLISH NOTION.

THE LOCAL Tory organ did not like Hon. G. P. Graham's motion for conscription of wealth. It suggests that the Liberals are seeking thereby "to drive a wedge between classes and classes." This is a very silly idea, something like another in the same article, that when "the chief Liberal newspaper in this province boasts that the party is united" on the conscription & wealth issue, "the inference" is "that the difference on conscription of men is not serious."

What conscription of wealth, or in plain English, a fair system of taxation, is calculated to effect is to take away the wedge that has been thickening for a long time between "masses and classes," as the Tory organ calls them, in this country. Nothing will more tend to harmonize all classes and solidify the nation than fair taxation, such as New Zealand has in some measure long enjoyed, and such as Great Britain has fairly been forced by the war to adopt in a very wide way. Hitherto the poor, the industrious and thrifty poor, have always been hardest hit in Canada. Especially now that in a life and death struggle with a desperate autocracy we have to use all our strength most effectively, it becomes imperative to devise a revenue system that will remove the poor man's disabilities, prevent any discontent, and make all classes feel that they are on the same footing not only as regards liability for military service, but with respect to their financial burdens. Capital has done splendid service in many ways to the Allied cause, but it can do more, and will be glad to do more once it is assured that all are on the same footing according to an equitable system.

A newspaper which characterizes the effort to organize the financial strength of the nation for victory as an attempt "to drive a wedge between classes and masses," is either very ignorant or a friend of a small ring of the selfish rich. At this time, when the caldron of bloody sacrifice is steaming, a little ring of selfish money-baggers commands no respect from the public, and its journalistic supporter will be still more contemptible.

A MINISTER'S EXCUSE.

"There is an absolutely clear and simple explanation, but Canada does not control the matter, and I am not at liberty to give the explanation. As a matter of fact, it is not in the interest of the public to give the reason."—Judge Doherty, minister of justice.

THIS WAS the reply of the minister when questioned in the House as to why it cost more to send parcels to Canadians in England than to those in France. It was the kind of answer to which we have become acuestomed during the war, and stood a fairly good chance of acceptance, but Dr. Pugsley really wanted to know the reason, and suggested that it might be communicated to the House in secret session. The suggestion drove the minister out of his defence trench, and, after a whispered conference with other officials, he offered this:

"Perhaps the best reason why I cannot explain at the present moment is that I do not understand it myself."

These are the statements of a supposedly responsible minister, speaking to the representatives of the Canadian nation, when they request information as to national affairs. He is expected to be able to answer such questions, but if he is unable to do so he is bound in honor to admit the fact. Instead, he takes the ground that it is a war secret, which must not be made public, this being his idea of statesmanship or diplomacy, in order to cloak his ignorance. Is it such men as this whom Sir Robert Borden is asking the country to indorse?

Judge Doherty should not have hesitated to say, "I don't know." The House has become used to this reply, the favorite of another minister, Hon. Thomas Crothers. It would have aroused no comment and was probably anticipated.

DR. MICHAELIS, THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

THE new chancellor of Germany, Dr. Michaelis, in his first speech as chancellor, has drawn the lines more plainly than ever. It is plain now to everyone outside of Germany, and ought to be as plain to everyone in Germany, that the war is one between democracy and autocracy. The Reichstag vote against indemnities and annexations does not agree with the chancellor's speech, but the resolution is burdened with buncombe to such an extent that any declarations contained in it, favorable to honesty, have been nullified.

Surely the first crime to be dealt with in or out of Germany is the crime against Belgium. If the Socialists in the Reichstag are honest why not remedy that crime as a first step? Then the outside world might believe Germany was coming to its senses. The former chancellor, von Bethman-Hollweg, admitted at the commencement of the war that the invason of Belgium was wrong, but that Belgium would be recompensed. They invaded Belgium because it was the shortest road to Paris, but it failed to prove a short cut. It failed every way, and yet Germany digs itself in in trenches and digs graves for millions of the best men in the world.

Hollweg was doubtless wavering and weakening. The kaiser and war lords did not think they could rely on his unshaken support of their villainies. It is odd that his successor, Dr. Michaelis, should be described as a religious man, "a mystic in religion." If his first speech is a fair sample, he falls far behind Bethman-Hollweg as a speaker. The speech reads like a very clumsy production in comparison with the speeches delivered by any of the leaders in France, England or America. So commonplace a man is not likely to last long, no matter how fanatical his religion may be. His speech puts it up to the German people themselves to decide under which government they wish to live, whether they shall be slaves of militarism or free men. The rest of the world is free, and would have Germany free as well. While this is so, the world wonders, too, by what process of reasoning a religious man justifies the German cause, with its invasion of Belgium, its killing of innocent men, women and children, its sinking of the Lusitania, and its long list of horrible crimes.

BORDEN WOBBLING.

COMPULSORY service for Canadian men of military age lingers in the fogs of indecision that have blanketed the Borden administration since its inception in 1911. His own supporters are beginning to wonder when the act is to be enforced. Will it as hinted in government organs be left dormant until after an election? Is the government itself really seeking a referendum

The hesitating attitude of the Borden administration recalls the words of the present premier, uttered a few short months ago in reply to a direct question from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Sir Robert Borden then said:

"My right honorable friend (Sir Wilfrid Laurier) has alluded to conscription—to the idea that in this country or elsewhere that there might be conscription. In speaking in the first two or three months of the war I made it clear to the people of Canada that we did not propose any conscription. I repeat that announcement today with emphasis."

In view of his changed attitude, how far is the pledge of Sir Robert Borden to be trusted?

Is he content, now that his journalistic jackals are able to cry out that they have hamstrung the Liberal party, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers are down and out? He has played the game of politics on every occasion. Not one outstanding Liberal has been given war place of responsibility. And now, dealing with compulsory service, a matter of life and death, is the game still being played?

There is more triumph expressed in the baser Conservative organs over the "downfall of Liberalism" than over the passing of conscription, and the prospect of a larger army.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Even Russia has a coalition government.

Eat less meat in Canada—and ship 25 cars of cattle every day to Buffalo.

Haig strikes again, and strikes harder than ever. Each battle makes for surer victory.

The food controller has the power to make food cheaper. There is too much hoarding of food, not by the consumer.

Germany announced the calling out of a new class, and Uncle Sam raised the limit from 500,000 to 1,000,000 men for the first draft. When it comes to playing poker look out for the goateed old rascal.

Daylight-saving, solemnly introduced through the patriarchal beard of Sir George Eulas Foster, has been laughed out of Parliament. Certainly the country is just beginning to see daylight after several weeks of almost continuous night.

We do not usually put in many good words for novelty advertising, but the maker of soft drinks who handed around Chinese fans in this office yesterday made the coolest kind of a hit with us. (He's a good newspaper advertiser, anyway.)

With 100 carloads of cattle being shipped weekly from Western Ontario, Food Controller Hanna will have difficulty in convincing the people of this district that there is need for conserving the beef supply. Mr. Hanna and his "no truck or trade" colleagues should get together.

Borden has sought to gain political capital in the Senate by appointing Conservatives to the place of Liberals. In this way he expected to dominate Canada, at the same time objecting to an appeal to the country. But when he took up a two-edged sword he forgot it would cut both ways.

The Advertiser would hazard a guess that if Hon. W. J. Hanna will look into the homes of any Canadian community he will find that many people are "doing without," almost to the limit, at the present time. If he wants to conserve food let him keep some of it in the country and sell it at prices at least as low as the British prices.

A letter to The Advertiser on the Ajax bylaw published elsewhere is worthy of the consideration of the promotors of this enterprise. London cannot afford to reject this bylaw if the industry offered is a sound one and if the city's interests are adequately safeguarded. On the other hand the city cannot afford to accept the industry if the proposition is not sound. There are many ratepayers not yet satisfied on either point. Most of them will be inclined to reject it unless the weight of argument is most pronouncedly in its favor. The city authorities and board of trade officials should make their points clear.

WESTERN LIBERALS CONVENE

Advertiser Illustrations

On August 8, Hon. T. C. Norris, as welcoming premier, entertains a great gathering of Western Canada Liberal politicians, summoned to Winnipeg to effect a new party organization. All shades of opinion on the issues of the day are expected to be represented at this convention, where federal and provincial leaders, cabinets and members will exchange views.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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THE POINT OF VIEW.
By Earl Reed Silvers.

For three years Jim Higgins and Mary Foster had lived on opposite sides of California street. Occasionally Jim had seen Mary make her leisurely way down the high front porch and depart with tossing head for "The Avenue." Mary appeared to him to be rather stuck up; she had a way of carrying her head as if she were afraid it might fall off her rather thin neck if she inclined it the least bit forward, and once or twice Jim had found those rather large blue eyes of hers looking straight through him, as if he had been nothing more than a piece of wood leaning against the front gate. Looking at Mary from the viewpoint of a stranger, Jim decided that she was just the kind of girl he didn't want to know.

Jim was a rather attractive young man as young men of his particular position in life go. He worked six days a week in a printing establishment in the heart of Glendale, and on the seventh he donned his blue serge suit of rather extreme style and spent most of the day down at the Republican Club playing cards, or standing on the corner of Main and Broad streets with a set of rather vociferous companions. Occasionally some indignant lady from the other side of town would complain to the police about the young rowdies who infested the street corners, but these complaints never bothered Jim much, for he knew the chief of police by his first name.

Jim wore his hair pompadour fashion; he had a straight nose and a broad forehead and there was a cleft in the chin which protruded ever so slightly under a mouth which was generally smiling, but which could be changed into a thin straight line if occasion demanded. He was 24 years old and he made $21 a week, and more than one blooming maiden had looked at him with rather coveteous eyes. But Jim considered himself girl-proof. Occasionally, especially in the evenings of spring and early summer, he might be seen walking arm in arm along the river bank with one of the opposite sex and his conversation had probably turned to the topic of brown eyes and soft hands. But if one had asked Jim about it he probably would have laughed lightly and explained that he was "only kidding." He had yet to meet the girl capable of arousing more than cursory interest.

But on the evening of the annual outing of the Republican Club, Jim was destined to meet his fate. He had decided to go stag, believing that he could have a better time dancing with other fellows' girls than he could taking care of one of his own. The day had passed along rather uneventfully; he had managed to secure a good seat on the trip to the island, and having once reached the boat landing he had hastened to the beach and had spent the entire day in a bathing suit. A few other confirmed bachelors had been his only companions and he forgot that such a thing as a girl existed. But when the big excursion boat started on its return trip, Jim began to feel the stirrings of vain misgivings.

A big silver moon hung over the water, a faint breeze rippled through the waving hair of three girls sitting near him, and from the shadows came the sound of soft voices. For a time Jim sat in the bow of the boat with his bachelor friends and tried to persuade himself that his pipe was all that he needed to make the evening a perfect one. But his honest heart told him that he was deceiving himself, that what he wanted was a girl with laughing eyes and a jest or two on her lips. He arose restlessly and started to walk toward the stern. In every conceivable nook he could glimpse dark figures, sitting surprisingly close and making surprisingly little noise. They awoke in Jim vague memories of other nights when he, too, had sat in the shadows.

He sighed audibly, cursing the whim which had caused him to go on an outing without a girl to make the day complete, and smiling rather grimly when he recalled his plan to "have fun" with the other fellows' girls. The other fellows' girls were evidently pretty well occupied.

But suddenly, from a little nook at the end of one of the small passageways, came the sound of a sob. Jim stood still and listened. It came again, a girl's sob, expressing misery such as only youth can know. Jim turned and made his way into the shadows, finding in the very farthest corner of the niche the huddled figure of a girl. There was something vaguely familiar about her, and Jim hesitated a moment before addressing her. But another stifled sob caused him to touch her lightly on the shoulder. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

The girl raised her head and turned a tear-stained face toward him. And then Jim received a shock. It was Mary Foster. Gone was the proud toss of her head, gone the supercilious stare of her big blue eyes. She looked very much like a helpless child, and Jim's heart went out to her.

"I'm Jim Higgins," he announced. "Ain't there something I can do?"

Mary's eyes opened just a trifle wider. "Are you the boy across the street?" she asked.

Jim's heart leaped just a bit at her words. He had had no idea that she knew him from Adam.

"Yes," he said, "I live across the street. Now tell me what's the matter."

The girl half-turned on the straight-backed chair and wiped her eyes.

"Nothing very much," she answered. "I came to the outing with Jerry Lyons, and he wanted me to come here and talk with him and I wouldn't, and so he went away."

"And you want me to get him again."

A hint of the Mary Foster of old was manifested in the girl's sudden change of manner.

"No, I wouldn't have him back for a hundred dollars," she exclaimed. "I never want to see him again."

"Then how are you going to get home?"

Mary looked at Jim helplessly.

"I don't know," she said.

Jim exercised his prerogative as one of the stronger sex.

"I know how you're going to get home," he announced. "I'm going to take you."

Mary's hand grasped his arm impulsively. "Oh, do you mind?"

"I should say I didn't mind." Jim's whole body thrilled at that trusting clasp of Mary's hand. "Supposing we take a walk."

The girl hesitated.

"My eyes are wet and I wouldn't want people to see me," she answered. "Would you mind just sitting here?"

Jim assured her earnestly that he wouldn't mind at all, and so the girl moved over slightly, and they both sat on the chair that was made only for one. From beneath the deck came the sound of dance music; the moon rose higher and crept into the nook which they had begun to consider their own. One silver moonbeam rested fairly on Marys' brown hair. Jim's fingers touched it lingeringly. There was something about Mary which was different from any girl he had ever known.

He liked the blue of her eyes and the proud way she carried her head.

"Mary," he said softly, "you're one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen."

Which all goes to show that a good deal in life depends upon one's point of view.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

The advertisements regarding the Ajax Rubber Company are not plain. They are hard to understand, or, rather, hard to extract the true meaning from.

The meaning I took from reading the agreement and the questions and answers as published was that the company would buy its own sites spend $300,000 in buildings and employ 250 men and others. The city would guarantee the bonds for $450,000, with interest. As security for the guarantee the city would get a mortgage on the factory and have securities of the class trust companies may invest in, approved by the Ontario Government, delivered to it. These securities would be sufficient and of the value of $450,000.

Did I extract the correct meaning? It looked like an unnecessary interference on the part of the city. Why need the city guarantee securities if they were of the class that trust companies would accept? That is the class the city's own bonds belong to. Why then, should the city's guarantee be taken?

I was told the city's bonds could be floated for probably 2 per cent less. I could not see why, and further inquiry reveals the facts to be not as they have been explained verbally and not as the advertisements, fairly interpreted, meant.

The facts appear to be that the city is to guarantee the interest on the bonds for 20 years. The principal of the bonds is to be secured by deposit of a sum that will produce the principal only at the end of 20 years. The interest is not secured, unless the mortgage on the factory may constitute some security.

How would this work out? The company builds its building and deposits a sum sufficient in 20 years to produce $450,000. The city guarantees the $450,000 and interest. The company commences actual business, and in five years or two years needs money to carry on. It must either get money or shut down. Two hundred and fifty citizens and their families will be thrown out of employment if it shuts down, and the city itself must see that the interest on $450,000 is regularly paid, or lose its credit by defaulting. This is a place where the debenture liability might be affected, notwithstanding the authoritative statement published to the contrary.

The reason that I am writing is so that the public may know the truth. It is being presented to them as no risk or liability on the part of the taxpayer. This is not true. If it were true the guarantee would not be needed. I notice a series of meetings is to be held. At these meetings these facts may be brought out, and if after consideration of the facts, the taxpayers feel they can afford the risk, it will be their right to take it. Let them know the risk.

The city, without security, guarantees the interest on $450,000 for 20 years. The buildings may be a security against this, but I am not sure. In any event, it is for the taxpayer to say what value he places on a shut-down factory as security.

If I am wrong in any of these conclusions, Mr. Gordon Philip can correct me. I do not wish to misdirect the taxpayers, and I do not want them to vote in ignorance of the risk they are taking. Mr. Philip should make it his especial care that the public are furnished with the unvarnished facts, with facts plainly stated, so plain that he who runs may read. Guaranteeing the bonds of an industrial enterprise, no matter what the enterprise may be, is not without some risk.

If I am wrong, there is time to set me right. My only object is to inform the voter what the truth is.

RATEPAYER.

RAIDING PARTIES OF BRITISH NEAR YPRES SUCCESSFUL

Prisoners Brought Back in Each Instance.

AIRMEN AGAIN ACTIVE

More Than Four Tons of Explosives Dropped on Enemy Works.

LONDON, July 24.—The British official statement issued this evening says:

"During the day our troops successfully raided enemy trenches at four points east and northeast of Ypres and brought back prisoners in each case. An enemy raiding party entered our trenches during the night east of Laventie, but was driven out after a bombing encounter. Another party of the enemy succeeded in raiding one of our saps east of Givenchy-lez-La Bassee. One of our men is missing.

"Great activity by our aerial forces continued yesterday and much successful work was accomplished in co-operation with our artillery. More than four tons of bombs were dropped by our raiding squadrons on the enemy airdromes, munitions depots and railway junctions. Fewer German airplanes were encountered and the fighting was not so severe.

"Three hostile machines were downed and three others driven down out of control. None of our machines are missing."

ANOTHER U. S. HOSPITAL UNIT SAFE OVERSEAS

LONDON, July 24.—Another American hospital unit arrived in England today. The arrival of the Americans did not attract much attention, as the public was excluded from the locality where they disembarked.

FROM THE TALL TIMBER

R. A. Oliver returned Saturday from Prairie-du-Chien, where he took some baths.—Stockton (Ill.) Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. Jake Lande of the East Rosebud were week-end visitors in town. Mrs. Lands is suing for divorce. —Columbus (Mont.) News.

Frank Wills put on a new tie and a roll-down collar, washed his face and boarded a train, Thursday, for the village of Denver, where he will spend a few dimes, dollars and a week.—Sulphur Springs (Col.) Advocate.

We are not going to tire our patient readers by naming those who are sick, but, with all due respect to our sick, we will say those who were sick last week are slightly improved; exceptions, however. — McConnellsville (O.) Herald.

Notice is hereby given that the ordinance prohibiting the playing of baseball on Sunday within the corporate limits of Shell Rock will hereafter be strictly prohibited.—D. P. BEST, mayor —Shell Rock (Ia.) News.

A large potato from Miss Kathleen Hutto, one of the club girls from the Providence section, was sent to the Times and Democrat, which weighed 15 pounds. We congratulate the young lady upon such a splendid product.—Orangeburg (S. C.) Times and Democrat.

While coming from Rines Tuesday morning quite a little accident occurred. William H. Riegle in his fine touring car went over the bank. The damages were not much, although it took two teams to bring him back on the road. That will learn us all a lesson.—Steubenville (O.) Star.

Local relatives have been apprised of the sad fact that John Wirtz (formerly of here), had the misfortune to get in a collision with a motor truck and a street car in Detroit last week having his right arm broken in two places beside being otherwise bruised. We also understand that only a week ago the stork visited their home in that city and left he and Mrs. Wirtz a fine new son and heir.—Pewano (Mich.) News.

Ed. Crumley, the man who robbed a store at Hindsville, and was in jail there, sawed out of his cell last night about 9 o'clock. The Hon. W. T. Tennet, who was in the same cell for forging a check, refused to go. This morning when asked why he did not go he said he was afraid the people here would think hard of him. It is not often that we get a prisoner in our jail so considerate of the feelings of our townspeople.—Huntsville (Ark.) Republican.

ALGONQUIN PARK.

The Highway to Health and Happiness.

No better place could be devised for a real holiday for red-blooded men and women than Algonquin Park, situate about 200 miles north of the city of Toronto. It is an unspoiled territary of nearly 2,000,000 acres, starred with beautiful lakes and intersected by winding streams. No reserve in Canada can approach it in the wealth of attractions it offers to the lover of out-of-doors.

Away up in the Highlands of Ontario, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, the park is a wonderful spot in which to renew the energies of a tired body or refresh a wearied spirit. Its tonic air filters through hundreds of square miles of pine, balsam and spruce; the days are unusually long, with bright sunshine, while the cool evenings are a time of enchantment. The park is a paradise for the fisherman and canoeist; the excellence of its sport draws anglers from every part of the Dominion, and from every state in the Union, while the canoeist can travel for hundreds of miles in his light craft and be in a veritable kingdom of his own.

The accommodation in the park is such that the most varied tastes can be pleased. There are hotels for those who want to be in the wilderness—yet enjoy all the comforts that good service and social companionship can bring; there are groups of log cabin camps, comfortably furnished and ideal for family parties, with central lodges containing recreation and dining rooms, where you may dine and find everything ready for you on your return from the tramp; or if you have planned to camp under your own canvas you may step into a canoe at one of the little railway stations, and after a short paddle find a site unmarred by the hand of man yet within easy reach of the park outfitting stores.

Many families now go into the park expressly for the camping, making their headquarters at the hotels long enough to get supplies and camping outfit ready for the trip. Then in canoes, and with guides or without them, they launch out into the deep woods, camping where fancy prompts.

A handsome illustrated publication telling you all about this famous park is issued by the Grand Trunk Railway, and a copy can be had free on application to C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont. July 31.

WOMEN ORGANIZE TO CONSERVE ALL SUPPLIES OF FOOD

Seven From Each Military District Form Committee.

TORONTO, July 24. — At the food conservation conference of Ontario women, held here today, with Lady Hendrie presiding, a resolution was passed for the formation of a central committee, composed of seven women from each of the three military districts of the province to work through existing organizations for the conservation of food. The following were chosen:

Military District No. 1—Mrs. McCrimmon, Stratford; Mrs. Francis, Woodstock; Mrs. Mills, Kitchener; Mrs. Crow, Guelph; Mrs. Warnock, Galt; Mrs. Graham, London; Mrs. Caldwell, Windsor.

Military District No. 2—Mrs. Buchanan, Ravenna; Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Toronto; Mrs. Erngey, Kenora; Mrs. Loosemore, Toronto; Mrs. E. G. Graham, Brampton; Mrs. Todd, Simcoe; Mrs. George Watt, Brantford.

Military District No. 3—Mrs. Morris, Peterboro; Mrs. Falconer, Belleville; Mrs. Adam Shortt, Ottawa; Mrs. John MacGillivray, Kingston; Mrs. Stewart, Perth; Mrs. Hodgins, Oshawa; Mrs. Barnett, Renfrew.

47 GUNS LOST BY RUSSIAN ARMIES

COPENHAGEN, July 24. — An Austrian semi-official comumnication received here says that 47 cannon have been taken from the Russians in the fighting in East Galicia.

The communication adds that airplane squadrons effectively bombed the Tarnopol station, while the Russians were hastily placing supplies on board trains.

TO TEACH AT WABASH.

WABASH, July 24.—Miss Dolly Causgrove of Thamesville has been engaged as teacher of the Wabash public school, at a salary of $700 a year.

TORONTO WOMAN SUFFERED 15 YEARS

Says She Never Saw Anything to Equal Tanlac.

SHE GAINS FIVE POUNDS.

Declares She Now Feels Better Than She Has in the Past Ten Years.

The remarkable results being obtained from Tanlac, the medicine that is being so widely discussed and distributed in Ontario, is further evidenced in the case of Mrs. Amelia Thibideau, a well-known and highly-respected resident of 503 Quebeck street, Toronto, who, in an interview a few days ago, said:

"I have suffered from a general run-down condition and a complication of troubles for fifteen years, and I really felt like shouting for joy when, after using Tanlac a few days, I realized I had at last found a medicine that was doing me some good. For many years I never had much appetite and the little I forced myself to eat would form gas on my stomach and make trouble for me. I never looked forward to mealtime with any pleasure, because I couldn't relish and enjoy my food as I should. In the mornings I would eat just the least bit of breakfast food and probably a cup of tea, and for dinner and supper I would just take a bite of this or that, maybe a cup of tea, and get up and leave the table. Sometimes right after eating I would turn deathly sick at my stomach and have blinding headaches. I would have such awful attacks of something like asthma that I could hardly get my breath. I couldn't sleep at all well, and many a night I have not closed my eyes for sleep until 4 o'clock in the morning. I just felt bad and worn-out all the time, had no strength or energy, and would get up in the mornings feeling more dead than alive.

"I had been going down hill so long and had tried so many different medicines that did not help me that I had about lost all hope of ever improving at all, and if Tanlac had failed me, I don't know what I would have done. I had been reading about it, and although I had about fallen out with all medicines, I decided to try a bottle and see what the results would be. Well, I must say I was surprised, but it was a very glad surprise, to find that I began feeling better almost with my first dose. I have just now started on my second bottle and my relief has been remarkable. My appetite is fine—so fine I can't get enough to eat—and I can eat most anything I want without suffering afterwards. The gas has quit forming on my stomach entirely, and those blinding headaches I used to suffer so terribly from are gone. I don't have those awful smothering spells like I did. I have actually gained five pounds in weight already, and can truthfully say I feel stronger and better than I have in ten years. Tanlac has lifted a great burden from my shoulders and has made life more pleasure and work lighter. I can now do my housework without a bit of trouble, and I don't feel so tired when I get through with it. Work I dreaded before I can now sail into and get done in no time. I have taken many different kinds of medicines in my life, but I have never seen anything yet that equals Tanlac, and I gladly recommend it to all."

Tanlac is sold in London by Standard Drug, Limited, under the direction of a special Tanlac representative. There is a Tanlac agent in every town.

Pensax Court

71 Grenville St., Toronto, Ont.
Toronto's Select Family Hotel.
Centrally located just off Yonge Street. Convenient to Shopping and Theatre district.
Rates: American Plan—$2.50 up per day.
European Plan | Single, $1.25 up per day. Double, $1.50 up per day.
Write for Descriptive Booklet.

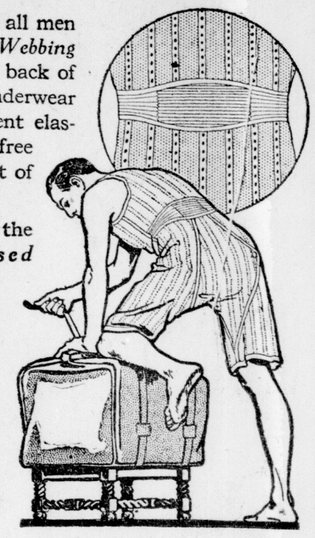
CUNARD LINE

PASSENGER SERVICE
BETWEEN
MONTREAL AND LONDON
Calling Falmouth to Land Passengers.
AND
MONTREAL AND BRISTOL
For particulars of sailings and rates apply to local agents, or to The Robert Reford Company, Limited, General Agents, 50 King street east, Toronto.
July31

A Comfort Feature

that will appeal to all men is the *Reinforced Webbing* inserted across the back of this W.G. & R. underwear to make the garment elastic and provide for free and easy movement of the body.

Another feature is the patented *"Closed Crotch"*—with generous opening in the seat.



THERE IS NO OTHER

Canadian-made underwear that embodies all the special comfort features of W.G. & R.

Made in nainsook, madras, silkeen, silk and other good underwear fabrics.

TRADE W.G.&R. MARK

Underwear

Also W.G.&R. fine shirts, collars, pyjamas and boys' blouses.

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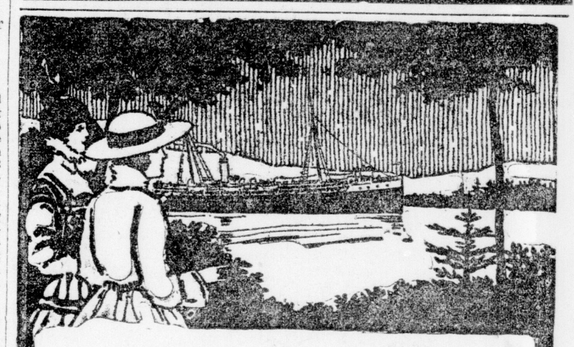

A GREAT HOLIDAY ON THE GREAT LAKES

A short, pleasant holiday through inland seas at moderate cost. The Clyde-built steamships of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC

with verandah cafe and perfect appointments are just like Atlantic liners. Express steamships "Assiniboia" and "Keewatin" leave Port McNicoll every Wednesday and Saturday for Port Arthur and Fort William. The round trip in five days.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Tickets, information and reservations from Local Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

26x-tf

Among the invalided men returned from the front hospitals and who reached Quebec Monday Ontario had the largest number, some five hundred. Toronto alone has a batch of nearly two hundred.

Traction Company

Cars leave London as follows, Sunday cars being marked with a star: 6:15, 7:30, *9:00, 10:00, *11:00 a.m., *1:00, *2:00, *3:00, *4:00, *5:00, *6:00, *7:00, *8:00, *9:00, *10:00, 11:00 p.m. Cars at 9:00, 10:00 and 11:00 p.m. run to St. Thomas only. Extra accommodation cars to St. Thomas only at 1:30 and 6:15 p.m. Fares to St. Thomas and Port Stanley and return daily 30c; children half-fare.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Timetable Effective June 1, 1917.

To Port Stanley—*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 p.m. Saturdays only, July and August, 11:20 p.m.

To St. Thomas Only—2:21, 6:21, 11:20 p.m.

*Limited. †Local on Sunday. Heavy type, daily, except Sunday.

2:20 and 6:20 p.m. cars are local between St. Thomas and Port Stanley.

Incline Railway, Port Stanley, operates daily, 6:30 a.m. till 11:30 p.m.

1500 Lakes and Rivers

dot the vast virgin wilderness and make the Highlands of Ontario, in Eastern Canada, the Perfect Vacation Spot. These lakes and streams, walled in by giant pines, teem with the gamest of game fish. If you wish to rough it,

Algonquin Park

in the heart of aptly named "Lakeland," is an incomparable spot to pitch your camp. Or if you desire home comforts, two modern hotels and numerous well appointed log cabin camps furnish first-class accommodations at reasonable rates. Swim, boat, fish, hunt—in a setting of scenic grandeur unequaled on the American Continent. Reached only via the Grand Trunk System.

City Ticket Office, cor. Richmond and Dundas, or Station Ticket Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

AN OPERATION AVERTED

Philadelphia, Pa.—"One year ago I was very sick and I suffered with pains in my side and back until I nearly went crazy. I went to different doctors and they all said I had female trouble and would not get any relief until I would be operated on. I had suffered for four years before this time, but I kept getting worse the more medicine I took. Every month since I was a young girl I had suffered with cramps in my sides at periods and was never regular. I saw your advertisement in the newspaper and the picture of a woman who had been saved from an operation, and this picture was impressed on my mind. The doctor had given me only two more days to make up my mind, so I sent my husband to the drug store at once for a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, believe me, I soon noticed a change, and when I had finished the third bottle I was cured and never felt better. I grant you the privilege to publish my letter, and am only too glad to let other women know of my cure."—Mrs. Thomas McGonigal, 3432 Hartville street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A GOOD HEALTHY RECIPE—USE

ABBEY Effervescent Salts

BEAUTY'S AID

Woman may keep her face free from pimples, brighten her eyes and purify the blood by occasionally using BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes with full directions, 25c.