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TRENCH FEET NO LONGER DANGEROUS

Skill of British and French Physicians Counteracts the Menace

(By Lieut. Frank Fox.) In the winter of 1915 a pilgrim to Flanders (supposing him to have a military permit) might have observed in the rear camps behind the British lines companies of men with bare feet, and officers bending down anointing them. And he might have perhaps concluded that this was some religious ritual of humiliation, such as the theatrical washing of beggars' feet by the Austrian Emperor once a year. But such a conclusion would have been wrong. The proceeding was religious certainly, in the highest sense, but in its way theatrical. It was "trench feet" treatment.

The disease known as trench feet was one of the most serious developments which the army on the Western front had to face when the Germans, beaten in the field, "dug in," and trench warfare began. It has been conquered now. "Trench feet" is no longer a grave cause of casualties, but the struggle with this new disease was a long and strenuous one, taxing to the utmost the resources of the British Army Medical Service, and demanding to this day the greatest degree of precaution lest it should resume its ravages. The causes of the disease were not plain at the outset, and inquiry proved them to be various. Every-body knows that it is uncomfortable and, to a certain extent, unhealthy to stand for too long at a time. (The social legislation that shop employees must be allowed seats is an indication of this.) The soldier in the trenches must often stand for long periods. That makes him to some extent liable to foot

trouble. Again, tight boots and tight bandages around the legs are bad for the blood circulation, and can make foot trouble without any other cause. The soldier used to be rather careless as to whether his boots were of a proper fit, and he was apt to bind his puttees too tightly.

Here were the beginnings of "trench feet." To have the feet wet, to have the feet cold for long periods of standing, and any contraction of the circulation from tight boots or tight puttees, help cold and damp to cause chilblains; and chilblains used to be very variably neglected by the soldier. Then came the final aggravating cause—the fifth of the Flanders mud, getting into the sores of the broken chilblains, and behold, a typical case of trench feet.

In the early days cases were often of dreadful severity, sometimes leading to amputations. Now, both treatment of the disease and, more important, the prevention of it, have been so perfected that really bad cases are very rare, and any sort of case is becoming scarce. The story of the fight against trench feet is one of the many cheery and fine stories of the war. In the main it is, of course, a story of medical skill and devotion, but also it is a story of unstinted generosity on the part of the War Office, and of admirable and intelligent service on the part of regimental officers, the medical staff prochein that it would have been impossible to carry on to success the campaign against trench feet if they had not been intelligently and perseveringly backed up by regimental officers, and if the War Office had not poured out very many thousands of pounds sterling for the furtherance of every approved preventive measure. Preventive measures covered a wide field: precautions against tight boots and tight puttees, increased provisions of socks, increased bathing facilities, provision of waterproof rubber boots for men while in

the trenches (these boots were of the "water type"), paving of the trenches with "duck boards" which gave a dry standing, more frequent reliefs in wet trenches. These were material provisions.

In second there was an active propaganda in personal hygiene, and here the regimental officer and non-commissioned officer were enlisted to help the medical staff to make the men understand that the smallest sign of a chilblain was to be met with prompt treatment. A whale oil ointment was provided, both as a prophylactic and as a curative for mild chilblains. Where necessary this was reinforced by spirituous lotions. On officers was put the responsibility of seeing that their men's feet were kept clean and well anointed with oil, and that any breach of the skin tissue was promptly treated. So officers became chirpologists, and you might see enthusiastic company commanders assisting their men to wash and anoint their feet to show them how it should be done.

The winter of 1917-1918 put to a severe test the precautions against trench feet, for in almost every part of the Western front the British had pushed the Germans back, and there was no longer the old organized trench system. Nevertheless the British hospital records show that the disease had been held. It was still a trouble, but thanks to the plentiful supply of comforts and preventative, and to the scrupulous care demanded by regimental and medical officers, it was no longer a grave menace.

Music and Drama

Norma Talmadge, the popular Selet star, did her bit in the large way typical of this charming screen actress, by subscribing \$20,000 to the Third Liberty Loan. Her subscription, which is one of the largest individual purchases in the New York district, was made through the First National Bank on Fifth Avenue, where Miss Talmadge keeps her accounts. The officials of the bank confirmed the reports of this sale. The bank's representative secured Miss Talmadge's signature to her subscription blank by calling in person at her studio in East 45th St., where she was at work on "The Luxe Annie," which will be shown here next week at the Rex theatre. The banker volunteered to wait until the scene was finished, and he recalled the cost of keeping the entire company waiting while the star affixed her "John Hancock" to help can the Kaiser, but she would not let "The Liberty Loan" come first," said she, as she picked up her trusty pen. "If anything is delayed, it can't be helped, unless 'over there' can't wait; we must oversubscribe this loan, the first since we actually entered the war, and without a moment's delay."

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE." In these times of war, the natural demand for the recreation field is for something amusing. "It Pays to Advertise," which will be presented at the Grand Opera House Saturday, October 5th, is a play that is certainly amusing, and more than that—it is exceedingly funny. While it is a business play and therefore appeals strongly to the male sex, it is also romantic enough to win the enthusiasm of the feminine portion of the audience. The farce is by Roy Cooper, Megrue and Walker, and the authors have certainly brought forth one of the most laughable plays ever presented.

Rodney Martin, a rich man's son, who has been the despair of his father because of his disinclination to enter the business world, is persuaded through the love for his father's pretty stenographer to enter a business career. After his father has disinherited him, because of his desire to marry the girl. Advertising is the means used to foil a competing soap upon the market to the detriment of his father's business, who, being a conservative of the old school, does not believe in advertising. This forms the skeleton of the play, but it is quite impossible to give any synopsis that will adequately express the humor of the situations during the time the young man and his sweetheart are working out the scheme for getting the better of the old man and bringing about the conversation. Martin, senior, finally agrees that it does pay to advertise and incidentally is obliged to buy out the new company at a princely figure.

"It Pays to Advertise" is one of those plays that cannot be described, but must be seen to be appreciated.

"HEARTS OF THE WORLD." In there a theatrical producer alive who expect great things from one production. Hardly. Yet this is the amount of time and concentrated thought David W. Griffith devoted to the production of "Hearts of the World," which immediately was acclaimed his supreme triumph of direction. His background was the war front in France. His characters were human in the midst of an awful tragedy, yet no intermingling in all the melos of gas attacks, flame waves, bombardments, and aeroplane fights, a wonderful love story that no heart can resist. Nobody knows how much it cost for D. W. Griffith to film his supreme triumph. "Hearts of the World," playing at the Grand October 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th, and nobody seems to care. Mr. Griffith himself doesn't know. All he feels about it is that the greatest ambition of life is realized, which is more to him than money.

Young Poet Killed in France

SERGEANT JOYCE KILMER, of the 16th Infantry of the Rainbow Division, New York, has been killed in France. He was 31 years old.

Sergt. Kilmer was for many years a well-known American newspaper man and writer of verse, his poem on the sinking of the Lusitania, which was published immediately following the torpedoing, having been copied in all parts of the United States, Great Britain, and the British colonies. That poem, a close friend of the dead soldier said, expressed the deep-seated conviction of Sergt. Kilmer regarding the great war, a conviction on which he acted when, seventeen days after the Lusitania was sunk, he enlisted as a private in the 7th Infantry, from which in the August following he was transferred to the Headquarters Company of the 16th Infantry.

Sergt. Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, N.J., where his parents still live, Dec. 6, 1886. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Kilmer, and was a graduate of Rutgers College, 1904, and of Columbia University, 1908. His wife, who, with four little children, survive him, was Miss Althea Murray, of New York, a daughter of Henry Mills Arden, the editor of Harper's Weekly.

Sergt. Kilmer joined the staff of the Sunday Magazine of the New York Times in May, 1913. Prior to that time he had been Latin Master of the Morristown High School and a member of the editorial staff of the Standard Dictionary.

Some "War Ships and the Red" the poem which Sergt. Kilmer wrote following the destruction of the Lusitania, appeared in the Times of May 16, 1915. The last three verses read: I went not forth to battle, I carried friendly men, The children played about my decks, The women sang and then— And then—the sun blushed scarlet, And heaven hid its face, The world that God created, Became a shameful place.

My wrong cries out for vengeance, The blow that sent me here Was aimed in Hell, My dying scream Has reached the Kaiser's ear. Not all the seven oceans Shall wash away the stain; Upon a brow that wears a crown I am the brand of Cain.

When God's great voice assembles The fleet on Judgment Day, The ghosts of ruined ships will rise in sea and strait and bay, Though they have lain for ages Beneath the changeless food, They shall be white as silver, But one—shall be like blood.

In his last year with the Times Sergt. Kilmer was lecturer on the technique of verse in the department of Journalism at New York University. His published works included "Trees and Other Poems," "Literature in the Making," "Street Verse," "Other Poems," "Summer of Love," and "The Circus and Other Essays."

Sergt. Kilmer was transferred from the 107th Infantry at Camp Wood, N.C., to the 16th Infantry a short time before the Rainbow Division sailed for France. He was in the thick of the Marne fighting when the day after the great Allied offensive began he was mortally wounded on August 1. In the Evening Sun of August 3 a correspondent mentioned Kilmer. "During the fighting on the edge of Colles Wood," the story read, "Someone wearing an American uniform appeared shouting 'withdraw.' A party composed of Major Donovan, Joyce Kilmer, John Kaler, and an orderly recognized and found that he was a boche dressed in captured clothing."

Sergt. Kilmer was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, the Diction Society of America, the Diction Club, the Authors' Club, and the Yacht Club. His home when he entered the service was at Larchmont.

Japan and China. Now that the terms of the Chinese-Japanese military agreement are definitely known, Chinese confidence in the good will of Japan is largely restored throughout North China, but the Tokio Asahi reports dissatisfaction in the southern provinces, which are still in a state of revolution. The editor says the motive of opposition is the same as that which developed when China joined the Allies against the Central Powers of Europe. South China does in the agreement a measure to increase the military strength of the north. The monopolization of China's military and foreign policy by the Peking Government, the editor thinks, is what the south objects to, and this protest is quite natural, since the south does not recognize the Peking Government. The new agreement goes into effect only when the supposed German menace results in actual military operations by the two countries.

Nature of Fatigue. Fatigue is the presence in the blood of poisonous by-products of life operation. While we are awake the poison accumulates faster than the system can remove them. When we are asleep, when the life combustion is slowed down, the system removes them faster than they accumulate. It is as though a fire were burning at such a rate that the fire had to be put out every so often to allow a chance to remove them.

Rippling Rhymes

THE SACRED SEVEN

The Germans die in every style that's been invented up to date; they're around in rick and pier, they're borne away in box and crate. They fall before the roaring guns, and, planted, lack an epitaph; the white-plated Kaiser and his sons are posing for a photograph. In herds and swarms, in droves and flocks, the Germans upward turn their toes; they perish while the landscape rocks beneath the marching of their foes. As Wilhelm's word the gray-clad ones march forth to face the deadly storms; the white Kaiser's gun has so great a range that it can hit that sacred ground. Though death may riot 'mid the Huns, and for the last survivor search the Kaiser and his stalled sons will be concealed behind a church. The Huns march forth, and few escape the raging blast that lays men low; 'most Prussians homes are wrecks with craps; and echo with the sounds of woe. At Potsdam, though, King Death has won no victims for his wall known goal; the Kaiser with each beery son is hiding in the cyclone cave.

Clifford Baum, a prisoner for life at Terre Haute, Ind., killed a fellow convict by hitting him on the head with a brick in an old sock.

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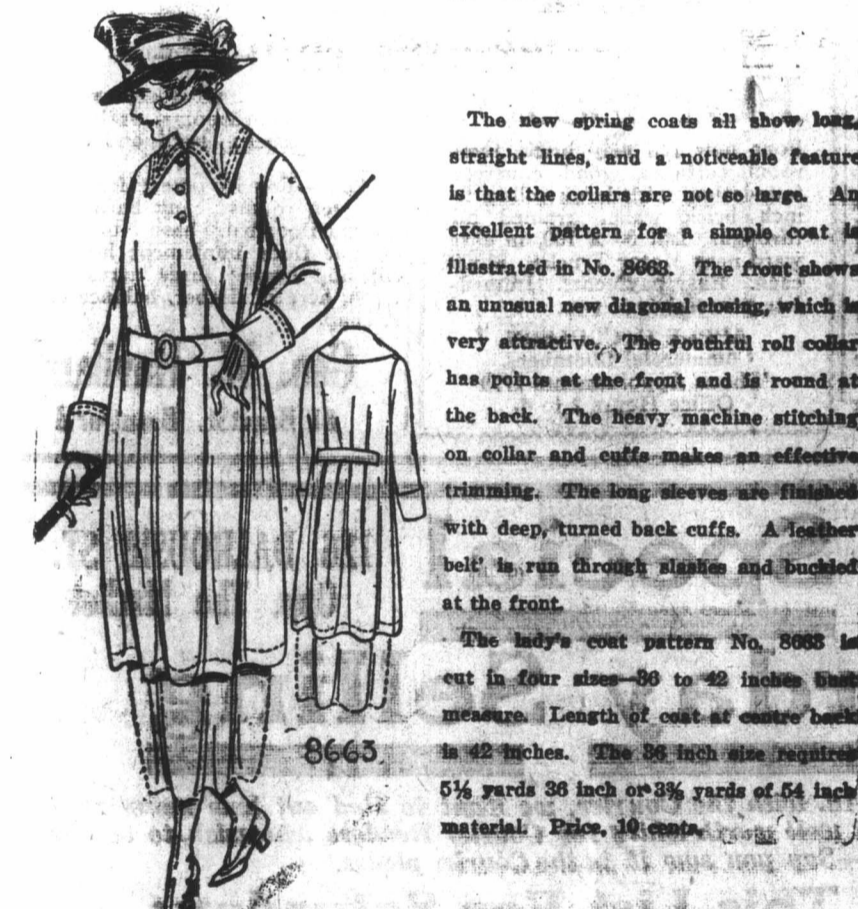
Vaudeville Pictures Thursday, Friday, Saturday ENID BENNETT "The Marriage Ring" Three Toscanellis COMEDY ACROBATS FIGHT FOR MILLIONS SUNSHINE COMEDY Coming Monday Special Special NORMA TALMADGE IN "De Luxe Annie" A Crook Play With a Surprising Psychological Twist

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE 4 DAYS COMMENCING MONDAY OCT. 7 MATINEE DAILY 2-15 EVENING 8-15 JULE and JAY J. ALLEN present D. W. Griffith's Supreme Triumph HEARTS OF THE WORLD A Romance of the Great War Created on the Battlefields of France EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN THE MAKING. Entire Production Presented on a Gigantic Scale, Accompanied by a BIG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA Prices: Evening, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50. Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Seats Now on Sale at Boles' Drug Store.