HELL THE PLACE FOR DEMON RUM

But Saloons Remain Because They Are Needed to Raise Revenue.

WORSE THAN FAMINE

Man Who Votes for It Exercising His Franchise for the Devil, He Says.

(Continued From Page 1).

down his face and drips to the floor. Sitting near the platform you can see where the drops have fallen. He finishes almost in a state of collapse.

The two great audiences which greeted him at the Arena yesterday took kindly to the evangelist. They enjoyed his stories, not all of them new. They laughed at his jokes, some of them old, and they heartily relished the epigrams which sparkled like diamonds thru his speech. There was little of the slang or coarseness with which rumor has credited Billy Sunday. His denunciation of the saloon was no more violent or emphatic than might be heard in any ordinary temperance rally. At the afternoon meeting at least he entirely ignored the moral side of the drink question and discussed it almost entirely from the economic standpoint.

If some men drank more water their children would have more bread was the keynote that ran all thru the afternoon's address. The man who rents real estate to a saloonkeeper is, in Billy Sunday's opinion, on an equality with the man who runs the saloon. The man who rents property for a house of ill-fame, he said, in the same connection, cannot point the finger of scorn at the woman of the street; he should lock arms with her, for they are on an equality. The government, he said, might get some revenue from the liquor business, but the government was not so driven for money that it had to rob women of their happiness and children of their bread. He would as soon think of compromising with a rattlesnake as with the liquor evil.

Throw Compromise to Hell.

"If I had a compromise hair in my head," he declared, "I would pull it out and throw it into the hell where it belongs."

He prophesied the anti-saloon vote would hold the balance of power at the next election, but in the same breath he declared that if all the temperance people who voted on the side of whiskey went to hell the place would be so crowded that their feet would stick out of the window.

In no unfair spirit it must be said that BBilly Sunday is an actor of consummate ability. But little of either address yesterday was extempore. He had it off by heart. Many of the epigrams that followed each other in quick succession, had been worn smooth by many repetitions. Yet no one was called upon, and perhaps no one had any right to doubt his sincerity. He declares that he will fight the liquor power until hell freezes over, and then buy a pair of skates and continue his fight.

He got up less steam at the night meeting, and the audience seemed less responsive. Yet there was a greater effort to make an impression, and more dramatic properties were brought into use. A row of small boys appeared on the stage and Billy Sunday stood beside them and demon-drink. He threw over them the Union Jack and at one time wrapped the flag cope-like around himself. At both meetings the audiences were warmed up by chorus singing, under the leadership of Billy's chief lieutenant, Mr. Rodeheaver, who sings exceedingly well and speaks with a delightful southern accent. Ma Sunday had a word to say at each of the meetings.

More Serious in Evening.

Billy was more serious at the evening meeting and perhaps on that account was less entertaining. He said that you might as well try to regulate a powder magazine in hell as to regulate the liquor traffic. The only remedy was prohibition. He was here to inaugurate the movement for a dry Sunday in Ontario by next Dominion Day. He did not care whether it was done by an act of the legislature directly or whether the legislature referred the question to the people. Almost his only humorous sally was a description of a society miss. "If you pressed her," he said, "you would die of painter's colic."

Came Over to Help.

"This is our debut in Canada, but I hope it will not be our valedictory," Billy Sunday told the evening crowd at the Arena. "We have come over here to help you fight the liquor traffic, and anything we do will be done with a whole heart."

Sunday did not need any preliminary remarks with which to warm up to his subject, but jumped right in with his prolonged "O-o-oh," emitted at the highest pitch of his voice and declared:

"There is only one prime reason why the saloon has not been knocked into hell long ago—whiskey is alright so long as it is in hell and not in your stomach, and that is that the saloon is needed for financial reasons, to raise revenue."

After quoting a series of immense taxation figures showing the error of the assumption that the saloon is a net revenue producer, he said: "Seventy-five per cent. of the idiots come from intemperate parents. In Kansas, where whiskey was swept out 25 years ago, in 81 counties out of 185 there are no insane asylums nor an insane person to put in them. In 24 counties they have not got a feeble-minded child in the community."

Paupers Whiskey Made.

"Eighty per cent. of our paupers are whiskey-made paupers, and 82 per cent. of our crime is committed under the influence of liquor. Ninety per cent. of our criminals are boozefighters. There are some places in Kansas where they have not called together the grand jury for 10 years to try a criminal case.

The saloon, he said, was an out-and-out murderer. "A Chicago paper estimated that 53,436 murders were committed in the saloons in a comparatively short period of time to say nothing of the murders committed outside after the murderer had got his booze in the saloon.

"The saloon is the hub of all that is vile and filthy. It is worse than war, it is worse than pestilence, and it is worse than famine. It is the source of three-fourths of all the taxation necessary to take care of the lobster after you had landed him.

"If it is not a good thing for soldiers before they go into battle, it is rotten as hell to let them have it afterwards. For every $800 spent in the production of useful products the workingman receives $713.43, and for every $500 spent in the manufacture of booze the workingman gets $9.84.

Voting for the Devil.

"The man who votes for the saloon is voting for the devil to come and drag his boy into hell. The man who defends the saloon deserves to have his boy become a drunkard. The man who does not believe in hell has never seen the inside of a drunkard's home."

The speaker went into a list of comparisons of what he could do with the money spent yearly in liquor in the United States. All his assertions in this respect were punctuated with wild applause.

"I could take the money spent in booze in the United States and build a monument in $20 gold pieces 136 miles high. If you figure the expenditure in silver dollars laid end for end, they would reach 3615 miles, from New York to San Francisco and back to Salt Lake City. If into dimes, I could put a silver ribbon ten times round the earth, and in two years I would have enough to make a silver automobile highway from here to the ocean 11 feet wide."

Could Run U. S.

"I can run the United States Government, pay the brewers and distillers ten per cent. on all their invested capital, $650,000,000 in the country, pay the farmers ten per cent. on the sales they make to the brewers and distillers, and I will still have enough to hand every man, woman and child a $10 gold piece."

Speaking of the need of liquor revenue for education purposes, he declared he would rather have his children learn their A, BG, C's in heaven than to speak Latin in hell.

There are 7581 banks in the United States with a capital of $1,065,851,000; a surplus of $726,935,755, a total capital and surplus of the national banks of $1,800,000,000, and the money spent for drink in the United States in one year will duplicate all the national banks' capital and surplus and leave me $100,000,000 bones in my hands.

It cost $400,000,000 to build the Panama Canal. I could build six Panama Canals every year with the money the workingman dumps into the rat hole of the saloons.

"In my opinion the saloon is a worse citizen than a thief or a murderer. It is worse than a thief because a thief robs you of your money a saloon robs you of manhood, reputation, character, and leaves nothing in return. It is worse than murder because it destroys your body, the saloon damns your soul. If the saloons were driven out of Canada tomorrow it would take you 50 years to get rid of all the dwarfs of humanity that the dirty rotten business has left here on our hands.

To Hell With Liberty.

"I stand for civil liberty but to hell with this personal liberty," he yelled. "Personal liberty is all the anarchists want, all the burglar wants, and all the rapist wishes for.

"Gentlemen of the legislature," he called, "We want you to exercise your right and banish the saloon, and if you refuse this then give us the right of referendum. Put it up to us and let us decide and not the politicians who sit in the parliament house. But they are afraid of the people," he added.

"I think if ever there was a jubilee in hell it was when lager beer was invented."

"If all the devils in hell could assemble in conclave tonight to try and conceive of a more damnable heritage for a future generation I do not believe their combined intelligence could conceive of anything that would equal the damnation of the licensed saloon today. Regulate them you say, you might as well try to regulate a powder factory in hell. Every saloon is a recruiting office for the jails and poor houses. It has even got a dirty blanket waiting for the unborn to come forth by way of motherhood.

One Stinks Other Smells.

"The only difference between a low-class saloon and a high-class saloon is that one stinks and the other smells bad.

"Drink muddles your head, perishes your brain, incites your worst passions, gives you bats in your belfry, and floating jiblets, dislocation of the mazuba, and gives you infernal coffin nails, makes you think bughouse and act jackass."

Each Leaf

of the famous blend of flavoury teas known as

"SALADA"

B133

is the product of some famous Eastern tea-garden. Each leaf is young, fresh and fragrant and will yield generously in the cup.

BILLY SUNDAY

BY DR. QUILL.

Billy Sunday at the Arena! Billy, who once was so bad a boy that he played Sunday baseball and tempted other chaps to "hit the trail" for the diamond instead of the Sunday School! But he has so changed his ways that he can now get a monster Sunday crowd to line up on Monday to hear his sermons. The truth is that Billy Sunday can make every day of the week Sunday for the benefit of his hero worshippers. He has broken into the international game of "Booze Busting." We are told that this is his first appearance. That it is a free gift to his Sunday friends in Canada. He must be getting generous No! let him have all his own share of faults, but do not charge Billy with being close-fisted. He was always generous, whether you think of the dope he put up for his old Satanic master, or the sweat he now sheds in this vigorous holy war. He is still a good sport, with an open hand to give a dollar to a neighbor, dead-broke, or to pay a widow's rent, or give us, war-wrung Canucks, a free sermon in our appeal for a dry province by Dominion Day, 1916. No doubt he can afford it out of the $51,136.85 which he received for the eleven weeks' preaching in Philadelphia. So Billy is no small one. Let us hail him for the curtain is now rising.

* * *

It is the "water-wagon" of Ontario—which is big enough to burst out the sides of the Arena. Newly decorated with banners and oiled up for another trip over its rocky road. Billy pops up upon the spring seat with Clement and Warburton to keep him warm and cheerie in our land of snows. And everybody forgets that the 48th Highlanders' Band is playing the Maple Leaf. We want to see this great crusader and also have a look at "ma," who usually goes out with Billy, that this lad, her husband, may have a kindly eye upon him. Other leaders are introduced, but his eyes scan the crowd. It would please any orator, and he is delighted. His face shows it. What a lively, nervous, plucky and self-confident countenance it is! As many scenes flit across it in five minutes as over the baseball diamond on a Fourth of July. And anybody would as naturally hand him a mask to go behind the bat as put a mitre on a bishop in a cathedral. Now he notices the braw kilt of a 48th Highlander and he looks as if he were a bit puzzled, or perhaps would like one for "ma." "Heaven bless the Maple Leaf!" That stirs him and he wants Tipperary, in which he joins like a Tommy in Leicester square. For this he gave every member of the band an appreciative shake. Billy was therefore right in with the boys from the rise of the curtain.

* * *

Scene one had something of the cast about it of a moving picture show. The kettle-drum measure of his opening sentences and the lively dance of his legs across a spacious stage, gave one the feeling that it was mechanical, that the apparatus was a little worn out and that it was going to be a cheap one. For this orator, who has broken all records of speech making, has a third-rate voice, and is as devoid of music as a pair of squeaky boots. The sermon, too, was an old one, which he partly read, being too fagged out by Mondayishness to give it the natural fire, which once blazed therein. Billy gave us his rest day for the good of the cause, but he should have "kept it holy by resting." Hence scene one was somewhat tame for an orator of his fame.

* * *

With the second scene his vocabulary is getting oiled up, and his acrobatic stunts progressing. We seem to see him on the coaching line in a crucial innings. He has the old handkerchief to make his signals. Waves it, pulls it, almost eats it. The knowing Toronto-boy in the box appears to be screwed tight for a shut out, but Billy does everything to bring in the winning run. He ends up in knots to make his enemies' curses harmless, and makes the bleachers laugh. All the while he is saying that "God never put enough imagination into man's mind to paint the caricer of a booze highster; that temperance people are the sand of the saloon keeper's chewing gum; that the drunkard's wife usually manicures her finger nails on the washboard for bread, and that old rummy has no business to wriggle his old carcase over God's dirt. There is some applause, but not the whole-souled support of a typical Canadian crowd.

Next come the "hell" scene or "barroom" act, whichever you may choose to call it. He now went off like a can of powder, and old demon drink was lashed with the familiar language heard in the barroom. Who says that this is wrong? Can the barroom complain if its own dialect be used to impeach itself? Sunday's success evidently proves that the world needed such a man, with such a message. It is known that tyranny flourishes where there is no oratory. But eloquence shatters the defences of evil. And in language fuming with brimstone, this new leader jumps upon his foes. He tells them that they are "going to hell so thickly that their feet stick out of the windows; that a spitting, spewing, rag-shag, bob-tailed, God-forsaken, broth and whey of hell form the procession of booze fighters; and to tear the crown of manhood from the brow is a rotten—hell-hound—business.

* * *

It was in the next scene where his audience warmed up in their applause. There had been no sleeping-in-church, let me tell you. Here again Billy has an advantage. When he really begins to reason, and that is not often, he nails his arguments with spikes. It was here that he got after publicans and politicians. He said: "You never see a saloonkeeper and a good woman pulling on the same rope. A good churchman who never strikes the traffic a blow is not causing the Devil any uneasiness. For the sake of some rotten little political office many people stand in with the party and do nothing for prohibition. If legislators won't vote it out in their halls, we, who have the million votes, will turn both them and booze down and out." Here Billy tossed up a nickel and said: Mr. Politician heads or tails. Vote right or we vote you out. This caught the fancy of the crowd. It was good acting, and the cheers were deafening.

* * *

This was the climax. He danced in triumph over the broken defences of the saloon. He tore around like a steam engine in breeches. He said: I hate the business, not the people in it. I love to hate it. (Applause. Then he read one of his notorious epigrams— "I'll fight it until hell freezes over, then I will go at it on the ice." Many people said, "Oh, oh." But after thinking it over there was pretty general applause. But it was not witty! It had been canned up and sour! The hell-frozen-fight is a chestnut.

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Here he called time, but the audience encored. "Go on," said they, "if you can stand it." And he made probably the best part of his address. He got a good one in on the boys at the front. "Who in hell are these?" asked the Prussian Guard. "They are from Canada." So the water-wagon will raid the trenches of booze. Some good stories enlivened the last few sentences. One was to enforce the point that the saloon keepers should mind what they have been taught by passing events. It was a boy who got the slipper pretty badly one day. "Will you mind that now?" "Yes, Pap, my mind is where you have been spanking me."

* * *

So the curtain falls. What did you think of it? asks my neighbor. Well, it was not nice; not intellectual or brilliant; not one-half as good a temperance speech as well known Torontonians could make. But it probably was ahead of anything ever pulled off in Ontario to put the shells into the booze business. Billy Sunday does not affect you like a piano; nor yet does he give you the sensations of a touring car; he is not a hammock. He rather suggests a machine gun intended to kill booze.

HURT ON RAILWAY DRAWN MAY DIE

Midland, Ont., Resident Found in Unconscious Condition on C. P. R. Tracks.

SHOULD REMOVE ARM

But Doctors Fear Amputation in Present Condition Would Cause Death.

At 7.20 last night David Drawn, Midland, Ont. was found unconscious on the C.P.R. tracks near John street, and north of Wellington street, by a train crew consisting of R. Vincent, R. Harper, and T. H. Maguire. He was removed to the office of Dr. Smith, 382 West King street, where he was found to have sustained very serious injuries. The police ambulance was called and Drawn was removed to the Western Hospital. His injuries consist of a badly fractured right arm, broken ribs and bruises to his back. The hospital surgeons state that the arm will have to be amputated, but that they consider an operation dangerous at the present time. Little hope is entertained for his recovery.

It could not be ascertained how Drawn came to meet with the accident.

It is believed that Drawn probably sat down on a projection between the cars and went to sleep, then when the car had been shunted he fell to the tracks and was crushed under it.

Hit by Motorcycle.

When pushing his artillery wagon along the sidewalk on the south side of Wilton avenue near Ontario street, yesterday afternoon, 12-year-old Ralph Sinister, 157 Seaton street, swerved it on to the road in front of a motorcycle ridden by W. J. Corner, 14 Cornwall street. He was thrown heavily to the ground and sustained a compound fracture of one of his legs and a scalp wound. He was removed to the Hospital for Sick Children in the police ambulance.

Lieutenant in Jail.

On a charge of obtaining board and lodging at the Carls-Rite Hotel and tendering a bogus cheque in payment of the bill, George P. Black, a soldier, was sentenced to twenty days in jail by Magistrate Denison in the police court yesterday.

Robert Renton, 50 years of age, 149 Wright avenue, died in the Western Hospital yesterday from injuries sustained when he fell thru a trap-door at the home of his father-in-law, in King Township, on Saturday last. Renton had been caretaker of Fern Avenue School for about nine years. He was married, and leaves a wife and one child.

Brought back from Winnipeg, where he gave himself up to the police on a charge of stealing $123.18 from the Forsythe Laundry Company, Andrew Ross was yesterday remanded for a week by Magistrate Denison in the police court.

ARTILLERY CONTINUES ARTOIS BOMBARDMENT

Mine Fighting Feature of Operations in Argonne, Paris Reports.

PARIS, Nov. 22.—The following official communication was issued by the French war office tonight:

"In Artois and in Champagne continuous activity has characterized the two artillery forces. In the Argonne the mine fighting continues to our advantage. In Alsace a somewhat violent cannonade has occurred at Hartmann'sWeilerkopf and on the plateau of Uffholz."

The Belgian official communication reads: "The weather is misty and there is slight artillery activity before our front."

ENTERTAINED ARTILLERYMEN.

The American Club of Toronto entertained the men of the 80th, 31st and 45th Canadian Field Artillery last night in the mess room of the 75th Battalion at the Exhibition Camp. The program consisted of an oyster supper and musical entertainment. These entertainments will be given every night this week to different battalions, and a special entertainment is scheduled for Thursday night, which is the American Thanksgiving. The program and the suppers are under the direction of President Asa R. Minard.

Acid Stomachs Are Dangerous

Common Sense Advice by a Distinguished Specialist.

"Acid" stomachs are dangerous because acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, thus hindering and preventing the proper action of the stomach, and leading to probably nine-tenths of the cases of stomach troubles from which people suffer. Ordinary medicines and medicinal treatments are useless in such cases, for they leave the source of the trouble, the acid in the stomach, as dangerous as ever. The acid must be neutralized, and its formation prevented, and the best thing for this purpose is a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, a simple antacid, taken in a little warm or cold water after eating, which not only neutralizes the acid, but also prevents the fermentation in which acidity is developed. Foods which ordinarily cause distress may be eaten with impunity if the meal is followed with a little bisurated magnesia, which can be obtained from any druggist, and should always be kept handy.

MURRAY-KAY, LIMITED

MURRAY STORE 17-31 KING EAST. | STORE HOURS: 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Telephone Adelaide 2380. | KAY STORE 36-38 KING WEST.

Rousing Reductions in Women's Suits

Fifty Tailored Models, Worth to $25, Wednesday $7.50 — **A Hundred Smart Models Worth to $35, Wednesday $12.50**

Each day the blue pencil gets more and more relentless in its work among our **Women's Tailored Suits.** Truth to tell, the mark-down prices on the lot of 150 Suits to be on sale tomorrow at **$7.50** and **$12.50,** are away below the cost of production, but present-day merchandising requires up-to-the-minuteness in all ready-to-wear garments; so we realize that the only wise course is to clear all models during each season. Hence tomorrow's sweeping reductions, of which details are given herewith.

The suits to be on sale have been divided into two groups, as follows:

Women's Suits Worth to $25, at $7.50

Women's Suits, fashioned on plain tailored lines, beautifully made of men's wear serges, French serges, cheviot serges and poplins, principally navy and black, a few tweeds. All coats are lined with silk or satin. The tailoring alone cost more than our special sale price for the finished suit. The regular prices are $19.50 to $25.00. Our sale price for each suit, Wednesday $7.50

Women's Suits Worth to $35, at $12.50

Women's Suits, beautifully made of serges, whipcords, tweeds and striped vicuna cloth, the colors black, navy, brown, taupe, and grey. Many of these attractive suits have belted coats, with patch pockets, and other modish features. Our special price for Wednesday is below cost of production. The regular prices are $25.00 to $37.50. Our sale price for each suit, Wednesday $12.50

About 20 Suits at $5 Each, Value to $16.50

About 20 Suits, in navy and black serges; values to $16.50; finely tailored and smart fitting. On sale tomorrow to clear at $5.00

'Murray-Kay' Special Kid Glove, $1.25 Pair

The "Murray-Kay" Special Kid Gloves, 2 dome, French kid, with Paris points, made expressly for us by Perrins Freres, being a glove with a double guarantee—the makers' and our own. It is perfect in fit and finish, and comes in white, white with black points, black, grey and tan. These gloves are $1.50 value. Our price, per pair $1.25

Natural Alaska Sable Set, Scarf & Muff, $60

We have a very special **Alaska Sable Set** in our **Fur Section,** to which we wish to give particular mention. It consists of a new **Scarf,** to be worn in chinchin style, the price $35.00; and a **Pillow Muff** to match, the price $25.00. These pieces may be bought separately, the price for the set being very reasonably placed at $60.00

18-in. Club Bag, $6.50 40-in. Trunk, $13.50

Club Bags, 18 in., made of sea lion or Windsor grain leather, lined with leather and equipped with inside pockets, two handles, brassed lock and catches. Special value..$6.50 **Fibre Steamer Trunks,** 40 in., made in a five-ply veneer foundation, top, sides, ends and bottom covered with the best vulcanized fibre, good spring lock and strong brassed bumper corners. Special value $13.50

These Good Bargains in the Linen Room Will Bring You to That Section Without Fail

Every day is bargain day in our Linen Section. Our buyer is ever on the alert for special purchase prices; and our customers profit by his skill in searching out merchandise of the best qualities at remarkably low cost.

Here are three striking values for Wednesday, all new fresh goods at away below the ordinary prices:

40c Bath Towels, 25c

These Bath Towels are of English make, the toweling of heavy, long pile, size 22" x 48", fringed or hemmed ends, red stripe borders. They are good values at 40c, which is the regular selling price. Our price for each towel Wednesday 25c

Khaki Blankets at $2.50

These beautifully soft Khaki Blankets make cosy warm covers for bed couches, or may be used for throw-overs or for out-of-door service. They are delightfully warm, yet very light. They are in a soft khaki shade with Greek key border in white. The size is 60" x 80". Our special price for each Wednesday $2.50

Lunch Cloths at $1.25

These Lunch Cloths are pure linen damask of beautiful quality, with lovely conventional design. They are hemstitched all round and are 33" square. The value of these lunch cloths is $2.50. Our special price Wednesday, each $1.25

BRITAIN TO LIMIT EXCESS IMPORTS

Economy Campaign Subject of Keen Discussion in Motherland.

HIGH TARIFF SOUGHT

Some Papers Demand Granting of Preference to Dominions.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—The campaign for economy in living as a vital necessity for financing a war which is costing Great Britain nearly $25,000,000 a day, continues to be pressed. Imports are exceeding exports by nearly $5,000,000, and consequently depreciating foreign exchange, so that England really pays about 5 per cent. more than the nominal prices for commodities bought in America. Restriction of imports is urged as one of the most obvious practical methods of economy. Some protectionist papers, notably The Morning Post, demand a high tariff on imports, and one so framed that the colonies will have preference, diverting business from the United States to them. Thus the British Empire might live on its own resources so far as foodstuffs are concerned. The Post contends, and spend its money among its own people as Germany is doing.

Non-Essential Imports.

Lord Devonport, who has had long experience as a successful businessman, told the house of lords that the import of non-essential things thru the Port of London alone reached $125,000,000 a year. He proposed total prohibition of the import of luxuries. But Lord Crewe replied that such a step would be impracticable, as many of the commodities came from allied nations already suffering commercial depression, while increases of the goods taxed by tariff would involve an addition to the customs establishment more expensive than the value of the taxes collected.

Several statesmen have proclaimed the necessity of keeping up Great Britain's general manufacturing as the best method of trying to balance the foreign trade account.

Wants Business Dropped.

The military expert of The Times opposes this theory strongly. "The German principle is to rope in every man who can fight," he says, "and to subordinate the requirements of trade to those of victory, certain that if victory can be achieved everything else will come with it." He considers that thirty new divisions should be added to the army by next August, and inquires what it would profit to, say that export trade was flourishing, but that the armies were defeated.

E. T. Good, a writer on economics, claimed that the actual earnings in many factories are 100 per cent. more than usual, and declares that a large proportion of the abnormal earnings are being spent in a way that increases trade balance.

PARLIAMENT'S SESSION PROBABLY DEFERRED

By a Staff Reporter.

OTTAWA, Nov. 22.—There is no certainty that parliament will meet in January. The statement was made in official circles today that no decision had been reached by the government regarding the opening of the house.

The government is dissatisfied with the attitude of the opposition towards the extension of the parliamentary term. The Liberals say that they will agree to an extension, but it is too early to talk of it yet, the term not concluding until next autumn.

The reply of the government is that the legislation necessary to create an extension of parliament will take considerable time, and the government does not propose to wait too long.

A general election within the next few months is by no means beyond expectation.

To Stop Coughs Use Sugar and Tar

A Specialist's Suggestion.

Obstinate, tickling coughs, the kind that racks you to pieces and keeps you awake at night, can be instantly relieved by putting ten or fifteen drops of bi rate of tar on a lump of sugar and letting it slowly dissolve in the mouth. The specialist who recommends this plan says it is superior to anything he has ever tried and may be used with perfect safety and success on children three or four years of age. To make an excellent inexpensive cough syrup which children like, he says there is nothing better at any price than half a pound of granulated sugar dissolved in half a pint of hot water and then stir in 2 ounces of bitrate of tar. When cool pour into a pint bottle and it is ready for use. From half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful every hour or two will quickly relieve coughs and colds and if regularly used for a few days will give remarkable benefit in cases of catarrh and bronchial affections.

POSITIONS OFFERED WOUNDED SOLDIERS

Fifteen Vacancies on St. Lawrence Canals Open to Convalescents.

GOT SHOT THRU HEART

Pte. Joshua Livian Has Distinction of Miraculously Escaping Death.

Special to The Toronto World.

KINGSTON, Ont., Nov. 22.—Col. T. D. R. Hemming announced that he had 15 positions on the St. Lawrence canals open, and that they would be given to returned soldiers. All in the convalescent home are to be examined and those fit are to be given the positions.

One of the most interesting personages who returned with the convalescent soldiers today was Pte. Joshua Zivian of Gananoque, of the 12th Battalion, who has the distinction of having been shot thru the heart and of being still alive and well. His wound was received in the battle of St. Julien from shrapnel. Part of the shell went clear thru his heart, and when he was picked up it was thought that he was dead. He remembers nothing from the time he was hit until many hours afterward. The theory of the doctors who examined him is that his heart was greatly expanded during the fight, perhaps thru excitement, and that when the bullet passed thru it, the organ immediately contracted and closed up much as a piece of rubber closes up when a pin is inserted and suddenly withdrawn.

Pte. D. A. Forneri, son of Canon R. S. Forneri, has been wounded a second time.

An elaborate program has been prepared for the entertainment of the Australian cadets, who will spend Friday here.

The steamer Kay West, which left Port Dalhousie Saturday night, and for which flag was expressed, passed down the lake today on her way to Montreal.