London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.

MORNING EDITION.
City, 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail $4.00 per year.

NOON EDITION.
$4.00 per year by mail.

EVENING EDITION.
City, 12c per week, $6.00 per year. Outside City, By Mail $4.00 per year.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS, Private Branch Exchange. 3670
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m., and holidays, call 3670, Business Department; 3671, Editors; 3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 57 Mail Building.
U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles H. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building. Chicago: Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building. Boston: Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Monday, June 17.

COMING IN TO SEE THE BOY.

LARGE QUANTITIES of home-made pies and cakes disappeared in the course of numerous attacks in the vicinity of this city Sunday. Toward evening the cookery reserves rushed to the city during the early hours from many surrounding points were nowhere to be found. It is safe to say they were interned within the capacious spaces of the country lads who have recently come by the thousands to commence their training in the service of the world commonwealth of nations that strives against a Hunnish revival of slavery for the human race.

It was not the first Sunday one observed the inpouring of country folk to the city. But yesterday in large numbers they came in their motor cars and in their carriages "to see the boy"—not only to see him, but to feed him with all the fine, wholesome, appetizing viands that mother prepared toward the end of the week. The richest of pies, the lightest and most toothsome of cakes—the sort of cake that overcomes a man who has been doing real work at Carling's Heights for a week or two—a roast, perhaps, some rich cream that the brown cow put her heart into when she knew it was for Dick or Tom or Harry. Eggs that were hard boiled, or perhaps, deviled, and chicken that was parboiled and roasted in just the way the presiding genius of the kitchen can do it. And the first strawberries from that quarter-acre patch. (None of those for city folks!) And cookies and spiced cakes and sandwiches and jam and lettuce and radishes and some of that special hot pickle—all these and wads of the truest home-made bread that ever came out of a wood-fire oven!

These great-hearted folks that come from the sidelines and the concessions, those of them who have boys in the army, will find this summer a rare season in all their lifetime. Coming to the fair or to market or to the circus is all very well for business or a lark, and the movies once a week is a pleasant, if hurried, diversion. But now when their sons have gone from the homes—those real old-fashioned country homes that people cannot help writing songs about—there is going to be a heap more of heart interest and loving kindness in these little journeys to the camping ground. They will pray with all of us for the end of the war, but as their lads become a part of the army of democracy and receive the impulse that will stir the best of their manhood for the struggle, those who come to visit them will be more and more proud of them, proud because they will rank with the finest soldiers in the world, proud because they have accepted the call in good spirit and with the capacity for real honest hard work that stamps the farm-trained Canadian.

Victoria Park, the environs of the camp ground and wherever there were wide spaces to spread an outdoor luncheon, were dotted with parties of soldiers and their relatives yesterday. In the broad reaches of the rural communities home is more of an institution than it is in the cities. The home circle may be broken by marriage, but the family holds together because of the closer communal spirit. When boys are removed by the stern demands of war there is a serious wrench for everyone. Home-loving hearts are separated for the first time, the boy tenting on what may now be called "the old camp ground," the mother and the sire bravely carrying on at home, with a choking sensation that absence brings once in a while perhaps, but with the feeling that they must play up and meet the situation as their son has done. Something smart in the appearance of the young chap strikes them at once. He talks of platoons and corps rivalry and what the captain said about them. He has his "brass" polished to a fine golden glow, and he tells of alterations by a tailor to the coat that keeps pulling up in the back. They begin to think quite as much, if not a little more, of their boy as a soldier than they ever felt before. Has he been mistreated? Not for a minute! The sergeant is "a good scout," and the officers don't belong to the dreadful snobaucracy that so many good democrats stand in fear of. They know whatever the boy did before, with his horses and his hoe and his binder and his other farm equipment, whatever he did that was supposed to help win the war, he is now doing the biggest thing of all, and there can't be a bit of doubt about it.

They gather around the home circle, a home circle transported to nature's manifold dining tables. The Sunday dinner of the country home is an institution, a sacred institution, and many a mother carried her family Bible in the Ford when they came in. Everywhere are other families with their khaki-clothed sons, sons who bring along a friend who doesn't happen to have any near relatives, near in both the sense of kinship and distance. The city people appear to have a friendly interest in their cousins from the country (and they certainly should have), and a glorious reunion proceeds for the day.

It is a pleasant phase of the draft measure that brought the boys from eight or nine counties to the city. It takes the harshness out of war's stern commands. And before the summer has passed and before these boys have gone away to take their places in the front line, it would be well if a day or even more than one day could be devoted by the military authorities to a grand, old-fashioned country visit from the folks at home for all the men at the camp.

ANOTHER PLOT FAILS.

THOSE WHO have read the views of Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss on the German submarine activities off the American coast cannot have failed to be impressed with his ability to trace, from existing facts, the motive of the enemy in sending his U-boats across the Atlantic. His conclusion that no blockade of the American coast is possible is evident to the veriest tyro, who can realize that the number of under-water craft required for such a venture is far beyond the limits of German production, and the distance from home is too great. Few people, however, have been able to satisfy themselves as to what was the object, unless it was merely an attempt at terrorism.

Admiral Wemyss admits that it was such an effort, but with a decided and definite object, viz., to distract the attention of the Allied fleets from the narrow seas which are being policed so thoroughly. If the American people could be brought to demand the return of American warships from duty in the North Sea and Mediterranean in order to protect their own coast, Germany would be more than satisfied. This theory was advanced in The Advertiser at the time of the raid.

There are certain channels through which all submarines from German ports must pass in order to cruise off either British or American coasts. Once they pass through these they are comparatively safe. The foe desires most earnestly to break the cordon which is drawn about these passages, and hoped by this trans-Atlantic work to induce the American warships to leave these narrows for their own Atlantic coast, thus weakening the Allied guard. He has failed, and has committed a grave error, since the only effect the submarine has had on the American people is the stiffening of the determination to see the war through to victory at any cost.

GEORGE F. ROGERS.

LONDON COLLEGIATE loses ability of a rare order through the appointment of Principal George F. Rogers as inspector of high schools in Ontario, but, at the same time, it is certain to receive an indirect benefit. Men of the Rogers type are found in every profession. And they are eventually found at the top. One may not know much about the technical skill nor the special improvements he gave to London Collegiate. But anyone who had even a casual acquaintance with the man must have known that such a personality was affecting his community, along the lines of efficiency, common sense and clear and direct vision. Added to this was sense of humor, mark of the mind that gets through superficial things.

Rogers is an impersonal sort of man. We do not imagine he is strong for banquets and being talked at, and that sort of thing. And when he has made the hit of the evening in a corking after dinner speech, he isn't the kind of man who sits down all swelled up over it. It's a strictly impersonal thing with him, but while he is in action he isn't failing to put what he has into his work. London perhaps never got sufficiently well acquainted with Rogers, because, whether for good or ill, London is a personal kind of place. To have more of the Rogers kind of mind in public life, and private life, would be a fine thing for the Forest City. But he gets into a bigger field, he will come our way often, and we will listen to him always with friendly feeling and a good heaping measure of appreciation. He's the kind of man who leaves his mental brand upon men and affairs.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Austro-German affairs have reached another crisis, but it is nothing to the critical state they will be in when war ends.

They are issuing shoe cards in Germany now. Can they not find some suitable substitute to prevent this excessive use of cards?

A Government expert says that if the skin is rubbed with fish oil and kerosene, black flies won't bite. Possibly not, but what will the neighbors do?

After all, a separate cabinet in Britain to look after domestic affairs would not be a bad idea; whether it is called a cabinet or committee does not matter much.

There is a Boston man who should be preserved carefully as the only one of his kind; he has refused not only an earldom, but any benefit from the estate of the late earl.

Has anyone anything good to say for the stoppage of garbage collection? No! Then let it be resumed immediately, even at the fearful expense of 15 cents extra per day for each collector.

There would be a terrible epidemic of murder if everyone followed the example of a Parisian, who slew a surgeon because the operation performed by the latter failed to restore the patient's health.

"FIFTY-FIFTY."

[Brantford Expositor.]

The London Free Press accuses The Expositor of lack of information and want of fairness in stating that one of the promises which Sir Robert Borden has not carried out is that of placing his cabinet on a fifty-fifty basis. It declares that the line-up is nine to nine, with Hon. Mr. Robertson, the Labor representative, not counted on either side, and that the Liberals hold the more important portfolios. The Expositor may be inaccurate, but as it understands the composition of the cabinet, according to party leanings, it is as follows:

Conservatives—Sir R. L. Borden, Sir George E. Foster, Hon. Arthur Meighen, Sir Thomas White, Hon. Dr. J. D. Reid, Hon. P. Blondin, Hon. C. J. Doherty, Hon. A. E. Kemp, Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Hon. T. W. Crothers, Hon. F. Cochrane and Hon. E. D. Robertson.—12.

Liberals—Hon. N. W. Rowell, Hon. F. B. Carvell, Hon. S. C. Mewburn, Hon. J. A. Calder, Hon. T. A. Crerar, Hon. A. K. MacLean, Hon. A. L. Sifton, Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne.—9.

This makes the score stand twelve Conservatives and nine Liberals, or eleven Conservatives and nine Liberals if, as our contemporary claims, Hon. Mr. Robertson, the Labor representative who was appointed to office by the late Borden Government, be placed on neither side.

Our contemporary will please show wherein The Expositor is misinformed, or else allow the charge of misinformation to lie at its own doorstep.

THE LATEST PUN.

[Montreal Gazette.]

Lord Rhondda, the British food controller, has been ill, but is now on the mend. That is to say, he is coming Rhonddagain.

A GOOD IDEA.

[Kingston Standard.]

It is a great pity that the name wood alcohol could not be entirely done away with and such a name, for instance, as poison alcohol be substituted.

Bits of Byplay

by Luke McLuke

COPYRIGHT, 1917.

Aw, Gwan!

"I took a lawn party out to dinner last night," said Smith.

"How many were in the crowd?" asked Jones.

"Just one," replied Smith. "She was a grass widow."

Wuff!

She is a giggling, grinning girl,
I speak of Mary Middy;
She is right in the social whirl,
And that's what makes her giddy.

The Limit.

"I don't believe that fellow Dubb ever formed an opinion in his life," said Binks.

"That's right," agreed Jinks. "He'll never arrive at a definite conclusion until he dies."

Advice.

Keep out of the attorney's maw,
My son, or you'll be on the rack;
It's easy, quite, to go to law,
The trouble is in getting back.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is an alleged businessman?

Paw—One who doesn't advertise, my son.

To the Kaiser.

The law of vengeance still survives,
Oh, Hun, the God-foresaken;
We'll take a toll of fifty lives
For every one you've taken.

Oh!

He won't drink water. Is our son
About to have a real sick spell?
No. Willie is the only one
Who knows the cat is in the well.
—Luke McLuke.

He won't drink whiskey. Has our friend
Reformed himself? We snicker,
Because we know the reason is
He cannot get his licker!
—Walton (Ga.) Tribune.

That Baby.

The baby swallowed some pens and ink,
Which gave the mother quite a fright;
But the doctor said: "I really think
Your baby soon will be all write."
—Billy Wood.

Fair Warning.

It's getting hot,
So swat the fly;
If you do not,
He'll multiply;
Your food he'll rot,
And you will die.
—Luke McLuke.

Swat Mr. Fly,
But I aver
The race won't die
Unless we, sir,
Also apply
A swat to her.
—Newark Advocate.

Names Is Names.

Mary B. Fast lives in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Our Daily Special.

Arbitration Won't Settle Bills.

Luke McLuke Says.

It is different with other folks. But an actor would rather have a long run than a long walk.

After taking a look at the brewery employees we do not agree with the medical authority who claims that it is drinking too much water that makes men fat.

The reason why a man dislikes hero worship is because in his own estimation he is the biggest thing in the universe.

Wives are so hard to please that if a woman married an armless man she would always be complaining that he did things in an offhand manner.

Once in a while they sew a stitch or two in a Sewing Society. But you may have noticed that a deaf woman never joins an organization of this kind.

What has become of John D. Rockefeller's press agent? We haven't seen Jawn Dee's name on the first page for a long time.

It seems to be mighty hard for some of the mourners at the average funeral to keep from acting as if they were on a joy-ride.

Don't you just love to sit at a table and see the man across from you trying to eat corn on the cob with his false teeth? Neither do we.

Women have so much work to do that when Mother gets her washing out and a whole line full of clothes comes down in the mud the Recording Angel runs into a soundproof room, closes the door, puts his fingers in his ears and forgets that mother is saying things that no Christian should say.

The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

LOVE MY DOG LOVE ME.

By Louise Oliver.

Laura swam about a bit in the water of the lake, then climbed into her canoe and pulled up shore a bit to her favorite haven, where a little arm of water reaching around a breastwork of rocks, crossed a flat, sunny strip of beach.

In the canoe were a store of reinforcements, carnal and mental—candy and a novel—also a towel to dry her hair. Laura had lovely hair, of which she was justly proud.

There was only one thing lacking to complete her absolute contentment—her dog. She colored wrathfully when she thought of him, for she had very substantial suspicions that only the lake separated her from her pet.

Suddenly there was a sneeze almost directly over her head from the top of a rock. Laura looked up quickly and frowned. A man in swimming clothes was sitting there quietly watching her.

"It's just as well," said Laura tartly, "that nature takes a hand sometimes to announce new arrivals."

"Pardon me, fair mermaid, but you are the newcomer. I was here first."

There was nothing to say to this, and she decided to leave without further parley, when it occurred to her that as she had been coming to this particular little cove nearly every day for three months each summer for the last ten years, it was not for her to let a stranger rout her now.

"You're a soldier, aren't you?" she asked.

"I have the honor."

"You belong to that machine gun battalion across the lake, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps then you can tell me what became of my dog."

Laura took a piece of chocolate and then looked him steadily in the eye, as impressively as a decidedly oblique eight feet would permit. Authority should never have to look up. Moreover, when Laura looked up, with her chin tilted back, and the sunlight dancing in little spurts of flame on her hair, she looked more like a model of hope than anything else. Whatever it was, the young man quite refused to be terrified, although he almost forgot to answer, but for a different reason.

"Your dog? What kind of dog?"

"A Cairn. Not very big, white with brown spots, short hair."

"A Cairn," he said thoughtfully. "Let me see. It would be pretty hard to tell. We have dogs and dogs and then some, you see. All camps have. It's a sort of Mecca—seems to draw 'em like a magnet."

"I don't suppose there are many like Laddie," she remarked. "Dad gave him to me for my birthday, and as I had my choice of him or another row of pearls for my pearl collar, you see what I've lost. Besides he was a splendid companion, such a good swimmer. Will you look when you go back and see if there is a dog of his description in camp."

"I certainly will. But how can I let you know if I find him?"

"I come here every day," she answered. "If you could bring him here."

"I might manage it," he said slowly.

"But what is I miss you?"

Laura was thoughtful. She was about to say, "Then come to the house, won't you!" But she decided it would be difficult to entertain an unknown soldier should he present himself there. Her mother would be sure to fuss, too. That was one thing about soldiers, they all looked alike, but dear knows who they were!

"Oh, I think we'll manage to meet here," she said. "I always come at this time."

"All right. Tomorrow then," he said. "I must go back now. Good-bye," and diving into the deep water on the other side of the rock, he was gone.

The next day as usual, Laura paddled into the cove. And there was her soldier with a dog.

"Mercy! That's not my dog," she cried. "That looks more like an anteater than a dog."

"I hardly thought it was,' he answered, crestfallen. "But it was the only one I could catch. Perhaps I'll have better luck tomorrow."

As usual, Laura had brought along some magazines and some candy. She offered him some of the sweets with an apology. "I don't approve of candy nowadays. But the boys insist on sending it to me from town. I've finally made them stop, but I have an accumulation of about fifty pounds. Some day, if I can get permission, I'm going over to your camp and distribute the whole thing."

"That will be splendid," he cried with enthusiasm. "Not the candy so much as the visit. There's nothing cheers the boys up so much as a—a," he was going to say pretty girl. "As a nice looking young woman," he finished. "But I must go now. You see, I haven't much time to call my own I'll try and bring your dog tomorrow."

But the next day it was the same thing. No Laddie! Instead a fox terrier, which barked incessantly.

"That's not my dog, either," said Laura. "Of course, he answers the description, but still a Cairn's a Cairn. You ought to know one when you see it."

"I must confess I don't," he answered, "but I'll try again if you'll let me."

Then the conversation turned to the war and his prospects of going across. Time flew fast.

For six days the soldier came with dogs, a different one each day, and never the right one.

"Mercy!" said Laura, despairingly. "You can't go on all summer bringing dogs. I think I'll go to camp tomorrow myself. Dad got permission from the major, and I'll go in my car and take the candy. I've got some other things, too. I hope I'll see you there."

For Laura had decided by this time after a week of this young man, that it was all right to say she hoped she'd see him. She really hoped very much that she'd see him, and she had determined to ask her father to speak to the major about him and have him over to dinner some night at Cairn Craig.

Good as her word, Laura did go to camp next day with a cargo of candy and tobacco, and was immediately taken to headquarters.

The orderly returned at once, saying the major would see her.

Laura entered diffidently, wondering what she should say to the potentate in command. She had never talked to so high an officer before.

But the man who rose from behind the big desk was her own soldier of the beach at the same time a Cairn that had been sleeping under the desk, sprang forward with a yelp of delight.

"So you're Major Denning?" said Laura rather stiffly, "and you've got Laddie, after all."

"Yes," he admitted, smiling quietly, "I've had him all along."

"I can understand your wanting to keep him, but I don't see the idea of bringing a whole menagerie over to me day after day."

"Suppose, my dear lady, I had taken Laddie over on my first trip; I could have invented no excuse to see you so often. The past week has been Utopia to me."

"Why couldn't you come to the house to see me? You are father's friend."

"I didn't want you to discover my identity until you had learned to like me for myself. I had hoped you did, a little. But I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I should have returned your dog the day he swam over here, and that would have been the end of it all."

Suddenly Laura came over and touched his arm. "No, don't be sorry. No one could possibly be cross at you after—after what you've said. And I'm glad I didn't know you were an officer—but just you."

He took her hand in both of his. "Laura, I've taken an awful fancy to Laddie; you can't have the heart to take him back without me now, can you?"

She sighed and looked away in mock resignation. "It seems to be a case of 'Love my dog, love me,' doesn't it? I suppose I'll have to take you both."

Then he gathered her up close in his arms and settled it all with a kiss.

Clogged Nostrils Open, Breathing Made Easy, Catarrh Cured!

New Method Very Successful

It is a new method of treatment, that of medicated air, and cannot fail to be beneficial. It goes wherever air can go, thus reaching all the affected parts. It purifies as by fire, simply burning up the disease germs.

Catarrhozone is a non-poisonous and healing agent; it therefore acts upon the mucous tissues of the throat, nasal passages, and bronchial tubes, destroying all microbe life, and at the same time heals up all the inflamed parts.

As a cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, La Grippe; as a strengthener for the throat, Catarrhozone cannot be equaled.

It is a guaranteed cure, and is highly indorsed by prominent physicians who use Catarrhozone in their practice.

Sufficient Catarrhozone for two month's use, price $1.00; smaller size, 50c; at all dealers.

PATHETIC FIGURES - - By Fontaine Fox

(Copyright, 1918.)

RACING AUTOMOBILE KILLS ONE, INJURES THREE AND RUNS ON

MONTREAL, June 15.—Joseph Charbonneau was killed and Mrs. Charbonneau, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dupirie were injured when a racing car struck a car which Mr. Charbonneau was driving here today, causing it to turn turtle.

The police have a description of the racing car and expect to locate the owner.

GERMANS DEMANDING RETURN OF PRISONERS FROM REMOTE PLACES

LONDON, June 15.—Because the German delegates at the British-German war prisoners' conference at the Hague are pressing for the return of all prisoners in Canada and Africa as well as those in Great Britain, a hitch has occurred in the negotiations, telegraphs the correspondent at the Dutch capital of the Times. The difficulties of such a course, it is contended by the British delegates, particularly in respect to shipping transport, make it impracticable. The negotiations have now reached a most critical stage, but, the correspondent says, there is no reason to think they will prove abortive.

UNMARRIED ITALIANS REQUIRED TO REPORT

VANCOUVER, June 16.—That unmarried Italian subjects between the ages of 20 and 34 years must report for duty within the next fifteen days are the instructions which Court Interpreter J. Corelli informed Magistrate Shaw have been issued through the Italian consul here.

TELLS OF GOOD WORK RED CROSS IS DOING

DORCHESTER, June 15.—An interesting war lecture was given in the Methodist Church last evening by Rev. F. E. Nichol. He gave a talk on the Red Cross and the good that has been accomplished during the war. The proceeds were for the Red Cross.

The Methodist Trustee Board here installed a new electric organ blower in their pipe organ.

Mr. Wilkins has sold the property that he bought in Thamesford to Peter Oliver of that village.

SECOND MOTOR VICTIM.

MONTREAL, June 16.—The second victim of the fatal automobile accident on Friday evening, when the brother of Hon. J. DeCarie was killed, died in the Royal Victoria Hospital here on Saturday evening. This was Mr. Raoul Leblanc, secretary to Hon. J. De Carie, Quebec provincial secretary.

VICTORIA DAY CRIME BLAMED TO YOUTHS NEWLY UNIFORMED

One Is Arrested at Niagara, the Other in Toronto Camp.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

TORONTO, June 16.—Taken from the ranks of units at Niagara and Exhibition Camps today, Joseph Fuller, alias Frank Jackson, and Lyman Morrison, both aged eighteen years, were charged by provincial police officers with the murder of Theodore Taylor of Thomastown, a village six miles from Engleharf.

Taylor was a farmer 70 years of age, and it was reported that he had disposed of his farm for several thousand dollars, a portion of which he was believed to have had on his person at the time of the murder. He was clubbed to death and robbed of $95.

On May 25, the day after the murder, Morrison was arrested for carrying a gun and allowed to enlist by a police magistrate of the locality. That day Charles Cooper was arrested by Provincial Officer Rowell, and is said to have given the information upon which the police then commenced to act.

Fuller disappeared by canoe. Reaching Bracebridge, he came to Toronto to enlist and was taken into the ranks. When the police visited the camp it was found that Fuller was held as a deserter. It is stated that he does not deny complicity in the crime and admits striking Taylor, but not the fatal blow.

2 MORE NORWEGIAN SHIPS ARE SUNK BY SUBS OFF VIRGINIA

WASHINGTON, June 16.—The Norwegian sailing ship Kreigsjaa has been sunk by a German submarine 90 miles off the Virginia coast. The navy department announced tonight that the crew has been picked up by an American warship and are being brought to an Atlantic port.

The Norwegian bark Samoa, 1,051 tons net, from Buenos Aires, was also sunk by gunfire from a German submarine about 90 miles off the Virginia coast at 8 a.m. Friday, June 14. Fifteen members of the Samoa's crew were rescued by a schooner and later transferred to another vessel, which is bringing them to an Atlantic port.

The sinking of the Samoa brings the total shipping losses to twenty vessels, as a result of the German submarine raid on the American coast.

AUSTRALIANS SCORE AGAIN.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY IN FRANCE, June 15.—Early this morning Australian troops rushed the German trenches at Villers-Bretoneux and killed a majority of the occupants. They also destroyed the defences and returned to their own lines after hard fighting with some prisoners.

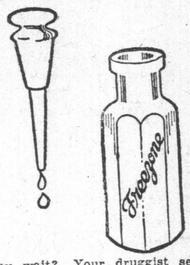
EDITOR OF THE BULL IS AGAIN IN CUSTODY

NEW YORK, June 16.—Jeremiah A. O'Leary, a fugitive from justice since the eve of the date set for his trial on a charge of violating the espionage act, by publication of seditious matter in the anti-British periodical "Bull" and later indicted for conspiracy to commit treason, was arrested at Sara, Washington, and is on his way back to New York in the custody of federal agents, it was announced here last night.

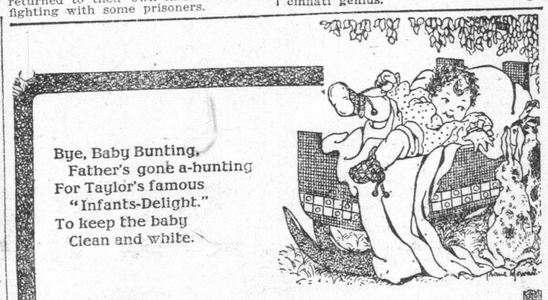
LIFT OFF CORNS FREEZONE IS MAGIC

Costs few cents! Sore, touchy corns lift right off with fingers. No pain!

Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. It doesn't hurt one bit. Yes, magic!



Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much-talked-of ether discovery of a Cincinnati genius.



Bye, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting
For Taylor's famous
"Infants-Delight."
To keep the baby
Clean and white.

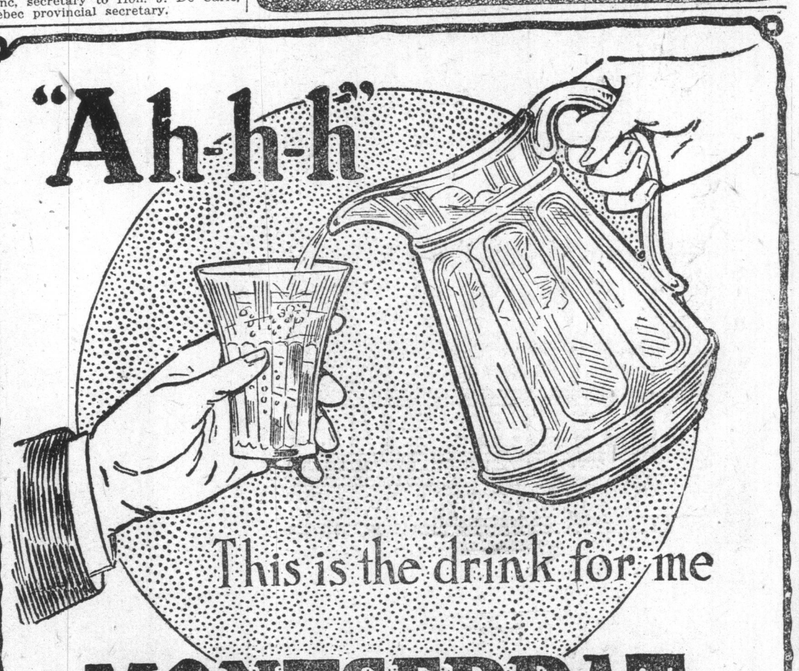
INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP

THE wise mother uses it because it is PURE, fragrant and refreshing.

¶Send us three of these ads—all different—for beautiful Mother Goose Book in colors.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited,
Dept. 4, TORONTO.

"Ah-h-h"



This is the drink for me

MONTSERRAT

LIME FRUIT JUICE

Call it a temperance drink, if you like. But the "snap" and "tang" of it—the delicious fruity flavor of it—the cooling, satisfying refreshment of it—makes it welcome with everyone, everywhere, every time.

MONTSERRAT may be had at all druggists' and grocers'.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited

71