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The London Advertiser Company, Limited.

LONDON, TUESDAY, APRIL 6.

THE PHONE SITUATION.

SOME years ago a new type of telephone transmitter was brought out by the Bell Company. Until that time the people of London had the old-style Blake transmitter. Evidently the company replaced the Blake instrument in order to perfect its service, and to bring about more economical management. But, on the strength of this "modern" improvement, for some years it has been collecting an extra annual sum of $5 from each subscriber for the new transmitter. If a subscriber cared to keep the old instrument he did not have to pay the extra charge, but if a new transmitter were placed in his home he paid the extra charge, and although the cost of the new equipment on good authority is said to be less than the annual charge, the subscriber is taxed with the extra $5 each year. In five years, for instance, the Bell Company would receive $25 from the subscriber, when it should not receive $5 (representing a fair interest on the equipment), and it is very doubtful if it should receive anything, for if any party to the bargain benefits by reason of the modern equipment it is the telephone company. If the transmitter is especially adapted for long distance conversation, it is a stimulant for business.

There are many other "extra" charges made by the company for extension phones and "buzzers," which are said to be excessive, and the whole phone situation will bear the closest examination before the agreement expiring on May 1 of this year is renewed. That the city should receive an adequate return for the exclusive franchise granted the company, and that every rate should be specified in the agreement, and no higher rates charged for modern equipment, is the consensus of opinion. The present city rulers have a chance to make a bargain which will be advantageous to citizens to a far greater extent than under present conditions. The controllers and council should secure all the evidence necessary and then proceed to make terms that will admit of no overcharging, or, for that matter, charging at all for necessary equipment. And citizens should be given an opportunity to tell of their experiences with the company's accounting department.

MIRTH MISPLACED.

DURING the closing hours of the debate on the license bill in the Provincial Assembly, the members of the Government and their supporters seemed to find some amusement, if the reports be correct, in the efforts of the Opposition to limit the sale of liquor. Amendments of various kinds were submitted in this direction, and as fast as one was voted down by the Conservatives, another was proposed. It seemed so funny to the majority that great laughter was evoked, and jeers were thrown across the House at those silly Liberals who actually persisted in their useless task.

Useless it doubtless was, with the Legislature as at present constituted. But to persist in attempting something useless is not necessarily funny. The people who persist may really be in earnest, and in no mood for jesting. It was perhaps useless for Belgium to stand up against a great nation like Germany, but there was nothing funny about it. It would have paid Belgium better, from one point of view, at least, if it had followed the example of Luxembourg, and allowed Germany a walkover. But nobody laughs at Belgium. All honor the brave little state.

And it may be equally useless for the friends of social reform in the Local Legislature to persist in moving amendments to a Government bill. They are sure to be voted down every time. It would be much easier, less contentious, in fact, if they would simply say, "We can do nothing; the foe is too strong; let us sit at our ease." But men who are in earnest do not excuse their inaction by their weakness. They may realize that the enemy is too strong just at the time, but they will keep up the fight, and hope for victory in the future.

And it might have been wiser tactics on the part of the Conservatives had they taken the struggle a little more seriously. There are not many supporters of Liberalism in the Legislature, but there are quite a few outside in the cities and towns, and rural districts of the province. There may not be many in the Assembly who want to abolish the bar, or even to lessen the hours of sale, but there are more outside. And those people do not care to be laughed at. They are in earnest. It is poor policy to sneer at them.

PIRATES AND PRISONERS.

IT IS worthy of note that in his reply to the German protest over the refusal of the British to give Von Tirpitz's murderers the same treatment accorded honorable prisoners of war, Sir Edward Grey has not stated what will be the ultimate fate of the criminals. Germany's hint at frightful reprisals evidently has not scared the British foreign secretary. And perhaps this will act as a curb on the other submarine commanders and crews. They know they are reasonably safe, so long as the war lasts, but the British courts have a long memory, and a habit of seeing things through to the bitter end. There is a very real chance that somebody yet may be properly punished for the brutal slaying of the Falaba's passengers. That may explain, to some extent, Sir Edward Grey's refusal to make any definite statement as to the final disposal of the German submarine crews. And Germany—if she is wise—will take the hint.

Grey's whole answer to the German request for information was simple, straightforward, as are all his communications. He scores a strong point when he says that Germany can ill-afford to complain of the treatment of prisoners. Sir Edward points out that since the war began the British have rescued over 1,000 German sailors, while the Germans have not rescued a single British sailor. More than once, notably at the last North Sea fight, the British took great chances in order to rescue the drowning Germans, but the Germans, perhaps humming their precious Hymn of Hate the while, have never attempted to save a single British Jackie.

And in the matter of treatment of prisoners generally Grey shows that German prisoners, by German official admission, are better treated than are the prisoners of the Allies in Germany.

The German contention that the crews of submarines are simply carrying out the orders of those higher up, is both a humiliating and a weak one. Because a man is hired to commit murder is no reason why he should escape the punishment of his crime if caught. Perhaps, however, the admission will determine the British Government to see to it that at the war's conclusion the "higher-ups" will also be punished—even up to the highest.

THE WHITE CHAMPION.

A BIG black man named Johnson held the heavyweight championship of the world for many years. He wrested it from a Canadian and then from the great bear, Jeffries. He has waxed fat on the gate receipts, and, while he wined and woman-ed, there have been scores of young men in training to wrest the belt from him. One of them has succeeded. Willard, the cowboy fighter, seems to have won a fair decision in a fight that had the appearance of being honest.

Probably British and Americans, French and even Germans cheered the news yesterday that the white race had won back to pugilistic supremacy. There is the white man's common pride in personal ascendancy, as understood in the manifestation of the "manly art of self defence." The colored race was no doubt downcast, but in reality it should have been glad. Johnson has not uplifted it. His has been a dishonored name since he won the title and he has brought disgrace rather than honor upon men of his blood. He may not have been "as black as he was painted" and he has never been given credit for any good characteristics by the white man. But his moral nature was of the lowest kind. Booker T. Washington is a better idol.

A few years ago a cartoonist drew a picture after the Jeffries fight. He showed Johnson stretched before a white man. The lines beneath the picture said: "Somewhere there is a white man who will make this picture a reality." Willard is the man. He stands today at the head of fistiana. Whether he is as clever a boxer or as fine a physical man as Johnson at his prime was remains to be seen. Yesterday Willard had an ally in the ring with him in the form of all Johnson's bad habits. He had best beware lest he embrace the same champion of the greatest of fighters.

The interest in the Johnson fight may be criticized, but it is only fair to say for those who are "fight fans" that the crowds at the bulletins would have been trebled had a fight by rounds in the North Sea been advertised in advance.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Jack Johnson has gone where all good prizefighters go.

Pretty soon now the swat of the swatter will be heard throughout the land.

Mr. Jack Johnson's downfall illustrates once more the fact that youth must be served.

The ability of the German Government to inflame the feelings of neutrals against Germany seems to be without limit.

Von Der Goltz took a personal message from the Sultan to the Kaiser. No doubt it was the recipe for some fresh deviltry.

A recent newspaper advertisement read as follows: "Watch out for John Barleycorn." Just now it seems as if it should have read, "John Barleycorn, watch out!"

The German chancellor says it's too soon for a peace discussion. But there isn't going to be any discussion. Rather it will be a case of dictation, on the part of the Allies.

The Bell Telephone Company has an absolute monopoly in London, and for years it has been acting after the manner of monopolies. It's about time for the company to "Ring off" on certain high-charge practices.

The "Hymn of Hate" is to be taught in the public schools of Germany. That will make fine training for the young fellows who a few years hence will be trying to do business with John Bull the world over.

Sing Sing prison is about to teach its inmates bookkeeping, stenography, typewriting and all other essentials to business life. All any ambitious but poor young New Yorker need do to acquire an education is to kick in a plate glass window or two on Broadway.

OUR POETS OF WESTERN ONTARIO

Confidence and Praise.

II CHRONICLES, xx., 20-22.

Our Father, whose name all victorious
Is seen in the banners we raise,
To Thee in the midst of the conflict
We render the tribute of praise.

We trust not in armies and navies,
Though mighty on land and on sea;
We trust not in wealth and in numbers,
But only and always in Thee.

And Thou wilt destroy the destroyer,
And overthrow all that is wrong;
Thou art the defence of Thy people,
In Thee are Thy weak ones made strong.

Reverses and dangers which threaten
To come as an incoming tide
Are banished and turned into blessings
For those who have Thee as their guide.

Select and prepare for Thy service
The men who have wisdom and zeal,
And gird them with strength everlasting,
And in them Thy presence reveal.

We thank Thee for visions prophetic
Which gleam through the darkness and pain
Revealing the day that is coming
When righteousness always shall reign.

Ridgetown, Ont., 1915. T. WATSON.

Ten Minutes With the Short-Story Writers

(Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Company.)

A BIT OF BLARNEY

By Freeman Putney, Jun.

"Don't laugh, Edward! 'The Old Homestead' is funny enough on the stage, but it's no joke in one's own house."

"You brought it upon yourself, Edna," protsted Mr. Sterling.

"I know I asked him. But 'Come and see us in New York' doesn't mean 'Come any old time, without warning.' An now he's here, we've got to treat him well."

"We have! If Captain Barney fancies we fail to snow him proper attention, we may as well wipe Hardyport off our map next summer. No more fishing trips in this catboat! No more fandy mackerel!"

"But this night of all nights!" she walled. "We're going to Patty Mudge's."

"Well, it isn't very far. The captain won't object to going along."

"Edward Sterling! Don't pretend you've forgotten! This is the evening Patty expects Conrona."

"Con—who? Oh, the woman singer from the Cosmopolitan?"

"Edward! Think how I've been looking forward to this evening! Patty's been bragging so much. And if I can only meet Conrona—you know she and your cousin studied together in Paris!"

"Deep schemer! What are you going to do—invite the prima donna here?"

"Exactly—for next Sunday. I've heard she thought a great deal of your cousin—"

"So you will use my cousin as a link to connect you with Conrona? Good! But can't I stay home and play checkers with Captain Barney?"

"Certainly not! It's your cousin, you know!"

"So I'm a link, too! Well, all we can do is to get the old man a ticket to a theatre. I'll try and make it up to him tomorrow."

Across the gleaming white and silver of the Sterlings' dinner table, Captain Barney listened to his host's explanation, but he declined the offered theatre ticket with a shake of his grey head.

"Sorry ye got a v'yage planned fur ter-night, Ed, but I cal'late I better not resk goin' out again till daylight. Them streets o' yourn air hard to navigate without a pilot. I got lost three times this afternoon, comin' up here from the Fall River boat."

"I'd risk you," Sterling laughed. "But do as you please. We're going early, aren't we, Edna?"

"Yes, Conrona keeps early hours. Patty emphasized that. We ought to be home before eleven."

The captain looked at her reproachfully.

"Oh, don't sit up for us, if you're sleepy," Sterling assured him. "Make yourself at home. Plenty of papers and books in the library. If you want anything to eat or drink, call the maid, or—there's the sideboard. Help yourself."

"Thankee. I cal'late I'll set a while in the front room. Air ye goin' fur?"

"Only near by. You've probably heard that we New Yorkers don't know our near neighbors, but this is one of the exceptions."

For half an hour after their departure the captain listlessly read the evening paper. Then, yawning, he passed to a study of the pictures on the walls, examined the bronzes at the foot of the stairs, remarked on the wood-carving in the hall, and finally opened the front door.

"Seems good," he remarked, "ter git a breath o' cool air, even if 't 'nt off the sea. Now, what in time! Ye don't s'pose them people air comin' here?"

An electric brougham had drawn up at the curb, as the old man looked, there alighted from it a richly garmented and furred lady and large gentleman in a long, heavy coat. There was a word of direction, the chauffeur touched his cap, and, as the brougham swept silently away, the couple turned and made their way directly up the steps.

"Blessed if they ain't comin' here!" murmured the captain. He retreated hurriedly to the vestibule. "Blessed if I—p'raps I better shet the—"

He was too late. The lady hurried by him, and the gentleman followed closely. As Captain Barney did shut the door, the lady turned, a look of perplexity in her face, which he now saw for the first time under the light.

"Pollie Conroy!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Captain Barney! How in the world did you get here?"

"Jest got in from Hardyport! Now, don't this beat time?"

"It certainly does. Why, it's years since—"

"Nine years, last summer since ye wuz down ter see me. Ye don't show it, though. Jest you take off them things and come in the parlor! And—I ain't shook hands with your gentleman friend."

The big man advanced, smiling and puzzled, and Miss Conroy introduced them.

"He speaks very little English," she explained to the captain. "I'm afraid I shall have to do most of the talking. But tell me, what house am I in? Isn't this No. 207?"

"Your driver must have missed his reckning'. This is No. 211. Ed. Sterling and his wife live here, and I'm visitin' em. They went out, an' left me an' two hired gals down cellar ter keep house. I'd take it mighty kind if ye'd come in an' set a while."

"I will, if you'll tell me all about the Hardyport people."

"I'll do it! But ter pay me fur it, ye'll have ter sing me a song, same's ye used to!"

She shed her outer garments in a heap on the hall seat, and they sat and talked like two old gossips, while the big man nodded and smiled. Then, after the captain had declared he was "talked out," came his promised pay. Pollie Conroy sat at the piano and sang some of the old songs that Captain Barney called for. Then, when he gave her the choice of what she herself liked, she threw her head back and began something long and strange, which, although the words were in a foreign tongue, somehow crept into the captain's being and took him wandering far away through dim, green forests, such as he had dreamed of in his youth. And when the big man suddenly rose to his feet and joined in, the swelling flood of the music shrank the captain into the depths of his chair as his New England blood fought against the strange emotions that gripped his soul.

II.

It was after eleven when the Sterlings came home, to find Captain Barney still sitting up.

"Edna kind o' put out over suthin'?" he asked shrewdly, as the lady withdrew.

"Well, yes," admitted Edward. "She—I don't know whether you understand how important some things seem to women, captain—but she expected to make a lady's acquaintance tonight and didn't succeed. The lady was very late in arriving, and Edna barely had a chance to speak to her."

"Um! Wall, I hope Edna'll git over it. I got suthin' ter confess myself. I been havin' comp'ny while you wuz gone."

"Company?"

"Ayep! Pollie Conroy, a gal I used ter know in Hardyport, where she came summers. She an' her gentleman friend came ter the front door, lookin' fur the wrong house, and I made 'em come in an' set a while. We had a mighty good time talkin' about the old days down at Hardyport, an' then they both on 'em sang songs. Pollie, she sings in theatres now, I b'lieve. P'raps ye've heard of her?"

"I don't remember the name. Sounds like some chorus girl. Who was the man?"

"An Eyetalian. I don't recollect his name, but I take it he's in the same business. An' say, Ed, I remembered what you said about the sideboard, r'n' not knowin' jest the brands o' your goods, I told him ter take his ch'ice."

"And did he?"

"He picked out the queer-shaped bottle with the basket round it. I tasted the stuff myself."

"The Chianti?"

"I guess so. I ain't impolite enough ter run down a man's victuals in his own home, but if all liquor tasted ez bad ez that stuff does there wouldn't be no temperance question ter bother with. Anyhow, the feller he put away most o' the bottle. But I got more ter own up to."

"Tell it to Edna," laughed Sterling. "She's coming upstairs."

"Who on earth has been here, captain? The cook and Norah are all giggles and tears, and all I can get out of them is something about a lady and a big man singing a song. Norah says she saw his picture in the Sunday paper, and she's sure it was Harti."

"Sartin," agreed Captain Barney. "I remember the name now. You ought ter seen him drink that Ky—what d'ye call it? But, Edna, I got ter confess—"

"Harti! The great tenor! In my home! But Conrona told Patty he left her at the Mudges' door, because he needed rest."

"Maybe Conrona has been here, too," suggested Edward.

"Only Pollie Conroy. And, Edna, I want ter own up—"

"Why, Conrona is Mary Conroy in private life. You ought to know that, Edward! Oh, why wasn't I at home? How did she happen to stay, Captain Barney?"

"I taught her ter swim when she wuz a little gal, and her folks used ter come summers ter Hardyport. Old friends we are. She used to sing better'n she does now. That was before she went to Europe an' got them wiggles in her voice. And one otner thing Edna, I'll have ter own—"

"Conrona!" she murmured. "And Harti!"

"You're not impressed a bit, captain!" Sterling broke in. "Do you realize that you've had a private recital from a leading prima donna and one of the most famous men in the world? Why, that man Harti's voice is gold! He gets a thousand dollars just for singing a song into a phonograph."

Captain Barney's chair came down with a thump.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "It's worth it though, fur them that's got money. Why, there wuz once while he sang that I wanted ter crawl behind the pianner an' cry. But, Edna, I done suthin' worse than have 'em here. It wuz kind o' cheeky o' me, without askin' you, and I hope it won't bother ye nor make the cook mad, but—I—I invited both on 'em ter come ter dinner here Sunday."

"You did!" Edna's eyes were round.

"Yes'm; and that ain't the worst of it. They're both comin'!"

SAD CYNIC.

[Washington Star.]

"A man should never give up his ideals," said the genial adviser.

"What's an ideal?" inquired Mr. Growcher.

"Something to which he aspires."

"Not always. In some cases ideals are what people talk about in order to throw you off your guard while they are reaching for plain ordinary lucre."

Its the Example That Counts

[Detroit Free Press.]

The example set by King George and Lord Kitchener in declaring their determination to abstain from indulgence in liquors while the war lasts ought to do more toward solving the problem of national sobriety and industry now confronting the British war office than any legal enactment could bring about.

This action removes lingering suspicion that the movement begun by Lloyd-George is ordinary temperance propaganda, and puts it on a practical, businesslike basis. It is easy in high position to demand that the rank and file of humanity shall place on itself certain restrictions which overlords in their wisdom may think desirable, but which they do not bring home to themselves. It is different when persons in authority in time of war voluntarily submit themselves to the discipline they would measure out for others. Then one must be convinced that the emergency to be met is vital and real; that here is a matter of life and death.

Such action emphasizes the necessity of the time in Britain as no mere speechmaking or lawmaking could emphasize it. There is small cause for wonder that results are already being seen, and that in Glasgow laborers are shunning the barrooms out of deference to the wishes and example of the King.

The Girl Guides of London.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

I must not forget to speak of the young women who have organized a sort of foil to the boy scouts. They describe themselves as the girl guides. Several hundred of these young women were out for parade on Sunday, headed by a band, and they made a very interesting picture. They were garbed in short skirts of blue worsted, trimmed with red braid; their stocking were of blue and upon their heads were dark, crushed hats of cowboy pattern. They swung along Oxford street toward Marble Arch with rhythmic step and heads high. Nearly all of them, I was assured, were employed during week days in shops or as stenographers in offices. They are not aping the militarism of the boy scouts, but are physically preparing themselves to take up more and more the burdens of men in the various walks of business. Many of them expect to secure training as nurses and to enter hospitals in England, preparatory to service on the continent, should the war be prolonged.

Right here I should say that not a prediction was made in my hearing of a speedy termination of the conflict. I sincerely believe that every man and woman in the United Kingdom expects a long bitter war. Anybody in London who would suggest peace on any terms short of Germany's complete withdrawal from Belgium would be promptly rebuked. The feeling throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland is quite similar to that which characterized the people of the Northern States in the darkest hours of the civil war. I was only a lad at that time, but my memory of those days is very vivid. The Britons have a task before them of most serious character, but one that cannot halt until the end, even if conscription has to be resorted to by Kitchener. We had drafts here in the North. But the British War Office has cleverly resorted to advertising to stimulate volunteering.

It is an actual fact that about 35,000 men join the colors every week, owing to the enthusiasm imparted by cleverly-written advertisements to be read in many journals. It is a new and splendid utilization of the publicity idea, first exploited in the United States!

ECONOMY.

[Exchange.] ... ...

The love song that I wrote to Phyllis
In which I rhymed her name with "lilies"
Is rather nice;——
I mean to change that word to "posies"
That it may fitly rhyme with "Rosie's,"
And so serve twice.

My fancy was a mere delusion,
But I'll not waste the fond effusion;
I'll make it do,
'Tis wise to try economizing,
And not expend more poetizing
On No. 2.

Who knows? Perhaps another rapture
Will come to me and make a capture;
Upon my word,
This little song of deep emotion
May some day carry my devotion
To greet a third!

Then if my lot brings new beguilings,
With tender words and tearful smillings,
I'm sure it's wise
To waste no time in composition,
But give each maid a new edition
O these same sighs.

Voice of the People

Billy Sunday's Sermon.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Dear Sir,—I wonder how many of your sermon-tasters read Billy Sunday's Easter message which appeared in Saturday's Advertiser? Wonderful sermon! I hear some of your say. Well, yes, to me there were three wonderful things in the sermon, (1) The text: "His name shall be called wonderful" (Isaiah, ix., 19). (2) The egotistical references to Billy Sunday himself. (3) The disappointing incongruity of two or three of his sallies with the solemnity of the occasion.

Although the sermon appears under the caption: "A Sermon for Skeptics," yet it is painfully evident that such an effort would only provoke mirth in the average skeptic, or even put him to sleep. He innocently takes for granted claims and positions now quite abandoned by many eminent commentators within the Church; e.g., the Virgin birth and the raising of the saints from their graves at the Crucifixion as recorded by Matthew. Further, in seeking to elaborate the "wonderful" in the text, he is inconsistent with himself and false to his own method as, while he refers to the earthquakes and other commotions as attesting the wonderful in Christ's death, yet he asserts that the resurrection of Jesus was not according to human expectation or there would have been earthquakes and other disturbances recorded. He adds: "An angel rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre as quietly as the opening of the buds in May," etc. Well, if Mr. Billy Sunday insists on a mere popular and mechanical interpretation of Scripture and accepts the historicity of the birth stories as recorded by Matthew and Luke, then to ignore Matthew on the resurrection is not for him an honest handling of the Scripture. The latter evangelist says: "And behold there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled away the stone and sat upon it. His appearance was as lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for fear of him the watchers did quake and became as dead men." (Matt. xxviii, 2-4 R.V.). This scripture at least does not bear out the Rev. Billy's simile when he compares the resurrection of Jesus with the "opening of the buds in May." He is quite willing to take Matthew for the darkness and commotions at the Crucifixion to suit the exigencies of his discourse, but when he wishes to conjure up a scene of heavenly serenity at the resurrection he quite conveniently forgets that Matthew records the above. This is what I call a captious handling of Scripture, and may not be unknown even in more pretentious discourses.

But we could easier overlook such a method than we could the intrusion of coarse and vulgar phrases on such an occasion and in the discussion of such a theme. Here are two or three phrases that disfigure an otherwise creditable Easter sermon just as a couple of dead carcases disfigures a beautiful landscape: "I never say 'disintegrated' but 'rotten,' you're not a 'prevaricator' but a 'liar'; 'I like to see a fellow preach so all can understand him, no matter if he is a skunk, a jackass, or what he is." Here is another gem, or rather carcase: "If I was running a glue factory in hell and the devil would bring your old carcase, I'd tell him I couldn't use you because I don't have deodorizer and disinfectant enough." How does such language from the Rev. Billy's so-called Easter sermon appeal to those local ministers and Christian workers who some time ago seemed enthusiastic in seeking to bring Sunday here to undertake a revival campaign? It only justifies The Advertiser's "safety first" method in trying him out at long range before risking the full "disintegration" of a more personal campaign.

LAYMAN.

London, Ont., April 5, 1915.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

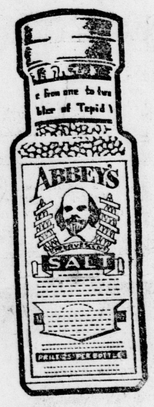
Treacherous as a Submarine is constipation

It strikes when and where you least expect it. In one person it brings on headache and nervous depression. In another chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. In another, blood disorders that show in pimples, boils and lowered vitality.

You simply cannot neglect constipation and escape some serious penalty in the form of ill-health. Stealthily—day by day, it gathers force to strike you in some vital function.

Don't neglect constipation—fortify yourself against all the disorders that follow in its wake by the daily use of

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt



There is none other like it or nearly so good. Concentrated in Abbey's granules are all the beneficial salts extracted from juices of pure fresh fruits. Avoid cathartic drugs.

Abbey's Salt is made in Canada and through years of demonstrated efficacy has earned the commendation of the highest medical authorities.

The Medical Officer of Health for London, England, has said: "I take it every morning and it keeps me in the best of health and spirits."

25c and 60c Everywhere

OXO CUBES are so valuable in the home as on active service. They create strength and maintain it. They nourish and make food more nourishing, and are ready in a moment.

OXO CUBES IN 10c AND 25c. TINS

IN FIVE MINUTES NO SICK STOMACH, INDIGESTION, GAS

"Pape's Diapepsin" is the quickest and surest stomach relief.

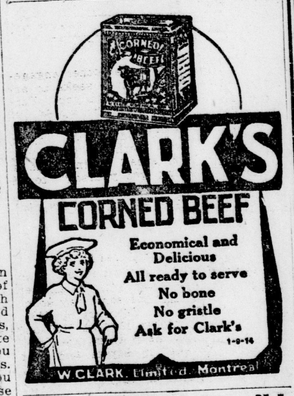
If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach headaches you can surely get relief in five minutes.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula, plainly printed on these fifty-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin, then you will understand why dyspeptic troubles of all kinds must go, and why it relieves sour, out-of-order stomachs or indigestion in five minutes. "Pape's Diapepsin" is harmless; tastes like candy, though each dose will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all the food you eat; besides, it makes you go to the table with a healthy appetite; but what will please you most, is that you will feel that your stomach and intestines are clean and fresh, and you will not need to resort to laxatives or liver pills for biliousness or constipation.

This city will have many "Pape's Diapepsin" cranks, as some people will call them, but you will be enthusiastic about this splendid stomach preparation, too, if you ever take it for indigestion, gases, heartburn, sourness, dyspepsia, or any stomach misery.

Get some now; this minute, and rid yourself of stomach misery and indigestion in five minutes.

Resorts—Atlantic City, N.J.



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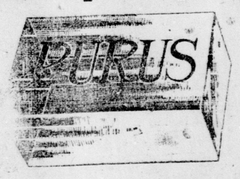

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