

# London Advertiser

Member Audit Bureau of Circulation.  
MORNING. NOON. EVENING.  
CITY—Delivered, 12c per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$4.00;  
six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00.

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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY,  
LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, October 16.

## A WORKERS' CANDIDATE.

Years ago our fathers fought for political equality and justice, and gradually that long, hard battle was won by Liberalism in Ontario. It is now for the younger generation of Liberals to complete their fathers' work by aiding Labor in its struggle for social and economic justice. The Labor platform and the Farmers' platform is one upon which Liberals of this day must readily find their place. Dr. Stevenson, a leader in London Liberalism for several years, has done the logical thing in accepting the honor of standing as Labor's candidate in this city. All who believe in the principle of social equality as the one sure guarantee of a truly democratic polity must support Dr. Stevenson.

It is strange that Ontario lags so far behind the rest of the civilized world as to have kept in power for fourteen years the most reactionary government. We have not even a minimum wage law, which Quebec has adopted. The percentage of our boys and girls who go to a high school, let alone a university, is shockingly small. We have a low standard in general culture, in theatrical exhibitions, in literary and artistic production, in political morality, because the working man or woman of Ontario is kept ignorant and depressed under a government of manufacturers and soulless finance. "Have they ever given you your dues?" asked Dr. Stevenson of the 500 carhop men who cheered him on Tuesday. (Loud cries of "No.") "That's right, they never have, and you won't get them until you send Labor men to Toronto." There is no denying this.

Old age pensions and mothers' pensions are among the needed reforms advocated by the Labor candidate. These reforms have already been adopted in various countries, and even if they had not been, is Ontario never to give a lead in progress? Are we to live ever under a regime so ludicrously conservative and dead as that at Toronto? Are we to endure forever the indolent or fustian refusal of that government to prosecute the combiners and profiteers who prey on the working people in town and country? The Toronto regime of the past fourteen years is funny enough for a stage comedy in its fossilized inertia and medieval antagonism to ideas or democratic advance. A new country like Ontario, sounding with modern labor everywhere, under an administration of such antiquated type that Lord North or Stratford might have easily fitted into it!

It is argued in some quarters that Sir Adam Beck has done much for the average man in keeping down the cost of lighting and power. But at any rate he has shown no particular interest in the problem of curbing the general advance of prices. The Government of which he has been a member is criminally guilty of giving full rein to the profiteers and the combine. He must bear his full share of that guilt. In the second place, it is imperative that if the masses want to be represented in Parliament, they must send there not the man of wealth, but the simple citizen, one of themselves. The Canadian worker should not be satisfied to be exploited by quasi-representatives who rejoice in class titles that separate them from the mass of the people. It is not safe for the people to elect anyone but a man of the people. Dr. Stevenson is himself and also an embodiment of the new democratic principle that social justice shall be brought about by genuine representatives of the masses. If you really want labor and social reforms to be effected, vote for Dr. Stevenson.

## LIBERTY NONSENSE.

In one sense no one believes in personal liberty. Why are there fences around property, policemen walking their beats, locks on doors and windows, safes, lawyers and juries, handcuffs and jails? Because no one has any personal liberty except to do as the majority of the community choose to allow, and the majority do not propose ever to relinquish their control over erratic and eccentric minorities.

In another sense, everyone should believe in personal liberty. True liberty for the individual consists in identifying his own will with the general will. Not otherwise can he feel free and live in easy security or peace of mind. A certain amount of self-restraint is necessary to free self-expression, and it is true that to control one's self is better than to be controlled by others. But everyone knows that individuals commonly need a social control to brace up the weak spots in their self-control. Not usually by one's self can the right path be found and followed. Everyone breathes the air of a social atmosphere, and it is the proper business of the community to render its atmosphere as clean and healthy as possible for its members.

There is no point, then, in whooping for personal liberty, except it be proved that the thing for which liberty is claimed is in line with the community's welfare. That is the one and only question to be asked and answered as to alcoholic drink. Is it more beneficial than harmful to the community? If the latter, as it certainly is, according to both expert and popular testimony, then down with it. The liberty cry is in itself just as much bunkum as any liberty leaguer in his sober senses will quickly admit.

Subsidiary to this cry, and yet somewhat inconsistent with it, is the absurd proposition that if alcohol be forbidden as a beverage, then cigarettes will be the next thing attacked. This pretence

commonly implies the position that perhaps in deed alcohol ought to be prohibited for itself, but that nevertheless, for the sake of cigarettes, it must be allowed to stand. What becomes of the personal liberty plea in this "thin edge of the wedge" theory? But neither the wedge cry nor the liberty cry is sincere. Neither is meant as an argument, and neither should be seriously argued with. Could one seriously urge that no speed limit be set for automobiles, on the ground that the next thing would be to limit the chauffeur's use of rum or cigarettes? No one would allow a locomotive driver to carry a whiskey supply with him on the theory that any limitation in this respect would entail a restriction of the driver's personal liberty in the use of his pipe or cigar. Prohibit whiskey in the locomotive, and the next thing you will be prohibiting the engineer's comfortable smoke—so pretend the authors of Liberty League propaganda.

## THE MAN FOR EAST MIDDLESEX.

The electors of East Middlesex will be acting wisely if on October 20 they select Lieut. Col. Robson to represent them in the Legislature. Lieut. Col. Robson is making his appeal on the Liberal platform, which is sufficiently broad and progressive to carry the support of all elements in the riding. As a farmer of long and varied experience, he is specially qualified to represent East Middlesex. The farmers of the province are demanding a greater and more direct influence in the affairs of the Legislature. Lieut. Col. Robson is himself vitally interested in such reforms as must be put through for the benefit of the rural population of Ontario. Add to this his wide knowledge of things agricultural, and he makes an ideal candidate.

On the score of his war service the Liberal candidate deserves the strongest support. He raised the famous 135th Battalion, without the money aid that other battalions were able to secure from municipalities, took them overseas, and would have led them into the firing lines of France had not the army regulations barred him because of his age. Lieut. Col. Robson has by his war service earned the honor to represent East Middlesex in the Local House, and as well he is thoroughly equipped to safeguard and promote the interests of the farmer. He is the man for East Middlesex.

## DECIDE AS TO GRATUITY.

Whatever recommendation the special committee considering the gratuity problem makes it is imperative that it should be submitted as soon as possible. Throughout the Dominion many thousands of returned men are being inconvenienced, where they are not suffering actual hardship, by the Government's delay in reaching a decision. Without doubt there are many hundreds, if not thousands, of soldiers who are in need of and should be given additional gratuities and greater pensions, and with the near approach of winter they, of course, must know how they are to stand financially before they make their plans for living during the next six months. The first gratuity was made with the object of giving the returned men a chance to rest up before turning to the task of re-establishing themselves. Many of these have not yet succeeded in doing this, in numerous cases because of adverse circumstances, and it seems only fair that they should be granted an extension that would carry them over the winter months. There is an impression that the Government is playing for time in this matter of the gratuities, planning to sidetrack the issue until the next session. If this should be the case it will mean great hardship for many a returned man and will add to the hostilities that the question has aroused. In justice to the returned soldier and in the interests of public harmony the matter should be settled at once.

## SMALL INVESTOR BUILDS LOAN.

It was the common folk, the average man and woman, who made Canada what it is today. It was the ordinary man—the fellow with a pack on his back and a rifle over his shoulder—that fought and won the battles of the Empire in France.

And it was the man or woman or child with the \$50 to invest who made the success of the Victory Loans of the past possible.

The director of public information at Ottawa estimates that there are over one million holders of \$50 Victory Bonds. In the 1917 loan \$84,841 subscriptions were for \$5,000 and under. In the 1918 loan 707,701 subscriptions were for amounts ranging from \$50 to \$5,000.

And it will be the person of limited means who will enable Canada to "carry on" during the period of reconstruction and "clean up" the war bill. It will be the duty of the wealthy to invest every dollar they can possibly secure in the new loan, and it will likewise be the duty of the "ordinary" person to invest to the limit. The greater the sacrifice made to make your subscription as big as possible, the greater will be the satisfaction and the advantages you will gain.

## LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHS.

Scientists will hardly accept the statement at the moment on a man killed by lightning last Sunday that "an exact impression of the tree under which he was sheltering" was found on the victim's body. It is incredible that even the light of a lightning flash is of sufficient intensity to imprint an image through opaque clothing. And, if it were, a person would surely have to be a considerable distance from so large an object as a tree for the angle it subtends to be small enough to enable its photograph to be recorded on the body. The most reasonable explanation of these phenomena is that the lightning causes extravasation of blood from the blood vessels beneath the skin, and thus renders visible the tree-like ramifications of the venous system.

It would have been interesting to have heard under what kind of tree the unfortunate man who was killed was sheltering. For if one must take shelter—and it is far wiser to take a soaking—one's chances of safety depend largely upon the sort of tree beneath which one elects to stand. The eminent botanist, Mr. McNab, is inclined to think that some trees are immune. He could find no instances of the birch or beech being struck by lightning. Oaks and elms continually are. Some of the people who were killed in the dreadful tragedy on Wandsworth Common in June, 1914, were sheltering under elms. But these trees are very rarely struck. According to the figures of the French scientist, M. Flammarion, the proportion of trees struck in France during a period of years was: 54 oaks, 24 poplars, 14 elms, 11 walnuts, 10 firs, 7 willows, and 6 each of pine, beech and ash, as against only two limes. The moral is obvious, and people should be instructed in these matters.

## From Here and There

Fuller Bunk says: A dressmaker is the only fit companion for a woman whose mind is always on clothes.

## SMART MAN.

Briggs—You talk a good deal less since you've been married.

Griggs—My wife thinks I'm the smartest man on earth, and I have to be mighty careful what I say.

## ALL HE ASKED.

They were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the door, talking in low, dulcet tones. She was listening and gazing up rapturously into his eyes.

Suddenly she turned round. The door had opened; and there, just inside, stood her father, clad in a dressing gown.

"My dear father," she asked, "what is the matter?" Her dear father ignored her question.

"John," he said, addressing the young man, "you know I've never complained about your staying late, and I'm not going to complain now; but for goodness' sake, stop leaning against the bell-push. Other people want some sleep, even if you don't."

## WHY SHAKE HANDS?

[London Chronicle.]

How many people know what is the origin of the custom of shaking hands, of which the Prince of Wales is just now suffering from an excess? In olden days, when every man who had any pretensions to being a gentleman carried a sword, it was a matter of course that he should show that there was no treachery by offering each the weapon hand, free from the weapon. To hold back the hand was equivalent to a challenge to combat. This habit became so fixed that long after swords ceased to be worn men still offered the weapon hands to friends and declined to do so to enemies. Among savages who never carried swords the custom of shaking hands is unknown, and it affords a great deal of amusement to see white men engage in the practice.

## THE PRINCE IN CANADA.

[Seattle Post-Intelligencer.]

We are close enough to Victoria and Vancouver to hear the echoes of the reception given by our neighbors to the Prince of Wales. There is no denying the enthusiasm that was shown by the young man, who has nothing more in himself than a hereditary claim to popular approval. In the course of time this youngest, essentially no different from any well-bred young fellow of his years, will be the titular head of the world-empire of British Empire. He will be a king, verbally the ruler of an empire more vast than was ever conceived, over 12,000,000 square miles, and over 400,000,000 souls.

In our scheme there is no room for a king, but the British Empire could not exist without a king. Any one of its component parts could easily exist without a monarch, but as a whole, it requires a king to bind them together. The king is the living symbol of the empire. Americans are likely to overlook this fact when they consider the enthusiasm shown on the occasion of a princely visit by our friends across the line. It is no mere personal adulation that inspires the throngs in Canada who cheer the sight of the young prince. It is the theatrical weakness for the pageantry that one way or the other accompanies royalty on its travels. It is something deeper than all this; it is the love for the British Empire; the love that sends thousands upon thousands of men overseas, sent them thousands of miles to die in Flanders, in Egypt, on the Tigris, on the Strumitz, or wherever the empire was in danger.

It is wrong, therefore, to consider the reception given to the Prince of Wales by the Canadians as primarily a personal affair. It is an affair of the Empire, and is significant of much more than any personal attachment to the royal house. The young prince is, of course, immensely popular in his own right; but he is more than that, and his visit to Canada amounts to more than a personal visit.

The ties that bind the British Empire together are plainly as strong, if not stronger, than ever. Between the English and the Canadian there is no uniform identity of interest, no certain attachment. The same may be said of the Australian and the Afrikaner. But they have one thing in common: the vast, loosely-joined, haphazardly put together, but nevertheless, the Canadian has been conclusively demonstrated within the past few weeks.

## NEW YORK TO LONDON BY AIR.

A great aerial flight from coast to coast, in which 63 airplanes are taking part, is now in progress both ways between New York and San Francisco, a feat embracing between five and six thousand miles.

According to Grover C. Loening, an airplane manufacturer in the United States, the next flight of world interest will be from New York to London and return without stop by a machine capable of developing an average speed of 150 miles an hour. Such a flight from New York to London would demonstrate the possibilities of aerial mail between the two cities being delivered within twenty hours. He goes on to say:

The non-stop flight around the world will eventually be accomplished. Moreover, it will be done within a period of time that will make the exploits of Jules Verne's hero appear commonplace by comparison. It is all a question of speed.

## It Depends on Speed.

Speed, in fact, is the raison d'être of the airplane. It is the quality of the airplane that will finally establish it as the most important part of our economic life. Speed itself can be developed normally by sound engineering progress. There is no need to go outside our experience for this development. It should be continued along sane lines. A machine with a speed of 200 miles an hour is not merely a possibility, but will be an actuality within a very short time.

The great need at the present time, however, is improved means of navigation and landing fields within cities. With improved navigation an airplane of high speed will be independent of wind and weather.

A machine capable of 200 miles an hour will be able to go up against a forty-mile gale and still make 160 miles an hour—a speed impossible in any other means of transport. With such a gale behind it the machine would go to its destination at the phenomenal speed of four miles a minute.

## Independent of Fog.

The development of the wireless direction finder as a means of navigation will make the machine independent of the greatest enemy of all means of transportation. Like the airplane, the wireless direction finder has come to stay. It will be rapidly developed to perfection.

In a very short time the "lighthouses" of aircraft will be wireless towers. These towers like marine lighthouses, will have various ranges, according to the power installed in them. They will send out through the fog, haze, mist or rain directing beams that will attract the airplane to its landing place.

Once these towers are universally installed and suitable landing places erected in all large cities, aviation will be entirely unhampered by any weather conditions and absolutely independent of fog. We admit that aviation as a means of transport is expensive. We admit that there is an element of danger, but that danger is gradually being eliminated. We have to offer, however, the advantages of speed that cannot be attained by any other means of transport.

## Fast Flying Boats.

It is quite possible at the present moment to build a three-seater airplane with an average speed of 170 miles an hour. Against a forty-mile wind this machine would still be making two miles a minute. With the wind it would be going forward at speed that sounds almost ludicrous to the lay mind.

Until adequate landing grounds have been established in cities, the next developments in aircraft should be fast flying boats. The tremendous speeds developed in land machines have not been transferred to aircraft using water as a landing place.

If this were done it would be possible to establish immediately aerial passenger lines between New York and all the great cities of the East and Middle West. There is not a large city but could be reached by seaplanes or flying boats. It would take over the period that must elapse before proper landing grounds can be built in the cities.

## The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
A TEN-CENT ROMANCE.  
By Dora Mollan.

Horace Burdett might have had a dozen affairs of the heart—if it was not for the fact that he was so close to the heart of the matter, for he had a reasonable amount of leisure; nor yet that he was a myocynist, for he was far from it. It was because he was that sort of man. Horace was not a heroic figure.

He was under the medium height; he was slender; his shoulders had early acquired a scholarly stoop; he was near-sighted and had to wear spectacles at all times; from youth he had mis-takenly fostered a moustache that never grew up, and nature had decreed that through life he should wear an expression of ingenuous gravity like a baby who watches another baby suck a caramel. And he was frightfully afraid of women.

Now, Horace had his being in a large city. He gained his livelihood in an office where his services were appreciated and his hours short. He had occupied the same large office bedroom in a house presided over by the same dignified and somewhat stern woman, who repaired every afternoon, with almost unrelenting regularity, as soon as his business duties were over, for a freshening and a change of air before his walk, and his dinner at the same old restaurant. And he always rode home on a surface car because he liked "L's" little street car people put on women conductors.

Horace found some difficulty in adjusting himself to this new order of things. He was used to the old order, and he was not making much of it. He never sat while a lady stood, albeit, he never got over the habit of blushing as he surrendered his place. Came a time when the great war took away so many of the men that the street car people put on women conductors.

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Gen. Sherman was probably right and that it couldn't be helped. There were a great many cars on that line, and from day to day Horace encountered a variety of conductresses. He did not greatly cotton to them. Mostly they looked as though they asked for the shadow of an excuse to bite Horace or any other passenger of either sex in the eye.

There was one, however, whose car he frequently caught, on whom Horace permitted his thoughts to dwell more than a little. She was a serious-faced young woman with far-away eyes, and probably a good figure under her shapeless uniform coat and puttees.

Horace noticed that somehow she managed to keep her hands clean, and he observed, with a tiny elation inside him that none of the soups or freshies ever got familiar with her.

Though she was not more than 5'6", shorter even than Horace, she had a way of looking clean over the heads of the passengers. Horace finally figured it out that she was the wife of a soldier, away off overseas fighting for his country.

Horace was one of those people who always have the right change ready as they embark on a pay-as-you-enter. It's a poor rule that has no exception. One day Horace found himself, as he stepped into the vestibule of a home-going car, without a single nickel.

There was a dime, however, in his change pocket, and as he fished it out and handed it to the conductress he found himself facing a grey-eyed young woman. The conductress, without even looking at Horace, took his dime and handed him two nickels.

One of these he dropped in the car's rapacious glass maw, and was proceeding to a nearby seat, when he was arrested by the commanding voice of the conductress. "Here, you," she called after him. "Come back here!"

Horace turned, to behold the young woman's hand held out to him with the ten-cent piece between thumb and forefinger, and her eyes bent on him in blazing scorn. "Here," she said—and the whole carload might have heard—"take this thing back to the tin-fol factory. The company's quit collecting to educate an orphan."

In utter confusion Horace automatically obeyed her peremptory summons. He took the dime from the extended hand and was confounded to see that it was a most palpable counterfeit.

"Why, er—er—that, I assure you, madam—"

"Never mind about the assurances; just hand over a regular United States dime." The grey-eyed young woman

was staring with cynical unsympathy into the embarrassed eyes of Mr. Burdett. Somehow Horace managed to find a quarter, and after a critical look at it, the conductress gave Horace fifteen cents and turned to pull the door lever for a departing passenger.

Horace Burdett was profoundly mortified. Never before in all his life had he been accused of dishonesty. But as he sat ruefully contemplating his own feelings he suddenly realized that he didn't care a hoot what the passengers thought of him.

What hurt was that this grey-eyed young woman, with a splendid husband overseas fighting for his country, should deem Horace an unworthy creature who possessed counterfeit dimes.

Suddenly, as he covertly glanced at his accused and caught sight of the metal number on her cocky little military cap, Horace remembered that he was well acquainted with the paymaster of the street car company, and a resolve came upon him.

Next day Horace found out from Strickland's office, by phone, that No. 1414's name was Kate Dorn, and that she lived at a certain address in the "quadrant." Also that she was through her work at 5:30. That evening, with his courage in his hands and a pocketful of dimes, he called at the certain number in the "quadrant."

The Dorn apartment proved to be a very tiny one at the back of the house. His ring was answered by the grey-eyed young woman, who looked infinitely less personable and much more charming in a soft grey dress.

Horace was like a cold water bath who dare not hesitate lest he flee altogether. He rushed into explanations. "Mrs. Dorn," he said, the moment he made sure of her identity, "I gave you a counterfeit dime yesterday. Obviously you believed I knew it. My name is Horace Burdett; I am employed by the third largest house in Wall Street, and I have a good salary and some property; I am a member of the Masons and the Elks. I have brought the papers to prove these statements, and to assure you of my respectability. I have—really, Mrs. Dorn, I say it with the utmost respect, I assure you—I have greatly admired you, and thought what a fine thing it was for a young woman to be working so heroically while her husband was fighting for his country. And I could not bear to have you think me a common cheat."

The grey eyes had expressed first amazement and then interest, and now the young woman laughed outright. "Why," she said, "I'm dreadfully sorry

I was so snippy—but they do try it so often. I ought to have known, though, that you were not that kind. Anybody could see at a glance that you are—well, that you're a gentleman. But what made you think I had a husband in the war? I haven't—there or anywhere; I haven't anybody. The laughing-ter had died away. 'Til just took that job because it pays better than anything I could get—and I'm crazy to save enough for a chicken farm." Horace's heart leaped within him. Then and there he realized that he, too, was just crazy about a chicken farm. He said so.

"Do come in and talk about it," exclaimed Miss Dorn.

Many marriages are predicated on a less solid foundation than a mutual interest. The Horace Burdett's chicken farm is the admiring talk of their New Jersey village. And the Horace Burdett's—well, there certainly isn't a happier couple in that county.

## BITRO-PHOSPHATE IS GOOD FOR THIN NERVOUS PEOPLE

### A PHYSICIAN'S ADVICE.

Frederick S. Kollo, M. D., Editor of New York Physicians' "Who's Who," says that weak, nervous people who want increased weight, strength and nerve-force, should take a 5-grain tablet of Bitro-Phosphate just before or during each meal.

This particular phosphate is the discovery of a famous French scientist, and reports of remarkable results from its use have recently appeared in many medical journals.

If you do not feel well; if you tire easily; do not sleep well, or are too thin; go to any good druggist and get enough Bitro-Phosphate for a two weeks' supply—it costs only 50 cents a week.

That's less; chew your food thoroughly, and if at the end of a few weeks you do not feel stronger and better than you have for months; if your nerves are not steadier; if you do not sleep better and have more vim, endurance and vitality, your money will be returned, and the Bitro-Phosphate will cost you nothing—Advt.

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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles, local and internal.

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