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THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Thursday, August 17.

SHOULD BE DRIVEN FROM CANADA.

MANY Canadian papers are asking why William Randolph Hearst his papers and his news service, are permitted to spread their venomous influence in Canada. The Canadian Courier is the latest to recommend that Hearst be packed out of the country. In its issue of this week it has the following:

Has William Randolph Hearst of New York any friend in the Ottawa Government?

If he has, that friend ought to be routed out.

If he hasn't, why is the New York American allowed to circulate in Canada?

IT IS RABIDLY ANTI-ALLY AND PRO-GERMAN. IT HAS NO BUSINESS ON THIS SIDE OF THE LINE.

The International News Service is sold to a number of Canadian papers. It is owned and conducted by Hearst. Recently he was publicly castigated in the British House of Commons for having in this news service inserted the word "overwhelming" in an account sent out by the Germans to the effect that the British had been defeated in the Jutland battle.

The Germans were black enough liars in claiming the "defeat," but it was natural for them. Hearst was twenty times blacker in making it an "overwhelming defeat," and seeking to harm the British cause and help the German.

It was typical of Hearst. When the German cruiser Leipzig was at 'Frisco, Hearst's representatives, in violation of the laws of their own country, carried out supplies in tugs in order to provision the German fleet. Shortly after the defeat of Cradock's squadron took place, and Hearst directly aided the Germans in this victory by supplying them with needed provisions.

Hearst has been exposed for the "fake" correspondents he "maintained" in Europe at the beginning of the war. Norman Hapgood, an enemy of fraud, showed in Harper's Weekly that the names placed over the Hearst dispatches were not known to be those of existing correspondents. None of them had filed credentials with the authorities, as was necessary. The dispatches were palpable "fakes," written in the New York office of the International News Service, and wholesaled to American and Canadian newspapers as the genuine article.

Recently the Hearst service announced that the great Balkan offensive had commenced. Students of the war situation will appreciate that this "scoop" was of the Hearst variety.

If anyone ever deserved to be blacklisted in Canada it is Hearst, his papers and his news service. Morally, if not legally, those Canadian papers which deal with him are "trading with the enemy." They may watch his stuff closely, but even if they are careful to withhold much of it, as we are well aware they do, they must have it on their consciences that he is a treacherous enemy of the cause. We do not maintain that they are guilty of disloyalty. They did not believe Hearst was pro-German when they started his service. They know now.

FLAVORED TO PLEASE.

PRE-ELECTION promises are built to sound well, because they are intended to sound well, and taste well, and look well—to benumb the senses, tickle the palate and dazzle the eye.

Ontario was treated lavishly in the Royal Templars' Hall at Toronto on Tuesday night by Hon. I. B. Lucas and Hon. G. Howard Ferguson. There is to be a by-election in Southwest Toronto next Monday. There was a by-election in North Perth lately. There's a reason.

G. Howard Ferguson let slip the secret that there is to be better legislation with regard to the mining situation, a stiffer tax on nickel; that the International Nickel Company is to be brought to a profit-sharing turn of mind, and gave assurance that Canadian nickel could not get into the enemy's hands.

I. B. Lucas divulged the information that the Government had authorized the purchase of a hydro right-of-way from Toronto to Dundas which would serve as a public-owned railway route.

Mr. Lucas also let go the bait that the prohibition bill might be changed in a substantial way at the coming session of the Legislature.

These announcements at this time reveal a dilemma—a predicament. They were calculated as soothing syrup for Southwest Toronto immediately and as a tonic for Ontario generally.

The Conservatives of Southwest Toronto who had determined to vote against the Hearst Administration should not be easily swerved. If there is anything to these promises one seat more or less will not be required to enable the Government to make effective the bonuses offered by its ministers. One seat less would probably be the very thing that would insure these promises being effected, if the people desire them to be.

The jolt delivered in North Perth was the daddy of these promises. A jolt from Southwest Toronto would further sober the rulers of Queen's Park.

"YOU MADE ME WHAT I AM."

Mr. J. Wesley Allison has been deprived of his "honorary colonelcy." Perhaps the Grit editorial snipers will now train their guns on some other object. It is utterly impossible for them to retain a decent silence.—Hamilton Spectator.

WOULD it have been right for any decent newspaper to maintain silence as long as Wesley Allison was able to hold up his head and sneer at those who "showed him up"?

Was it not wrong for newspapers, even Conservative newspapers, like the Spectator, to keep silent about Allison? Were they not showing a great deal of consideration for the man who levied graft while pretending that he took nothing?

Today J. Wesley Allison is singing to the Liberal newspapers:

"You made me what I am today.
I hope you're satisfied."

Meanwhile the "Grit editorial snipers" will go on with the good work. Every Allison they get a bead on through their telescopic sights will be as valuable a bag to the British as every Bosche "sniped" at the front. "Sniping" is a very important part of warfare. When commission agents are able to hide themselves in the hedges of political favoritism from the rank and file, it is a good thing that there are a few crack shots at vantage points to bring down those enemies who are "within the lines."

Today Allison, sorely wounded by these "Grit editorial snipers," is forced to a precarious existence in "No Man's Land." And he wails back at those who caused his downfall:

"You made me what I am today.
I hope you're satisfied."

PRECISION.

ONE OF the various characteristics of the Teuton that offend our taste is his precision, his calculating and cunning exactness of plan and execution. We British like to be a little unpunctual, a little careless about time and money, and impulsive or instinctive in action, rather than too deliberate. There is probably more poetry in the British make-up than in any other nationality.

College men are desperately anxious not to be known as "plugs," i.e., students altogether given over to hard reading. The fellow who is never caught working, but comes out respectably up in the lists, is admired. Natural brilliance is preferred to laboriously-acquired knowledge or powers. No doubt that has been the way in the army, too, British officers being afraid of appearing too careful in their duties and pursuits.

In the case of the college man it might be argued that the winners use what might be called "higher system," so carefully planning their work as never to be caught hard at it, practicing the art that seems artless. But a clear example of our point is the name Methodist, originally applied in derision to people leading a certain strictly disciplined life. Only after the original sense of the word was somewhat forgotten did it become a palatable appellation of the sect. British people like something a bit free and unregulated.

Rupert Brooke's most popular poem, "Grantchester," brings out this national trait, which is part of our love of liberty, perhaps, in the following lines, where he compares things at home with things in Germany:

"And there the unregulated sun
Slinks down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague, unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper, and there are
Meads toward Haslingfield and Coton,
Where das Betreten's not verboten."

Where there is no "keep off" sign. "There" is, of course, "in England," where even the sun and stars are easy-going compared with German machinery. The Evening Star wears slippers! A few lines further up the poet remarks that while in Berlin the "tulips bloom as they are told," in hedges at home blooms wherever it feels like it "an English unofficial rose."

There are clearly advantages in German discipline and exactness, if only they are used as means to respectable ends. In this war much has been done towards the promotion of British efficiency to the German level. In some ways we have out-Heroded Herod. But still we shall love to cling, in immaterial things at least, to our old air of abandon, while nevertheless practicing a precision that seems not too precise.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Canada also is cursed with Hearst (not meaning the premier).

The Russians seem to have adopted the male population of Austria.

The Russian sledge may knock the coupling out of Austria-Hungary.

Is a strong Conservative wing after Sir Sam's scalp? And if not, why not?

Stefansson has discovered another Greenland. He saw it first and he can have it.

A new transmission line for hydro-electric is likely to be Sir Adam Beck's next order.

Would a private company have allowed $2,000,000 worth of walls to be torn down?

From where we sit it looks as if that hammer-and-anvil system has been put in operation, with a few stout crowbars on the side.

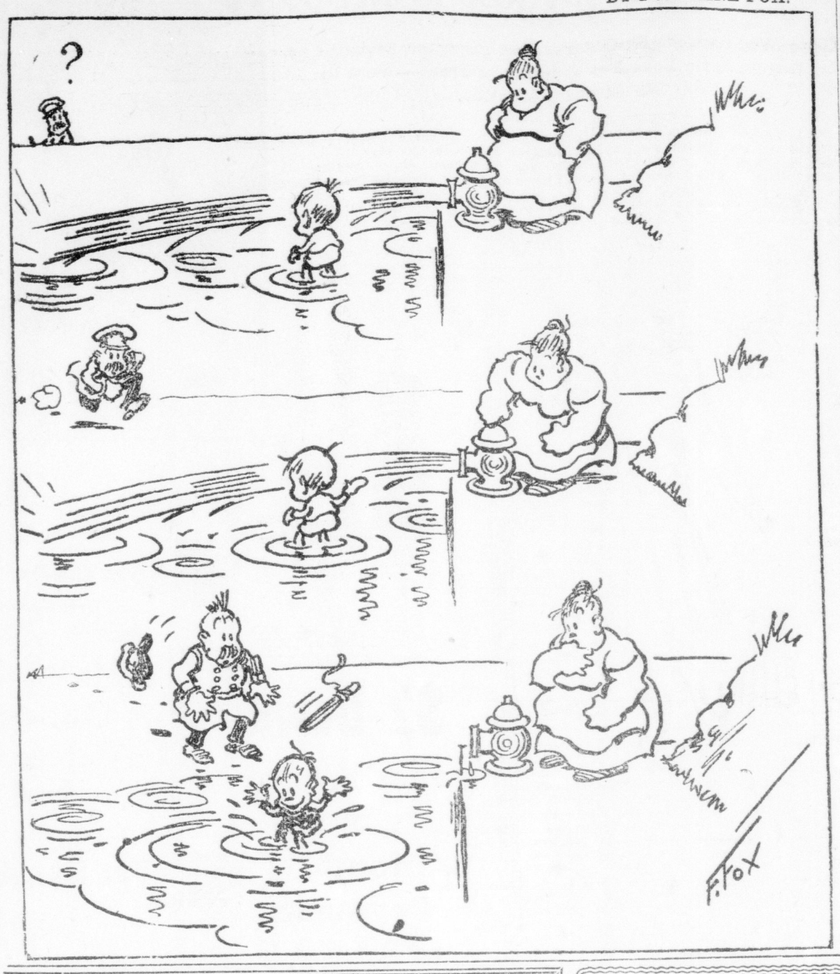
Those who are interested in the radial railway situation will do well to watch the increase in the number of automobiles. "One for every family," is now the slogan of one motorists' association.

We are going the whole hog this time.—Sir Sam Hughes in a British paper.

Whereupon the Montreal Mail remarks, "Particularly the war grafters." The Mail is not a "Grit editorial sniper" either.

It Would Also Seem That the Powerful Katrinka Had Some Strength in Her Fingers as Well.

BY FONTAINE FOX.



The Advertiser's Daily Short Story

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What Maidie Might Have Missed

BY ELSIE SEE.

"Maidie, what put this silly idea of working in your uncle's office into your head?" asked her mother.

"Oh, who knows but I might write a 'best seller' some day, with a working girl for a heroine?" retorted Maidie smilingly.

"If Judson has any jobs open that call for unskilled labor," said her father, "run along; it will do you no harm." Then, seeing his wife's exasperated expression, he added: "If she were a boy we'd think the more of her for having spunk enough to begin at the bottom; why not let her have a fling at real work?"

"Uncle Jud's letter says that he's game to give me a chance to make good," said Maidie, rising from the breakfast table and leaning both arms on the back of her chair, as if the better to convince her audience. "He says his filing department is managed by a woman who has three assistants, and that I may come and fill a vacancy that will occur next week, and he won't let on to a soul that I'm related to him. Won't that be fun? Ever so much more interesting than afternoon teas and gossip fests."

"Be careful to behave so as not to excite comment," warned her father, "for you'll find that gossip thrives in a business office as well as it does wherever human being congregate long enough to become familiar with each other's peculiarities and shortcomings."

When Maidie entered upon her office duties the next week she found everything of interest, from registering the time of her daily arrival and departure at the big time clock, to watching the skilled movements of the nimble-fingered typists and the many shirt-sleeved clerks in the big offices of her uncle's wholesale shoe business.

"Miss Mason," said the head filing clerk to Maidie toward the end of the second week, "the advertising manager is going to send one of his assistants over here to look through all orders received from ten large accounts in the Middle West since his advertisements came out in the farm papers, and I wish you to help find the orders. Here comes the young man now. Mr. Webster, Miss Mason will help you to find the orders and to tabulate the information you want."

For an hour or more Maidie and the young man worked away without a word except with reference to the dates of orders, and the number of pairs of shoes listed in the different grades and prices.

"What a lot of people wear two-dollar shoes," said Maidie, after a sly peep at the modish shoes worn by her co-worker, and a satisfied glance at her own six-dollar pumps.

"And what a lot of money this firm spends advertising them," said young Webster. "Five thousand dollars for a farm paper campaign! At twenty-five cents profit on one pair it would take four pairs to net one dollar and twenty thousand pairs to net five thousand dollars."

"It would have taken me hours to 'get the answer,'" said Maidie, with a frank smile in her big brown eyes. "But think of those twenty thousands pairs of shoes all exactly alike, and yet no two of the twenty thousand people who wear them will be alike."

"That is worth thinking about, isn't it?" Perhaps that friendly glance from Maidie had something to do with making her remark seem to worthy of consideration. "And think what a fellow could get besides two-dollar shoes with the forty thousand dollars those twenty thousand pairs would cost."

"For instance?" Maidie's interest was born of her interest to know what such an alert young man would fancy.

"Oh, a peach of a car, and enough to invest in her business, here to hope to draw more than fifteen per."

"Fifteen per!" exclaimed Maidie. "Why, I'm getting only ten a week."

"May I ask what you would do if forty thousand fell into your lap?"

"Buy a bungalow in the Adirondacks or perhaps a string of matched pearls at Tiffany's," said Maidie promptly, naming two things her indulgent father had refused her.

"Whee-w!" This half exclaimation and half whistle from Webster began loudly as an expression of amazement at Maidie's extravagant tastes, but ended as a subdued warning of the approach of Judson Warren, president of the firm.

Maidie blushed crimson as her uncle began to question Webster about the result of the farm paper campaign. Although it was according to her agreement with him, she felt piqued that he did not greet her cordially. She looked down and rummaged through the files in such evident confusion that the head file clerk swept up and asked Mr. Warren whether he was unable to find some information desired.

"Oh, no, everything is quite satisfactory, Miss Giles," said Mr. Warren, and, with a quick side glance at Maidie, he passed on to the sample rooms beyond.

"A personal telegram for you, Webster," called out a clerk, pointing him out to a waiting messenger boy. Webster received the message, opened and read it, and started to purse his lips for another whistle, but refrained.

"I believe you've been a mascot, Miss Mason; for this is royal good news. It begins to look as if my ship is coming in. Will you continue as mascot by wishing me well on a journey this telegram asks me to make?"

"Certainly; if you'll promise not to snub me next time we meet."

"Please don't take me for a cad, but it may be many weeks before I return."

"By that time I shall have lost my job, for Miss Giles is glaring at me this minute." Maidie looked up with a naive smile. "If she turns me off, will you take me as a deckhand when your ship comes in?"

"Agreed!" said young Webster, extending his hand. "Good-bye."

Maidie wondered vaguely if some old aunt had died and left him a few hundred dollars, but thought little more of him as the week passed. She found the daily repetition of the same work becoming so monotonous that she decided to join her mother at the seashore the following week.

"Came to your senses too late to meet the catch of the season," said her mother. "Captain Ware's nephew, to whom the old captain left his big fortune, has been here."

"Did he open up that queer old cottage next door to Aunt Mary's?"

"Yes, and was in and out of your Aunt Mary's house quite informally, she having been one of the few friends here of his eccentric uncle, who died years ago, but whose will was but recently found in some out-of-the-way place in his town house. I do wish you'd been here to meet the nephew, for he is really interesting."

"Since I missed him, I'll make amends by going at once to see Aunt Mary," laughed Maidie.

As she entered the flower garden in the rear of her aunt's cottage, Maidie lingered under the crape myrtle trees with their masses of pinkish lavender blossoms. She caught glimpses through the shrubbery of the clear blue water and frothy whitecaps which swept in front of the cottage. She fell into a reverie from which she was awakened by a step on the gravel walk. Looking up, she met the surprised eyes of young Mr. Webster.

"Miss Mason, what good fortune brings you here?"

"The good fortune of having Mrs. Warren for my aunt."

"And it's my good fortune to have her for a neighbor since my ship came in and brought me the house next door as part of the legacy from my uncle. Do you remember our agreement about there being a place for you on my ship?"

"As a deckhand?" Maidie smilingly glanced at her dainty summer gown. "I'm afraid I'm not in regulation uniform."

"Not as deckhand, but as mate and mascot all in one, and no uniform could be more perfect than that you now wear. Will you accept the commission?"

"I'll consider it," said Maidie. "But hadn't we better let Aunt Mary introduce us properly?"

"Fate did that a week ago in your uncle's office, but if the conventions must be observed, let's have it over as soon as possible, so that we may begin to plan for our cruise together."

For answer Maidie led the way to her aunt's front veranda.

FARM LABORERS' EXCURSIONS VIA CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

For the convenience of passengers taking in the farm laborers' excursion on August 19, the Canadian Pacific will operate through cars, leaving London on the 6:30 a.m. train connecting at West Toronto with first farm laborers' special to Winnipeg. Tickets and full information at city ticket office, corner of Richmond and Dundas streets.

H. J. McCALLUM,
Aug. 18. City Passenger Agent.

WAIT A MINUTE!

—By J. H. F.

Among those who stand a fair chance of being nominated for the city council are Jess Willard, Les Darcy, Frank Moran, Tony Zoccano, Bat Nelson and a few others.

* * *

Women tramps may be the thing shortly, we read. It will be nice giving a handout to a very pretty female tramp, will it not?

* * *

California police officers say that one-piece bathing suits worn by the girls do not contain enough cloth. That's the beauty of them.

* * *

Big hips are doomed, we read. Some folks must be going to use a planing machine.

* * *

A New York girl nearly lost her life because she wore one of those new bathing suits. Probably nearly died from exposure.

* * *

Germany is going right out to kill all the British civil population that it can. This does not mean that she is going to adopt new tactics.

* * *

Any more such rumpuses in the city council, the city might pay off its debts by charging admissions.

* * *

Bivouac red, tornado blue, and Italian grey will be the fashionable colors this fall. Nobody wants to imitate the beauteous red of a bulbous nose.

* * *

After reading all the ads on hair tonics we wonder how on earth any man is bald, or any woman grey-haired.

* * *

To be happy you don't need money, all you need is Xyrxlist, entsu ngat zutszxg, says the Detroit Free Press. We don't know what this means, but it sounds reasonable.

* * *

PAGAN'S PRAYER.

So much to know, so little time to learn,
Before the woven thread of life be cut;
So many thoughts of ages gone, to read,
So many visions of the years to come—
And all the great wide world to wander in—

O gods of heaven, and Clotho, Atropos,
Grant me a while to linger on the earth;
To seek the golden treasures of the past,
To dream of unknown wonders yet to be,
To feel the sweet approach of coming day,
To see the purple shadows on the hills,
And hear the nightingale begin her song—
And then, one day, to leave the summer shores,
And sail across the western sunset sea
To find the land of unfulfilled desires,
Where all I read, has been, and all I dreamed of, is,
Where from the mighty altars of the gods
The pleasant incense curls in wavering smoke,
And all the glories of an older world
Are melted into everlasting peace.

—Juliet Whiton, in Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Sporting blood is that kind of blood that courses through the veins of a 90-year-old Lothario.

* * *

Count that day lost whose slow descending sun sees not a tag-day ended or begun.

* * *

That tumbler fight among the London aldermen indicates that a couple of expert bomb-throwers are wasting their time in the city council.—Hamilton Herald.

* * *

It is probable that Bob Fitzsimmons could be induced to come to London and aspire for aldermanic honors.

* * *

The kaiser says he does not envy the man who started the war. He does not seem proud of his handiwork.

* * *

President Wilson looks to be losing. Bill Bryan is speaking on his behalf.

After Billy Sunday sees enough Detroit coin, he will proceed to save Detroit souls.

* * *

With the coming of cooler weather the theological debate seems to have lost its force. Was the heat responsible?

* * *

The Irish had a day yesterday. A pleasant time was had by all.

MIDDLESEX LEADS IN HONEY OUTPUT

More Than Double the Production of 1915.

BEE-KEEPERS IN SESSION

Association Decides That the Prices Shall Not Be Raised and Fixes Them

[Special to The Advertiser.]

TORONTO, Aug. 16.—Beekeepers in Ontario have gathered a bountiful yield of honey this season, according to a report issued by the Ontario Beekeepers' Association. A large crop of light honey has been extracted this season, and the quality is unsurpassed. The honey is light in color with a heavy body and good flavor.

The association's honey crop committee has advised its members that prices shall not be increased this year. The prices recommended are 10 to 11½ cents per pound for No. 1 light, extracted, wholesale, and 2½ cents above those prices for retail.

Combs will be sold at $2 to $2.75 a dozen, wholesales, for No. 1, and $1.50 to $2 a dozen for No. 2.

Middlesex County holds the lead as far as volume of production is concerned, with 262,812 pounds of white honey extracted this year, in contrast to 118,946 in 1915.

York County stands second on the list, with a production of 138,220 pounds, showing an increase of 64,000 over last year. Peel, Halton and Simcoe are the other counties that stand over the 100,000 mark.

Ontario's total yield is 2,127,903 pounds. The average number of pounds per colony was 89.

TWO NEW TEACHERS ENGAGED IN BLYTH

[Special to The Advertiser.]

BLYTH, Aug. 16.—The trustees of the Blyth school have engaged two new teachers for the coming year. Miss Muney of Stratford as principal, and Miss Barnby of Toronto. These ladies come well recommended, and with the two teachers who were on the staff last year should bring this school up to the high state of excellence it formerly held, and there should be no need of the scholars going from here to other high schools, as they have been doing for the past few years.

BETTER RELATIONS

Bulgaria and Rumania Have Become More Friendly.

[Canadian Press.]

London, Aug. 17.—12:30 p.m.—Bulgarian and Rumanian relations have become more friendly, according to a telegram from Sofia, transmitted by Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent. The readiness of the Rumanian Government to agree to the exchange of goods between the two countries, is very favorably commented upon in the Bulgarian capital, says the dispatch.

H. MATHEWS LEADS IN DORCHESTER OAT CROPS

[Special to The Advertiser.]

DORCHESTER, Aug. 16. — The following were prize-winners in the standing oat field competition for the Dorchester Agricultural Society, which was recently judged by W. F. B. Switzer of Streetsville:

1 H. Mathews, 2 I. N. Howe, 3 Thos. Woods, 4 F. Demaray, 5 D. P. Cornish, 6 Roy Fenton, 7 Thomas Cornish.

FISH CHIPS KILL FOUR.

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C., Aug. 16.—Mrs. Sipes and three children are dead and Mrs. Sipes' mother is dying as a result of eating fish chips which Mrs. Sipes had preserved recently. The whole family were seized with terrible pains and Mrs. Sipes and the three children died before help could be summoned.

TODY HAMILTON DEAD.

[Canadian Press.]

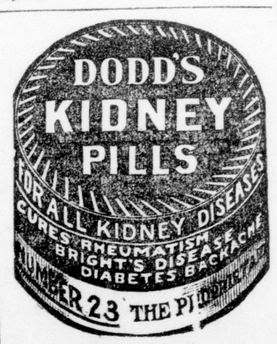
Baltimore, O., Aug. 16.—Richard F. (Tody) Hamilton, one of the most famous of press agents, died here yesterday of heart disease, after an illness of two weeks. He was born in June, 1847, the son of William Hamilton, founder of the San Francisco Herald, and was with Barnum & Bailey's circus from 1881 till March, 1907.

REPRISALS AGAINST BLACKLIST.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Criminal prosecution of steamship companies and officials which refuse American cargo was urged today by Representative Bennett of New York before the House commerce committee as a reprisal against the British blacklist. Chairman Adamson and other committeemen expressed doubt that the Bennett bill would remedy the situation.

TRIED TO SEE KING.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—Patrick Callaghan, said to be an American, was arrested yesterday on a charge of attempting to force an entrance into Windsor Castle, in an effort to see King George. The man was arrested after a scuffle. Officers declared he was insane, and he was sent to an asylum.



2906 Residents of Canada

registered at Hotel Astor during the past year.

1000 Rooms. 700 with Bath.

A cuisine which has made the Astor New York's leading Banqueting place.

HOTEL ASTOR NEW YORK

Single Rooms, without bath, $2.00 to $3.00
Double . . . 3.00 to 4.00
Single Rooms, with bath, 3.00 to 6.00
Double . . 4.00 to 7.00
Parlor, Bedroom and bath, $10.00 to $14.00

TIMES SQUARE

At Broadway, 44th to 45th Streets—the center of New York's social and business activities. In close proximity to all railway terminals.

TWO LIEUTENANTS KILLED IN ACTION

Walter Hoare, Walkerville, and Augustus McKnight, Owen Sound.

KILLED IN ACTION.
WALKERVILLE.
Lieut. Charles Walter Hoare.
OWEN SOUND.
Lieut. Augustus McKnight.
STRATFORD.
Pte. John Tanner.

SERIOUSLY ILL.
BELMONT.
Pte. Oswald H. Baker.

WOUNDED.
CHESLEY.
Lieut. Duncan Anderson.

AUSTRIAN CABINET WANTS A SEPARATE PEACE WITH ITALY

Would Then Be Free to Devote Entire Energies to Russia.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—Two important cabinet meetings were held at Vienna yesterday at which the possibility of a separate peace with Italy was discussed, according to an Exchange Telegraph dispatch from the Austrian capital. The plan under discussion is said to have been considered with a view to enabling Austria-Hungary to make an undivided effort against the Russians.

A report of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg of the requirements for defending the Austrian lines, and the Polish question also were discused, the dispatch adds.

VOTE TO SELL ISLAND.

ST. THOMAS, D.W.I., Aug. 16.—Apparently the inhabitants of the Island of St. Croix are in favor of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States. Unofficial balloting was held there yesterday, and of the votes cast, 5,000 were in favor of the proposition and only 11 against it.

The population of St. Croix in 1901 was 18,590.

U. S. NAVAL ATTACHE RECALLED.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Capt. W. D. MacDougall was assigned today as naval attache to the American embassy in London, replacing Commander Powers Symington, ordered home to await orders.

NEW TINNING PROCESS.

[Canadian Press.]

Cardiff, Wales, Aug. 17.—The tinplate industry is about to undergo a revolutionizing process, owing to the introduction of a new method of tinning and preparing plates for tinning, according to an announcement made by the Mellingrifith tinplate works in South Wales. The process, now said to be in successful operation, dispenses with the necessity of white pickling, and the white annealed plates, after being separated, are, without handling, taken up by machinery and picked, washed, turned, cleaned and piled. It is asserted that the new method increases the production of tinplates in the proportion of more than two to one as compared with the ordinary process.

CLINTON EDITOR BURIED.

CLINTON, Aug. 16.—Several motor loads of citizens from Clinton went to Hanover this morning to attend the funeral of W. J. Mitchell, proprietor of the News-Record. Rev. J. A. Agnew officiated, and the bearers were Clinton businessmen.

URUGUAYAN CABINET RESIGNS.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—American Minister Jeffery at Montevideo, cabled the state department today that the Uruguayan cabinet had resigned as the result of defeat of the Government in recent selections for constitutional reforms. No mention was made of a new ministry.

ALL ASK LICENSES.

PORT ARTHUR, Aug. 16. — The entire fifteen licensed hotelkepeers in Port Arthur have applied for licenses for standard hotels, under prohibition, which goes into effect Sept. 16.

SANATIVE SHAVING

With CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted in case of pimples, redness and roughness by light touches of Cuticura Ointment. This means up-to-date shaving for sensitive skins. No slimy mug. No germs. No waste of time or money. Sample Each Free by Mail

Address post-card, "Cuticura, Dept. 3M, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

CROSS, FEVERISH CHILD IS BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother! See if tongue is coated, breath hot or stomach sour.

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver, bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today save a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so dont be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."

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