

TRENCH FEVER IS TRACED TO VERMIN

Discovery Made Through Men Who Were Subjects of Experiment

A discovery of incalculable value to the allied armies fighting in Europe has just been made by the American Red Cross Research Committee. This is the scientific determination, after exhaustive experiment upon living subjects, that trench fever, the scourge of the battle line, and responsible for a great loss of men at the front, is transmitted by body vermin. This discovery has been made through the courageous agency of more than 60 men of the medical and sanitary service of the American army, who volunteered to subject themselves to the disease for the benefit of their comrades in arms. For the last three years trench fever has sent thousands of men to the hospitals and has kept them from active service for months at a time. In the present researches, efforts were concentrated upon finding the method by which the disease is transmitted, and it was believed that a means of preventing it would be then indicated. The question of the cause of the disease, or the organism which produces the infection, could be taken up later. After many experiments, it was evident that no animal could be infected with the disease, and for this reason it became necessary to experiment upon men. The call for volunteers brought forth nearly twice as many men as were needed, and 8 were selected, all Americans. Experiments began in one of the base hospitals. "One cannot speak too highly of these volunteers," said one of the members of the Research Committee; "they went through the unpleasant duty of being host to a number of vermin and then had to walk with all patience for the attack of a disease known to cause great pain. However, these trials were borne without a murmur." All but one of the investigators who did the actual work were Americans, and the actual scientific work was performed by the Medical Corps of the United States Army.

It has now been demonstrated beyond doubt that trench fever is a specific clinical entity, differing from fevers hitherto known. It is shown to be transmitted by the bite of body vermin. The infecting agent is in the blood of the men having the disease, this infection being more virulent in the first 48 hours of the progress. The infecting agent is always found in the plasma of the blood. Washed red corpuscles several times carry the agent down with them. The transmission of the disease has been proved not only by vermin from the trenches, but by vermin hatched from eggs brought from England, where trench fever



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Look and Feel Clean, Sweet and Fresh Every Day

Drink a glass of real hot water before breakfast to wash out poisons.

Life is not merely to live, but to live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well, look well. What a glorious condition to attain, and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath. Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter. Everyone, whether ailing, sick or well, should each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of lime-stone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach. The action of hot water and lime-stone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating, cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs. The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble, rheumatism, dizziness, who have sallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of lime-stone phosphate from the drug stores which will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

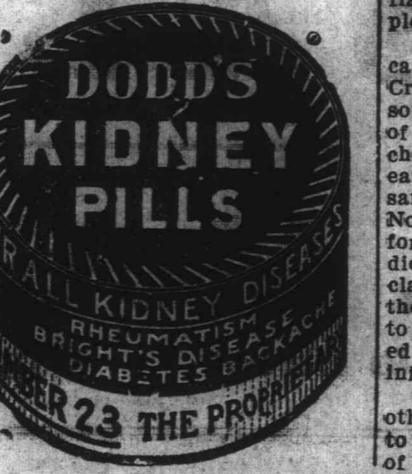
does not exist. Vermin hatched from these eggs were permitted to bite men suffering from trench fever, and subsequently, by biting, these vermin carried the disease to unaffected persons.

SAGE TEA DARKENS HAIR TO ANY SHADE

Don't Stay Gray! Here's an Old-time Recipe that Anybody can Apply.

The use of Sage and Sulphur for restoring faded, gray hair to its natural color dates back to grand-mother's time. The use of it to keep her hair beautifully dark, glossy and attractive. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

But brewing at home is messy and out-of-date. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for a bottle of "Wreath's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get this famous old preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients, which can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair. A well-known downtown druggist says that he has used it for years and even that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, it becomes beautifully dark and glossy. Wreath's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire a more youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.



THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S



THE SMOKE SCREEN

By Rifleman Patrick MacGill (Author of "The Great Push," etc.) For two hours ever since the shut of night, it had been raining on the shelling of the enemy lines, the throwing of smoke bombs on the level between the trenches, and the pumping of gas across No Man's Land. Now that the guns had silenced it was time for the raid. The British soldiers, attired in gas-masks and wearing the appointments of war, made their way across the trench lip and were lost to sight in the field in front.

Pte. Crabtree, who had never gone out on such a job before, was one of the first to clamber over the parapet and one of the first to venture into the mystery of the smoke screen which lay thick over the spongy field of war. The smoke and gas surrounded him like a cloak, warm and stifling. Under his feet, when he looked down, he could see nooks and crannies filled with greenish lights moving hither and thither across the field as if invisible fingers were tracing in magnificent patterns on the ground pictures of things diabolical and demontical.

Crabtree had not gone more than a few paces when he came to a halt, feeling that he had gone astray. The blanket of fog, soft but heavy, seemed to have been pulled down over his head, suffocating him. The elastic band round his forehead grew tighter. The veins of his temples throbbled and the blood pounded through his head as if trying to shatter the bounds which confined it.

But he certainly was not astray for although he could not see his mates they were with him a moment ago. At present however not a soul was in sight. He peered blindly thru his mask, all objectives blocked and every sense of direction gone. He had to go forward he knew. But where? It was impossible to say. The ground beneath his feet was speckled with spots of shade and sheen. Little hummocks of earth, black with their outlines dimly defined, and holes filled with sticky luteous poison gas. Near him the world was a filthy grey, farther off the grey had a darker tinge, and at the distance of several yards a greenish merged in a wall of total blackness. The wall rising to the skies penned the man off from the world which he had known, and the smoke wreaths that peopled it, and the boots and puttees of the man with whom Crabtree was man fell into a depth of depression such as he had never known. Out of touch with his fellow creatures he was alone in the world of phantoms.

He moved on, his hand in the direction of the enemy trench and right towards a big black mass, which stood against the wall, its contours visible and its outlines dimly defined. He went up to it, thinking that it was a mere accumulation of shadows, but he stopped short, when his body came in contact with something hard. He had run into a derelict tank.

Skirting this, he could see dark shadows in the gloom, his mates probably. They were all walking in the same direction, their legs moving heavily and their bodies swaying as if a million glow worms encircled them. It occurred to Crabtree that these men did not know where they were going, that they were simply moving anywhere without plan or purpose.

A figure stopped, and waited for Crabtree to reach it. "Where the hell's the trench?" he asked, his mate's head as he spoke and its tube wobbling listlessly in front of his hidden chin. "Don't know," said Crabtree, his head throbbing with the pressure of blood and the noise of his own breathing, detached from its position, prodding him on the eye. "We'll follow the others."

He walked on, keeping with his companion and starting in front at the dark shadows which were glow worms. Here the gas luminosity was spread all over the ground like a sea of liquid fire. And like a sea it flowed, rising in iridescent waves over tree trunks and sand bags, its colors merging on into another, and changing like the reflection on soap bubbles in the sun, rising into fiery spray flashing to variegated blue and purple and fading and glowing bright again. The firing of a machine gun became strangely muffled and reached Crabtree's ears like the intermittent sound of halloons falling on a bed of soft snow. A shell splinter, wet and choked by the fog drummed past his ears with a melancholy drone and sank with a gasp, into the mud. Noise had no place in the fog. It rose for a moment, became throttled and died away. The voices of the gun, the clatter of weapons seemed, when they made themselves manifest, not to belong to the locality, but appeared as if they had come from some infinite distance.

On still, one shade following another over the field of liquid fire, into a leaden grey gloominess devoid of shadings and painfully monotonous.

ous. All movements apparently led nowhere; the shadows painfully plodded step by step through the mist wearing their bodies in effort, and reaching no goal. Always the same perspective of luminous waves and encircling fog, with the wall, always in front, and receding as the men approached it. Suddenly Crabtree stumbled over a bank and fell into a deep slushy pool. His rifle fell with him and he clutched it, he stood in a posture of defence. Why he did this he could not say. But it was the instinct of the fighting man, ready at any moment to give battle to an enemy. After a moment's pause he blessed the butt-end of his rifle in the muck at his feet and looked around. Thinking that he had fallen in a shell-hole he tried to clamber out, but was unable to climb, for the side he assayed, was straight, steep and slippery. He tried another side, and walked towards a wall which made way before him. He followed it a few yards, then stopped and brought his bayonet to the point as he realized that he was in a trench probably the enemy's.

Suddenly he was conscious of a long drawn scream near him, as if a shell was approaching. He leant against the trench, his elbow sinking into the soft mud, and waited covering. Over his head a blue and ragged splotch, dull red in hue, rose in the fog and lost itself. It was a starshell rising from an adjacent bay.

Crabtree felt his way round the traverse and stumbled into a number of masked ghosts grouped together like sheep in a bay. Indistinctly the Britisher knew that these were Germans and instinctively he loosened a bomb from his equipment, drew the pin and flung the bomb into the midst of them. There was a gleam of lighted fuse travelling through the fog, a gasp of strangled terror, and an explosion.

This, and the groans of agony which followed it, Crabtree heard from the shelter of the traverse, and at the same moment he saw a line of sparks flash along the parapet to the right. Rifles were speaking, telling that the raiders had arrived in strength.

The evening papers in England the next day told how a raid carried out on the German trenches east of L was a complete success. Five days later these papers reached Crabtree in a billet on the back area. He read the official account of the exploit in which he had taken part. "Success," he said, laughing down his chin. "May have been, but a blooming night mare is what I call it." And Crabtree, being one of the first to reach the enemy trench on the night of the raid is entitled to his opinion.

CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

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INSURRECTION SPREADS

By Courier Leased Wire Stockholm, Oct. 16.—Insurrection is spreading in the Ukraine and recently extended throughout the entire government of Podolia, according to despatches received by the Politken. At several places, it is reported, the German troops are siding with the rebels.

Several thousand troops are declared to have hoisted the red flag near Ekaterinoslav, and to have killed their officers. They are now marching on Kharkov to join the revolutionary soldiers, who hold the town.

A peasant force of five thousand men, well armed with machine guns and cannon, is moving on Poltava.

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Rippling Rhymes

TWO GENERALS. "Confound that Foch!" sighs Ludendorff; "I was a giant till he came, and made me seem a sawed-off dwarf; he's cooked my goose and spoiled my fame. I was a giant, fair to see, a man colossal brave and strong; the German people looked on me, as one who could do nothing wrong. 'While Ludendorff's name, they said, 'we cannot fall of winning out, so we shall calmly go ahead, and do our chores, and eat our kraut.' I was invincible, men thought, the Potsdam bunch, and all the rest, and even Kaiser Wilhelm brought a wreath and pinned it on my vest. And while the allies plugg'd away, each for himself, without a chief, I had a triumph every day, and side-stepped many kinds of grief. But now that Foch is in command, my goal has wandered far from me; in pain are all the plans I've planned, in vain is all my strategy. My big campaign is now a wreck. I've said to all my hopes good-bye, to-day Foch hits me in the neck, to-morrow he will black my eye. He takes a thousand miles of soil, ten thousand prisoners he takes; he swags me on my sacred soil, and then my collar-bone he breaks. Six months ago, as you'll agree, I hunted much larger than a prince; but since this Foch mixed up with me, I feel much smaller than a quince."

NEW TURK MINISTRY

By Courier Leased Wire Copenhagen, Oct. 16.—Upon the resignation of the Turkish ministry of Talaat Pasha, the premiership was assumed by Izzet Pasha, a former minister of war, instead of by Teyfik Pasha, former Turkish ambassador to Great Britain, as has previously been reported, according to a Constantinople despatch received here under date of Monday, October 14. Izzet Pasha, it is stated, also took the portfolio of minister of war.

No foreign minister as yet has been appointed, the message adds, but Naby Bey, former Turkish ambassador at Rome, is in charge of the foreign ministry ad interim.

PA SUCCEUMS TO A GAS ATTACK

PA SUCCEUMS TO A GAS ATTACK. THE GAS MASK AND TANK OF GERMAN SOLDIERS HAVE VALUABLE ADDITIONS TO FIT COLLECTION OF WASTED PROPHETRY. BUT CEDRIC—WHERE ARE YOU TO GET THE GAS MASK FOR THEM? CAN'T YOU GET IT FROM FORTY-FIVE, ANYHOW HE RETURNS, AS YOU ALWAYS DO? I'M AFRAID NOT, PA'S BEEN TROUBLED WITH INSOMNIA OF LATE. AN' WELL, I FINALLY CAN OVAWOKE HIS INSOMNIA, LUCKILY THIS GAS IS NOT OVA DEADLY VARIETY—IT MERELY STUPIFIES.



FREIGHT STEAMER SUNK

By Courier Leased Wire New York, Oct. 16.—The British freight steamer, Port Philip, out-bound, was sunk in a collision with a U. S. war vessel off Swinburne Island, in the lower bay, this afternoon. The Port Philip was a vessel of 4,000 gross tons. She sank soon in about 75 feet of water.

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