

The Waterdown Review

VOL. 1.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1918

NO. 26.

Miss Grace Sage
At the Roller Rink
Monday evening Nov. 18

Saturday Bargains

Bonnie Bright Cleaner	-	-	9c
Holystone	-	-	9c
Grip Hand Cleaner	-	-	9c
Kroblack Shoe Polish	10c,	3 for	25c
Black Writing Ink	-	-	4c
Stove Polish	-	-	11c
Ammona Powder, large boxes	-	-	13c

We carry a full assortment of Gloves and Mitts

Gallagher's Hardware
Waterdown

Waterdown Drug Store

Since the fire in our old stand last month we have been continuing business under considerable difficulties through lack of stock (which has been very hard to purchase promptly, owing to the unusual market conditions and general shortage of goods) and disability to locate goods promptly in store, all of which at times has made it difficult to supply our customers promptly. We are getting in

NEW GOODS

daily and have practically replaced all Drugs and Chemicals. Our customers may for some little time yet be occasionally dissatisfied, through us not having some odd article, the absence of which we have not known until call comes, and search fails to locate.

Our Business

has been large and above average during the past month, and we wish to thank the customers who have loyally dealt at home, and patiently excused us for the lack of our usual Good Service.

We have not as yet been able to conduct any of our Popular Special Price Sales. Watch this space for some very interesting price announcements in the near future.

Now is the season for getting ready to remember the Waterdown Boys overseas with Xmas Gifts. Our lines of such goods are numerous, of best quality, and at prices which will surely save you money.

W. H. CUMMINS
The Waterdown Drug Store
PHONE 152

Letters from the Front

Letters from Our Boys Who Are Fighting for Us

Brighton, Sussex, Oct. 17, '18.
Dear Friend—
I guess you will think I am never going to write you again, but really it is nothing like that. I wrote Bob a few days ago and told him I had heard from you and that yours was one of dozens I had to answer. I know we are awfully neglectful, but really we don't mean anything by it. Perhaps you find Bob almost the same at times.

It seems a long time since I have written you that I believe I have seen Stanley since. In fact, I saw him more than once, the first time Bob and I took a walk to the camp he was in when he first arrived in England. I believe it was a Sunday afternoon and the perspiration just ran off us. Shortly after Stan came up to within a stone's throw of us, and we ran across Austin Tudor besides. They used to come over to my hut for a chat quite often before I went back to France. Once in a while we would go into a restaurant, have a feed and talk over old times.

Tudor went out to France about the same time as I went back. He came to see me a few days before I was wounded, being in the 14th Battalion and the same brigade, he did not have very far to go.

Did you know I had been back to France? I guess nobody knew. I made my mind up so soon and got out on the double, but they did not seem to keep me very long before old Fritz got me. No crooked arms this time, he thought he would try another place, so he sniped me right through the right chest and out my back. I was hit on Sept. 27th and have been in bed ever since and even now there are no possible hopes of me getting up for a while yet; if a fellow was sick you would not mind, but I am as right as ever I was. The specialist says my chest has switched around to the right and I have to stay in bed till it comes back again. Some joke, what do you say? I asked him how long it would be before I was fit again and he said months, so after I get out of bed I may have a chance to make Canada. I wonder what it would be like to be back in old Waterdown again with all my friends.

I had a letter from Mrs. Cook, which I must answer, as it is an age since I wrote her.

Well, I will have to close for this time, so hoping to hear from you soon. Remember me to all at Waterdown.

I remain,
Your sincere friend,

GEORGE TAYLOR.

England, Sept. 26, 1918.

Dear Mother:
A few more lines in answer to your most welcome letter which I have just received and was glad to here you all were well.

I am feeling quite well again but I expect to be here for two weeks anyway, then I expect to be transferred to Seaford, Sussex. We are having very fine weather here now.

I had a letter from Walker Mc Gregor a few days ago. He said Sam Cook was in the same hospital with him. I have been in this hospital three weeks tomorrow. Roy Mc Lenithan is one of the officers who gets us ready for physical drill. He was surprised to see me.

There are a lot of Canadian casualties in this hospital. We sure have some times here, there are three of us who sleep side by side and we often have pillow fights; talk about your sham fights, we have them here alright, they are certainly a nice bunch of boys.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF CANADA

UNITE TO HELP
VICTORY LOAN
BY
WAR MEMORIAL



ONE MILLION SCHOLARS! ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

A million Sunday School scholars and members of Young People's Associations of the Anglican, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and Congregational Churches are co-operating on a plan which has the three-fold purpose of helping to boost the Victory Loan Over the Top; assisting the Churches to extend their mission work, and commemorating the heroism of church members who have fallen at the Front.

"Every School at least one bond" is the cry that will help to carry the 1918 Victory Loan to the Sunday School's million dollar objective. Above is a reproduction of the shield to be presented to each Sunday School subscribing a bond.

We are having a concert tonight in the Y. M. C. A. Hut. They sure get up some good concerts here. I received the money and the box you sent and was glad to get them, also the photos that Annie sent.

Well I expect to get a leave soon now. I guess I have told you all the news, they will soon be calling for supper so I will close now with kind regards to all. I am your loving son.

TOM.

BANKS WILL HELP SMALL INVESTORS

It is announced that, in order to encourage investors to participate in the 1918 Victory Loan, the banks will lend subscribers, on the probable certainty of repayment within a year, up to 90 per cent. of the amount of the investment in the Loan. The rate of interest charged by the banks is 5½ per cent.

This should have the effect of greatly stimulating the flow of money. Many people who were anxious to do their bit towards supporting the boys at the front were unfortunately restricted as to the amount they had available for investment, having immediate or future obligations which called for their ready capital. It is such as these that the banks are ready to help. On reasonable security these intending investors may receive the cash from the bank at the same rate of interest the Dominion Government pays for the entire 1918 Victory Loan. They may reduce their obligations to the banks monthly or quarterly.

The banks will also accept from small investors for safe keeping without charge the interim securities and later the bonds themselves up to a reasonable amount, for the term of one year.

Farmers of Canada Have Much at Stake In the Victory Loan

Money From Loan Needed to Finance Exports of Farm Products to Britain.

The Canadian farmer stands to gain or lose much through the success or failure of the Victory Loan. He is much more dependent on it for the ready sale of his products than has generally been realized. Some there are, even to-day, who fail to grasp the facts of the situation. It is a mistaken idea that all a farmer has to do these days is to raise grain, cattle, hogs; or produce cheese, butter or eggs and he is sure to find a ready market at high cash prices. A keen demand for these



MR. J. H. GUNDY,

Vice-chairman of the Dominion Victory Loan Committee, and a strong leader in the campaign.

products, of course, exists, and Great Britain will take all of them that Canada has to spare; but the demands of the war have been so heavy that she cannot pay cash for all these things. She must have credit. It is here that the Dominion Government steps in, and provides the cash, obtaining the necessary funds through the Victory Loan.

The farmers should be as enthusiastic over the Victory Loan campaign as any other class. If it is not a decided success they stand to lose heavily. But if they subscribe to it liberally and endeavor to get others to do so, its complete success is assured.

BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS.

PRAIRIE FARMERS' EXAMPLE.

Saskatchewan, which is almost a purely agricultural province, has given a splendid lead to the rest of the Dominion. Owing to the crop failure in several of the districts, the allotment for the Province in the Victory Loan drive was placed at \$15,000,000. Recently those in charge of the provincial organization said that they would not think of getting less than \$22,000,000.

BONDS OR BONDAGE.

Canadians at Home Must Do Their Utmost

It is For Them to Demonstrate That the Spirit of the Boys Over There Exists at Home.

Canadians at home must do their utmost in the Victory Loan drive, for the boys in France are looking on. These brave fellows, the pride of the British Army, who have carried all before them during the last three months, must not be disappointed in the folks at home. It must be demonstrated to them that the spirit exhibited in the front line, is to be found also on the home front.

There is no problem confronting Canada to-day, or likely to confront her in the future, which Canadians cannot solve, if they put their minds to it. There is no task for them too difficult. But, while everybody believes this, there is no use talking about it, unless the Victory Loan is put over. It will be, for it must be.

Don't allow Canada's last Victory Loan to be a Failure.

Economy! "SALADA" TEA

is not only the most economical on account of its great strength but you have the refreshing and delicious qualities as well.

Ask your Grocer. In Sealed Metal Packets.

Two On A Scent

("Seamark," in Sheffield, Eng., independent.)

There are destroyers and destroyers. Some are the advanced creations of the war, and as such are respected by the various units having dealings with them; others are the pathetic "pride of the navy" of yesterday.

The Bustler undoubtedly belonged to the second category; she was ridiculously mid-Victorian. She looked it as she lay in harbor; her very appearance was sheepish, self-deprecating.

She had a captain—a real live "foot," but not so's you'd notice. He was the blubbiest of all the grubby denizens of the bridge; the "cuttiest" of all the llama coats was his, and his gold braid had long since admitted defeat at the hands of a big succession of coal ships. The crew called him "Bugs."

Now Bugs was a man of ideas. He belonged to the unattached division, so that his patrol courses took him mostly into pleasant waters, yet he longed for a stronger, a swifter command. He knew, moreover, that he must serve his apprenticeship on "the blamed hooker" to the full of his time, unless he could prove to the Brass Hats that he was worthy of a . . . Ah, well, Mahomet must go to the mountain.

There are great traffic lanes down the east coast, where the giant merchantmen steam in steady convoys, where they occasionally leave one be-

hind, and where the scent is always good, and the pack abundant. There Bustler disported herself, greatly to the disgust of various Fritzer who dipped quicker than they rose, fluently cursing the little grey ghost of the swatches, and waiting for the awful "Woomph!" of the falling depth charges. But ill-luck seemed to dog the wake of Bustler.

"I ain't glad I joined!" vehemently declared Bugs to the world at large.

"If you keep on your present course much longer you'll be cutting canals in the Maplins," returned the first lieutenant, by way of rebuke.

"All right. Bring her nose out to Hellgoland, and when we get there tell old Bill I wish destroyers had never been invented. I'm fed—fed right up."

"Oh! go and turn in. I'll give you a shout for the first," said the first lieutenant, with a grin. The skipper retired, grinning to.

Then a—well, it looked like a dingy old tramp—loomed over the skyline and flickered something at her from a darkened lamp. Thereafter their courses ran parallel, but far apart.

At half-past seven it happened. A tin fish caught the tramp in the forehead, but the bulkheads held, and the Bustler caught the submarine all over her with a salvo, and the bulkheads didn't hold. Leastways, they fished four survivors out of the oil patch, and that looks a bit suspicious, doesn't it?

Bustler ranged alongside the tramp. "All in?" she said.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the tramp. "Good for at least four knots."

"Racehorse!" taunted Bustler. "Throw me a bit of string and I'll tow you."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for Grouse; found nothing equal to it; sure cure.

CHAS. E. SHARP,
Hawshaw, N.B., Sept. 1st, 1905.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Rather a Jolt.

Propros of the pro-German propaganda which has been carrying on in his own country, a story is being told concerning the son of the great Norwegian writer, Bjornsterne Bjornson, which as a bon mot, and quiet apart from the people concerned, is worth preserving.

Young Bjornson, in the course of a voyage on an ocean steamship, had the temerity to intrude himself on the bridge. The captain was scandalized, as all captains would be, and requested the intruder to return at once to the deck. "Are you aware," said Bjornson, hotly, "to whom you are speaking," and when the captain professed complete ignorance, added, "To the son of Norway's greatest poet." "I cannot help it," said the captain, with the air of a man who performs an unpleasant duty. "You must, none the less, leave the bridge."—Mr. Ibsen.

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In Topsy Turvy Japan.

Jinrikshaw men draw lots for prospective passengers, rather than overwhelm him with attention.

To call a Japanese child by beckoning, the gesture should be made with the back of the hand uppermost and the fingers bent together downward, the motion being slightly downward.

Although the Japanese school children leave their wooden clogs or sandals outside the school house, no mischievous school boy ever mixes them up.

Temple bells in Japan are rung by being struck on the outside with a swinging wooden beam.

Swallows build their nests in the houses of people of the rural districts in Japan, even in the best rooms, a shelf or a tray being placed under the nest to prevent the floor from being soiled.

"You? Tow me? Run away and play, little boy! Mother will miss you if you're out after dark."

Bustler's blood was up. However much Bugs might traduce his charge in his own wardrobe, he wasn't going to stand by and hear it openly slandered by a Gentile.

"Look here," said Bugs. "I'll have you remember that this destroyer is one of the little old boats that tucked old Tirpitz away in Kiel in the early days of the war, when you dear people were panicky for the nearest port. There's material in this hooker—she was built before the war. Now—if you've got a towing wire in that decrepit old packet of yours that will stand a ten-knot strain, sling it over, and not so much chin music. I have spoken."

The wire came across, and wounded dignity and insulted impudence flounced away together—one looking for a dry dock, and the other hoping for a few Lours' leave.

And that's how we catch 'em—sometimes.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surface of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O., All Druggists, etc.

Use for Rheumatism.

Old Farmer Horkins always would spring surprises on the village, and one day he bought a barometer. He was singing its praises to one of the village duds and explaining:

"I bought that barometer to tell when it's gion' to rain, ye see."

"To tell when it's agoin' to rain!" echoed the dud in surprise. "Why I never heerd of such extravagance! What d'ye suppose the good Lord have given ye the rheumatiz for?"

"Answers."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

How Sugar Became a Necessity.

Man's enormous need for sugar is the result of the evolution of his digestive system. Our remote ancestors in the European forests of the ice age were able to digest cellulose and get the sugar out of it as a goat or a camel does now. The organ which did this work was the fermiform appendix. Later, man began to get enough sugar by converting the starch in grains and fruits. Then he discovered the process of cooking, which makes this conversion of starches into sugar much easier, and even in some cases performs the conversion. When sugar was discovered, it was at first regarded as a curiosity, then served as a luxury, and finally became the necessity which it now is, as men's stomachs became accustomed to its use. It is, then, a partially digested food, and a highly concentrated form of energy. The sugar-eating man has survived because he took a great burden off his digestive tract and thereby had more energy for other work. Hence man has become a confirmed sugar eater.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The Crux.

He'd never really been keen on soldiering.

He's only gone into the army because he couldn't very well avoid it.

But hitherto he had gone through with it without making a conspicuous ass of himself.

Now, however, that the moment was at hand, the moment that would really test him, he knew himself for a coward.

He felt a worm, a jelly-fish, no man—he felt, in fact, a conglomerate of all the emotions that analytical novelists, depicting their heroes in blue funk, had described at length in the days before there was a paper shortage.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1
SHOE POLISHES
LIQUIDS and PASTES
BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES
PRESERVE the LEATHER

Most Japanese are indifferent to rain. Children with small babies on their backs are often seen wet to the skin.

When one jinrikshaw overtakes and passes another on the country road, the man always apologizes and says, "By your permission, if you please."

When boards are cut at a saw-mill in Japan, they are put together in the order they were cut so that in building the carpenter may get the same color and grain of wood.

Children buy grasshoppers, feed them on sugar and keep them as we keep canary birds. The tiny cages are tastefully made in a variety of forms—for instance in the shape of a fan, each compartment housing an insect.

AGENTS To Sell Household Article of Real Merit

Every woman wants it and buys it on sight. 100 per cent. profit. Sample 25c. Write to-day for particulars.

HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES
Box 404, Parry Sound, Ont.

Worth Remembering

For a coal saver, dissolve one pound of washing soda in one gallon of water and pour it on the coal and let coal dry. Coal treated in this way will burn much longer than the original coal.

Don't put aside your carpet sweeper because the wheels are worn out. Instead, bind the wheels with adhesive plaster the desired thickness and the sweeper will again run smoothly and do its work.

Common alum melted in an old iron spoon will mend broken chine.

The old trunk tray covered with white oilcloth makes a handy kitchen tray for dishes.

A garbage can will not rust, and so wear much longer, if given one or two coats of good paint in the inside when it is new.

To remove spots from wash goods, rub then when the yolk of an egg before washing.

When making ginger cookies use cold coffee, if milk is scarce.

Rub the nickel stove trimmings and plated door handles and hinges with kerosene and whiting and polish with a dry cloth.

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Vegetable Sheep.

"Some of the most singular plants in the world," says a writer in Wide World, "are the vegetable sheep of New Zealand. These are known to science as *Rauvolla eximia*, and although they are of such a strange habit of growth they are members of the daisy tribe. The vegetable sheep grow at high altitudes, usually on some bleak mountain slope, which which may be 5,000 feet above sea-level. The whole plant is a compact mass of stems densely covered with small woolly leaves. So closely do the rauvolla resemble sheep that experienced shepherds will often climb a long way up the mountain thinking that they see some missing member of their flock huddled against a rock, only to discover that they have been deceived by a plant! During a recent exhibition at Christ Church in New Zealand, some specimens of the vegetable sheep were collected for the show. The plants are often large and heavy, and it requires the efforts of half a dozen strong men to secure some fine examples of the rauvolla.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

You never can tell. Many a fellow who is regarded as a good match will strike only a box.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR

DON'T SUFFER PAIN—BUY HIRST'S!
and be prepared against attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, toothache and neuralgia. Equally effective for relieving swollen joints, sprains, sore throat and other painful ailments. For over 40 years it has been used by the British Army—always have a bottle in the house. Size a hundred uses.
At dealers or write to HIRST REMEDY CO., Hamilton, Canada.

35¢ BOTTLE

And the earth refused to open and swallow him.

And even the opportunity of running away was denied him. The brutal sergeant—had set him in front of the first rank inside the hollow square and was huskily whispering in his ear: "Now, me lad, if yer will be a blinkin' hero, go out and take yer medicine."

"Corporal Smith," called an officer, reading from a paper.

And Corporal Smith guiltily crawled forward to receive from the hands of the general the decoration he had earned in France.—London Opinion.

THE AFTER EFFECTS OF DREADED LA GRIPPE

Worse Than the Disease Itself—Victims Left Weak, Nervous and Worn Out.

La Grippe, or Spanish influenza as the epidemic now sweeping over all America is called, is one of the most dangerous diseases known to mankind. Anyone who has felt its pangs is not likely to forget the trouble. La Grippe, or influenza, starts with a slight cold and ends with a complication of trouble. It lays the victim on his back, it tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and other deadly diseases. Its after effects are often more serious than the disease itself. It is quite possible to avoid la grippe by keeping the blood rich and red by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—a tonic medicine which enriches the blood and strengthens the nerves. If, however, the disease attacks you, the patient should at once go to bed, and call a doctor before complications set in. That is the only safe thing to do. But to recover your strength after the severity of the shock has passed, you will find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an unsurpassed tonic. Through the use of this medicine all the evil after effects of this trouble will be banished. This has been proved in thousands of cases throughout Canada, where in previous seasons la grippe has attacked them. Among the many thus restored to full health is Miss Irene Boote, Portmans, Ont., who says: "I take much pleasure in recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because I have proved their worth in my own case. Last winter I had a severe attack of la grippe and it left me weak and all run down. I had severe pains in the chest and under the arms, palpitation of the heart, and attacks of neuralgia, which left me with the feeling that life was scarcely worth living. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and began their use only on the principle that I would try anything that might better my condition. I had only been using the pills a couple of weeks when the pains began to leave me. Gradually my strength returned, my appetite improved, and in a little more than a month I felt all my old-time vigor had returned. I am sincerely glad I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall always have a good word to say for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure the disastrous after effects of la grippe, but are also a specific for all troubles due to poor blood, such as anemia, rheumatism, indigestion, women's ailments, and the generally worn out feeling that affects so many people. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Business Chances Wanted.

Wanted to Buy a General Store in a live Ontario town of at least 5,000 population. Must be a good live business. Address R. S. Brown, St. Chrysostome, Province Quebec.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

BRICK STORE SUITED FOR GENERAL MERCHANDISE, in village of Mortem, 9 miles from Guelph, 1 mile from Puslinch station, C.P. Railway; easy terms; immediate possession can be given. Apply M. W. Blukley, Trumbo.

BUSINESS CHANCES

FOR SALE—FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP; low price for immediate purchase. Apply to the Thompson Foundry & Machine Co., Limited, Tillamook, Ont.

MACHINERY FOR SALE

FOR SALE 22 H.P. GASOLINE ENGINE, Mair Bros. Dry Dock Co. Port Dalhousie, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—1,000 AGENTS ANYWHERE in Canada to sell the wonderful Gibson Funnel Dampers; positively saves from one-quarter to one-half the fuel, and gives more heat for stove, furnace, hot water or steam boiler. Apply to patentee, A. Gibson, 301 Yonge street, Toronto.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—CHOICE WINTER APPLIES—Baldwin, Greening, American Golden Russet, etc. Write to: Mount Pleasant Fruit Farm, R. R. No. 4, Welland.

She—You used to rave over my liquid voice. He—I know I did; but I did not imagine that your words would come in such torrents.—Boston Transcript.

ISSUE NO. 45, 1918

WANTED.
WANTED—GENERAL BLACKSMITH. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ont.

HELP WANTED—MALE
FIRST-CLASS CARPENTERS WANTED for inside and outside work; fine shop work; winter's work for competent mechanics. Apply W. J. Hickey, general contractor, Welland.

WANTED—PLUMBER WHO CAN work at tinmithing, steady job. S. B. McCaughey & Co., Trenton, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.
A DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY Order for five dollars costs three cents.

FOR SALE COKE SCREENINGS IN cut lots. Send for sample. Apply Theo. Myles' Sons, Hamilton, Ont.

THRASHING OUTFIT IN FIRST-class farming shape; now earning \$25 per day; consisting of Waterloo separator, 18 x 20 h.p.; Waterloo separator, 33 cylinder, 42 bush; Victor clover huller; water tank, drive belt; new I. C. cutter; complete outfit, twenty-five hundred; worth three thousand; terms arranged. Apply Fred Gouid, Ringwood P.O.

FARMS FOR SALE.

112 ACRES—MORE OR LESS—LOT 2, Concession 2, Eramosa, near Speedville, for sale; on the premises is a good stone house, up-to-date bank barn; good stables, with water, closed in shed, silo, pigery, henery, most of them, never falling well, windmill, good orchard; farm in good state of cultivation, well fenced, well watered; five miles from Fergus, ten from Guelph, school-house and two churches close by. Apply on premises, Mrs. Lena Leybourne, Rockwood, R. R. No. 3, Ont.

BLOCK OF LAND, 836 ACRES, 2 Farms of 360 acres each. All in the Province of Ontario. 1 Farm of 160 acres in Manitoba, 6 Private Dwellings in North Bay, Ont., will be sold cheap for cash.

LOANS WANTED on North Bay Properties; one of \$7,000, and one \$800. Particulars will be furnished on application. Apply to William Martin & Son, North Bay, Ont. Box 826. Phone 42.

BUSINESS CHANCES WANTED.

WANTED TO BUY a GENERAL store in a live Ontario town of at least 5,000 population. Must be a good live business. Address R. S. Brown, St. Chrysostome, Province Quebec.

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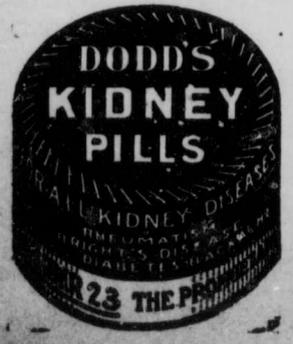
AGENTS WANTED.

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She—You used to rave over my liquid voice. He—I know I did; but I did not imagine that your words would come in such torrents.—Boston Transcript.



Cuticura Heals Pimples On Face

That Itched and Burned. Scratched Constantly.

"I had pimples and blackheads on my face which were caused by bad blood. They came to a head and were hard and red causing disfigurement for the time being. They itched and burned so much that I constantly scratched and made them worse."

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and afterwards bought more. Now I am completely healed." (Signed) Miss Josephine A. Wetmore, 35 Sheriff St., St. John, N. B., Aug. 10, 1917.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes.

For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

HEAVY GAINS IN FLANDERS BY THE ALLIES

Six-Mile Advance of Franco-Belgian Troops Reported.

5 MILES FROM GHENT

Americans Take Audenarde in the Drive of the Hun.

With the Allied Armies in Belgium, Cable.—The Franco-Belgian troops this morning had reached a line within five miles of Ghent. French cavalry last night were reported at St. Denis-Western railway station, which is about three miles southwest of the city.

In the meantime French and American forces occupied Audenarde, further south. Americans had battled their way across the Scheldt between Heurne and Lyne, to the north of Audenarde.

The allied line in front of Ghent at latest reports lay approximately from south to north through Ostveide, Vinderhaute, east of Willemarsch and Latehem-st. Martin, with cavalry advancing toward Ghent from the southwest.

With the British Armies, Nov. 3.—The enemy is still falling back in Flanders. Americans there, after an advance of six miles, reached high ground overlooking Audenarde at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and during the evening they occupied the western portion of the town. They liberated many civilians, including many old men. The enemy succeeded in destroying all the bridges across the Scheldt here save one, which was reached by the Yankees in time to prevent its destruction by waiting Hun forces. Another American force reached Heurne and the highlands overlooking the Scheldt north of Audenarde, while the Belgians on their left were making substantial progress in the direction of the river.

Scarcely were the villages in the districts recovered by the allies abandoned by the enemy before the inhabitants of these places began preparations for the enthusiastic welcome of our troops. In one of the towns which we liberated the people had watched the gradual eastward movement of the Germans' observation balloons from one base to another, and by this they gauge our progress. The people of Solesmes were digging up bottles of champagne in their back cellars and in their cellars before the last Huns left there, and when the New Zealanders entered the town they found wine, food and coffee prepared for them in every cottage.

Everywhere along the front where the civilian population has suddenly been brought into the battlefields they have shown wonderful courage and fortitude.

THE BELGIAN OFFICIAL.
Allied forces have crossed the Derivation Canal in Belgium and have occupied Ecloo and Waerschoot. Marked progress by the Belgian army is indicated by the latest report from Belgian headquarters. The Belgians have reached the west bank of the canal, which runs between Ghent and Neuzen in a northerly direction, and thereby have reclaimed a further large section of their country. The statement says:

"The enemy has abandoned the Derivation Canal, which we have crossed. We have occupied Ecloo and Waerschoot."

"Between the Bruges-Ghent Canal and the Lys River we have advanced beyond Meerende, Overpoucke, Burvelde and Barle."

"Notwithstanding the difficulties caused by destroyed crossings, we have pushed out front to a line marked by De Katte (just south of the Dutch border), east of Erveelde, west of Cluysen along the western bank of the Ghent-Neuzen Canal opposite Langerbrugge, and have conquered the approaches to Ghent to ward Aisne."

ADVANCE BY AMERICANS.

In the Audenarde sector the French, British and Americans met with much success Saturday in their drive toward the Scheldt River. Along the whole front below Mecke, which is situated on the Scheldt about eight miles south of Ghent, the Germans have been forced back across the river.

Last night Americans captured the western outskirts of the city of Audenarde, which straddles the Scheldt. This American unit added an advance of about five and one-half miles to what they had achieved the day before.

When the Americans after their brilliant drive came up against Audenarde they found that the Germans had blown up all the bridges but one across a small branch of the Scheldt, which encircles the northern side of the city.

This remaining bridge was mined and due to go up at any minute. A Frenchman, who lived nearby, had carefully observed the laying of the explosive, and knew where the Germans had concealed the electric wires leading to it.

As the Frenchman saw the Ameri-

cans approaching he took his life in his hands, raced to the bridge and cut the wires. He then waved to the Americans to advance and they surged across the bridge with a mighty cheer.

The total number of prisoners taken by the Americans up to this morning in the Audenarde sector was 1,500.

IN GHENT SUBURBS.

The text of the official statement issued at the Belgian War Office Saturday night reads:

"The attack begun on October 21 was continued today by the Second British Army and the Franco-American forces. They have advanced forward during the day, with the Belgian forces upon the left of the French. The enemy is retreating precipitately toward Ghent and the Canal De Terneuzen. At the end of the day Belgian and French troops had reached Ecloo, Waerschoot, the canalized Lieve and Everghem.

"We have approached to within about four kilometers of the outskirts of Ghent. The Escaut has been reached along the whole front as far as Everghem.

OVER 5,000 PRISONERS.

"Yesterday evening the steel works south-east of Valenciennes, which the enemy had defended during the day with much determination, were taken by our troops.

"Our line was advanced for a distance of one and a half miles east of the town and the capture of the village of St. Sauve was completed.

"As the result of two days of fighting on this front we captured 5,000 prisoners, our tanks and a few guns."

"Beyond local fighting and patrol actions during the night there was nothing further to report from the British front.

"Determined local fighting continued throughout the day on the battlefront south and east of Valenciennes. We made good progress north-east of Maresches and east and north of Preseau, capturing the hamlet of St. Hubert and the farms in that vicinity.

"East of Valenciennes we hold the village of Marly and our advanced detachments have entered St. Sauve. In this operation we captured two tanks, which had been used by the enemy in unsuccessful counter-attacks yesterday, and took several hundred prisoners."

"A successful minor operation took place this morning west of Landreles; we advanced our line and took a number of prisoners."

Worms, by the irritation that they cause in the stomach and intestines, deprive infants of the nourishment that they should derive from food, and mal-nutrition is the result. Miller's Worm Powders destroy worms and correct the morbid conditions in the stomach and bowels that are favorable to worms, so that the full nutriment of the child is assured and development in every way encouraged.

CERTAIN THAT KAISER MUST GO

Influential German Circles Confident of This.

Berlin Streets Are Full of Cripples.

London, Cable.—A despatch to the Daily Chronicle from Amsterdam says that private advices from Germany declare the announcement of the abdication of the Kaiser to be a matter of days. It is learned that in the Reichstag and in financial circles it is regarded as certain he will go.

The Berlin correspondent of the Berlingske Tidende in Copenhagen gives under the heading, "Worn Out," a tragic picture of present conditions in the German capital. He says the streets are full of overflowing with war cripples and that the people can no longer endure the sight of so much suffering.

There is no food in the shops and even chemical substitutes are falling short. All electrical installations are in decay, the tram cars are falling to pieces, and the asphalt streets are being torn up and destroyed by steel tires which have taken the place of rubber on motor cars. Many women, formerly rich and moving in high society, are now compelled to earn their living as tram-car conductresses.

Arthur Ransome, in a despatch to the Daily News from Stockholm says: "I have had a talk with a neutral who has just returned from Berlin. He says conditions in Germany afford an exact parallel with those in Russia before the March revolution."

"All classes are dissatisfied and the better educated classes are as outspoken as the working people. The Philipp Scheidemann party is so thoroughly discredited that there is no chance for the coalition Ministry lasting as long as it did in Russia."

"The leaders of the Left parties expect to have free power in their hands in the immediate future. Prices in the restaurants have suddenly soared and the position of the poorer people is desperate. Desertions from the colors are comparable only with those from the Russian army last year."

Everything is going up, but the price of whiskey doesn't put the top in high spirits exactly.

HOW OUR BOYS TOOK CITY OF VALENCIENNES

Further Details of the Latest Victory of the Canadian Corps.

SKILFUL WORK

Heavier German Losses Than Ever Before in a Similar Area.

With the Allied Armies in France and Belgium, Cable.—Valenciennes was captured by the Canadians Saturday morning, releasing thousands of residents who had been in bondage for four years.

The final link in the encircling chain of troops thrown around the city was forged at 7.50 o'clock, when converging infantry met east of the invested place and began a further advance on enemy territory. Marly was occupied at an early hour and patrols were pushing up the road leading to St. Sauve.

The greater part of the German troops had been withdrawn from the bottled-up metropolis of Valenciennes during the night, but machine gunners, who had been left behind to give battle until they were killed, were still sniping from houses, and the street fighting followed the entry of the British forces. During the two days' fighting more than 5,000 prisoners were taken.

German troops to-day were throwing explosives and gas into the defenceless city, which the British have so carefully avoided bombarding because of the danger to civilians.

Despite this danger the streets were filled with people cheering with hysterical joy at their release and acclaiming their deliverance.

FINE PIECE OF GENERALSHIP.

The capture of Valenciennes was a fine piece of generalship. In their drive yesterday the Canadians pushed across the Rhonelle and established their lines east and west below the city, then turning sharply southward. Above the city's northern limits the whole country has been flooded so there was no possibility of attacking across it.

Thus the Germans were cut off by water to the north and by the British to the west and south. The eastern exit from the city was the only one left open. The other possible means of escape was by smashing off the point of the Canadian salient to the south of the city.

Then the Germans rushed out, by the eastern gates of the city, all possible material, leaving snipers and machine gunners who have given their lives to protect the rear of the main German line. German transport and troops raced to the north-east, along the highway leading to Mons, Belgium, while British guns were working destruction in the retiring ranks of the foe.

German machine gunners were widely hidden about the city. Aviators flying over the city report that the civilians are giving the Canadians a great reception.

This morning the British to the right of the Canadians captured Preseau.

GERMAN LOSSES APPALLING.

South of Valenciennes where the Canadians have been operating the German losses were tremendous. More German dead are strewn on the battlefield than the Canadians ever have seen before in a similar area.

There were no bridges, and the Germans were holding the eastern bank with machine guns. In the face of a murderous fire the Canadians coolly plunged into the river and waded across, the water being up to their waists.

Hand-to-hand fighting developed at many places, but the British got through without a serious hold-up. There was especially hard fighting west of Mont Houy and about the Police station and at Aulnoy.

One Canadian brigade took more prisoners than its total strength of infantry.

The fall of Valenciennes was inevitable as a result of patient and persevering tactics of the British during the last fortnight. They might have made another Arras of the place and rendered it impossible for the Germans to have lived there. Instead, the British carried out a series of progressive outflanking attacks. Early yesterday afternoon they had gained the line running from Marly to Preseau and the enemy had either to face the imminent certainty of being cut off or get out. He chose the latter alternative.

British troops last night stormed the steel works held by the Germans southeast of Valenciennes, and, advancing one and one-half miles to the east, completed the capture of the village of St. Sauve.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

Field Marshal Haig's report of the capture of Valenciennes reads:

"The fighting yesterday south of Valenciennes was of a very severe nature, and was continued until this morning. Large numbers of the enemy were killed. Many hostile coun-

ter-attacks were repulsed. Four thousand prisoners were taken.

"The 17th Corps, under Gen. Ferguson, and the 22nd Corps, under Gen. Godley, gained the high ground southeast of Valenciennes this morning, pressed forward and seized the village of Preseau."

"To the north the Canadian Corps, under Gen. Currie, after hard fighting on the outskirts of Valenciennes, have pressed their troops through that town, which is wholly in our possession."

All Night With Asthma. Everyone knows how attacks of asthma often keep their victim awake the whole night long. Morning finds him wholly unfit for a day of business, and yet, business must still be carried through. All this night suffering and lack of rest can be avoided by the prompt use of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which positively does drive away the attacks.

CLEARING THE DARDANELLES

British Mine-Sweepers Are Already Busy.

50-Mile Passage a Sea of Mines.

London Cable.—A large fleet of the latest type of British mine sweepers to-day began the tedious task of clearing the Dardanelles of mines and other obstructions. This work, together with other safeguards which the allies consider to be necessary before the allied fleet enters the tortuous waterway leading past Constantinople and through the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, will take several days, in the opinion of the British Admiralty.

A fortnight ago the allied fleet tested the efficiency of the forts inside the Dardanelles by dropping a few shells on them. The reply of the Turks was quick and fairly accurate, showing that the fortifications are still probably in good shape. The 50-mile passage through the waterway is a veritable sea of mines and other obstructions, which it will require some time to remove. In addition the mine-sweepers will be hindered by the swift currents, which are stronger at this season of the year than at any other.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?" "Well, I ought," replied the fair defendant. "My husband is a confirmed golf fiend and doesn't care what he says when he loses 25 or 40 cents playing pinochle."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?" "Well, I ought," replied the fair defendant. "My husband is a confirmed golf fiend and doesn't care what he says when he loses 25 or 40 cents playing pinochle."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

LAST ALLY OF THE GERMANS HAS GIVEN UP THE STRUGGLE

Armistice, to Take Effect at 3 a.m. To-Day, Signed With Austria

Virtual Surrender by the Dual Monarchy to the Allies

London, Nov. 3.—An armistice with Austria was signed this afternoon by Gen. Diaz, the Italian commander-in-chief, according to an official announcement here this evening.

The armistice comes into effect at 3 o'clock Monday morning.

The text of the statement reads: "A telephone message has been received from the Prime Minister in Paris saying that news has just come that Austria-Hungary, the last of Germany's props, has gone out of the war."

"The armistice was signed by Gen. Diaz this afternoon and will come into operation to-morrow at 3 o'clock. The terms will be published Tuesday."

Official announcement of the signing of the Austrian armistice reached the Premiers while they were in session this afternoon and gave the greatest satisfaction. It was arranged that the conditions of the armistice would be made public promptly.

A Vienna official despatch reads: "In the Italian theatre of the war, our troops have ceased hostilities on the basis of an armistice which has been concluded."

"The conditions of the armistice will be announced at a later communication."

PREFER ENGLISH OR FRENCH?

The Hungarian Minister of War announced Saturday that an order would be given to all soldiers on the Hungarian front, including officers, to lay down their arms, and to enter into negotiations with the enemy. If the enemy wish to occupy Hungary, the announcement added, a demand should be made that French or English troops be sent by preference.

SERBIA ALMOST CLEAR OF ENEMY

Native Forces March Into Ancient Capital.

Steady Advances by Allied Troops.

Paris, Cable.—A War Office report says: "The commandant of the 1st Serbian army has made a solemn entry into Belgrade, the capital. This entry occurred 45 days after the beginning of the offensive on the Macedonian front. Serbian troops united with the French and have crossed the Kolubara north of Valjevo, and are marching on Chabatz, Montenegro. Forces of Jugo-Slavs have arrived at Podgoritzka."

Paris, Cable.—A War Office report on operations in the eastern theatre says:

"After the capture of Belgrade, the Germans and Austrians, beaten, retired to the north bank of the Danube. The 2nd Serbian army has reached the Bosnian frontier. Serbia has almost in its entirety been freed from the enemy."

"The battles which decided this great victory began on September 15. From the 24th the line of communication on the Vardar was cut. Uskup was captured on the 29th. The dislocation of the Bulgarian forces was followed by capitulation, and on the 30th hostilities came to an end."

"The fighting was continued by the defeated Austro-German troops. On October 12 the battle at Nish was marked by the rout of four enemy divisions and the rupture of the great artery of communication of the Central Empires in the direction of Constantinople. On the 19th Lomz Palanka was reached and the Danube road cut. Then came the last episode—Belgrade was taken by the first Serbian army, to which was given the honor of entering the capital. This army participated in all the fighting, marching without cease and without repose, always in contact with the enemy, whom it held by the throat, very often badly provisioned, but knowing no fatigue, and no hunger. It pushed ever forward by will to conquer at any price."

"On their part the allied troops made their greatest efforts to bring to a successful conclusion the task confided to them of crushing the common enemy."

Wigwag—"My wife threatens to go on the lecture platform." Henpeckke—"Huh! My wife doesn't need any platform."

STILL IN SESSION.

Paris, Nov. 3.—A meeting of Premiers and military and naval representatives at the apartments of Colonel House today was a continuation of the sessions previously held. While the discussion was largely informal it went over the whole range of subjects.

The representatives were in full accord on practically all the points treated.

The sessions will continue, as the moment has not yet arrived for the taking of final decision on some of the most important questions involved.

Premier Lloyd George, of Great Britain, and Premier Clemenceau, of France, left the conference together. They exchanged friendly greetings on the prompt signing of the Austrian armistice and showed in their manner the keen satisfaction they felt regarding the progress of events.

It Eases Pain. Ask any druggist or dealer in medicines what is the most popular of the medicinal oils for pains in the joints, in the muscles or nerves, or for neuralgia and rheumatism, and he will tell you that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is in greater demand than any other. The reason for this is that it possesses greater healing qualities than any other oil.

THE WATERDOWN REVIEW

Issued every Thursday morning from the office, Dundas Street, Waterdown
 Subscription \$1.00 per year. Papers to the United States, 50 cents extra.
 Advertising rates furnished on application
 G. H. GREENE
 Editor and Publisher

THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1918

LOCAL MENTION

As we go to press Waterdown is celebrating the news of Peace with all her might. With bells ringing, whistles blowing, flags flying and school children parading the streets the old town has gone wild with joy.

School opened Monday with a small attendance.

The Health Board reports several new cases of the flu this week.

The sky-pilot has been suffering from a slight cold for the past week.

Mr. Geo. Potts is on a week's vacation. He is after the "dears" in Muskoka.

The ladies of the Patriotic League packed 80 boxes of dainties on Tuesday evening for the boys overseas.

The Patriotic League has secured new quarters on Mill Street in the premises of Mr. Struthers.

Mr. John Kitching has removed an old landmark from the front of the drug store. In the removal of the veranda Mr. Kitching did a good act for the appearance of the street. May others follow.

Private Harold H. Foster, son of Mrs. Roy Ireland, has returned home from France. He enlisted with the 129th in January, 1916, and went overseas in August, 1916, being transferred to the 3rd Canadians in France. Private Foster took part in several engagements and was severely wounded at Vimy Ridge.

Mrs. D. Ribson has returned after spending a few days with her daughter Mrs. W. J. McKee at Christie.

The W. M. S. of the Methodist church will meet with Mrs. William Langton next Wednesday at 2:30 p.m.

The Methodist church will hold Communion Services at 11 a.m. on Sunday. The evening service will be held at 7 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Orr of Brantford spent Sunday at home of Mr. E. H. Slater. Mr. Orr is one of the prominent Poultry Judges of Ontario.

The Quarterly Official Board of the Methodist church will meet at 8 p.m. Monday, Nov. 11th. Important business calls for a full attendance.

The K. K. Klub will meet at the home of Miss Beatrice Higginson next Tuesday evening. Members are requested to bring all knitted socks.

Notice has been sent to all Fuel Commissioners asking them to urge upon the people the necessity of using soft coal. The extreme shortage of hard coal and no prospects of better conditions, it is advisable to secure some of the soft coal while it is obtainable.

EVERYBODY'S DUTY.

Canada expects every Canadian to do his or her duty in this campaign. Half a billion dollars must be raised and there are only ten days more to do it in. The money can and must be raised. Thought of failure cannot be tolerated. The least that those who stay at home can do is to buy all the Victory Bonds they can and induce others to do so.

BACK UP THE BOYS.

DOUBLE UP.
 "Double" is now the popular slogan in the campaign. Throughout the Dominion it is sweeping in a way that bids fair to accomplish surprising things. It is the spirit that wins, for it is the spirit that characterizes the boys at the front. Double up! The cause is a good one. It is worth every dollar we can lend.

Everything Canada has depends on the success of the Victory Loan. The \$200,000,000 wanted must be subscribed. The responsibility rests upon all to see that the money is raised.

LET HIM LIVE

As long as the flowers their perfume give,
 So long I'd let the Kaiser live;
 Live and live for a million years
 With nothing to drink but Belgian tears;
 With nothing to quench his awful thirst
 But the salted brine of a Scotchman's curse.
 I would let him live on a dipper each day,
 Served from silver on a golden tray,
 Served with things both dainty and sweet,
 Served with everything—but things to eat.
 I would make him a bed of silken sheen,
 With costly linens to lie between,
 With covers of down, and filets of lace,
 And downy pillows piled in place;
 Yet when to its comfort he would yield
 It would stink with the rot of the battlefield,
 And blood and brains and bones of men
 Should cover him, smother him, and then—
 His pillow should cling with the rotten clay—
 Clay from the grave of a soldier boy;
 And while God's stars their vigils keep,
 And while the waves of white sands sweep,
 He should never, never sleep,
 And thru' all the days—thru' all the years,
 There should be an anthem in his ears,
 Ringing and singing and never done
 From the edge of light to the set of sun,
 Moaning, and moaning, and moaning wild,
 A ravaged French girl's bastard child
 And I'd build him a castle by the sea,
 As lovely a castle as ever could be,
 Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
 As fine a ship as ever could be,
 Laden with water cold and sweet,
 Laden with everything good to eat,
 Yet scarce does she touch the silvered sands,
 Scarce may he reach out his eager hands—
 Than a hot and a hellish molten shell
 Should change his heaven into hell,
 And tho' he'd watch by the wave-swept shore,
 Our Lusitania would rise no more,
 In No Man's Land where the Irish fell
 I'd start the Kaiser a private hell,
 I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas,
 And in each wound I'd pour ground glass;
 I'd march him out where the brave boys died,
 Out past the lads he crucified,
 In the fearful gloom of his living tomb
 There is one thing I'd do before I was thru'—
 I'd make him sing in all his grief
 The wonderful words of "The Maple Leaf."

Victory Loan Promotes the Farmers' Interests

The Victory Loan and the Farm go together.
 Canada's surplus farm products could not be sold without the Victory Loan.
 If the surplus could not be sold, prices in the home market would go to pieces.
 It is one thing to raise farm products, but it is another thing to sell them for cash.
 A large proportion of Canadian farm products could not be sold for cash, if it were not for the Victory Loan.
 The farmer who invests in Victory Bonds thus helps to protect his own business.

LEND TO YOUR COUNTRY.

MANY YOUNG FARMERS HAVE GONE OVERSEAS.
 From the farms of Canada thousands of young Canadians have gone overseas. These boys have acquitted themselves splendidly. Now when the call comes for \$500,000,000 to support the army, and keep the business of the Dominion going on a war basis, the people in the homes from which these boys have gone will not be lacking.

Liberty Loan Set Canadians High Mark

The United States did so well in the recent Fourth Liberty Loan campaign that Canada, in justice to herself, must do unusually well in the present drive, or she will suffer by the contrast.
 The Americans started out with \$5,000,000,000 as their objective. They actually raised \$6,568,000,000. The number of subscribers is placed at 21,000,000, or about one for every five of the population.
 To do as well as this Canada must raise over \$200,000,000. If she secures the same percentage of subscribers to the population, instead of having 1,000,000, she will have 1,600,000. As can readily be realized Canadians have their work cut out, but they are equal to it.

Your Thousand Dollar Victory Bond Will;

Buy 200 gas masks, or
 200 pairs of soldiers' boots, or
 450 bushels of wheat, or
 500 steel helmets, or
 1,000 pairs of soldiers' socks, or
 2,000 lbs. of high explosives, or
 4,200 lbs. of cheese, or
 28,000 rifles cartridge, or
 56,000 revolver cartridges.

For Sale

1 Car Oil Cake and 1 Car three quarter Lump Coal.
 H. A. DRUMMOND
 Millgrove Station

For Sale

A large quantity of wood for sale either cord or stove length. apply to
 C. W. DRUMMOND
 Phone 34-2 Waterdown

For Sale

A quantity of Spy apples at 50c a bushel, purchaser to pick them; also a quantity of pears at 60 cents a basket. Apply to
 MRS. M. CUTLER
 Mill Street Waterdown

For Sale

9 Room Cement Dwelling, ice frame barn and good lot in Village of Waterdown. Apply to
 J. C. LANGFORD
 Waterdown

FOR SALE

6 Pigs 2 months old, and 1 Brood Sow, due in 1 month.
 FRED THOMAS
 Waterdown, Ont.

FOR SALE

Young Pigs, (Yorkshire) 7 weeks old. Apply to
 J. J. CREEN
 Waterdown

Wanted

To purchase a small house to be removed.
 CHAS. A. NEWELL
 R. R. No. 3. Campbellville

Farm For Sale

Being part of Lot 7, in the 7th con. of East Flamboro (center road) containing 50 acres, good garden soil, choice locality, convenient to school, church, Post Office, 2 miles to Ry. station. For terms and particulars apply to
 George Church, Tp. Clerk Waterdown

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the Estate of John R. Carey late of the Township of East Flamboro in the County of Wentworth, farmer, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the provisions of the Trustees Act and all statutes applicable thereto that all persons, creditors and others having claims against the estate of John R. Carey, late of the Township of East Flamboro, in the County of Wentworth, farmer, deceased, who died on about the 16th of September, A. D. 1918, at the Township of East Flamboro aforesaid, are requested to send by post, prepaid, or deliver to the Mercantile Trust Company of Canada Limited, 11 Main St. East, Hamilton Ont. the Administrator of the estate of the said deceased, on or before the 21st day of November A. D. 1918, their names, addresses and description and a full statement of the particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them duly verified.

And further take notice that after the last mentioned date the said Administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to claims of which it shall then have had notice and that it will not be liable for the assets so distributed, or any part thereof to any person of whose claim it shall not then have received notice.
 Mercantile Trust Co. of Canada, Ltd. Hamilton, Ont.
 by W. T. EVANS
 their Solicitor herein

Dated at Hamilton this 16th day of October A. D. 1918.

Don't Forget Our Phone Number

RING 101 WATERDOWN

That's where, when in Waterdown you can buy your Groceries and Meats all at our store. Quality the best that money can buy and prices right compared with the high cost of goods.

We also handle the following line of goods

A good assortment of Brooms that cannot be beat for quality and price. Coal oil in 1 gallon, 5 gallon or by the barrel. All kinds of Stove Polish, Shoe Polish Whisks, Scrub, Nail, Stove and Whitewash Brushes, Clothes lines, smoothing Iron Handles, Pins, Needles, Thread, Lamp wick, Lamp glasses, Lantern globes and many other lines.

We sell Braby's Hamilton Bread

Also a large assortment of Cakes.

Get your Corn Flakes at Dale's. Just received a fresh shipment, crisp and good. In buying Corn Flakes you do not have to buy any substitute as in buying flour. Come along with the crowd, whether you buy or not, and meet your friends.

A. DALE License No. 9-6033 **Waterdown**

The Sawell Greenhouses

Fresh Cut Flowers and Pot Plants

Funeral and Design Work

Saturday Bargains

3 1/2 lbs. Rolled Oats	-	-	25c
Canned Peas	-	-	16c
Canned Corn	-	-	20c
2 Cakes Sailor Boy Soap	-	-	5c

We have a large assortment of Men's and Boy's Sweater Coats. Prices cheaper than city prices.

Canada Food License No. 8-17371

O. B. Griffin, Waterdown

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!



Your roof may catch fire from your chimney or by sparks from another fire. Guard against this and lower your Insurance by using Eastlake teel Shingles. For Sale by

W. H. REID, Waterdown

Gordon & Son

LADIES and GENTS

**CUSTOM
TAILORS**

We have a good line of
Never Fade Blue Indigo
Serges and Worsteds.

Cleaning, Pressing and
Repairing a Specialty

PHONE 153
WATERDOWN

BUCHAN'S

Canada Food License No. 9 - 1987

FOR

**Confectionery
Cakes and Pies**

H. A. Oleomargarine
Shredded Wheat
Corn Flakes, Gusto
Grape-nut
Pork and Beans
Tobacco and
Cigarettes

WE SELL
Linkert Bros.

BREAD

Fresh Every Day

AGENT FOR
**Wah Lee
LAUNDRY
HAMILTON**

PHONE 182
Waterdown



The Bridge to the British Market

The Victory Loan is a bridge over which the farmers of Canada drive their hogs, their cattle, their grain and all their surplus crops to the profitable British market.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Lesson 71, November 10, 1918.
Jacob deceives his father—Genesis 27, 18-29.

Commentary.—I. Jacob's deception (vs. 18-24). 18. He came unto his father—Isaac at the age of one hundred and thirty-seven thought he was soon going to die, yet he lived forty-three years after this. His eyes were dim, and with physical weakness upon him he believed the time had come when he ought to bestow the blessing of the first-born upon Esau. He therefore directed him to take his weapons and bring home some venison, from which to prepare an appetizing meal, that he might bestow the blessing, and pledge the same in eating of the meal that he should prepare. Isaac was fond of the venison that Esau brought him (Gen. 25, 28). When Rebekah heard Isaac's directions to Esau, she thought the time had come for action, or the blessing promised to Jacob would go to Esau. Therefore she plotted with Jacob to deceive Isaac and obtain the blessing of the first-born. She prepared two kids in such a manner that they would resemble the "savory meat" that Esau would bring. She covered Jacob's hands and neck with the skin of the kid, so that, if Isaac should feel of them, there would be a resemblance to Esau, who was a hairy man. To make the deception more complete, Jacob put on Esau's garments. Thus prepared, Jacob went to his father to receive the patriarchal blessing. My father—it is difficult to understand the depth of Jacob's wicked purpose, but when we remember the advantage he had taken of Esau's weakness in obtaining from him his birthright, we ought not to be greatly surprised at the course he took with his father. While it is true that Jacob could rightly say to Isaac, "My father," under ordinary circumstances, his addressing him thus at this time was a part of his base imposture upon him in his weakness. Who art thou—Isaac's question brought Jacob face to face with the issue. Would his conscience, already stultified, make a final appeal for truthfulness? 19. Jacob said—1 am Esau—Jacob's deception now took the form of a direct lie. He made no attempt to evade the question, but plainly and premeditatedly told an untruth. I have done, as thou biddest me—Jacob was impersonating Esau. Isaac had not told him to prepare venison, but he had told Esau to do so. He and his mother had taken advantage of the long absence of Esau in hunting game, to practise this deception. They must have held the doctrine that the end justifies the means and that it is proper to do evil that good may come. That thy soul may bless me—This was the end for which Jacob was working. He saw that his scheme might be interrupted and he was prepared to answer any embarrassing question that might arise.

20. How—so quickly—Isaac's repeated questionings are noticeable. Although his powers were impaired with age, he was able to reason. He knew that some time would be required for Esau to secure the desired game and prepare the meal. Because the Lord thy God brought it to me—Jacob's deception seems here to have reached its climax. Not only did he deliberately lie, but he also brought Jehovah into his wicked scheme in the language which he used. Isaac feared the Lord and Jacob believed that a reference like this to God would have weight with him. Jacob's sin was progressive. One step led to another in carrying out his base scheme until to the sin of base deception he added that of implicating God in his scheming. 21. come near—That I may feel thee—Isaac desired to act rightly in the matter of bestowing the blessing of the first-born, hence he would be certain that it was really Esau who was in his presence. Yet if Isaac knew the divine prophecy that the patriarchal blessing was to descend to Jacob, his course seems to us like an effort to thwart God's purpose.

22. Jacob's voice—Isaac's eyes were dim (v. 1) and it is probable that his hearing was impaired to some extent, so that he had to depend largely on the sense of feeling. Jacob was either unable to disguise his voice, or he

and Rebekah had not planned for that. Hands of Esau—Rebekah's scheme worked to her satisfaction. 23. discerned him not—Notwithstanding the doubt about the voice being that of Esau, Isaac accepted Jacob as Esau. He took Jacob's word, and did not accept the testimony of his ears. It was heartless deed for Rebekah and Jacob to deceive the husband and father, an old man with failing power. There is another side to this question. Rebekah seemed to think she was justified in helping the Lord, even by doing wicked things to fulfill the promise. Her faith does not compare favorably with that of Abraham, her kinsman. 24. Art thou my very son Esau—Doubt still lingered in Isaac's mind, but Jacob boldly declared again that he was Esau.

II. A father's blessing (vs. 25-29). 25. Bring it near to me—He had waited until he had assured himself that it was really Esau who had prepared the food for the occasion. Venison—The term was used to denote game taken in hunting. 26. Come near now, and kiss me, my son—An act expressive of affection, and the last step toward the blessing which Isaac was about to bestow. 27. The smell of his raiment—Esau's garments, which Jacob was wearing, had gathered the odors of fragrant plants, which abound in the East, as the hunter had roamed the fields in search of game. 28. The dew of heaven—As rain rarely falls in Palestine from May to September, the dew is highly prized. Fatness—Fruitfulness. Corn—Not maize or Indian corn, but such grains as wheat and barley. 29. Let people serve thee—This was included in the blessing of the first-born. Nations bow down to thee—in keeping with the promise that God made to Abraham, and later to Isaac, that he should become a great nation. Israel became a powerful nation and maintained her independence during the centuries that her people kept themselves true to God. Cursed be every one that curseth thee—The Lord watched over his people with loving care. He would not favor any nation that would rise up against his people, as long as they served him. God cares for his own. Likewise he would bless those nations that were favorable to Israel. Jacob had been none too soon in carrying out his wicked purposes, for just as he had gone out from his father's presence, Esau entered with the venison which he had prepared. Isaac trembled when he found that his suspicions were well founded and he had been basely deceived into giving the ancestral blessing to Jacob. Although Esau had forfeited his right to this blessing by selling his birthright, he still desired to inherit it. Esau's plea for a blessing resulted in Isaac's pronouncing one upon him. He was to enjoy material prosperity with strife, and his nation would serve Israel until finally it would become free from that domination.

Questions—Who was Rebekah? Who were the sons of Isaac and Rebekah? What is the birthright of which the lesson speaks? How did Esau part with his birthright? In what respects did both Jacob and Esau do wrong in this matter? What promise did Rebekah receive regarding the supremacy of Jacob? What plan had Isaac for bestowing the blessing? What course did Rebekah pursue? What deception did Jacob practice and what falsehoods did he tell?

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Topic.—The Fruits of Falsehood.

I. Jacob's deception.

II. Its results.

I. Jacob's deception. God's plans embrace both ends and agencies. His purpose "according to election" had ordained that "the elder shall serve the younger." The designed end would have been attained without the unworthy and perplexing methods adopted by the chief actors. That it was secured through deception, places no seal of approval upon either the act or the actors. Jacob was a destined man, and had prophetic foregleams of his appointed destiny. His wrong was in taking it prematurely into his own hands, thus forestalling not divine purposes, but methods. God's ways are always opportune, and God's ways are always the best. The appointed hour on the dial of eternal purposes is always the fittest. "When the fulness of time was come." Earlier would be premature. Later would be delay. It is always true that one dishonorable act necessitates additional



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intrigue to secure and maintain its ends. No perfidy ever stood alone. Jacob's cupidity in securing the birthright paved the way for the dishonorable deception to secure the patriarchal benediction accompanying and assuring it. Faith bids God's time and awaits his workings. Confusion and destruction always follow attempts to hasten divine purposes. "God's plans like hills pure and white unfold. We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold." God has a path to every purpose, and righteousness never needs subterfuges. God is often limited to the means at hand, and could not set aside the predetermined purpose because the immediate instrument was not ideal. Reprehensible as were some elements of Jacob's character and conduct, he was altogether the fitter instrument in preserving the family destiny.

II. Its results. Emerson says "Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it." It involves itself in the unfoldings of wrong. No truer thing was ever written than, "The way of the transgressor is hard," not at the entrance but at the end. Even moral pardon does not remove the effects of transgression. There is an important sense in which there is no forgiveness. 1. Personal discomfort and dishonor. "Decit is the false road to happiness." There are always two elements of discomfort; a sense of dishonor and reproach inseparable from moral consciousness, and the fear of detection, with impending results. Both combined in Jacob's experience. Character and conduct are both inexcusable. Footing is always insecure in the path of deception. "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely." 2. Divine disapproval. The success of an unworthy plan does not express approbation, neither does it turn aside a predetermined purpose. A consciousness of wrong invariably beclouds the heavens. Eden grew dark before the sentence of expulsion was pronounced. 3. Entangled circumstances. "O what a tangle welcome weave, when first we practise to deceive." Jacob became a fugitive, and many years elapsed before he returned to the home land. Rebekah, parted from her favorite son, never looked upon him again. The safe place for a human life is in the will of God. W. H. C.

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies.—Mother Groves' Worm Exterminator.



BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear it matters little if dark or fair—Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show. Whole-souled honesty printed there, glow.

Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do. Work that is earnest, and brave, and true.

Moment by moment, the long way through

Beautiful lives are those that bless—Silent rivers of happiness. Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

THE LORD TAKETH MY PART.

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble; the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion. We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners. Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God. They are brought down and fallen; but we are risen, and stand upright.

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him—There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but with the temptation also will make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

If God be for us, who can be against us?—The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us, and he will deliver us.

THE EQUIPMENT OF JOY.

(By Captain the Rev. Archibald Alexander, M.A., B.D.)

"The joy of the Lord is your strength." (Nehemiah viii, 10).

Let us talk about joy, and especially that kind of it of which Nehemiah was thinking when he said, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." It is strange that while practically everybody would agree as to the wholesomeness and the duty of joy in the ordinary sense of the term, to add the words "of the Lord" to it, seems, to some, completely to alter its character and in fact to spoil it, to turn it into an unreal sort of joy which is not true joy at all.

The joy of the Lord, as I understand it, is not different in quality from wholesome human gladness—it is, in fact, just that gladness deepened and sanctified by the sense of God, and the knowledge of Him brought to us by Jesus Christ our Lord.

There is not a single innocent and pure source of gladness open to men and women on this earth but is made so taste sweeter when they have opened their hearts to the love of God.

It is the very crown of happy living that is reached when a man can say, "My Lord and my God."

It is a postulant heresy to declare that a Christian ought to walk through life like a man with a hidden sickness. On the contrary, there is no one who has a better right to be joyous and happy-hearted.

What is the good of translating "Gospel" as "good news" and at the same time living as if religion were a burden and crawl along dolefully as if to the bone?

Of all the strange twists of human convention, it is surely the strongest to allow ordinary human joy to be happy and cheerful, and to insist that those whose joy is in the Lord should put a long face, and forswear laughter and crawl along doleful yea if to the sound of some dirge!

A gloomy, ponderous, stiff religion which looks askance at innocent merriment and is afraid to pull a long breath of enjoyment has the mark of "damaged goods" on it, somehow, and no one will take it off your hands. It is not catching, and certainly your children will never catch it.

It is said to be a good test of a religion that it can be preached at a street corner. But I know a better test than that. Preach it to a child. Set him in the midst of those who profess it.

If their religion frightens him, freezes the smiles on his lips, and destroys his happiness, depend upon it, whatever sort of religion it be, it lacks the essential winsomeness of the religion of Jesus Christ.

I say, and with all my heart I believe, that a deep, abiding well-spring of happiness—which our author calls the "joy of the Lord"—is of the very essence of true religion, and is, indeed, what he asserts it, actually our strength. Actually our strength. Let us be quite clear about that.

The man in whose heart there dwells this best of all joys is a strength to other people.

We don't need anyone to prove that to us, I imagine. We have all been helped and revived many a time merely by contact with some hearty, cheerful soul.

I take it the proof is ample that a joyous heart is a strength to others. But more, it is a strength to oneself. That may not be so obvious, and yet the result here is even more certain. Ordinary experience tells us that depression and gloom work us bodily harm. But from one province of scientific study especially there has come a wonderful array of evidence that makes it as certain as any fact can be that the happy states of mind do literally add to our strength in quite measurable directions. There is, in strict fact, no tonic in all the world like gladness.

That being so, joy, and especially the best kind of it of which Nehemiah speaks, is not a luxury, not a condition you may legitimately cherish if you are fortunate enough to possess it. It is a sheer necessity. You can't do without it.

Even to meet your sorrows, even to gird you for service, even to run your race without fainting, you need the joy of the Lord, which is strength.

And since the Father has stored up such an abundant supply of it in this world of His, since it is knocking at our doors every day, and only our distrust and suspicion keep it outside, we know what to do to secure this good gift of God. We have only to open our doors to let it in, and give it room.

PRAYER.

Help us, O God, beyond our poor and forgetful thanksgiving, to show forth the praise of Thy loving-kindness by our joy and gladness. For Thy great grace and mercy toward us, and for all the gifts of Thy sleepless Providence, we offer Thee the joy of our hearts. Accept our offering, we beseech Thee; forgive its scant measure, and teach us to be glad in Thee. For Thy Name's sake. Amen.

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TORONTO MARKETS.

FARMERS' MARKET.	
Dairy Produce—	
Butter, creamery, early	059 055
Do, creamery, early	055 040
Margarine, lb.	035 040
Eggs, new laid, doz.	050 030
Unpacked, lb.	050 030
Do, fancy, lb.	050 030
Dressed poultry—	
Turkey, lb.	040 035
Fowl, lb.	034 036
Spring chickens	032 035
Roasters, lb.	023 025
Cockings, lb.	023 025
Green, lb.	028 030
Fruits—	
Apples, bkt.	035 050
Do, bbl.	2 04 4 50
Crabapples	0 35 0 65
Grapes, qt. bkt.	0 45 0 60
Pears, bkt.	0 35 0 60
Quinces, bkt.	0 35 0 60
Vegetables—	
Beets, bkt.	0 35 0 60
Do, lb.	1 25
Cauliflowers, each	0 15 0 25
Do, doz.	0 15 0 25
Cucumbers, each	0 05 0 10
Cabbages, each	0 05 0 10
Cauliflower, each	0 15 0 25
Cherry, head	0 05 0 10
Do, doz.	0 05 0 10
Cherries, bkt.	1 00 0 15
Lettuces, head, bunch	0 05 0 10
Mushrooms, lb.	0 40 0 50
Onions, 2 1/2 bushels	0 30 0 40
Do, bkt.	0 50 0 60
Do, pecking	0 75 1 00
Do, green, bunch	0 10 0 15
Parsons, bunch	0 10 0 15
Parsons, bag	1 25 0 30
Pumpkins, each	0 05 0 10
Potatoes, bag	2 00 2 20
Radishes, 3 bunches	0 10 0 15
Rhubarb, 3 for	0 05 0 10
Sage, bunch	0 05 0 10
Savory, bunch	0 05 0 10
Spinach, peck	0 10 0 15
Squash, each	0 10 0 15
Tomatoes, bkt.	0 30 0 40
Turnips, bag	0 10 0 15
Vegetable marrow, each	0 05 0 10

MEATS WHOLESALE.	
Beef forequarters	15 50 16 75
Do, hindquarters	20 50 22 50
Carcases, choice	13 50 15 50
Do, medium	17 50 19 50
Do, common	14 50 16 50
Veal, common, cwt.	13 00 15 00
Do, medium	20 00 22 00
Do, prime	25 00 27 00
Heavy hogs, cwt.	19 00 21 00
Shop hogs	25 00 27 00
Abattoir hogs	25 00 27 00
Mutton, cwt.	20 00 22 00
Lamb, Spring, lb.	0 24 0 25

STREET MARKET.

Wholesale prices to the retail trade on Canadian papered, Toronto delivery, are as follows—	
Acadia granulated, 100-lb. bags	9 79
Do, No. 1 yellow	9 29
Do, No. 2 yellow	9 29
Do, No. 3 yellow	9 19
St. Lawrence granulated	9 79
Do, No. 1 yellow	9 49
Do, No. 2 yellow	9 39
Do, No. 3 yellow	9 29
Atlantic granulated	9 79
Do, No. 1 yellow	9 49
Do, No. 2 yellow	9 39
Do, No. 3 yellow	9 19
Redpath granulated	9 94
Do, No. 1 yellow	8 64
Do, No. 2 yellow	8 54
Do, No. 3 yellow	8 44
Barrels—over bags—	
Cases—20 5-lb. cartons, 60c., and 50 2-lb. cartons, 70c. over bags, Guinness, 5-2, 40c.; 10-lb., 50c. over bags.	

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Montreal Daily Star.

WHAT SOLDIERS WANT.

A suggestion to those who are sending gifts to soldiers overseas comes from Lt.-Col. (Canon) Frederick George Scott, Senior Chaplain of the First Division, in a cable received by friends in Montreal. He says "The men want playing cards and chewing tobacco."



"Ever-lastingly Good"

THE ALIBI

BY
Geo. Allan England

Author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Empire in the Air," "The Golden Night," "The After-Glow," "The Crime-Detector," etc.

In a minute more Arthur knew that he could rise and steal away boundlessly through the sand—away around the building at his left—down the beach again—anywhere, just so it should be away from the unseen and unknown man.

At that very instant, however, the red blur of the pipe described an arc in the gloom, indicating that the owner of the pipe had removed it from his mouth.

Then, harsh above the murmur of the surf upon the beach, hoarse, raw and repellent, a voice came through the night to him:

"Hey, there! Who the devil are you? An' what are you doin' round here?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Struck motionless by this direct challenge, Arthur remained where he was, unable to speak or move. A terrible anguish assailed him. At one blow his plans had all been shattered, now in the very hour of probable success he was confronted by failure, ruin and destruction. The moment was bitter with the gail of defeat.

Again the harsh voice sounded: "Come along out o' that, you! Come along or I'll bring you!"

Arthur realized that evasion or attempted flight would now be worse than useless. He must face this unknown man and bluff or brace his way through. With quick wit and a fat wallet, he might still travel far, despite everything.

And at the last resort he had the automatic.

On the instant all the softening, refining and ennobling influences of freedom, of night, of memories and hopes had once more vanished. All thoughts of Edith had taken swift flight. Now the cunning and the wiles of the hunted prisoner animal had dominantly surged back. At that had, good had quitted the boy, and evil had once more laid its blighting, withering clutch upon him.

Arthur stood up, faced the unseen man with the pipe, and advanced toward him through the ice sea sand.

"Who are you anyhow?" he demanded boldly.

The other ripped off a string of oaths.

"Say, you certainly got some nerve, you," he retorted, "to be askin' me who I am! Come on out o' that, now! I won't have no sneak thieves nor rummies hangin' round my place this time o' the mornin'!"

"Who's a thief and a rummy?" demanded Arthur, angrily. "You be careful!"

The smoker laughed brutally.

"Come here! Come here!" he reiterated. "Come and let's have a squint at you."

He rose from where he was sitting, advanced to Arthur and suddenly flashed an electric beam in his face. Startled, the fugitive blinked and stepped back a pace. The other laughed again.

"Got your goat; hey, kid?" he fested, clumsily. "Well, who are you an' what you doin' here?"

By the vague reflection of the beam Arthur sensed that the fellow was a

THIS WEAK, NERVOUS MOTHER

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak, always tired, my back ached, and I felt sickly most of the time. I went to a doctor and he said I had nervous indigestion, which added to my weak condition kept me worrying most of the time—and he said if I could not get well, I heard much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound my husband wanted me to try it. I took it for a week and felt a little better. I kept it up for three months, and I feel fine and can eat anything now without distress or nervousness."—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St., Philadelphia Pa.



The majority of mothers nowadays overdo, there are so many demands upon their time and strength; the result is invariably a weakened, run-down, nervous condition with headaches, back-ache, irritability and depression—and soon more serious ailments develop. It is at such periods in life that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore a normal healthy condition, as it did to Mrs. Worthline.

Well pleased, he followed the man up to the rough porch of the ramshackle building perched on the dune. Already he felt that the situation was well in hand. How much money he had in the wallet he did not know, but whatever the sum might be, he would give it all if need were for escape. He felt it must surely be enough—more than enough for this emergency. "Sit down an' let's have it," the fellow directed, flinging his hand at the edge of the porch. "Shot!"

hulking, big-shouldered brute with an evil countenance. The rank pipe still between his jaws emitted noxious fumes. Arthur felt a strong impulse to draw his gun and shoot the ruffian down—some beach-combing tough, scoured off the city's dives and sums, no doubt. But he restrained himself, even though this man stood squarely in his path to liberty he would not kill—yet.

"Who are you?" once more demanded the beach-comber. "Strike me blind! Spit it out!"

Swiftly Arthur thought. To frame any kind of passable story, he knew, would be totally impossible. This type of man, shrewd and evil, would fathom any lie that he could tell. The only possible course must be the frontal attack of bribery.

"What's that to you who I am?" Arthur therefore parried.

"What's it to me? A lot! This here's my property; see?"

He jerked his thumb at the shack behind him.

"I won't have no—"

"Oh, forget it!" interrupted Arthur. "Your whole place isn't worth a minute of my time. I could buy out the whole string of dumps here and then some, and never feel it. If a man happens to have business out here and then happens to want to get back to the city, do you kick? Are you a wise guy or not?"

Silence a moment. The electric beam went out, and the pipe glowed strongly. The man was pondering.

"Say! What you givin' us, anyhow?" he suddenly demanded.

But though the words were hostile, Arthur sensed the change in tone. Al ready he had succeeded in establishing a line of communication.

"What d'yuh mean?" the tough challenged.

"That's nothing to you what I mean," Arthur replied, lowering his voice. "Anybody else round these diggings? Anybody rubbering?"

"None. Why?"

"D'you want a bundle of kale?"

The question, pointblank, struck the ruffian a heavy blow. The blow went home right enough.

"Kale!" he demanded, eagerly.

"Kale is right. I've got enough for us both."

"What for?"

"What do you mean, what for?"

"What do you want o' me?"

"A boat."

"A boat, hey? Getaway? Is that it?"

"You've got me right. How about it?"

The smoker pondered again, then nodded toward the doorway of his shack.

"Come along up an' we'll chew this thing out, kid," he answered.

His tone had greatly moderated now. Perfectly well he understood—or thought he understood—that he was dealing with some crook or dweller of the underworld. From that very moment his hostility was beginning to melt. A kindred spirit was developed. Arthur's line of action had been unerringly correct; the only possible one at all under the circumstances. The instinct developed by his weary months in Sing Sing could not fail him now.

Well pleased, he followed the man up to the rough porch of the ramshackle building perched on the dune. Already he felt that the situation was well in hand. How much money he had in the wallet he did not know, but whatever the sum might be, he would give it all if need were for escape. He felt it must surely be enough—more than enough for this emergency.

"Sit down an' let's have it," the fellow directed, flinging his hand at the edge of the porch. "Shot!"

"Here's nothing to it except that I want a boat, and want it bad," answered Arthur, sitting down beside him.

The other sucked at his pipe.

"How much is t'agere in it; for me, and where do you want to go?"

"Land me anywhere in Brooklyn, or New York, and I'll split the bundle with you, Caa you do it?"

"Oh, I can do it all right, all right! I've got a twenty-two foot motor-boat in a cove back here. But the bundle—now hika does she run?"

"Search me! I don't know."

"What? Ain't looked at it yet? Ain't weeded the leather?"



old boat. And some clothes, too. It's going to be some chilly sailing, ho. No; come in and we'll have a what you got. Say!"

"What?"

"Didn't I hear some firin' off there somewhere half an hour ago, or maybe fifteen minutes?"

"Firin'?" Arthur parried.

"Man-in-a-hub! I just now happened to think of it. This surf here makes some noise. I didn't know for sure. Was there some rats going, kid? Good play with the old peppercorns, or how?"

"Search me!" denied Arthur. "I didn't hear anything."

"Didn't eh?" asked the other, suspiciously. "Well, maybe not. I kind of thought perhaps you was in on it. None o' my funeral, of course; but—"

"Forget it and let's get busy with that boat!" exclaimed the fugitive, standing up and waiting for the other to light the way in. "Nothing that's past amounts to a cuss now. I want your boat and I'll cough right up for it. So go to it!"

The ruffianly fellow grumbled a moment to himself incoherently, then turned and flung open a rickety door. The flash of the electric beam flicked white light on rough walls and disorder.

Arthur, none too well pleased by this turn of affairs, yet in his desperation forced to chance it, followed.

Inside the door he paused, peering about him with the wise caution that had come to birth in him through his prison experience. At his right, a mulling fire of driftwood knots showed a fireplace of rough brick. The dull glow of it lighted a squalid room, singularly disordered.

Arthur had rarely time to note more than this general impression when his host struck a match and lighted a tin lamp on the table.

The unshaded light of this revealed a wretched interior—a rough boarded room with a few nets hung on nails along the walls; a stove on three legs and a brick; a tumbled iron cot; dirty cooking-things; miscellaneous odds and ends of iron and ship-chandlery in one corner, gleaned from the beach; a barrel nearly full of corks near the door.

Beside the fireplace lay a heap of driftwood, drying. The only discordant note in the whole symphony of squalor was a telephone on the table, standing among unwashed dishes.

That telephone struck Arthur with a peculiar and disquieting force.

What could its use be? Why had it been installed in that lonely hovel out there on the edge of nowhere? What possible use could a broken-down beach-comber and casual fisherman have for a telephone?

Turning these questions in his mind, Arthur looked at the man himself, curious to know what manner of creature now held Fate in his hands.

The strange fellow was bent over the fire, poking at it with a huge iron bar that had once done duty aboard ship. Arthur could not see his face as yet. He had caught a glimpse of it when the man had ignited the lamp, but had not yet been able to form any clear picture of his host. Now, however, as the man turned, with some grumbled words of complaint about the chill dampness of the November air on the marsh, the fugitive saw him plainly and frowned.

His was, in fact, a face to give most men pause. In Arthur's plight it seemed doubly disquieting. Nothing good, everything evil was written there in lines of disease, vice, hardship and crime. King Alcohol had set his brand on that low countenance; and wicked thoughts and purposes, his deeds and criminal schemes had well seconded his work in making the man an object of repulsion and of fear.

The chin was square and bristled with a pepper-and-salt stubble; the nose was broken and twisted awry, as if by a terrific blow; a scar vividly wealed the right temple from the eyebrow up into the tangle of unkempt hair now disclosed as the man flung his sou'wester upon the floor and kicked it away into a corner.

All this was of ill augury; but his eyes were still worse—his eyes rather, for he had but one. The left had been gouged out in some of his obviously numerous battles, and now the lid drooped empty. The remaining optic blinked red, inflamed with drink and

with passion and hate, he still recognized the infinite advantage this brute possessed. Without his help everything was lost. Against his opposition nothing could be done. Arthur knew that he must yield, even to the ultimate penny.

"Take it all, you best!" he cried bitterly. "After it's all gone you can't get any more, anyhow. Here—take it and get busy! Now that you've cleaned me out, get busy, and be quick about it!"

He drew out the wallet, opened it, and pulled out bills—greenbacks, yellow-backs—without even trying to count them. He flung them on the table, all but a single "X."

"Here, you, quit holdin' out on me!" snarled the ruffian.

"You can spare me this to stake me when I strike the city. I haven't got a cent of my own. I tell you. You've got to let me have this ten!"

"Not much I won't! You get an overcoat there you can put up for a little coin. You got friends. You can make a touch. I need the coin—see? And—here! Gimme that now! Quit your holdin' out!"

With his left hand—the right still held the poker—the thug snatched both wallet and bank-note. His brows wrinkled in a villainous, low expression as with his single red eye he stu-

amoke; an evil eye, if ever man possessed one; the eye of a human beast of prey.

Arthur surveyed this personality, clad in a reefer, a torn black sweater, and a neckerchief, supplemented by cerdury trousers, and sea-boots. So violently unpleasant was his impression that he could not entirely suppress its effect in his look. The beach-comber observed this and grinned maliciously, showing broken and yellowed teeth.

"I ain't such a much in the beauty line, am I?" he ejaculated. "No, strike me dead. I ain't no Venus de Medicine, and that's a fact. But what d'you expect? We can't all pin a high grade of work like you. Some of us has to pull the rough stuff. So what you kickin' about?"

"I'm not kicking," replied Arthur. "Cut it, cut it, and get busy! Get your things on, oop the gas, and I'll split even with you, whatever I've got. Go to it, now!"

For a moment the man seemed about to obey. He nodded, turned and shuffled toward the fireplace, the iron bar still in his hand. Then he stopped and once again faced Arthur.

"Suppose you make that two-thirds?" he suggested. "The price of livin' is dognation high down here, specially gas; and what little I can pick up on the beach don't amount to a hoot. Corks used to bring—"

"Oh, forget it!" interrupted Arthur, his temper rising. "Fifty-fifty, I said, and that goes!"

"Nothin' doin'!"

"What?"

"It's my boat, ain't it?"

"See here, are you trying to skin me alive?"

"You can pay it—an' you're goin' to see? Now, dig!"

No mistaking the look in that one glowering eye. Arthur felt his temper getting the other hand. The man obviously had determined to wring him dry or hold him up altogether. The drag of the pistol in his pocket gladdened him. A little more now, and—

"Well, how about it?" demanded the thug. "Are you goin' to cough, or ain't you? Maybe you'd like to hoof it up the bay with all the bulls scoutin' after you?"

"Is that right?" asked Arthur. "Two-thirds, and you do the job?"

The other nodded.

"When I say I'll do a thing I do it!" he growled.

He peered curiously at Arthur a moment, then again came nearer.

"Say, bot!" he demanded, roughly. "What is it now?"

"Where d'you get that hair-cut?"

"None of your business!"

"Up the river—eh, kid?"

"What of it? You've been there yourself, I bet a million!"

"Maybe I have, maybe I have! Some place, ain't it? Strike me blind, but it's some place! A con would come across with everything he's got, wouldn't he, to beat a dump like that?"

With a quick gesture of his left hand he knocked Arthur's hat off. Arthur flung up his arm, but too late.

LET a woman ease your suffering. I want you to write, and let me tell you of a new method of home treatment, send you ten days' free trial, post-paid, and put you in touch with women in Canada who will gladly tell what my method has done for them.

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, back-ache, bearing down, or any of the following conditions, write to me today. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 8, Windsor, Ont.

See a message to women!!

The hat—Slayton's black felt—spiraled away and fell upon the dirty table.

"Some hair-cut! That's right!" gibed the ruffian. "I got your number, ho. That an' your white-paper face would give you a free pass back to Sing Sing any day.

"Just out, hey? And a fresh job on your hands? An' them after you? Say, looks here! No two-thirds goes now—see? You hand over the whole wad, widdo, or—Get me!"

He leered horribly at the telephone.

"Come across! Come across!" he menaced, squaring his jaw. "It's worth it."

Infuriated as Arthur was, trembling with passion and hate, he still recognized the infinite advantage this brute possessed. Without his help everything was lost. Against his opposition nothing could be done. Arthur knew that he must yield, even to the ultimate penny.

"Take it all, you best!" he cried bitterly. "After it's all gone you can't get any more, anyhow. Here—take it and get busy! Now that you've cleaned me out, get busy, and be quick about it!"

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to cure a skin disease, ulcer or sore permanently is to get to the "root" of the disease. That's what Zam-Buk does.

Zam-Buk's extraordinary powers of penetration, combined with its germ-destroying properties enable it to reach and destroy all germs in the underlying tissues, where skin troubles have their origin. In other words, Zam-Buk cures from the "root" upward, so that no trace of the disease is left to break out again.

To get lasting results, therefore, you should use Zam-Buk for all skin diseases, boils, ulcers and blood-poisoning, sores and piles. All dealers, 50c. box.



died the pocketbook. Then a change came over his face. His mouth dropped open. The yellow teeth showed. He stared at Arthur in amazement.

"Say, strike me blind!" he ejaculated. "If it ain't Slayton's leather!"

"What—what d'you mean?" gasped Arthur. "You—know him?"

"Know him! Do—know him?" belittled the other in a passion. "He asks me if I know him! Me, hired to watch an' keep him from—"

"What?"

The thug made a quick step, seized Arthur's overcoat, and flung it back.

"His overcoat! His suit! You got his suit on!"

He turned, snatched up the hat from the table, and peered inside it. There appeared three little gold-paper letters:

"His lid!"

Arthur faced him, livid.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he demanded hotly. "Crazy, or what?"

"You've cleaned out Slayton!" roared the beach-comber, his face a study of wicked rage. "You've croaked my meal-tick, have you?"

"Can that and get busy with the boat!" cried Arthur, shaking with rage. "You've got the wad; now go to it! Get to work!"

"Work! Ha! I'll get to work, all right, you lobster! But it won't be the kind o' work you mean. No boat for yours, kid! Nix on the boat! The only boat you'll get will be the Black Maria. I'll boat you, all right... all right—strike me dead if I don't!"

Wheeling, he reached for the telephone. Arthur staggered back, horror-stricken.

"You—won't do that! Not that!" "Went, hey?"

He brandished the heavy poker in a gesture of deadly menace.

"I won't! You just wait an' see!"

Arthur's eye measured the distance to the door. The ruffian stood between him and it with the iron bar in hand. A sudden madness possessed the fugitive. Something like a red haze seemed to swim before his eyes. Now, just at the very moment of escape, this hideous, vicious, degraded creature for some unknown reason was about to deliver him to the police.

Arthur's hand slipped from his pocket. It closed over the butt of the automatic. On the instant the ugly black weapon whipped up into the air.

With a bestial cry the thug sprang and struck the iron bar smashed on Arthur's forearm just as he pulled trigger. The report crashed through the room; splinters flew from the floor.

The fugitive's arm dropped, paralyzed. He tried to duck to guard with the left elbow; but the swinging bar caught him. Fair on the head its crushing impact descended. No hair shielded the boy's skull. His brain took the full shock of the savage blow.

Reeling, he crashed against the table and fell. Black obscenity mercifully enveloped him in its pall.

(to be continued.)

Chronic Skin Disorders

How Overcome Quickly

There is no hope of getting rid of disgusting skin blemishes until the blood is purged of every trace of unclean matter.

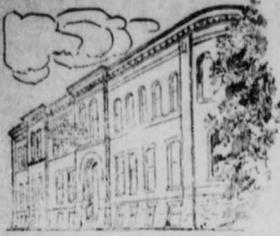
Wonderful results follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which provide the blood with the elements it needs to become rich and red.

Quickly indeed the blood is brought to normal strength, is filled with nutrition, is given power to drive out of the system the elements that caused rashes, pimples, nasty complexion and kindred ills. Don't delay. Get Hamilton's Pills to-day; they go to work at once, and give prompt results. Mild, efficient, safe for men and women or children. Get a 25c. box to-day from any dealer.

Burn Gas Jet Under Water.

In a new European method for producing steam, a high-pressure gas jet is burned under the surface of the water in a steel boiler.

Mrs. H. Peck—John, I wish you'd give me a synonym for misery. Mr. H. Peck—What's the matter with your matrimony?—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



What Chance Have I

This is always the question of the one who has failed to develop his abilities. Hundreds of important, lucrative positions are going begging because there are so few trained men and women to fill them. Don't stay in the rut of a poor salaried position, develop your ability for bigger things.

Canada business College offers you the opportunity. You can enroll any time, send for calendar and information.



S. Frank Smith & Son Auction Sale Dates

- Friday, Nov. 8—Geo. Vanorman, lot 17, con. 6, East Flamboro.
- Monday, Nov. 11—T. Denardis, lots 8 and 9, con. 2, East Flamboro.
- Tuesday, Nov. 12—J. O. Mathony, lot 34, con. 7, Beverly.
- Thursday, Nov. 14—Fred Waters, lot 2, con. 4, East Flamboro.
- Friday, Nov. 15—Estate of James Geo. Hall, lot 3, con. 7, East Flamboro.
- Tuesday, Nov. 19—Chas. Dennis, lot 3, con. 11, East Flamboro.
- Wednesday, Nov. 20—Earl Draper, R. Griffin farm, Ancaster.
- Thursday, Nov. 21—A. E. Smith, Millgrove, 30 Head Pure Bred registered Holstein cattle.
- Friday, Nov. 22—William Pearson, Clappison's Corners.

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OWN YOUR OWN BUNGALOW

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and Cement Highway.

Lots to suit the purchaser. Easy
Terms.

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Our Neighbors

Items of Interest Gathered by Review Correspondents

Rock Chapel

Mr. and Mrs. Herb. Patton were visitors with Mrs. Chas. Sheppard over Sunday.

Mr. Daley, of Hamilton, is a visitor at Mr. Frank Robertson's.

A daughter arrived to gladden the heart of Mrs. Joe Barrie, whose husband is now overseas. She is at present staying with her mother, Mrs. Smith, in Dundas.

The Christmas boxes for our boys overseas were packed Wednesday afternoon.

Church services were held here last Sunday evening. Mr. Albright conducted the services. We were pleased to have Mr. Harris, of Dundas, with us.

Frank and Ernest Douglas, Fred Binkley, John Poole, Garwood, Chas., Jake and Haskin Sheppard have departed on their annual hunting trip.

Mrs. Garwood is recovering from an attack of lumbago.

Greensville

Mrs. W. Porter and little daughter, Vera, of Windsor, were visiting here last week.

Mr. Albert Surems, of Detroit, is the guest of relatives in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Taylor spent Sunday in Millgrove.

Mr. M. Bowman having accepted a position on the Hamilton police force has moved to that city.

Millgrove

Mr. Thos. Eaton our genial Merchant is lying very sick at his home.

Walter Crooker and Miss Vera Reid are battling with the Flu.

The Public school will open next Monday and the church and Sunday school on Sunday.

Miss Goodal of Toronto is visiting at the home of Mr. Geo. Shelton.

Our people now have a home marker for their turnips. They are now being dried at our Evaporator.

PEERLESS WATER SYSTEMS

work automatically and give you an abundant supply of fresh, running water any place about the house or barn at any hour of the day or night.

Call and see one of these systems in full operation.

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Carlisle

A MUSICAL HORSE

On Wednesday last a gentleman who had been imported from Italy, by the name of Louie Perini, of Clappison's Corners, paid a business call to the writer's domicile. He went into the barn, leaving the horse hitched to a democrat and eating oats with the bride off. The horse strolled off, eating grass, everything going fine until an old salt tarrel started to roll in front of the wagon and at the horse's heels. The horse took fright and ran over top of a lumber pile and proceeded up through the garden, rolling the barrel in front of the wagon at the rate of 100 miles an hour. It was wonderful how that horse could beat time and make such excellent music out of that old salt barrel. Then the horse, with wagon upside down, and the salt barrel as a drum, ran over the chicken coop, liberating the roosters and making the coop into kindling wood. By this time Louie was on the job and of all the confusion of languages I ever heard, this was the greatest. One would think by noise and the languages that Eabelonians were tearing down the tower of Babel or that the caithumpians were out on parade. Best of all the entertainment was to see how perfectly that musical horse could beat the drum to the tune of "Protestant Boys" and still be owned by an honored member of the Church of Rome.

Just to hear the barrel a-bumping.
And to see the coop a-leaking;
Just to hear the wagon thumping
And "Louie P." a-squeaking;
Just to see the horse a beating,
And the wagon with no seating.

Was a musical drama to be long remembered.

BUY BONDS FOR VICTORY.

DOUBLE UP.

The call is now "Double up." Everybody seems to be doing it. Why shouldn't they? The cause is worth doubling up for. Besides, it would be impossible to get a better investment. It's better than the Americans were offered, for their Fourth Liberty bonds bear only 4 1/4 per cent, whereas ours carry 5 1/2. So "doubling up" is the correct thing. It is patriotic and also good business. Double up.

THE CRISIS.

Your country needs your financial help to meet its crisis to-day. You may need financial resources to meet a possible crisis in your affairs later on. There is one safe, sane, sure way to meet either kind of crisis. In taking it you discharge your duty to your country and to yourself. Take it to-day. Buy Victory Bonds. Buy all you can.

LEND TO CANADA.

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Men's Furnishings

Men's Caps, new styles in fancy check Tweeds,
\$1.50 and \$2.00

Boys' New Caps, new styles in fancy checks,
\$1.50 to \$1.75

Men's Sweater Coats, a good assortment in assorted colors and good, strong yarn
\$2.75 to \$8.00

Men's Pigskin Mitts, lined, extra good wearing.
\$1.00

Men's Heavy Lined Mitts, Horsehide fronts, heavy wrists
\$2.25

A shipment of new Raincoats, Men's Tweed Raincoats, a splendid coat
\$10.00

Men's Grey Flannel Shirts, dark grey with attached collar
\$2.00

Men's Grey Striped Overalls, with bib
\$2.25

Men's Heavy Grey Tweed Pants, splendid for winter
\$5.00

Men's Khaki Handkerchiefs
10c, 15c and 20c

Men's White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs
10c

Dry Goods

Women's New Boudoir Caps, made of fine net, ribbon and lace trimmed
50c

Women's Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, small floral design in corner
10c

Women's Goddess Corsets, made for slight figure, laced in front. A splendid corset and the proper style
\$2.50

Children's Velvet Hats, very nice style and nicely made, in navy and green
\$1.75

Women's Chamois Lisle Gloves, good fall weight; black, grey and white
\$1.00

Women's New Kid Gloves, white, brown, grey, light tan. The very latest styles and superior quality. Call and see them
\$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

Babbit's Cleanser. Costs less, none better, no acid, at your service, safe, modern and economical
10c

X-Ray Stove Polish. A durable, rich, black gloss. This will go further than two tins of paste. No rust, no dust, no odor, no stained hands
10c

Sunny Morning Laundry Soap. Any kind of water, cold, lukewarm, hot, hard or soft