CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO ONTARIO

Aug 24 to Sept 8 1928

Golden Jubilee Year of World's Largest Exhibition, The Super Event of 1928

PRESENTING within a 14-day period, exhibits from nearly every country; the first public showing of 1929 motor cars at Canada's National Motor Show; the Continent's Premier Horse Show; First International Air Craft Display; the noted 2,200 Voice Exhibition Chorus; Band Concerts by H.M. Royal Air Force Band (England), and other outstanding musical organizations; an entirely new Grand Stand Extravaganza by 1,500 performers on the world's largest stage, and the Premier International Sporting Event of the year,

The Third Wrigley Marathon Swim

for a $50,000 purse and the championship of the world; and an amateur sports programme on land and water attracting the recognized stars of America.....*and*.....but why attempt to touch upon even half the high-lights of this, the greatest exhibition in the world.

Why not come and see this Golden Jubilee Year Celebration? Perfect highways, reduced railroad and steamship rates, ample accommodation.

60th Year

THOMAS BRADSHAW, *President*
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It May Be *Urgent*

When *your* Children Cry for It

Castoria is a comfort when Baby is fretful. No sooner taken than the little one is at ease. If restless, a few drops soon bring contentment. No harm done, for Castoria is a baby remedy, meant or babies. Perfectly safe to give the youngest infant; you have the doctors' word for that! It is a vegetable product and you could use it every day. But it's in an emergency that Castoria means most. Some night when constipation must be relieved—or colic pains—or other suffering. Never be without it; some mothers keep an extra bottle, unopened, to make sure there will always be Castoria in the house. It is effective for older children, too; read the book that comes with it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Africa Is Dry

Especially When Down to the Last Drop North of Lake Chad Where Solo Biking is Difficult

By Francis Flood

My partner Jim and I were the first ever to cross Africa north of Lake Chad on wheels. And the 103 miles from N.Guigmi to Rig-Rig are 103 reasons why I think we'll also be the last.

At N'Guigmi, near the north shore of Chad and on the edge of the Sahara Desert, we had removed our motorcycle side cars and loaded them, with all our tires, spare parts, gasoline and baggage onto a battery of five camels and headed our little cravan toward Rig-Rig. Then we ate one last big meal in the N'Guigmi fort, and two hours behind our camels, started out ourselves. We had the worst hundred miles of our entire trip ahead of us, and I was riding a motorcycle without side car for the first time in my life—and the last time.

Just because I used to be a good bicycle rider when I was a kid, I let Jim talk me into tackling the motorbike solo when we found the sand was too bad for our side cars. Long before we reached Rig-Rig I showed Jim that when sand gets so bad one has to ship his side car on a camel, it's time to load up the whole expedition, bikes, drivers, and all. But Jim waited until we reached Rig-Rig and then reminded me that we did make it after all, one way or another, with our solo motorbikes and we never could have done it with our side cars. And so we were both right.

The camel trail itself, the "route propre," was impossible from the start. Fifty feet wide and longer than I dared to guess, this huge sand bin of a road had been ground down into the desert, deep and soft and white, by the squashing, padded hoofs of years of camel caravans. I plunged into it with my drunken solo bike, plowed my front fheel sidewise, buried to the hub, and chugged to a stop, falling in a tangle of spokes and elbows and handlebars and hot sand.

I lifted the heavy machine, started the motor and tried to move on. Straddling the bike didn't get us anywhere and pushing from the side made it fall over the other way unless I'd lean it toward me so much I'd be half carrying it. I sweat my bush shirt black and then remembered that we couldn't carry enough drinking water for me to do that very often—even if I wanted to.

And there was no relief in sight. Ahead, the next hundred years looked the same. Behind us was N.Guigmi fort, looking like a picture of a castle hanging on the walls of a sand bin; and I knew its walls were covered with people watching the fool Americans. Miles off to the right mocked the faint hint of the reedy shores of Chad, that lake withering dry in the sun. To the left, across a half mile of no man's sand was a fringe of scrub trees and thick bush. Maybe we could make headway over there—if we could get to it. Might as well try, for there was no place else to go.

Tugging bodily through sand blowouts, missing a few, tumbling and sliding about over the eternal bumps and clumps of scrub, falling and getting up, sweating and straining, we finally wrestled the bucking, diving bikes up onto the slightly firmer ground among the trees and bush. Here we could go fast enough to keep our feet off the ground about half the time—but always in low gear and always dodging stumps and bush and often crashing into something we didn't know was there.

We'd left the caravan route. We weren't even on a foot path. We were simply out in "the blue," which is the desert idiom for what the jungle folk call the bush and what we call the sticks or the slick of the wide open spaces. We were simply in Africa, going east—with 2,500 miles yet to go.

Jim had ridden solo motorcycles all his life, and I was having my first experience—many of them—that day, and so he would rack up his machine and help me start. I'd sit away back on the luggage carrier, as far behind the seat as possible and still reach the tips of the handlebars. Then, with Jim pushing from behind and the motor racing wide open, I'd start off in intermediate. It was also a question of getting up speed before starting. The effect usually ended by my skidding out into the blue and coming up in a pile against a bush clump beside the road. But sometimes, eventually, I'd make my getaway—and then watch out! If a fly lit on my nose or a sand burr in my shorts I'd just leave 'em alone. I was too busy hanging on and I never stopped until we spilled. I knew that would be soon enough.

Fifteen miles an hour was as slow as I could go and still keep upright and not bag down in the sand, and twenty was the speed I tried to keep—as fast as the motor would roar in intermediate. Now, it's one thing to fall off a motorcycle while plugging along in low gear, probably with one foot on the ground anyway. But it's another to be zeeming across Africa, fifteen or twenty miles an hour, hanging on like a jockey on a wild steer if a steer could go that fast, skidding and skidding from the edge of one disaster into the middle of another, like a fire truck on a drunk, and then to pile the whole works in one grand, sudden smash. My snorting motorcycle and I piled up at twenty miles an hour many times that day. Sometimes Jim would find me underneath, sometimes o ntop and sometimes fifteen feet away picking sandburrs out of what was left of my clothes.

Well, years passed. And then one day we missed the well the Commandant had so carefully marked on our little penciled map. There was no well. And precious little water in our canteens. In a big basin which we thought might contain an oasis, and which in any other country would have been a lake, we camped. Thought a caravan might come along.

For two hours I explored that basi looking for a water hole. There had been many. I could see where the goats and camels had drunk out of pools that were now dried up. As the water had disappeared, a tank or subbasin had always been dug in the lowest part so that the stock might get water for a few more days. And in the lowest part of that there was always another smaller hole, a well, from which the seep water had been drawn in buckets for a few more days. But now the water table was too low even for these. They were all dry. The desert folk and their herds had moved on. We were too lote.

"Here's water, Pop," Jim yelled, and I went back to camp. He was boiling coffee in an old gallon oil can we used for a water carrier. It looked like coffee. "That's water," he explained. "Not bad."

"Where'd you find it?" I asked.

"A jackal showed it to me. It was just light enough to see him and I figured if here was a jackal then there must be water. So I lay low and watched him. He went down into that basin there where you see all those dead rushes. And after while he went away again. So I beat it down there and found this."

It was the only basin I'd missed in my patrol of the whole valley and it was on the upper side too.

"Better not go down to see the well 'til this has boiled and cooled and you've had a drink. You'll probably enjoy it more. This looked pretty bad before I strained it through my shirt tail."

In the morning I went down to see. In the bottom of the old pool a deeper larger hole had been dug and away down in the bottom were a few inches f filthy, brown liquid, the surface covered with slime, dead insects, and general flotsam including bits of dung and decayed vegetation. The only way the jackal could have drunk was to jump down into the water and then scramble out as best he could. But we knew we'd have to sweat some more that day so we boiled another gallon and took it along. According to our may we were only twenty kilometers from Lade, a year-round village, and there'd be plenty of water there.

We made our twenty kilometers. No Lade. We struggled along for five more. No Lade. At two or three miles an hour we sweat through five more. No Lade—and our water was nearly gone. Probably a half pint left. I told Jim I was good for just one more intermediate gear dash before we camped for the night. Five more kilometers, no water, and no Lade! Perhaps we'd gone past. The big caravan route branched off so much we might easily have taken the wrong fork and missed a little grass village hidden down in a water basin. We'd missed villages before that were supposed to be on the route.

It was three o'clock. Neither of us had had a drink since one, and all the water we had was a half-pint each in the carbide generators on our motorcycles that Jim happened to remember. Lucky thought. We'd keep that though—keep it until we needed it.

We held a council of war. No use looking for Lade any more. Undoubtedly missed it. Rig-Rig probably twenty miles away; it was thirty from Lade, and no water of any kind between Lade and Rig-Rig. A day's run if we had good luck. Couldn't possibly do it on our water supply and we knew there was no water of any kind between Lade and Rig-Rig. No basin near here. No use to look for water. Better make camp quietly, keep in the shade, lie down, conserve our energy—and just hope that somebody would come along. We hadn't seen a soul all day, but there must be some travelers on the road. Anyway, there was nothing else to do .No use running around sweating out what moisture we did have.

Of course I lived through this all right, or I wouldn't be telling about it. But I believe it was the tightest fix I was ever in. I'll tell you right now however, I've got a nice clear glass of cool water here on the table as I write.

ETHEREAL

"What's become of that pretty young actress I saw last year?"

"She's starring."

"And the young fellow who seemed to be so devoted to her?"

"He's still mooning."—(Weekly Scotsman.)

Of Course

Teacher: "Willie, can you name a city in Alaska?"

Willie: "No'm!"

Teacher: "Correct."

When packing for a journey of any sort we should include with all other accessories that much-needed package of "good manners."

Let Minard's Liniment Relieve Pain.

COMPLETELY RUN DOWN

Symptoms That the Blood is Thin Should Not be Neglected

Weak, run-down, lacking strength, energy and ambition, nervous, sleepless, poor appetite, digestion disturbed—these are the symptoms named by a great majority of people who have been benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These tonic pills correct the condition described and if you have any of these symptoms you should give these pills a trial. Their great value in cases of this kind is shown by the statement of Mrs. James A. Tibbetts, Halifax, N.S., who says:—"I was completely run down in health. My blood was thin and watery, and my nerves so bad that I did not sleep well at night. My appetite was poor and the least exertion left me weak and trembling. When I went out I would have a severe headache, and would have to lie down as soon as I got in the house. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I soon found they were helping me and by the time I had taken the sixth box I felt like a new woman, and have enjoyed good health ever since. For this reason I can highly recommend the pills to anyone run-down or troubled with their nerves."

Not only do Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help the nerves. Their main function is to enrich and increase the blood, and as the blood supplies the whole body, new life is given to the entire system. Better sleep, steady nerves, improved appetite, increased vigor—all these can be yours by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Begin them to-day. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Crows

Crows that stand on the tops of pines
And flap their wings in the face of the sun—
These have life and fling it to the winds;
These have life that is never done.

Great black crows on the tops of pines,
Flapping their wings at the golden sun—
These will stand on the tops of pines,
And flap their wings till time is done.

For life is not a garment to be kept for best,
And washed with care lest its colors run.
Life should be flapped from the tops of days,
Like the wings of crows, in the face of the sun.

—E. Clark Stillman in Poetry.

POOR CONTORTIONIST

"You say that fellow who is dead broke is a contortionist?"

"Yes."

"Must be a mighty poor one if he can't make both ends meet."

Road Signs for Motorists

New York Herald Tribune: (A plea is made for uniformity of road signs.) The motorist who tours north from New York to Canada, whether he takes the Daniel Webster Highway in the east, the Green Mountain Highway in the west or the College Highway in the centre, is continually confused by the differing signs which are employed by day and night.

Minard's Liniment—Universal remedy

An egotists is one who, whenever he has a birthday, wishes his friends many happy returns of the day.

In America, according to a statistician, "poor" babies have more chance of living than "rich" babies. Poor babies.

New Lights on Bible History

Ancient Document Throws New Light on Fate of Pilate That the Man Who Handed Jesus Over to Death, Himself Was Yielded to the Jews by Tiberius and Was Crucified.

London.—A document which has been translated by Dr. A. Mingana and included in the bulletin of the John Rylands Library throws an interesting light on the crucifixion story. The document was written by Gamaliel, who declared that Pontius Pilate and his wife Procula were overjoyed at the resurrection of Jesus and the miracles at the tomb of the Saviour.

They gave a great banquet for the poor and needy of the city. The Jews, hearing that Procula was about to visit the tomb of Jesus conspired to seize her and kill Pilate. Gamaliel discovered the plot and warned Joseph of Arimathea, who in turn told Pilate. His soldiers captured Barabbas and other plotters and crucified Barabbas with his head downwards. The Jews incensed, complained to King Herod, who sent a complaint to Tiberius Caesar. Pilate wrote to Rome, accusing the Jews of causing the crucifixion. Tiberius, on receipt of this news, ordered certain of these Jews killed and sent messengers to Pilate summoning him to appear before him.

On the orders of the envoy of Tiberius, Pilate was flogged because he killed Jesus without consulting Caesar. The enraged Jews finally persuaded the envoy to deliver up Pilate to them for the crucifixion instead of sending him before Tiberius, whereupon the Jews crucified Pilate upon the Saviour's cross and crowned him with thorns.

While his wife, Procula, was standing at the foot of the cross talking to Pilate, a heavenly voice was heard promising him a crown in heaven and the Jews grouped nearby fled in terror. Another version tells that Tiberius ordered Pilate to be crucified because he allowed the crucifixion of Jesus. Tiberius acted in this manner because his own son had been restored to life at the tomb of Jesus.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

In Summer When Childhood Ailments Are Most Dangerous.

Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets relieve these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child they will prevent their coming on. The Tablets are guaranteed to be absolutely harmless even to the new-born babe. They are especially good in summer because they regulate the bowels and keep the stomach sweet and pure. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Utterly at Sea

Toronto Globe (Lib.): (Rev. Dr. R. Keene Ryan, pastor of the Garfield Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Chicago, expresses the opinion that in time the United States will absorb Canada. Mr. Ryan is utterly at sea.) Canada has a better and more democratic form of government than has the United States, it is richer in native resources, and has more potential wealth for its population. It has retained the tried and true traditions of the Anglo-Saxon world, which the United States has largely lost, and, above all, has a future as part of the British Empire which it could never have as a portion of the Republic. This is the big thing for Canada, although it is something which most people in the United States do not understand. The Empire is immeasurably greater than the United States in power, resources, enterprise and influence. Canadians realize that it would be folly to change positions.

Too Much ACID

Many people, two hours after eating, suffer indigestion as they call it. It is usually excess acid. Correct it with an alkali. The best way, the quick, harmless and efficient way, is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained for 50 years the standard with physicians. One spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids, and at once. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

You will never use crude methods when you know this better method. And you will never suffer from excess acid when you prove out this easy relief. Please do that—for your own sake—now.

Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. Each bottle contains full directions—any drugstore.

Designed FOR Dependability

Firestone engineers found that the life of a tire depends as much upon the flexing life of the cords of the carcass, as upon the toughness of the tread.

To provide extra strength, stamina, and long wear, Firestone dips the cords of the carcass in a rubber solution. This saturates and insulates every strand of every cord, minimizing internal friction and gives thousands of extra miles. The Firestone Dealer in your locality will gladly serve you, and save you money.

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Hamilton, Ontario

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

Sunlight

L. V. Dodds in Science Progress (London): In a country such as England, where the population is being crowded more and more into towns, and where even country dwellers are deprived of sunlight through the vagaries of climate, the practical value of artificial sunlight in preventing the onset of disease, and restoring health in such a wide range of conditions, is quite sufficient, apart from the many technical uses, to warrant the extensive installation of apparatus in industrial concerns throughout the country. This will compensate for our dark winter climate and indoor life, and the benefit will be both immediate and permanent.

The following is a bishop's description of the kind of preaching sometimes addressed to fashionable congregations: "Brethren, unless you repeat, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned to some extent."—The Churchman.

HILL THE MOVER—PIONEER DISTANCE movers of Canada. Largest speedy padded vans. New Equipment, latest methods. Two experienced men every trip. All loads insured. Beyond compare for skill and care. Before you move, write us or wire and reverse the charges. Head office Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. Hill the Mover.

25 Times Telescopes, 3 draw, $12.00. Post Paid. Other Telescopes, Field Glasses and Microscopes to choose from. Handy to have anywhere. Send for list. Alberta Optical Co., Ltd., 123 8th Ave. West, Dept. 16, Calgary, Alta.

Vacation!

When you are going on vacation take a bottle of Minard's along. You'll need it for sunburns, bites, etc.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

WOMAN SO SICK COULD NOT WORK

Helped by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Grainland, Sask.—"I am glad that I heard of that good Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine and I will not be without it again. I was so sick that I could not work at all and could not sew on the machine. My aunt told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am telling all of my friends how good it is and I will answer all letters I get from women."—MRS. MARY SCHULTIES, Grainland, Sask.