

To Make Hairs Vanish From Face, Neck or Arms

Keep a little powdered delatone handy and when hairy growths appear make a paste with some of the powder and a little water, then spread over hairy surface. After 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be entirely free from hair or bluish. This simple treatment is unailing, but care should be exercised to be sure and get genuine delatone, otherwise you may be disappointed.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very very small cost. Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blotches disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

Best's Branch

Princess & Division

City Dairy Ice Cream Bricks, all flavors, 30 cents, fresh daily from Toronto.

Phone Your Orders

Best's Branch

Phone 2018

TRY MAGNESIA FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

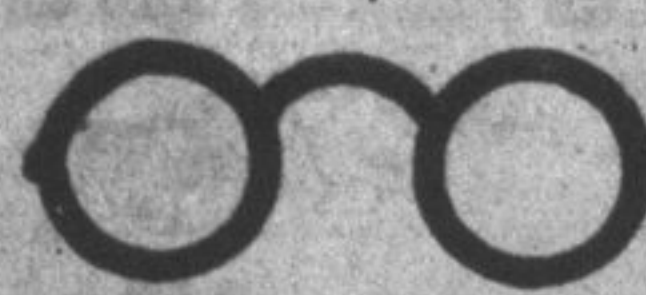
It Neutralizes Stomach Acidity, Prevents Food Fermentation, Sour, Gassy Stomach and Acid Indigestion.

Doubtless, if you are a sufferer from indigestion, you have already tried pepsin, bismuth, soda, charcoal, drugs and various digestive aids and you know these things will not cure your trouble in some cases do not even give relief.

But before giving up hope and deciding you are a chronic dyspeptic just try the effect of a little bisurated magnesia—not the ordinary carbonate, citrate, oxide or milk, but the pure bisurated magnesia, which you can obtain from practically any druggist in either powdered or tablet form.

Take a teaspoonful of the powder or two compressed tablets with a little water after your next meal, and see what a difference this makes. It will instantly neutralize the dangerous, harmful acid in the stomach which now causes your food to ferment and sour, making gas, wind, flatulence, heartburn, and the bloated or heavy lumpy feeling that seems to follow most everything you eat. You will find that, provided you take a little bisurated magnesia immediately after a meal, you can eat most anything and enjoy it without any danger of pain or discomfort to follow and moreover the continued use of the bisurated magnesia cannot injure the stomach in any way so long as there are any symptoms of acid indigestion.

Keeley Jr., M.O.D.O.



These people (and they are many) who dread the ordeal of an eye examination are agreeably astonished to find that, as made by us, it causes no pain, discomfort, or inconvenience.

And We Use No Drugs.

Keeley Jr., M.O.D.O.

226 Princess Street

SONGS SOLDIERS SING

LOVE DITTIES AND NONSENSE ARE THE FAVORITES.

Men Do Not Make Much Use of Patriotic Songs, Even When Marching Into Action, But They Have a Liking for Humorous Verse and Plenty of Sentiment—They Know That Peace is a Long Way Off.

THE necessity for poetry and song is fully and officially recognized by the British and Canadian military authorities at the front. Every division has its own concert party. These men are chosen out of the ranks because they can sing, and their one task is to furnish nightly concerts for the men. They are provided with a good hall, or tent, or open-air position; and they are given enough money to buy stage scenery and appropriate dress. Everybody attends the concerts from the general to the private; and while the entertainments last, the war is forgotten. A charge is made at the door but the balance sheet is published for all ranks to see; and the profits are distributed among the divisional charities.

But, after all, the singing in the concert rooms is but a small fraction of the singing one hears in the army. On every march, in every billet and mess, there is the sound of singing. Nor must the singing at our religious services and in the Y.M.C.A. be forgotten. Song seems to be the great renewer of hope and courage. It is the joy bringer. Moreover, it is an expression of emotions that can find no other voice.

How real these songs are to the soldiers is indicated by one striking omission. There are no patriotic songs at the front. Except the National Anthem rendered on formal occasions, I have never heard in eighteen months, a single patriotic song. The reason is not far to seek. The soldiers' patriotism calls for no expression in song. They are expressing it night and day in the endurance or hardship and wounds—in the risking of their lives. Their hearts are satisfied with their deeds, and songs of such a character become superfluous. In peace-time they sing their love of the homeland, but in war-time they suffer for her and are content. They would never think of singing a patriotic song as they march into battle. It would be painting the lily and gilding refined gold. Are not their deathless deeds, songs for which they make a foil by singing some inconsequential and evanescent song such as "There's something in the seaside air."

On analysis I should say that there are five subjects on which our soldiers sing. First, there are Nonsense Songs, or, if you prefer it, songs of soldier philosophy. They know that no theory will explain the war; it is too big a thing for any sheet of philology to cover. It has burst on our human mind like a colliding plane. The thing to do is not to involve philosophy as to how the planet got astray but to clear up the mess it has made. Our soldiers show this sense of the vastness of war-happenings, by singing of things having no real importance at all, and keeping steadily to their duties. The path of duty is the end, the only path of sanity. This would-be war philosopher they put on one side. The war is too big for him. Let him leave his explanation of the war and lend a hand to bring it to a good end. So they sing, with laughing irony,

"We're here because we're here, because we're here, because we're here."

Or,

"While you've got a lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style. What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while. So pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile, smile, smile."

The second class of song is the Love Song; of a more or less serious character. The Tommies came out of England singing "Tipperary," but they dropped it in France, and the only one on whose lips I have heard it was a little French boy sitting on the tail of a cart. The chorus alone gave it popularity for it was the expression, ready to hand, of a long farewell; and with its "long, long way to go" showed that, like Kitchener, the soldiers "not deceived."

Thought She Would Lose Her Little Girl With DIARRHOEA

Thousands of infants die annually who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There can be no doubt about it. During the seventy-two years that this wonderful remedy has been on the market, it has been proved conclusively that it is the best for diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, cholera infantum and all looseness of the bowels, especially when the children are teething.

Many of the imitations of "Dr. Fowler's" being offered to the public today are positively dangerous as they often check the diarrhoea; too suddenly, cause inflammation and leave the bowels in a constipated condition. "Dr. Fowler's" will not do this, but will impart a healthful tone to the mucous surface, and stop the diarrhoea in an easy and natural way.

Mrs. M. Tyler, Orland, Ont., writes "I have used your wonderful medicine for nine years with great satisfaction. My little girl was only five months old and she was so sick with diarrhoea I thought she would die. I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and it gave her quick relief. I have used it ever since for the whole of my family, six in all, and can praise it more than anything I ever used." The genuine is put up by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price, 25c.

by hopes of an early peace. Now another song with verses more expressive of their sentiments has taken its place. The chorus runs

"There's a long, long trail winding into the land of my dreams, Where the nightingales are singing And a white moon beams; There's a long, long night of waiting Until my dream comes true; 'Till the day when I'll be going down That long, long trail with you."

Sometimes the imagination will wander into the days that are to be—for some—and they sing,

"We don't want a lot of flags flying, We don't want a lot of flags flying."

We don't want a lot of speechifying, And we don't want a lot of warping hands; We don't want a lot of interfering, When we've safely crossed the foam;

But we DO want to find the girls now—just to sit in their chair and watch her at her sewing or knitting. When we all come unarmingly home."

Will the girls remember? The words are not without tragedy. How deeply some of the men love many perhaps never realized by those at home. The longing of their hearts is, at times, almost unbearable. A captain, past middle life, took my arm one day and led me aside. He was, he said, a little anxious about himself, for he was getting into the habit of taking more drink than he was wont to take. He had been taking when he felt lonely and depressed to ease the longing of his heart.

"I never touch it at home," he said, "the society of my dear little wife is all the stimulant I need. I would give the world to be with her now—just to sit in her chair and watch her at her sewing or knitting. The separation is too much for me and, you know it has lasted nearly three years now."

The men's thoughts pass easily from the sweetheart to the mother who bore them, and we have a third class, "The Home Song." I have been awakened in the night by men, going up the line, singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning." It is very thrilling to hear in the dead of night, when every singer is within range of the enemy's guns.

On the eve of one big battle, a soldier handed me a letter in which he gave me the addresses of his father and his sweetheart, so that I could write to them if he fell.

"If the last battle," he said, "one of my brothers was killed and another wounded. If I fall, I shall die without regrets and with a heart content; but it will go hard with those at home; and I want you to break the news gently. These are terrible times for those at home." That is their constant refrain, and it finds an echo in the songs sung by them.—Chaplain Thomas Tiplady.

"DEATH OF WOLFE"

Famous Painting Presented to Canada Was Copied for George III.

Sir Robert Borden recently announced the presentation to Canada, through Lord Beaverbrook, of West's famous painting, "The Death of Wolfe." The gift is made by the Duke of Westminster, who, in writing to Lord Beaverbrook, says the painting has hung at Eaton Hall since the days of his great-grandfather, who purchased it from the painter.

The picture was painted in 1775, when West was painting other pictures at Eaton for Richard, Lord Grosvenor. This was the first battle picture in which the figures were represented in the uniforms of the day. Sir Joshua Reynolds, hearing that this was West's intention, implored him to abandon the idea, affirming that it was against all tradition, and the picture would lose grace and elegance. West replied that what he would lose in elegance he would gain in simplicity. Reynolds visited West's studio he subsequently expressed great admiration of the picture.

George the Third ordered a replica, which is at Hampton Court, and the Monckton family later ordered another picture on a larger scale.

"They Won't Believe Me." Florence Harper, the Canadian writer, in her new book, tells of a Chicago drummer's terrible worry in retrograde at the beginning of the fighting and bloodshed when the revolution started. To those at his hotel who could understand him he kept moaning:

"They won't believe me; they will just call me a liar. What good does it do me to run from the Cosacks and go through all this fighting if the boys at home won't believe it when I tell them. They won't believe me; they will just call me a liar. He did not care about the revolution, he had only one worry, and that was to have his wild tales believed when he sat over a stein of beer, surrounded by a few congenial souls in his favorite cafe in Chicago. For three days we listened to his raving; 'I ran from them; I ran six blocks without stopping! Do you think anybody will believe that when I get back to Chicago?' They won't believe a word of it, isn't it just my neck?' He begged Thompson to take a picture of him in the mob, just to have some evidence that he was really there. He lived in the Hotel du Nord, which forms one side of the square at the Niagara Station. That is one of the most dangerous localities in town. It was impossible for him to get back there; in fact, a wasn't caring about trying to, 'henever any of us were feeling particularly blue, we would find Neil and listen to his wail. I hope a friend in Chicago will believe me, because he was there and in it."

For the quarter ended June 20th at the International Nickel company reports total income of \$3,073,321, against \$4,457,822 in the corresponding period of 1917. The body of Lieut. James W. Hooker, Watertown, N.Y., killed accidentally at Camp Johnson, Jacksonville, Ala., has been sent home under military escort. One hundred and fifty patients are killed when the Germans torpedoed a British hospital ship returning from France.

"HOW'S FISH?"

The Fishermen Do Their Part in Winning the War.

Men greet each other on the street in Eastern Canada with the question, "How's fish?" Vessels hail each other at sea with the same salutation. Whatever road you take through maritime Canada it is a highway of fish. Eastern fishing does not have its "on and off" years like the salmon fishing of the west, and stability of the catch—never falling below but frequently exceeding the average—is what, the "governments" and "people" counting on the work that fish can do in "loosening up" the food markets of the "allies," must be assured of.

One way and another by "stabilizing the catch" east and west and by judicious disposition of the overplus here and there, Canada throughout is this year more than measuring up to standard in her output of fish.

Gloucester schooners, laying "off and on" the little outports of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Quebec are able to buy up their cargoes of "green fish" for American market as usual. Their decks awash, these daringly decked-out schooners are beating into port, all sails adrift; on the minute, with the "freight" seven days out from Vancouver to Boston, chock-a-block with its boxes of frozen halibut. This is the first time in the history of railroads that express is side-tracked to let the freight cars and trucks be the first time since codfish practically saved the life of the early New England colonies that fish has downed all other competitors in the food line, and come into its own, walking on to the menus of our large and most exclusive hotels and landing on the smallest home table in the land.

This time, of course, was bound to come, for fish is a fundamental. But at the same time fish could not have done the work it is doing to-day, in going to the trenches itself and in springing to the assistance of the home table, freeing the tons of beef it has freed, had it not been for Canada.

The old local slogan of the hook-and-line regions, "Fish against beef," has now come into a world-wide significance—a significance that has come to stay, but one that never could have come about had it not been for "King Cod" and those "Vikings of the North," the Canadian fishermen.

A Story of Crucifixion.

Corpl. James Irving Parker, of Chicago, who recently returned from the western front, where he drove an ammunition truck for the French army, but who now is an enlisted man in the U. S. Signal Corps, relates a story of German atrocities culminating in the crucifixion of fifteen Canadian soldiers.

"We were moving forward in the Chemin des Dames drive last October on the heels of the fleeing Hun," says Corpl. Parker. "A crowd of truck drivers was billeted for a few hours' sleep in one of the French chateaux which the Hun, in their flight, had failed to destroy."

"We were congratulating ourselves on the excellence of our quarters when a poilu appeared and said in broken English, 'Americans, come with me.' We followed him up a broad, winding staircase and entered a room that must have been thirty feet square. On the walls of that room hung fifteen crucified Canadian soldiers. Five hung on each of three of the walls.

"Four spikes to a man were used in the crucifixion, one through each of the wrists, one through each ankle. The victims were thirteen privates and two officers, all in full uniform. There were no wounds on the bodies of the men other than those made by the spikes.

A Canadian regiment had been placed at this point of the Chemin des Dames, about two weeks before to relieve the war-worn poilus. Corpl. Parker explained, and a few days before the drive thirty of them had mysteriously disappeared. Parker, who is home on two months' leave after being gassed, is the son of James J. Parker, a real estate broker at 69 West Washington street, Chicago.

To Remove Ban on Races. London, Aug. 6.—More than 35,000 signatures have been attached to the petition promoted by the horse racing protection branch of the National Workmen's Council and presented to the Prime Minister for the removal of the veto on horse racing elsewhere than at Newmarket this season in the interests of more than 2,000,000 munition workers and wounded soldiers.

Unless a decided move is made by the big racing men, it is felt that the War Cabinet will order a complete stoppage of racing, and only strong support and powerful influence will save the situation.

King Alfonso is reported to have invited the family of the late Emperor of Russia to come to Spain to remain until the end of the war, residing in one of the royal palaces.

The Farmerettes

Whether from city or country find themselves living under an unusual strain. The unusual work necessitates the use of different muscles and this development demands a good supply of pure, rich blood. Because it goes directly to the formation of new blood, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is of the greatest assistance in building up new cells and tissues and strengthening the muscles.

Probs: Wednesday, fair; thunder storms.

Attractive Wearables For Holiday Wear. We have a most complete showing of the latest and most authentic New York styled summer wearables, suitable for every occasion, and priced so that they are bound to make instant appeal to all buyers. SUMMER FROCKS: Gingham, Beach cloth, voile and muslin, priced from \$3.50 up. BATHING SUITS: In wool jersey knit and chester, from \$3.50 up. SILK AND PALM BEACH SUITS, NOVELTY SKIRTS AND SILK DRESSES—The greatest and smartest showing of high grade novelties in town at popular prices. All of Dame Fashions latest style caprices, that you will enjoy seeing. WHITE WASH MIDDIES: In plain white and white with colored and gingham collars and and muslin, priced from \$3.50 women and children. WHITE WASH SKIRTS: A broad assortment of stunning new styled wash skirts, embracing every late style. Priced from \$1.19 up. Steacy's - Limited

Carpenter and Builder W. R. BILLENNESS. Specializing Store Fronts and Fittings. Remodeling Buildings of all kinds. ESTIMATES and EXPERIENCE. Address, 272 University Ave.

"Ranks with the Strongest" HUDSON BAY Insurance Company. FIRE INSURANCE. From Office, Royal Insurance Bldg. MONTREAL. PERCY J. QUINN, Manager, Ontario Branch, Toronto. W. H. GODWIN & SONS, AGENTS, KINGSTON, ONT.

House Cleaners. Let us demonstrate to you the latest Cadillac Electric Cleaner with Automatic revolving dust brush, for catching lint and hairs. It is a wonderful cleaner, time and labor saver. Telephone 519. J. R. C. Dobbs & Co. 41 Clarence Street. Telephone 819.

SILENCE OF DEATH NOW OVER SOISSONS. Nothing is Left But An Underground City Made of Cellars. Paris, Aug. 6.—The silence of death broods over the city of Soissons, as at Chateau Thierry and Fere-en-Tardenois, all is ruin and devastation. The noble trees which lined the Villers-Cotterets road leading to Soissons are now prostrate and shorn of their branches. The foliage is discolored by gas. One of the western suburbs of the city no longer merits the name, having been razed to the ground. No houses and scarcely a wall are left standing.

At the Golden Lion Grocery Fancy Clover HONEY. In one pound sections, 25 cents each. Fresh California Peaches, nice and juicy... 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c lb. Evaporated Peaches, 2 lbs for 25c. Evaporated Apricots... 15c lb. Sweet Cider... 40c gal. W.R. McRae & Co. Golden Lion Grocery. Canada Food Board License No. 6543. Garbage Pails. Our galvanized garbage pails are sanitary and durable. The cover is tight and cannot be knocked off by dogs. We have them in all sizes and at right prices. Lemmon & Sons 187 Princess Street.

Cool and Comfortable. Summer Furniture in Different Designs and at Moderate Prices. Nothing will add more to your comfort than a nicely cushioned chair for your porch or roof garden. We have them in reed, old hickory, rush and rattan, with tapestry and chintz cushions to match. CREX GRASS RUGS. Congoleum Rugs and floor covering of all description. Come in and visit our Victoria Department. We have a complete line of Victorias and Victor Records. T. F. HARRISON CO., LTD. Phone 90.

Ottawa Dairy ICE CREAM. Pints Delivered to All Parts of the City. Price 25c. Wholesale and Retail. F. C. Hambrook Salesman. Phone 1273. 176 Alfred St.

Garbage Pails. Our galvanized garbage pails are sanitary and durable. The cover is tight and cannot be knocked off by dogs. We have them in all sizes and at right prices. Lemmon & Sons 187 Princess Street.