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JUST RUB THE PENCIL ON THE CORN AND AWAY GOES ROOT AND BRANCH. DOES NOT BURN OR SMART. A FEW RUBS WITH MOOVIT CORN PENCIL AND ALL IS OVER.

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When 4 Days Old, Cross and Cried, Cuticura Heals.

"My baby brother had eczema which began when he was about four days old. It came in little pimples and then a rash, and he was convulsed. He was so cross that he could not sleep, and he cried.

"This lasted about two months before we used Cuticura. It helped him, so we bought more, and he was all healed after we had used two cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Miss Almida Williams, Youngs Cove, N. B., May 26, 1915.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum for all toilet purposes.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyness, Limited, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A. Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

TENDER, ACHING FEET CAN BE MADE HAPPY

You can go home tonight and gain instant relief from the nervous strain of aching, tender feet.

A warm, thick-lather bath, with Blue-jay Foot Soap—then a brisk massage with the cooling, soothing Blue-jay Foot Relief, then a slight coating of Blue-jay Foot Powder, delightful and deodorant.

Your feet will feel young again! You'll wonder why you ever permitted yourself to endure the old-time torture. You'll become a permanent user of Blue-jay Foot Treatment, for sale at all druggists.

Write for free booklet—"The Proper Care of the Feet"—to Bauer & Black, Limited, Toronto.

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Keeps feet feeling fine

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SOME STIRRING INCIDENTS OF THE WAR

Related by Member of British Colony in Brussels to J. Russell Stuart, Kingston—Secured the Escape of 215 British War Prisoners.

School Inspector J. Russell Stuart, who recently returned with Mrs. Stuart from a trip to Belgium and Holland, had the pleasure of hearing a wonderful story from a member of the British colony in Brussels, who took a prominent part in some of the stirring events during the great war.

Mr. M.— is a well known and highly respected member of the British colony in Brussels. He was chiefly instrumental in securing the escape into Holland of 215 British war prisoners. Since the war he has been decorated by King George and the British ambassador publicly acknowledged the great value of his services. The story here given is, of course, even when in the form of direct narration, written out from recollections of his conversation with a few intimate friends whom he surprised by breaking the reserve he had previously shown with reference to his personal experience. All that he said cannot discreetly be repeated, but what is given may prove interesting as coming almost directly from a chief actor in some stirring events.

His activities were not confined to releasing war prisoners and the rest may be told some day. With omissions, then, here is his story:

"I had lived in Brussels for many years before the war and my command of French is good enough to escape suspicion of my British origin. I can speak German, too, though not so well. Mrs. M. is proficient in both languages. When a German occupation of Brussels became a certainty we decided to take the risk of remaining and do what we could for the allied cause. My first attempt was to assist in the escape of some French soldiers taken in the first onset at Mons. These were the first prisoners of war to reach Brussels. They were taken to the railway carriages so that there was no space over to sit down and had been given neither food nor drink for thirty-six hours. I found the train halted before the Midi station. The German guards were placed only on one side where a large crowd had gathered. On the other a sloping embankment was regarded as a sufficient protection. Along with a number of Belgians whom I had admitted to my scheme, I made my way up the slope, keeping out of sight as much as possible. When near enough to address the French men in a low tone I pointed out the possibility of some escaping, suggesting that they slip out of the windows as unobtrusively as possible, coming only one at a time. As each man slid to the bottom of the embankment one of the sympathetic crowd gave him an overcoat to cover his uniform, and taking off his cap he quietly mixed with the crowd and was conducted to the shelter of neighboring streets. This went on until someone gave the game away. At the first movement of the Boche troops we scattered for safety. They contented themselves with firing ostentatiously down the yard and the incident ended. We had, however, secured two or three score of French soldiers, who, since in civilian clothes they could not be distinguished from Belgians, we easily forwarded to France.

Large Numbers Released.

Large numbers of the French were successfully released at different times with comparative ease but the British offered a different problem. Few of them knew anything of the country, its ways or its language. It was necessary, therefore, not only to release them, clothe and feed them, but also to conceal them and organize secret and safe ways of conducting them beyond the frontier, the only possible route for them being over the Dutch border. As time went on our difficulties increased because the German frontier guard and their system of espionage became more efficient. German guards, chiefly landwehr troops, policed every town and spies in civil garb were numerous, particularly in Brussels. We dared not take many into our confidence; a large section of the people were unsympathetic or actively disloyal especially the Flemish. Many were

ready to carry favor with the Germans and their standing offer of 250 francs for information about escaped prisoners surrounded us with hosts of informants. We had to provide several safe places of refuge, keep these supplied with clothing and provisions, and avoid arousing suspicion among our neighbors. To support all this business was expensive and a canvass of wealthy Belgians to obtain the necessary funds was both dangerous and difficult. I obtained a good deal by promising that the British government would repay the advances made. Another danger came from the prisoners themselves. It was difficult sometimes to keep them secluded safely or to have them to conduct themselves discreetly when on route for the frontier. On one occasion a party of seventeen British, who had secured a supply of whiskey, became boisterous and uncontrollable. Declaring that they weren't going to be shut up for fear of any b-y Bosches, they marched out, formed fours in correct style, and proceeded up the street singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary." By some miracle they escaped other observation to the laughter and applause of the people on the street, and the special providence which is said to care for fools and drunkards led them to one of the few drinking places which they could safely enter. The proprietor, a jovial Walloon, sized up the situation correctly, got them into a retired room and when they were partially sobered, sent me word. I was able to conduct them in small parties to another safe refuge.

Met Miss Cavell.

"Such experiences were enough to turn one's hair gray and you will realize that our life was full of danger and anxiety. Quite early I drifted into association with Miss Cavell, who was doing work in the same line. Miss Cavell was a noble spirit who never spared effort or shunned danger to help an escaped prisoner. In some respects, however, she was a source of anxiety. Except in loyalty and courage she was not a safe conspirator. She seemed unable to realize what the Boche was capable of doing and was sometimes indiscreet. A careless word or unguarded act was enough to arouse dangerous curiosity. Her execution was a brutal murder. She was not technically a spy and her splendid charity to German and allied soldiers alike, as well as her sex, ought to have saved her life at least. But it was characteristic of German psychology that her reputation ensured her death, since they thought that to make an example of a woman like Nurse Cavell would terrorize the rest of us.

"At length M.— and his wife fell under suspicion. This was revealed by police visits to their home and M. discovered that he was followed about by plain clothes guards. Some of these he led a merry dance in and out of street cars and taxis and through shops with more than one exit or by the numerous narrow crooked streets and lanes with which Brussels abounds. When carrying parcels of food or clothing, which had often to be delivered personally, he had sometimes to submit to embarrassing examinations when it was hard to maintain an innocent appearance.

Finally he was arrested and taken to Villfort prison in the neighborhood of Brussels, where as many as 4,000 Belgian suspects, of whom 400 were women, were sometimes interned at one time. Here he remained for nine months, until released the day before the armistice. When brought to trial he was condemned to be shot, but a Belgian official of rank saved his life by determined efforts and some bribing, and his sentence was commuted to five years imprisonment, an exalted German officer proving venal. He was then kept in solitary confinement for ten weeks in a cell two and a half paces long by three feet wide. During this time he was subjected to every species of abuse, both physical and mental, to extract information which would betray his associates and their methods. His description of one occasion is typical. He says:

"One morning I was taken before a German major who received me with great assumed friendliness. He addressed me in perfect English as follows: "Do you love your wife?" My reply was: "Need you say that I do?" "Well," he said, "this telegram came in this morning. Read it." The telegram apparently came from a physician whom I knew in our quarter of the city. It stated that my wife was dangerously ill and that she had pleaded with him to arrange that I should be permitted to see her. The physician pledged his honor that the visit was urgent if I wished to see her again. After I had read it the officer, with every appearance of friendly solicitude, said: "I am sorry for your affliction Mr. M. and I shall exert myself to secure your temporary release. I can do this and make it permanent, but only on condition that you make a frank confession of your activities and those of your associates." The fake telegram was cunning constructed with every appearance of being genuine but I now smelled a large sized rodent and after looking him in the eye steadily for some time, which in no way disconcerted him, I solemnly winked and remarked, "Very clever, my friend, but it won't work." He glared at me and shouted to the guards, "Get rid of this fellow," which they did by kicking and

Check Your BOWEL TROUBLES

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DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY

When you are troubled with diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and pains in the stomach, cholera, cholera morbus, summer complaint, bloody fluxes, or any looseness of the bowels be sure and obtain a bottle of "Dr. Fowler's" and see how quickly it gives you relief. This wonderful remedy has been on the market for the past 76 years and we wish to warn you against accepting a substitute, which may be dangerous to your health.

Mr. Samuel Buckler, Tatamagouche, N. S., writes:—"While visiting in Western Canada I had a severe attack of diarrhoea. After trying many proprietary medicines I got no relief, but kept getting worse. I was advised to take Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I lost no time in doing so. I cannot hesitate in recommending it most highly, for when I had not yet taken half the bottle I was relieved. I must say that if "Dr. Fowler's" is given a fair trial it will show its good qualities.

The price of the genuine is 50c. a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

striking me with their rifle butts all the way back to my cell. I learned afterwards that this trick was attempted with my wife also.

Bread and Water Diet.

"After that came persecutions intended to break me down, rather painful even in recollection. These included a bread and water diet, unobtainable food, or, for days I would get nothing to drink. A darkened cell was tried, and only those who have endured that horror can understand its terrors. One day my arms were scientifically twisted, a torture from which they have not yet recovered. Every conceivable trick was tried to trap me. A guard, who admitted without much pressure that he had been bribed to do so, gave me a plausibly written letter professing to come from a friend, in the hope that something incriminating would be secured in reply. And so the weary business dragged on until the officials apparently gave up the effort to move me and at the end of ten weeks I was treated as an ordinary prisoner, though I found that I had still to be wary.

The remaining months of my confinement were chiefly irksome because of the monotony of the dull round of prison life, though this was occasionally relieved by incidents sometimes alarming and occasionally amusing. I had made a rearrangement of my cell which was not approved by the methodical German mind. For this, I was abused with disgusting German profanity and my head was banged against the wall. Reckless of consequences I knocked my head down and I was summoned before the commandant, a pompous man who seemed to have made Hindenburg his model in appearance and manner. After hearing the charge he roared at me, "It is well for you this man was not in uniform or you would be shot, I sentence you to seven years." I laughed. "What do you mean, sir, by laughing?" he sputtered. I replied that for him to give me an added seven years sentence was too much for my self-control since I was sure there wouldn't be a German in Belgium in six months. He ordered me off without further comment and I was surprised when my guards, who had stood with rigid respect in the awful presence, roared with laughter when we reached the corridor and slapped me on the back with shouts of "Gut, gut man," they were delighted to see me check a German officer.

"One day all were ordered out into the large salles or into the courts outside, when a Dutch commission made a perfunctory inspection of the prison. This was mysterious at the time but I afterwards learned that an inspection had been requested by some of the embassies. These Dutch officials never questioned a prisoner and their inspection was very superficial. Evidently they were expected to apply a coat of whitewash and they certainly were the men for the job.

THE MAN ON WATCH

Rev. W. T. G. Brown has been preaching in Ottawa about the idle rich. But some of the busy rich are perhaps worse than the loafing ones.

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The Lampman suggests that locomotives may be the deciding factor in the Kingston federal election. Locomotives have elected more than one Kingston M.P. in the past years. Just watch.

Will some kind person stand up and explain what is meant by "tariff for revenue only." To the Lampman's mind that would be the highest tariff that could be levied.

They say that some of the losing girls in the beauty contest at Lake Ontario Park last Monday expressed their opinions of the judges in very vigorous style. They looked angry but lovely in their anger.

Cataraqui is reported as "drying up." Well what can it expect! Did its residents not vote that way last April? This year's drought is no doubt the result of the great prohibition wave which was willed by the majority of the people who voted.

The pen has long been recognized as mightier than the sword. Now the fremen have proven themselves mightier than the police of Boston town by overcoming a maniac whom the cops could not master.

At the next Labor picnic a contest might be held to decide the girl wearing the least amount of clothing. That would be a great drawing card.

If Mayor Nickle is not Kingston's member at Ottawa after the federal elections, it is a pretty safe guess that he will be Kingston's mayor for the third consecutive year.

Labor is going to have a good deal to say in the coming elections, but in Kingston it is not strong enough to swing a campaign of its own that would have a fifty-fifty chance of winning.

Kingston thought it led in regard to widow and spinster pension, but along comes the little town of Iroquois, whose youth County School Inspector Trustcott used to teach in high school, with the announcement that it has more widows and spinsters owning their own homes and on the voters' list than any other place its size from Toronto to Montreal. There is the place for some of Kingston's unemployed to visit and link up with these widows and lonely spinsters.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

A Home Brew Victim.

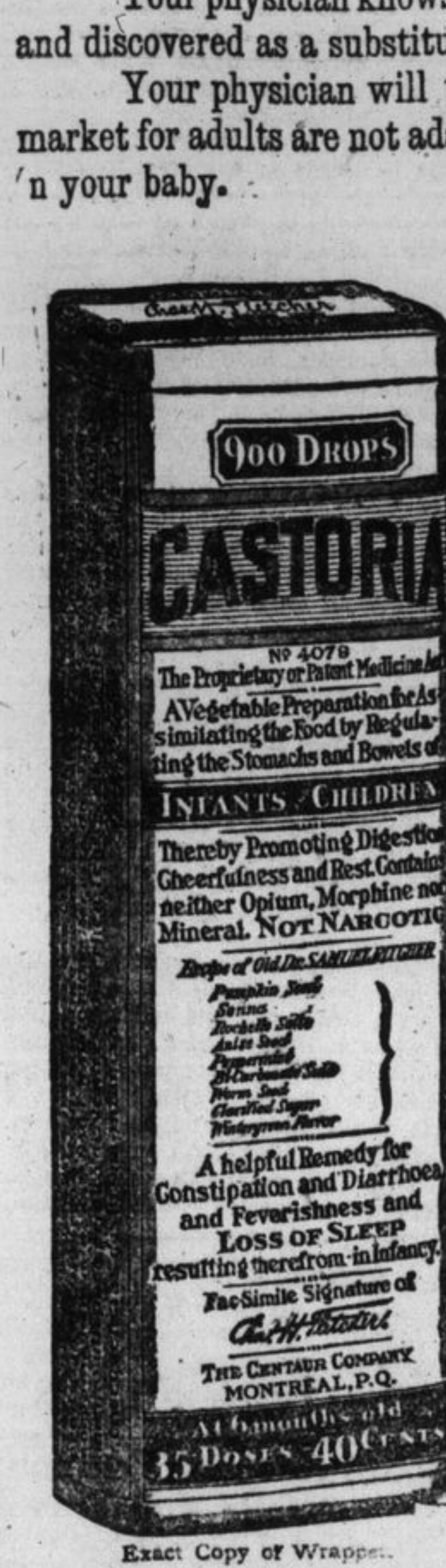
Old Peleg Mannesmann sat in his parlor with a demijohn of home-brew beside him. He tossed to a couple of glasses of the stuff and proceeded to lecture his son on the

Physicians Recommend Castoria

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood: the doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Your physician knows that Castoria is purely a child's remedy. It was sought for and discovered as a substitute for Castor Oil in the ailments of Infants and Children.

Your physician will tell you this for he knows that preparations put on the market for adults are not adaptable for the very young and he is particularly interested in your baby.



Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Is Baby Well and Strong?

Your heart aches when your baby falls sick. You feel so anxious to help the little sufferer, yet so helpless because baby can't tell you where it feels bad. But, if you are wise, you know that generally baby sickness comes from a disordered stomach or bowels. You can tell easily that baby is constipated or has pain, eruptions, flatulence, diarrhoea, is restless, feverish, wakeful, fretful. Good mothers use Fletcher's Castoria, a wonderful remedy, purely vegetable, discovered by a family doctor and used in the best families for over thirty years.

Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria. It is a comfort to babies, the mother's unfailing friend. Any Mother who has used Fletcher's Castoria will advise you to use it for your baby. Give your sick baby a dose of it and note how soon baby begins to feel better. A few doses and you will realize what a wonderful remedy Fletcher's Castoria is for babies, what a comfort it is for mothers to depend on.

Never try to relieve baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself. Don't say tomorrow, get it today!

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—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

A Home Brew Victim.

Old Peleg Mannesmann sat in his parlor with a demijohn of home-brew beside him. He tossed to a couple of glasses of the stuff and proceeded to lecture his son on the

evils of drunkenness and the benefits of moderate drinking.

"Never drink too much," said Peleg concluded. "Be a moderate drinker, like me, my boy."

"But, father," said the young man, "how can I tell when I've had too much?"

Old Peleg Mannesmann pointed out of the window.

"Do you see those two women standing on the corner?" he said. "Well, if you saw four women there, you'd have had too much—you'd be drunk."

"But, father," said the young man, "there's only one woman there."

In all fairness, the prodigal daughter ought to receive as much, if not more, consideration as the prodigal son.

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