

STOP A MOMENT! LISTEN TO THIS

Cincinnati man tells how to
lift off any corn without
hurting one bit

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn, the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out with the fingers.

It is a sticky substance which dries the moment it is applied and is said to simply shrivel the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. It is claimed that a quarter of an ounce of freezone will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callus.

You are further warned that cutting at a corn is a suicidal habit.

HIS MODEL STENOGR. TOO GOOD TO LAST

"That stenographer was the most up to date girl in the world," said the business man as he wearily rubbed his forehead.

"Isn't that the kind of a girl you wanted?" queried his friend.

"Yes and no," replied the business man. "There's such a thing as being too up to date, too far ahead of the times. That girl came into the office a simple, unsophisticated little stenographer who knew nothing but how to scratch a few stenographic pot hooks in a 5 cent notebook. After she had been with us a month she had revolutionized the entire works. The first thing she did was to insist that we get our supplies in quantities. The former stenographer never bought a notebook until she had filled the one she was working on.

"The new pride of the office insisted that we buy stamps in quantities also. We had been buying them from day to day and never seemed to have enough for the outgoing mail. We felt like a large mail order house when she came in with \$5 worth one day and spread them all over her desk.

"As our business grew, and I think she was partly responsible for it, our outgoing mail assumed large proportions. She said we would have to put in an addressing machine or she would quit. We put in the machine and hired a boy to run it. Then she sent in orders for all sorts of labor saving stuff. Our former quiet little office soon assumed the appearance of a munitions factory. The whirl of belts and cogs was deafening.

"Oh! our little stenographic gem was there with the progress all right. There wasn't anything new in the market that she didn't hear about and stuff she didn't hear about she asked about. Agents from all office furniture and equipment concerns wore out the floor on the way to her office. She knew them all by their first names and looked eagerly at all the new advice they brought out.

"But she was no easy mark for any of them. They couldn't fool her with useless stuff simply because it was new. It had to show results before she would buy it, but once it showed the labor saving results she was looking for she ordered it and we paid for it.

"Adding machines added and subtracting machines took away faster than a man's eye could follow them. Dictaphones and phona phones littered the place, while the little stenographer flitted among them in the height of her glory. Our office became noted as one in which more efficiency was on tap than in any other place of its kind in the country. Business men made it a Mecca and the little stenographer was busily engaged by the hour telling how she did it."

"Well, what about it?" asked the other man. "What happened at the finish that makes you so morose?"

"Well, sir, that wonderful girl, that little queen of efficiency who could have brought order out of any chaos, what did she do, sir, but up and marry the laziest, most inefficiency, good for nothing chap in the office—my son Bill. She quit her job and my efficiency system is fast going to pieces. I would have been happier had I never heard or known anything about efficiency.

Just follow the crowd.

What a nice modest, retiring gentleman the Kaiser is getting to be!

WOUNDS AND WOUNDED.

"Yes, my brother was slightly wounded in the Marne advance. We had a letter from the regimental surgeon." "Where was he wounded?" "We are not quite sure. The surgeon mentioned the place, but we don't know whether it's an anatomical phrase or a French village."

OUT IN FRONT.

The crown prince is in front at last. They've started back. 'Tis said they travel pretty fast. The homeward track.

Much enterprise doth he evince. He likes this stunt.

'Tis a retreat, and the crown prince Is well in front.



Wood's Phosphatine.

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins, Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Weakness, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price 21 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mail 1/6 plain pkg. on recd 1/6 of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly, Windsor.)

"Why worry about sugar?" asks an advertisement. Who does? It's no sugar that worries us.

NO LOVE SONG FOR GERMANS

London, Oct. 21—A stalwart killed sergeant had in custody in a town bound train a thin, lanky German prisoner of war.

The prisoner was a boy of 16 or 17 years and he seemed highly pleased with England. When not surveying the passing scenery he cheered himself by playing on a mouth organ. After trying one or two times he suddenly broke into "Love me and the world is mine."

ter trying one or two times he suddenly broke into "Love me and the world is mine."

"Stow that, young 'un," growled the sergeant, "we don't love yer and the world ain't yours. See?"

After the war what a matrimonial scramble there is going to be for the soldier boys who have learned to cook. We doubt if even a Spanish grandee with the "flu" could sneeze in an entirely dignified manner.



To you from falling hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high;
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep though poppies grow,
In Flanders' fields.

Through all these dark, uncertain days, our soldiers have held aloft and brightly burning, the sacred torch of freedom.

On Monday, for a space, it passes to our hands. Does it pass to hands less eager—hands less worthy?

The world shall know our answer!

On Monday we will be asked to buy Victory Bonds—the sinews of war.

Our obligation is clear. Our duty is unmistakable. Victory Bonds are the weapons with which we at home can strike and strive for freedom.

This solemn thought shall possess us: Until the Victory Loan 1918 is assured our duty is not accomplished—our task is incomplete.

From every province, city and

town; from every county, township and farm of our country will come forth a mighty flood of money. The word will ring around the world that Canada's gold, no less than Canada's soldiers, is Germany's uncompromising enemy.

This surely will be our message to our sons:—Carry on, brave souls! Canada's treasure is not a laggard in the fight. Eager hands are stretched to catch and hold aloft forever the Flaming Torch of Freedom!

The Victory Loan 1918 Opens Monday

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