

BILLY SUNDAY FLAYS THE GERMANS

Washington, Jan. 12. — Billy Sunday began his campaign in the national capital with three meetings in one day. The tabernacle, which has a seating capacity of 15,000, was filled at each meeting.

Sunday mixed gospel and patriotism in his sermons. He fiercely attacked the kaiser and the I. W. W. At the meeting in the evening he laid stress on the evils of alcoholism and the social wrongs.

He dramatically declared toward the end of his sermon that "We will bury the kaiser and his hotdog gang so deep that they will not hear the toot of Gabriel's horn on resurrection day."

Fighters Present.

Soldiers, sailors and marines grouped in a reserve section were asked to stand up just before he began his sermon. Chorister Rodeheaver made the suggestion and the audience gave the fighting men a warm demonstration. Asked if they had any particular song they would like to have sung, several soldiers shouted "Brighten Up the Corner," and it was sung several times, the men in uniform doing the chorus once alone at Sunday's suggestion.

Sunday followed rather closely the regular sermon, but several times left the set lines for a thrust at "Kaiser Bill," or to rouse some patriotic fervor. Once he stopped abruptly and shouted, "You've got to scrap as well as pray sometimes, believe me."

Another time he brought long applause when he grimly hissed at the audience: "I'm tired of these knockers who are yelping about delays in our preparations to paste Prussianism—those calamity howlers, I mean. It's a whale of a job we have on our hands, but we are a whale of a country, and we will not call off the dogs of war until we have that sauerkraut, weinerwurst eating bunch of Kaiser Bill's gang on their knees. Quit your knocking!"

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of *Chas. H. Ditchburn*

BREAKS A BAD COLD IN A JIFFY! TRY IT

You can end gripe and break up a severe cold either in head, chest, body or limbs, by taking a dose of "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses are taken. It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dizziness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head—nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store.

BIG MONEY MADE BY SOME ARTISTS

(Chicago News.)

One by one the young reporter's ideals crumple. Thus he visions artists wearing the halo of noble poverties and finds Neysa McMein. The McMein awaited interviewing in the studio of Mildred Bowen atop the Monroe building. The McMein is an artist and wears smocks and speaks of India and everything. And yet when she passes down Michigan avenue, Chicago's Bohemians—meaning young men and women paying \$2 a day for art lessons, stop and quiver and point her out, saying to each other:

"There goes Neysa. She makes \$100,000 a year esides expenses."

This is more than Valesquez and Mike Angelo and Rembrandt made a year all combined together in their various heydeys.

Secret of Affluence.

The secret of the McMein's affluence is the fact that she is the party who paints the covers on magazines which have huge circulations. Thus every month 18,000,000 people look at and admire the McMein's work.

"Of course," said the McMein, with the modesty which \$100,000 a year makes possible, "my work is not art in the biggest sense of the word. We illustrators are engaged in soothing and delighting the eyes of men and women who do not frequent art galleries. I always aim to paint clearly the kind of heads that men in the street dream about when they grow poetic."

In describing her success as an illustrator the McMein laid particular stress upon the fact that she would some day dedicate her talents to more impressive effort.

Wants to Own Elephant.

"I have one real ambition," said she, "and that is to own an elephant. I would like to go travelling on an ele-

SLANTS OF HUMOR ODE TO THE HEN.

Sweet bird, why is it in the spring
When eggs are cheap as clay,
You stock around your nest of straw
And lay, and lay and lay?
And when 'tis fall why is it
From the topmost perch you bolt,
And while the prices skyward go,
You moult, and moult and moult?

SMALL TOWN STUFF.

There was no school Thursday or Friday as the school board had to repair the stovepipe.

LUCKY, IF HE DON'T KNOW IT.

A rumor says that the former Czar of Russia has escaped. We'll say that since he quit his job he certainly has escaped a lot of trouble.

D'YE UNDERSTAND.

Contrary to his wife's belief, a man doesn't care for young girls and wouldn't marry one if he had an opportunity to do so.

ONE ENOUGH IN FAMILY.

Mary Garden says she's willing to marry but it must be a man who is unable to sing. Mary is evidently after a complete soul-mate.

ROOSTERS AS ALARM CLOCKS

"Do you know that roosters are putting a crimp in the sales of alarm clocks?" said the owner of a watch store to a customer. "It may sound strange but it is true.

"In certain districts in Brooklyn there are men who rely upon roosters to awaken them at a specified time in the morning. The roosters have not been trained. They begin crowing at about the same early hour every day.

"I have to admit that a rooster is better than an alarm clock in some ways. The noise of the clock can be stopped if a man rebels at getting up, but the rooster keeps on crowing. Frequently people neglect to wind up the clock. And sometimes we set the clock wrong and consequently get up too early or late.

"In Wyoming Valley, Pa., the 65 steam sirens which heretofore awakened the workers in the mines and factories have been silenced by the Fuel Administration in order to save coal. Instead the miners and industrial workers are now depending on the cock's shrill crow to awaken them."

phant and as soon as I finish some contracts I'm going to buy an elephant and go travelling. I've been in the east and admire it above all other arcs of the earth. When I get my elephant I'm going to ride all over India."

An exhibition of Miss McMein's illustrations and cover designs will be held at the Art Institute shortly.

EXECUTIONS REPORTED IN BELGIUM

(Canadian Press direct wire.)

London, Jan. 13. — Word has been received here at the Belgian official headquarters of fifty-eight more official executions in Belgium. This brings the number of Belgians executed since January, 1917, to 170, among whom were at least two women, three girls from 14 to 16 years old and several youths under 20.

All the executed Belgians were assumed by the Germans to be guilty of spying and in many cases arrest, condemnation and execution took place within three or four days and, therefore no serious inquiry could have been made. Under the rule of the late governor general Von Bissing, one hundred executions took place in one year, according to the German official reports. Governor Von Falkenhause has increased this record three fold and he ceased publishing the names in the victims in order that they could not be identified as martyrs by their compatriots. As a further precaution the executed persons have been buried inside the prison walls.

SUPERFLUOUS GRIT.

(Tit-Bits.)

During a particularly nasty dust storm at one of the camps, a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain.

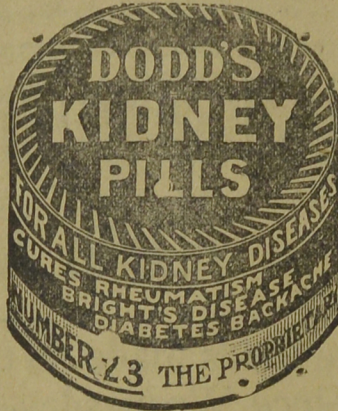
After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out:

"See here, my lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."



DOES THE KAISER WEAR ONE?

Those ancients
Were certainly
The goods.
Look what Alexander
Accomplished without
Even a wrist watch.

NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT.

Old Man Collier says in his Globe-Democrat column: "If there were a plenty of Helen Gould Shepards, there wouldn't be an unhappy, neglected orphan child on earth." It strikes us that if all the women were like her there wouldn't be any kind of child on earth.—Houston Post.

TROUBLE SURE ENOUGH.

Neighbor—So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night?

Willie—Yes, I guess 'twas the doctor. I heard him tellin' pa some time ago if he didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING

The value of Advertising in all cases must be based on the return for the outlay. No better opportunity in this respect can be found in this locality than

THE DAILY MAIL

This paper has a special value to the local advertiser, as the majority of its readers are in this city and the immediate surrounding country.

Our Advertising Rates will be found decidedly reasonable in view of the results obtained.

PEOPLE READ ADVERTISEMENTS

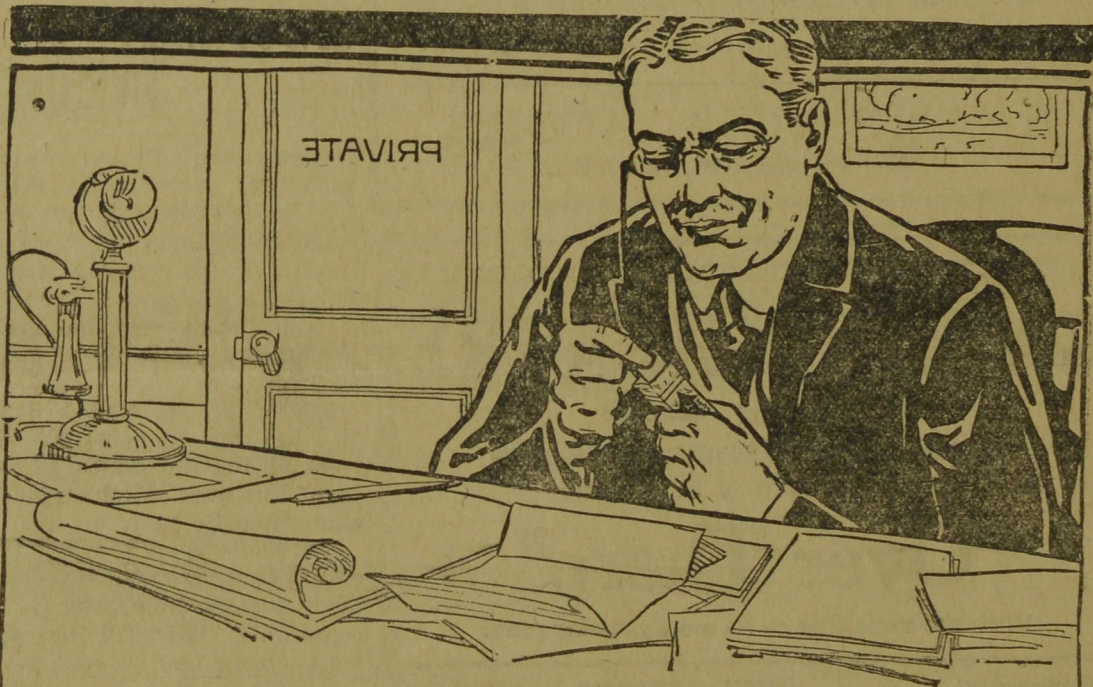
They are trying to buy as wisely as they can. It is necessary that they should.

They are eager to know what the local merchants have to offer, and good live advertising is interesting reading to them.

Most of our enterprising business men have already realized this fact and their advertising appears regularly in the Mail.

If you are not a regular advertiser in the DAILY or SEMI-WEEKLY MAIL, you are overlooking an opportunity that no business man in this locality ought to be too busy to appreciate.

In spite of increased prices of materials and the upward tendency in rates for all services in the business world, the subscription price of the Mail has not been increased, and we are daily booking new subscribers, which means more readers and customers for our advertisers.



Everywhere
in work, study or play

WRIGLEY'S "The Flavour Lasts"

is a welcome help.

Teeth, breath, appetite,
digestion and spirits
are the better for it.

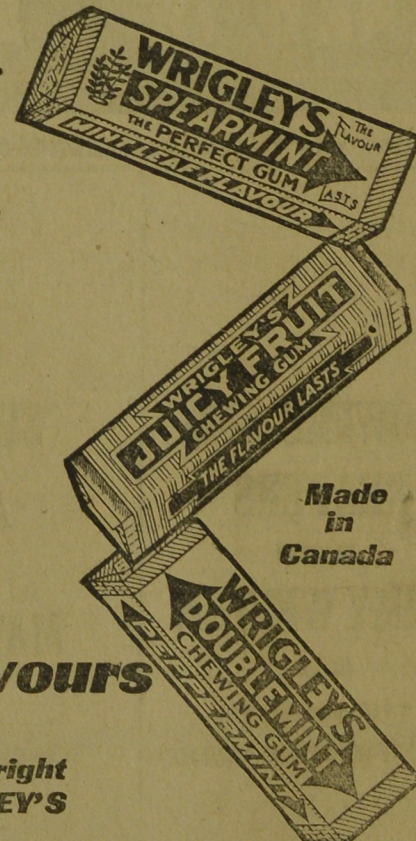
Wrigley's makes the
next pipe or cigar taste
better. It pleasantly
sweetens and soothes
mouth and throat.

Three Lasting Flavours

Sealed tight—Kept right
Be sure it's WRIGLEY'S



Chew it after every meal



Made
in
Canada



WHICH?

"This bulk tea is the best I could buy at the price, Mrs. Brown, but I believe you will like Red Rose better.

"We use Red Rose at home and like the rich flavor. My wife says it goes further."

Hundreds of grocers are making statements somewhat like this.

They have sold Red Rose Tea for many years and have found the quality so good that they use it in their homes.

Most grocers naturally like to make an extra profit on their bulk tea, but they cannot help recommending Red Rose Tea because they know it's worth the price.

They know it goes further because it consists chiefly of the teas from Assam in Northern India, the strongest, richest teas grown anywhere in the world.

Red Rose tastes better and goes further.

Kept Good
by the
Sealed
Package



T. H. Estabrooks Co., Limited
St. John, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton

Red Rose Coffee is as
generously good as Red Rose Tea