

Pimples Broke Out All Over Face, Arms and Neck

Pimples are a sure sign that the blood is not in its proper shape.

While the skin is the seat of the irritating, unsightly pimples, the real disease is in the blood.

Medicated lotions and powders may allay the itching and irritation, but never cure, no matter how long and faithfully continued, and the condition is often aggravated and the skin permanently injured by their use. The disease is more than skin deep; the entire circulation is poisoned.

Burdock Blood Bitters quickly and effectually cures blood and skin troubles, because it goes direct to the root of the disease and stimulates and restores normal, healthy action to the different organs, cleanses and enriches the blood, and thus relieves the system of all poisonous secretions.

B. B. B. cures permanently because it leaves none of the original poison to ferment in the blood and cause a fresh attack.

They mean an extremely weakened Alt., writes:—"Last summer I was greatly troubled with pimples breaking out all over my face, arms and neck. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after taking two bottles, the pimples had almost all disappeared. I shall always recommend this remedy to anyone afflicted with skin troubles."

B. B. B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.

QUEER WAYS TO KEEP OFF INFLUENZA

Chicago, Oct. 27.—Place an onion at the bedpost, draw out the fever of Spanish influenza, point the index finger of the left hand at the moon and make a wish. Then go to work as usual next day.

This and scores of equally ridiculous remedies have been swamping health authorities and physicians of the Middle West during the last few days. They come from correspondents in all walks of life and are based on home treatment, witchcraft and voodooism.

Lieutenant Commander Owen J. Mink, medical corps, senior medical officer of the Great Lakes naval training station, has been "tipped" many times to a great secret. Some correspondents guarantee to stop the epidemic in ten minutes; others in three days. The water in a certain well, one writer informed Lieutenant Mink, would bring instant cure. Another writer told him that Indian tobacco, sprinkled on the victim's breast through a perforated baking powder can, was a sure cure.

Health authorities in some districts have been told of the famous negro voodooism cures, not only for influenza, but for all ailments.

For instance, under the negro practice, night sweats can be cured by placing a rusty ax edge under the bed. For malarial chills dip a string in turpentine and tie it around the waist, or tie a strand of yarn on the top button of the coat. If this should fail, hang a horseshoe in a peach tree.

For colic have a person who has never seen his father blow his breath in the child's mouth very early in the morning, and for measles, bathe the eruption in the blood of a black hen. For hiccup, drink water out of a brass bell while looking at a new moon.

Under negro voodooism treatment fits can be cured by giving the patient one drop of his own blood drawn from the tip of the little finger of the left hand, and nosebleed stopped by tying a string around the little finger. Pick a wart until it bleeds, touch it with nine grains of corn, throw the corn to the chickens and the wart will disappear.

For rheumatism, heat a pan of grease, put nine live frogs in the pan stir down to an ointment and rub joints well and according to the voodooism practice, permanent cure will follow.

With the medical profession of the country fighting the epidemic with all the tools of modern science, the freak suggestions have furnished some relaxation for idle hours, leading physicians here say.

WHO COUNSELS PEACE?

(Written by Robt. Southey in 1814.)

Who counsels peace at this momentous hour,

When God has given deliverance to the oppressed

And to the injured power?

Who counsels peace, when Vengeance like a flood

Rolls on, no longer now to be repressed

When innocent blood

From the four corners of the world cries out

For justice upon the accursed head;

When Freedom hath her holy banners spread

Over all nations, now in one just cause

United; when with one sublime accord

Europe throws off the yoke abhorred,

And loyalty and faith and ancient laws

Follow the avenging sword?

No, the war isn't over yet. It will take at least a couple of years to wind up all the barbed wire.

SCHEIDEMANN SAYS KAISER MUST ABDICATE

Copenhagen, Nov. 2.—The Vossische Zeitung of Berlin, declares that it learns from a dependable source that Philipp Scheidemann, secretary of state without portfolio, some days ago sent a memorial to Prince Maximilian, the imperial chancellor, expressing conviction that Emperor William must abdicate.

Germany declares that reports that the war cabinet considered the question at its last meeting are false.

Political circles, according to the Tageblatt, regret the Emperor's trip to the front, saying that it is calculated at this time to inspire all sorts of conjectures.

Canada's defence will be stronger if it is "nickle-plated" by Canadians through saving.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BOOZE WAS FATAL

Parry Sound, Ont., Nov. 2.—Three men named Wm. Crawley, Jos. O'Keefe and Reginald Marshall, all of Lindsay, left Toronto for this district on Wednesday, bringing with them a quart bottle of bay rum, from which Crawley and O'Keefe imbibed very freely on the train on the way up.

During the night both men were taken very ill and died next morning.

The evidence at the inquest disclosed the fact that the men, who formerly indulged in liquor, were seeking as a substitute all manner of toilet preparations and patent medicines

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 "Tape'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, dullness, 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 "Tape's Cold Compound," which costs only a few cents at any drug store.

containing alcohol.

A verdict of accidental death was returned, but the coroner and crown attorney desire to call the attention of the government to the case in order that some safeguards may be provided.

NOT QUITE A DEAD ONE.

If Asked "Are You Dead?" Haven't You Got a Right to Answer?

Marshall Hunt, sergeant in the 19th aerial squadron in France tells in a letter to a relative of an amusing situation because of his lack of French and the Frenchman's lack of English.

Hunt went afoot to the top of a peak sightseeing. He did not know that a plant on the mountain slopes closely resembling heather, is very slippery. Putting too much trust in his army brogans, he fell and went sliding down the mountain-side.

"I should judge," he said, "that I had covered half the distance down the greasy slope when a kindly tree brought a stop to the race."

"When I opened my eyes, a half-score of Frenchmen were scrambling toward me, jabbering and spluttering, running and climbing as fast as the grass would permit, and a few added to the horror of the situation by yelling 'Il est mort! Il est mort!'"

"Oul! Oul!" I muttered, sitting up and gazing around, believing they were

Wonderful for the Blood!

Thousands have been so utterly depressed, so worn out as to be dependent, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills always cured them. "I can speak feelingly on the power of Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes C. T. Fearman of Kingston. "Last spring my blood was thin and weak, I was terribly run down, had awful headaches and a gnawing, empty feeling about my stomach, I couldn't sleep or work until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they did me a world of good." At all dealers in 25c. boxes.

inquiring as to whether I was still in good health. 'Oul! Oul!'"

The men helped me to my feet and left wondering at the wonderful constitution of the American soldier.

Since my arrival at camp I have made some research into the French language, especially in regard to the three words 'Il est mort,' and I add that this is the first time as far back as I can remember when I have been taken for a dead one."



Who is it in France you are most interested in—a husband, a brother, a son, a friend you long to see again?

Picture this boy, trudging, tired and sleepy, back from the trenches.

He sees posted up at an army hut a notice of the overwhelming success of the Victory Loan 1918.

He sees the notice posted that more Canadians bought Victory Bonds than in any previous loan, that money to carry on the fight is assured.

He sees that his self-sacrifice, his courage and self-denial are appreciated, that mighty battalions of Canadian money are marching to reinforce him.

Can't you see his tired face brighten?

Can't you see him hitch his pack and shift his gun with renewed resolve?

What a mental bracer this bulletin will be to the Army of Brave Souls who fight that we may be free?

If Canada-at-home will keep constantly before it the picture of Canada-in-France, then every previous record of investment in Canada will be shattered by the message we will send to our army when the Victory Loan 1918 is closed.

Buy all you can for cash and carry all you can on instalments.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee, in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.