



NIGHT COUGH

You know it! It begins with a tickling, irritating sensation in your throat. You cough to clear the throat. In a moment—there it is again!

A minute's peace, then again you cough, and so on until you cough your throat sore, and by the time the cough is sufficiently allayed to permit you to sleep, you are thoroughly worn out. This kind of experience is particularly trying to old people.

Peps make this sort of thing quite unnecessary.

Put a Peps pastille on your tongue and allow it to slowly dissolve. Healing fumes are then liberated, which mingle with the breath and are carried to the remotest parts of the air passages and lungs, allaying the irritation and soothing the inflamed membranes, thus ending the cough and making sleep possible.

Peps are also best for bronchitis, laryngitis, asthma, sore throat and colds. Try Peps at our expense. Send this advertisement and 1c stamp (for return postage), to Peps Co., Toronto, and receive FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. All dealers, 50c. box.

PEPS

GERMANS IN HASTE TO GET AN ARMISTICE

Allied Armies Pressing Huns Hard on Every Hand and They are in a Critical Position.

New York, Nov. 6.—The Associated Press tonight issued the following:

Germany is standing hat in hand at the door of Marshal Foch's headquarters, humbly begging for peace.

Deserted by all her former allies, her great military machine in the process of destruction by the onslaughts of the Entente allied armies, her dream of world domination rudely dissipated, Germany begs for a cessation of hostilities, notwithstanding the hard terms she knows she must pay.

Scarcely had the decision of the Supreme War Council at Versailles with regard to a cessation of hostilities with Germany been made public, than Germany was speeding emissaries to Gen. Foch to learn what the commander-in-chief's terms are to be.

Meantime, in France and Flanders the enemy forces are being given no rest. Along the whole battle line in France the British, French and American troops have made further material gains and reclaimed numerous towns and villages. Thousands more of Germans have been taken prisoner on all the sectors under attack. Generally the enemy forces are in slow retreat, but nevertheless at some points they are offering sharp resistance, particularly against the Americans, in the Meuse river region, and the French in the old Argonne sector.

The latest gains of the British on the western side of the battle front have been productive of the capture of several towns of great importance, the gaining of more territory east of the Scheldt canal, where the Canadians are on the attack, and in the taking of several railway junctions of high strategic value.

Along the Meuse the Americans continue steadily to push forward and at last accounts were almost at the gates of Sedan, a dominating point on the German line of communication to the east, the taking of which will greatly hamper the Germans in their efforts to clear out that portion of the sack from the region east of St. Quentin to the north of Rheims.

To the west of the American sector the Germans near Rethel are holding a bridgehead to protect their retreating armies east and west. In doing so, however, they are forming a dangerous salient in which capture is likely should the French break through.

Numerous additional crossings of the Aisne have been made by the French. Altogether the situation of the German army is critical.

KAROLYI TO NEGOTIATE

Amsterdam, Nov. 5.—Count Michael Karolyi, with several members of the national council and the workman's and soldiers councils will leave shortly for Padua for the purpose of opening peace negotiations with General Diaz, the Italian commander-in-chief. This announcement is made in a Budapest despatch received here.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. H. H.*

You can't blame the Allies for believing the Huns are trying to put the "mist" in armistice.

RIOTING AT KIEL.

Amsterdam, Nov. 5.—Severe rioting occurred at Kiel Sunday after a meeting of sailors and laborers which was addressed by an independent socialist speaker.

Mutinous sailors disarmed a military patrol and made their way to the military prison with the intention of liberating men confined there for insubordination. The military guards, who were pelted with stones, fired on the mutineers, killing twenty-nine. The military commander was shot dead.



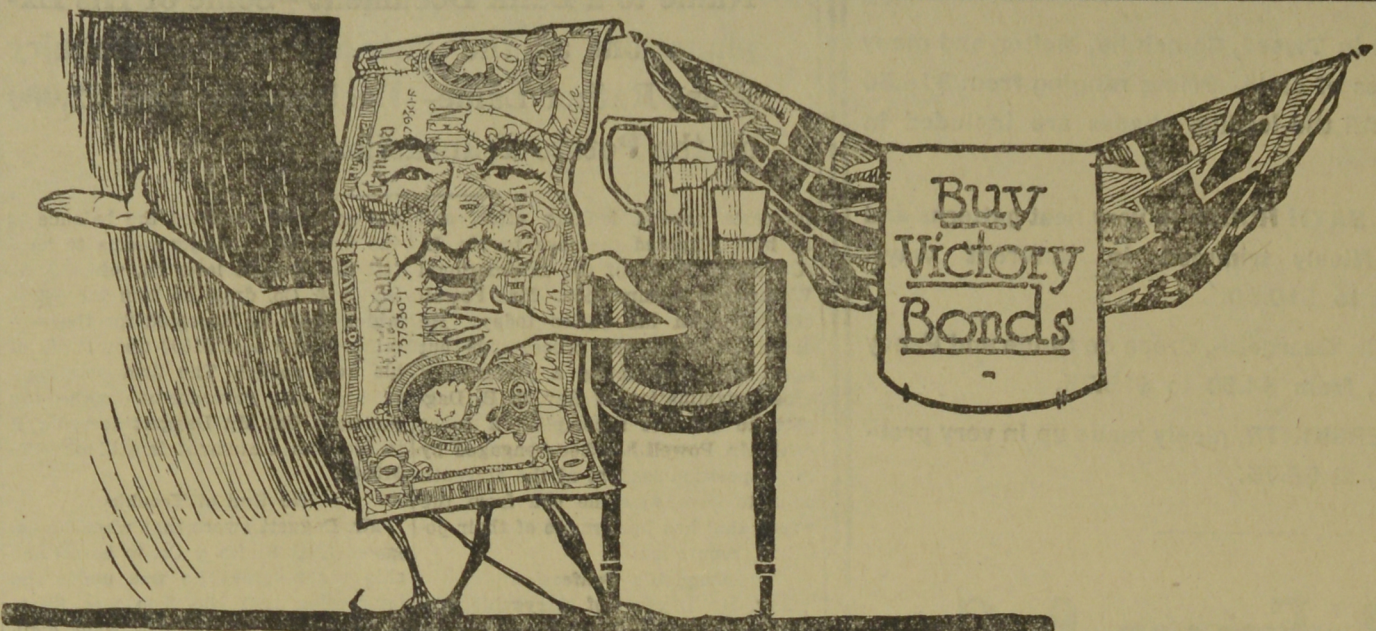
Wood's Phosphorine

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, tones new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, loss of energy, palpitation of the heart, failing memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mail it plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Patented, Made in U.S.A.)

It isn't what the average man knows about the hereafter that frightens him—it is what he doesn't know.

BELGIANS HAVE BEEN RELEASED

Amsterdam, Nov. 5.—In accordance with its amnesty proclamation, the German government has released all Belgian civilian prisoners held in Germany, according to a telegram received here from Berlin. Special rules under which Belgian prisoners have been held are said to have been abolished.



the journey of a ten dollar bill

I am a Ten Dollar Bill.

I may also add that I am a Canadian Ten Dollar Bill and naturally doing all I can to help our fighting boys win this war.

About a year ago when I was only a few days old, I was handed out by one of our chartered banks to a storekeeper named John Doe. I was crisp and clean then, with a bright yellow back. I have spent a mighty busy year, and faded out a lot, but, believe me, my usefulness is as great as ever.

When I first started out in life the Victory Loan Campaign of 1917 was on. In fact, my very first job in life was to help pay for a Victory Bond John Doe had bought. Together with millions of other bills, large and small, that answered the 1917 call, I was sent to Ottawa. But I didn't stay at the Capital long.

The very next day I went to pay a lumber dealer in British Columbia for some spruce he had sold the British Government for aeroplanes. The lumber dealer immediately put me in the bank.

But just as I was getting used to my surroundings I was taken from the bank and soon found myself slipped in a small yellow envelope with some other bills and handed out one Saturday to one of the lumber company's employees, who carried me home with him, where I remained all night.

The next day in he goes to a storekeeper:—"Here's the ten dollars I owe you," he said to the storekeeper, who immediately "rang me up" in his till.

But my stay there was brief. Next day the storekeeper totalled us up, and I heard him say to his assistant: "Collections are splendid again. I can pay all my accounts this month."

Shortly after this I came into the possession of a commercial traveller, and I next saw the light of day in a small



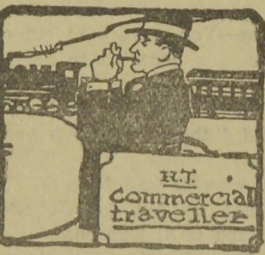
I was crisp and clean then.



"Here's the ten dollars I owe you."



He carried me home with him.



I came into the possession of a traveller.

restaurant in a grain town away out on the broad prairies. No sooner had I got comfortably settled in the safe when in comes a farmer with an elevator receipt which he had received for a load of wheat. "Cash this for me," he asked, and I passed into the farmer's wallet, but only for a few minutes—for on his way home he spent me at the hardware store in town for gasoline to operate his threshing outfit.

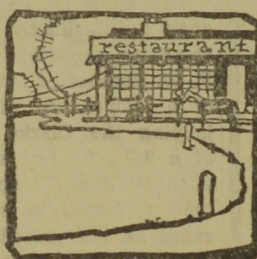
I am not going to take your valuable time going into details of the different hands I passed through in my trip east—through Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, until I found myself in the services of a firm in Montreal engaged in making munitions. Here I took another trip to the bank.

It was very peaceful and quiet in the bank vaults. But I was glad they did not keep me there long. I don't want to be idle when there is so much war work to do. And I wasn't, for on Friday I once more found myself in a pay envelope. The man who got me said to his wife that evening—"Here is the money for the household expenses." The following Monday I was traded for shoes for the man's children.

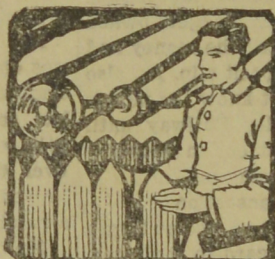
The shoemaker almost immediately sent me to a leather firm. They turned me over to a tannery. The tannery passed me on to a farmer to pay for some hides. The farmer bought a tractor and sent me to the city.

Here I was once more enclosed in an envelope and handed to a workman on pay day. He used me to help buy a suit of clothes. The tailor sent me away down east to square his account with a cloth maker. He turned me over to a coal dealer. He spent me for fish, and I took a short trip on a fishing boat and heard the men talking about U-boats and I looked anxiously around the horizon. But we got safely home with a fine catch.

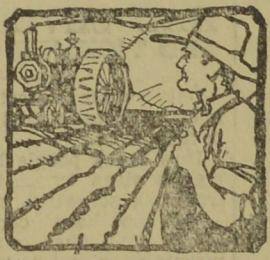
The fisherman needed some new tackle, so once more I started inland. He spent me for fish.



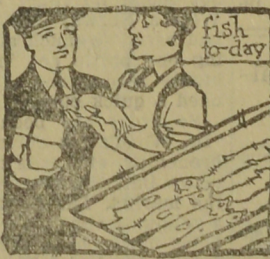
I next saw the light in a restaurant.



In the service of a firm making munitions.



The farmer bought a tractor and sent me to the city.



He spent me for fish.

I am a Ten Dollar Bill—that's my face value. You can see I am plainly marked "Ten Dollars."—But the strange thing is that during this year I have bought hundreds of dollars worth of goods, paid hundreds of dollars worth of debts on my journey from place to place in Canada. And what I am doing, forty-two million other ten dollar bills who volunteered to serve their country at the last Victory Loan, are also doing.

Older bills I have met—bills that were in circulation before the war—tell me that Canadian people don't use us for the frivolous purposes they once did. This, of course, is as it should be, because we must defeat the Germans. We must maintain our boys at the front, which we could not do if my efforts and the efforts of my fellows are ill-spent.

Now, Canadian ladies and gentlemen, I am going to bring my talk to an end by telling you the queerest thing of all about my travels.

My present home is in the bank, the officials of which gave me permission to come here and address you in the interests of the Victory Loan 1918. I am at this very moment lying at the credit of the same John Doe, storekeeper, where I was last year. I heard him say when he handed me to the bank—"Put that ten dollars to my credit, please. I am going to buy some Victory Bonds next week."

So, I presume, I am destined for another trip to Ottawa, and another busy year going up and down the country—keeping factories, farms, lumber camps and stores paid for their goods and their labor. And I am proud to be of such service to my country.

Just one thing more and I am through: I hope each Canadian will do everything he can to defeat the Germans, because, if he does not, I, as a Canadian Ten Dollar Bill, will not be worth much—and German money, which I understand, is called "marks," will travel up and down Canada in our places, and my race will disappear from the face of the earth.

Thanking you greatly for your attention, ladies and gentlemen.



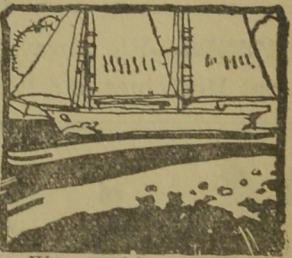
"Cash this for me?" he asked.



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