

HUNS ASK FOR A COMMISSION TO EXAMINE THEIR FOOD SITUATION

London, Feb. 24.—Thirty-six prominent members of scientific and medical faculties of German universities and twenty-two mayors of leading cities in that country have addressed a joint appeal to President Wilson and university faculties in neutral countries, urging the speedy appointment of a commission of experts from the Scandinavian states, Holland, Switzerland and Spain for the purpose of studying the food situation in Germany. The memorial says: "Germany has laid down her arms upon being assured a peace of justice based on President Wilson's Fourteen Points. The conditions of the armistice have made her absolutely defenceless. In

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Pape's Diapepsin instantly relieves a sour, gassy or acid stomach.

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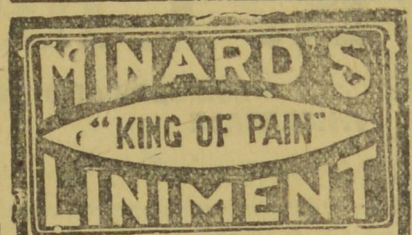
Why should a New Yorker go away for a change of air when he has five varieties to choose from right at home—subway air, steam heat air, cigarette air, gasoline air and "hot air"?

In spite of the mutual agreement to suspend hostilities Germany's opponents continue the hunger blockade—the most severe and most crushing of all weapons applied again her during the war.

The testimony adduced by medical authorities in Germany proves that the blockade cost the country eight hundred thousand lives.

The petition claims that clandestine traffic in food has resulted in price increases over peace time standards ranging from one thousand to three thousand per cent, which deprives millions of workers and women and children of food, and prevents the people from obtaining the most elementary necessities. The number of neurasthenics caused by the monotony of daily fare during the past four and a half years runs into the millions.

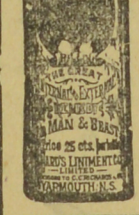
The petition further asserts that in addition to physical sufferings growing out of the continuance of the blockade, the food stringency in Germany has produced "physic and ethical phenomena which threaten to develop into broadening centres of Bolshevism. The petition adds the declaring that the problem of rationing big cities in Germany is beset by gravest dangers and that "the German people are undeservedly being driven into a hunger catastrophe.



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CUPID'S BUSY SEASON LEADING VETS TO MARRIAGE BUREAU

Twenty Weddings a Day is the Doughboy's Average at City Hall, New York, Which Doesn't Include the Numerous "Home Weddings" and the Number Jumps Up Every Time a Transport Arrives, Proving How Faithfully Miss New York Waited for Her Hero's Return.

(New York World)

"Hey, you fellows in uniform—want to be married now? Got your licenses and everything? All right! Just step right in. I'll do you up in a bunch. You can stand up with one another and it'll be all the merrier."

Thus on a busy Monday morning, spake City Clerk P. J. Scully, First Deputy to Daniel L. Cupid and proprietor of one of the busiest marriage mills in this well known world.

Six stalwart doughboys blushed, grinned and rose from their chairs in the waiting room of the Municipal Marriage Bureau. Six girls rose also, and with creditable self-possession led their uniformed swains through the door that leads from a commonplace office into that fateful sanctuary, all palm bedecked and rose garlanded where "Papa" Scully ties 'em up at the rate of nearly twenty a day.

The open season for soldier marriages is on.

"Now you stand here—no over on this side," brisks Mr. Scully, in whom twenty-three years of hasty knot-tying has not destroyed a sense of the dignity and fitness of things. "And you, Miss, move a bit this way—that's it. Now clasp right hands."

The other five pairs retire to the back of the little makeshift marriage hall and the good clerk adjusts his eyeglasses.

"In the name of God, Amen," he begins, pronouncing each word with reverence. "Do either of you know of any impediment why you should not be legally joined in matrimony?" He pauses, looks first at the lad before him, who shakes a prompt head; then at the slim girl, who forms "No, sir," with her red young lips.

"Or—if any one present can show any just cause why these parties should not be legally joined together in matrimony, let him now speak, or forever—hold—his peace." A pause here, as the fatherly man on the platform looks from eye to eye among the standing company. Nobody speaks. Thief he goes on.

"Do you, Philip, take this woman as your lawfully wedded wife, to live together in the state of matrimony?" Philip grasps his girl's hand tighter and answers firmly, "I do."

"Will you love, honor and keep her, as a faithful man is bound to do, in health, sickness, prosperity and adversity and, forsaking all others, keep you alone unto her, as long as you both shall live?"

"Yes, sir, I will," rejoins Philip, unconsciously straightening. Clerk Scully transfers his gaze from Philip to the slim girl beside him.

"Do you, Harriet, take this man for your lawfully wedded husband, to live together in the state of matrimony?" Harriet nods and whispers, "I do."

"Will you love, honor and cherish him, as a faithful woman is bound to do, in health, sickness, prosperity and adversity and, forsaking all others, keep you alone unto him, as long as you both shall live?"

"Yes—I will."

"For," concludes the Clerk, dropping his voice a note or two and saying each syllable with remarkable distinctness and sense of meaning, considering the thousands of times he has said it, "as you both have consented in wedlock and have acknowledged it before this company, I do by virtue of the authority vested in me by the laws of the State of New York, now pronounce you husband and wife. And may God—bless—your union."

A little pause, a nervous glance of the bridegroom toward the bride, a tremulous grin or two, and the tension is snapped by Clerk Scully saying, in his everyday voice: "Well, son, don'tcha wanta kiss your bride?" "There, that's better. Good luck to you both. Here, wait a minute; don't go without your certificate. Goodby; be good to each other!" Philip Donnelly, Company I, 308th Infantry, and Harriet Van Houten of Rahway smile and say "Thank you," and move out of the little chapel into the world of workaday, bound by that strange promise to love so long as they live!

The next couple steps to the fore, and the kindly old man on the platform (he said he was "getting old"; I don't see it or subscribe to it except as a term of endearment) goes through the form again.

"Got a ring?" he asks, as John stands stiffly, his military overcoat

buttoned tight to the chin.

"Sure." John unbends and fishes out a little box. (Little Jewellers' boxes are strewn all over Clerk Scully's desk).

And in three minutes and fourteen seconds, John G. Campbell, bugler, Company G, 7th Infantry, invalided to the Camp Merritt hospital after eight months' service in France, and Sadie Elizabeth Smith are duly wedded till death doth them part. Heigh-ho.

Follow Patrick J. Bane of the Ordnance Corps and Anna Flood, the girl he left behind him a year ago; Sgt. Reginald I. Pulford of Company B, 107th Engineers, who leans on crutches as he holds the hand of his bride, Ramona de Rivas Howe, Salvation Army canteen worker, whom he met in France; William E. Booth of the 356th Aero Squadron and Patricia Jacquine, and Ernest R. Ferreira of the Q. M. C. at Governor's Island, who lost a good left eye in a Zeppelin air raid on the English coast, and Pauline Donohue.

The color scheme of the marrying doughboys was suddenly rainbowed by the advent of Capt. Raymond Couraud of the 27th Regiment of French Dragons, a member of the Paris Automobile Service, now on business here with the French Military Mission. Beside him was Miss Flora Bowen, as pretty as the Captain was handsome, and quite of the Captain's mind that Clerk Scully must marry them quickly. For there was much to do before tomorrow's sailing and many goodbys to be said to the bride who is to make her future home in far Bucharest, Roumania, where Capt. Couraud's business will take him after demobilization. A flash of horizon blue and black and gold, a dart of rose color—and the picturesque pair had slipped from the room and down the long corridor where bridal feet of all nations daily pass on the way to their great adventure.

A military touch has been given recently to the old marriage license bureau in the person of Capt. Don Monteith of the Provost Marshal General's office. Capt. Monteith job is to check up the soldier boys and see that no monkeyshines are indulged in so far as he can prevent it. There have been a number of dough boys whose impulse has been to grab Dan Cupid by both wrists and do the double quick toward the matrimonial state. "Hoy long have you known the young woman?" is now one of the stock questions calculated to deter marriages based on a twenty-four hour acquaintance.

"It's bad enough," sighs Chief Scully, "the way folks can jump into matrimony as it is. Marriage licenses ought to be harder to get than they are. It's altogether too easy to get married. Because once you're mar-

MAMMA! DON'T YOU SEE YOUR CHILD IS SICK, CONSTIPATED

Look at tongue! Move poisons from liver and bowels at once.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given today saves a sick child tomorrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a small bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Co."

RESPONSIBILITY NOT TO BE FIXED BY TREATY

Paris, Feb. 24.—Present indications are that nothing regarding the responsibility for the war beyond a declaration of general principles, will be included in the preliminary treaty of peace. The special commission considering the liability of either governments or individuals to punishment has worked in great secrecy and has heard arguments on every side of the problem from experts in international law, but it is gathered that the only result that can be expected in time for incorporation in the peace treaty is an expression of opinion on the general principles that may be applied to the cases so far considered.

Will President Ebert of the Imperial Republic of Germany wear a crown on state occasions, or will he merely dent in the imperial derby?

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... a reliable remedy... Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Inventor: W. H. Cook.)

ried, you've got to stay married!—that's my view. You've got to make it your business to know all about the person you're tying up to. And if you aren't going to stick to 'em, you've got no business taking them in the first place."

Clerk Scully expects business to grow brisker and brisker every week from now on until the end of demobilization. He won't be surprised to have two dozen doughboy marriages a day in his little chapel pretty soon.

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