

PALE CHEEKED WOMEN TOLD ABOUT RESTORING A ROSY COMPLEXION

A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood-forming medium made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out.

Today it's different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red and healthy. All you have to do is to take two Freezone Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical.

Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—do they eat and sleep well, or are they pale, weak, and anaemic?

FERROZONE will rebuild them. Take your own case—is your blood strong and rich? Have you that old-time strength and vigor, or are you somewhat under the weather?

FERROZONE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming nourishing tonic that makes every ailing person well.

FERROZONE is a marvelous remedy, it contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of anaemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness, and loss of weight.

Every day you put off using FERROZONE you lose ground. Get it today, sold in 50 cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Catarthozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

SIGNS OF EXPERIENCE

Bobbie—My father must have been up to all sorts of mischief when he was a boy.

Johnny—Why?

Bobbie—'Cos he knows 'actly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I've been doing.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAKS HAD FINE TIME IN CANADA

Ten Thousand Soldiers from the New Republic in Central Europe Were Recently Carried Across Canada by the C. N. R.—A Fine Looking Body of Khaki Clad Troops—Were in Camp at Valcartier.

Canadian generally are not aware of the recent passing through the Dominion of some 10,000 representatives of a new republic in Central Europe—the little Republic of Czechoslovakia which is bordered on the north by Germany and Poland, on the east by Russia and Roumania, on the south by the state of the Magyars and German Austria, and on the west again by Germany, a Republic carved by the victorious Allies in 1919 out of the provinces of Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia and Slovakia.

These were ten thousand troops that had been fighting on foreign soil for more than six years and who sailed from Vladivostok last May arriving at Vancouver on the steamships Ixion, Proteus and Dollar early in June. They were transported across Canada by Canadian National Railways in 15 special trains to Valcartier Camp, where they remained until about the middle of July, when they sailed for their homes in Europe. Some Canadians, there, had an excellent opportunity of studying at first hand these

typical representatives of the races of Central Europe within the borders of our own country.

Canadians have had in the past, scant occasion to study the Czechoslovaks or their history. Somehow we had the idea that they were of a race somewhat inferior to ours. Many of us even imagined they were an uncivilized people with whom we should scarcely care to associate, while as to their educational attainments, we scarcely thought of them at all.

But when the Blue Funnel liner "Ixion" docked at Vancouver on June 6th, some 3,000 Czechoslovaks passed in orderly array down the gang planks, a fine looking body of smart khaki-clad troops, not unlike Canadian soldiers in appearance. Indeed with the exceptions of a few typical Slav types and of their uniforms they might easily have been mistaken for Canadians. As they paraded from the docks to the C. N. R. station, rifle over shoulder, people in the Coast Metropolis commented favorably on their fine soldierly appearance as they swung along

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs"
Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

to the music of the "Storm Battalion" band.

Camped at Valcartier

Later in the month, the steamships Proteus and Dollar arrived with more Czechs, who, like the first, were transported across Canada by Canadian National Railways whose officials could not speak highly enough of them. It was remarked that their trains, on arrival at Valcartier, had the appearance of just having come out of the terminal, instead of having crossed the continent, for the troops had scrubbed

out the cars before leaving them. Each man also kept a little box on the window sill into which he threw matches, ashes, etc., to keep the cars from getting littered. Another railway representative stated that he had never had charge of a finer body of men. "They were well-behaved, well-read and scrupulously clean."

It was at Valcartier Camp, however, that their national characteristics were seen to the best advantage. Although they remained in camp for a few weeks only, every tent was surrounded by an artistic garden outlined with white-washed stones and so beautiful was the effect that a visiting General from Quebec, inquired if they had brought a landscape gardener with them. It was merely an expression of the aesthetic nature of these people. Of course all the flowers and shrubs in their gardens had been transplanted from the woods and fields. Often at either side of the entrance to a tent, stood a small fur tree, while beautifully arranged around and behind, the tent were clumps of daisies and other wild flowers. Here and there, worked out in different shades of soil, or in flowers, were mottoes in the Czech language or a map illustrative of their journey home. Often, where a ditch ran in front of a tent, a little rustic bridge and arch of attractive design was built, while at one side of a tent stood a miniature castle surrounded by a wall and moat with a typical drawbridge.

That they were a music-loving people could not be doubted for among them were ten fine brass bands and several orchestras, one of which gave a concert in Quebec city on July 5th. There were also a number of well-trained choirs. In the evening, passing down the road between the tents, one could hear snatches of Slavic song, the singing notes of a violin, or some other string instrument being played in individual tents or by a band somewhere in the distance.

They had a moving-picture machine and an official photographer a library of 10,000 volumes, together with a supply of magazines and newspapers, and a mimeograph machine on which their daily army newspaper was produced.

Compulsory education having been in effect for some time in the provinces from which these Republicans came, they are well-read and speak several languages. The officers speak English well, along with French, Russian, Czech, Polish, Serbian and German. Many were students at the University of Prague, Vienna, or some other middle-European center at the outbreak of the war. Even among the ranks were to be found Academicians in art and music, and teachers and writers.

The rank and file, even, gave many evidences of a fine "National" sense. Wherever they had the opportunity it was not the casual enjoyment that claimed their attention first, but the thought that, perhaps somewhere about, there might be some fact the learning of which by them might be of advantage back in the homeland. Niagara Falls, taken too much for granted, perhaps, by most Canadians, was a natural phenomena of the first rank. The great bridge across the St. Lawrence near Quebec, was another. And the great industries of the cities were potent in their appeal to such of the Slovaks who had the chance to visit. Altogether, there seemed to be a widespread feeling of regret that they had not been privileged to know Canadian and Canadians more intimately than they have, and many will go back to the harassed little Republic in the heart of Old Europe with the germ of a vigorous desire to come once more to this virile Dominion across which they had raced at high speed to the steamers carrying them across the Atlantic and to home.

CHOICE

Late diner (at resort)—Well, what have you got

Waitress—Boiled ham and fish—but the fish is all out. Which'll you have?

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

A reliable remedy for all cases of constipation. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3. No. 1, 2, 3, 50¢ per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor).

CAPITAL BRAND

A meal is not complete without good butter.

You say, "It's hard to find?"

Not now. Just ask for "CAPITAL BRAND" and you're sure to get a good article.

Try our "CAPITAL BRAND" ICE CREAM—it's rich in flavor, and our price is only 60 cents a quart.

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Every up-to-date woman should have radiant hair.

There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it.

In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using DELMAY'S FRENCH HAIR TONIC, the Great French Hair Tonic.

Every reader of the Mail can have an attractive head of hair in a few weeks by using DELMAY'S FRENCH HAIR TONIC.

All first class druggists. It is guaranteed to banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in ten days, or money back.

DELMAY'S FRENCH HAIR TONIC is a beautiful, pleasant, non-sticky Hair Tonic. Price \$1.00 a bottle.

TAXI DRIVER'S KISS MADE A POOR ALIBI

Chauffeur Says the Only Remuneration He Got was a Good-bye to His Fair Fare.

(New York Herald)

"It's simply awful Judge, the way those taxicab chauffeurs act. They will try to kiss me, and there seems to be no way of making them behave."

The person who made this strange complaint was an attractive young woman of 22 years. She had given her name to the clerk of the West Side Court as Diamond Brown, her address as the Hotel Vanderbilt and had explained that she was married to one Dudley W. Brown, a chemical manufacturer from whom she had been receiving a monthly allowance.

Standing near Mrs. Brown was Philip Grenfield, a chauffeur of 547 Fox street, The Bronx, and the story that he told differed materially from hers. He had been so devoid of gallantry as to cause her arrest.

"Kiss her, me eye," he said. "All I kissed was my fare of \$6.20, and I kissed that goodbye. Why I've got a wife and a flat full of husky little fellows, what'd I want to kiss her for? She had me drive her around Central Park until the taximeter showed \$1.20 and then she said, 'Put that little flag up; I don't like to see the dimes drop so fast.' After a while I saw she owed me \$6.20, and I called a halt. Then she said she hadn't any money."

"And you know you tried to kiss me and said that would square it," the pretty defendant said.

Some one in the court room remarked that \$6.20 would be a pretty steep price to pay for one kiss, and then Assistant District Attorney Goodman happened to glance keenly at Mrs. Brown and to ask:

"Weren't you arrested before for beating a taxicab chauffeur out of \$21 and didn't you accuse that man of trying to kiss you too?"

"Oh, yes," laughed the defendant, "and I was fined \$10 that time. Wasn't that funny Judge. I was in all one night, too. A nice little jail you've got here."

"How about this \$6.20?" Magistrate Schwab asked sternly.

"Oh, I could get it, but I'll have to call up my husband," sighed Mrs. Brown.

"Well, of all the nerve!" said his Honor. "I don't believe this man tried to kiss you at all. You must have the taxicab craze."

"Oh, your Honor," sighed the defendant, turning her lustrous eyes upon the Magistrate.

"Cut that out," sharply commanded the Magistrate. "I'll give you five days in the nice little jail."

"Oh, can't I pay a fine?" sobbed Mrs. Brown at this sudden turn of affairs.

"No."

"But I did last time," said the defendant with an injured air.

"Officer call the next case," ordered the Magistrate.

But some time later the judicial heart must have softened for when reporters called at the West Side prison to see the one whose kisses are prized so highly they were told that she had been released after payment of a fine of \$10.

At the Hotel Vanderbilt it was stated that Mrs. Diamond Brown was quite unknown there.

To Resign Rectorship.

It is announced that Rev. J. R. De Wolfe Cowie rector of Fredericton and Canon of Christchurch Cathedral, has intimated his intention of resigning the rectorship to the vestry of Christchurch Parish Church. His intention is to retire to a farm in Carleton county which he recently purchased. He and his wife recently returned from Bermuda.

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A rolling pin.

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