

**A SURE RELIEF FOR
WOMEN'S DISOR-
DERS.**

10 Days' Treatment Free.

Orange Lily is a certain relief for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissue. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief; the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, and the circulation is rendered normal. As this treatment is based on strictly scientific principles, and acts on the actual location of the disease, it cannot help but do good in all forms of female troubles, including delayed and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc. Price \$2.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. A free Trial Treatment, enough for 10 days, worth 75c., will be sent free to any suffering woman who will send me her address.

Enclose 3 stamps and address Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.
SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

**A-Foot In North Russia.**

(By a British "Expeditionary" Man.)

The Archangel Front included such a vast area of country that marching was as a rule the least practicable method of moving about it.

Only on one occasion had I the excuse and the opportunity for a tramp of any length, and this, though it extended considerably beyond my anticipations, proved one of my most interesting experiences in that fascinating and unhappy country.

Having spent a rather exhausting day, mostly on horseback in the blazing sun, about our forward positions in front of Troitsa on the Dvina, I heard that a tug was likely to leave for Beresnik, my next objective, during the evening. Beresnik was some miles down stream, and was at that time occupied by G. H. Q.

I hurried on board about 8 o'clock, selected a clear piece of deck, whereon to lay my sleeping-bag, and waited—sometimes trying to doze, sometimes watching the scene of ceaseless activity presented by that unrelenting beach all through the hours of cool and pallid night—until 3 o'clock in the morning. Only then were we ready to cast off. With the sun already blazing on the polished blue surface of the river, and shining with silver radiance on the skin of the observation balloon which had her station in the air above Troitsa, we set out on our voyage, towing a barge-load of prisoners and salvage.

On board there were several British officers besides myself, and we picked up happily together on the sun-scorched deck, making tea with water always boiling in the ship's "samovar," and eating our bully beef with enjoyment. The necessity for taking on more fuel caused a fresh delay before the day was very old.

Wood is in North Russia the universal fuel for domestic and commercial purposes alike, and river trips gained in interest what they lost in rapidity by the frequent stoppages for "wooding." Lengthy stacks of beautifully cut billets scattered at close intervals along the banks of the Dvina serve the steamers for replenishment, and the ceremony of fuelling, so unpleasant on coal-burning steamers, is on the Dvina associated with charming forest scenery, the pungent smell of sawn pine-wood, and general good humor.

At this time—July—the continued

drought had caused the shallow Dvina to shrink so low that a great proportion of our river transport was useless, being unable to cross the various sandbars. This fact added enormously to the difficulties of the campaign.

Delay on the Dvina.

Towards noon—a breathless, blue and brazen noon, the vast radiant sky reflected from leagues of unrippled water—we came in sight of a fleet of tugs and barges, either aground or else anchored as a precaution. After a colloquy with others of his frigate, our skipper announced that the tug for which he had been heading was impassable, and that he proposed to try the one on the other side of a large island which here occupied the middle of the river. This entailed steaming up-stream for miles to the vicinity of a village called Pless, and, half-dazed with the heat and glare on the unsheltered deck, we resigned ourselves to this further loss of time.

At Pless—a blue-black thundercloud piled its menace into the vast sky—a spirit of inertia entered into the ship's company. Apparently deciding that fate was against them, the skipper and crew moored the tug to the baking beach and disappeared into the village that straggled along the summit of the shingly cliff above.

Now, I was really anxious to be back at my work at Beresnik, and this Russian procrastination, or fatalism, exhausted my scanty British patience, so that I determined to be bold and independent. My sleeping bag and eating gear—the usual luggage for these Dvina trips—were in an ordinary Tommy's kit-bag; with them I ruthlessly packed my trunk, and asking a fellow-voyager to leave the lot in the hands of the Embarkation Staff officer at Beresnik—if ever he reached the place—I set off to walk.

My luggage was a revolver, though as a passport to the goodwill of strangers it always seems to fall short in geniality.

Peasants and Their Pastimes.

For the first few miles the road, of hard, rutted mud, patched here and there with rough fire-poles, led me through village after village separated only by a field or two, where barley, rye, potatoes, and onions were growing. These villages were so astonishingly alike in general features that for all my steady tramping, I seemed to be ever in the same quiet street, plodding past the same shingled gable-ends, the same wells, the same neat piles of fuel stacked against the houses, the same sleighs stored under the shelter of wide-carved eaves. Russian village houses do not face the street, adorned sometimes with crude paintings—perhaps a brace of animals which might have escaped from the College of Heraldry, or a huge message-gay. Of course, everything is of wood, churches, houses, fences, carts, and sleighs.

Groups of peasants, the men patriarchally bearded and in colored blouses or "rubashkas," the women glowing in cottons of all the brightest, and most vivid hues, sat, staring as I passed. One splendid old fore-fatherly exclamation, an exclamation of childish wonder or cry as he pointed to my wristwatch.

Passing through these villages on foot, one observed details missed while steaming up and down the highway of the river. Tiny pictures in black paint on some of the gable-ends drew my attention—silhouettes of axes, ladders, buckets, horses. In case of a fire, it seems, each house is responsible for some component essential of the fire-fighting equipment, as advertised by the particular picture on the wall. Thus the fire brigade would rally complete with all appliances; or, if not, the community would know whom to blame for the lack of any item.

The most popular village game was a form of skittles, tiny logs being set upon end to be knocked over by a missile like a rolling-pin, thrown from some 20 or 30 feet. Russian boys and soldiers never tired of this sport. The swing was also popular, but in this country the plank forming the seat moves longitudinally instead of broadside. As many as half a dozen burly soldiers might be seen enjoying the thrill together. Another favorite amusement was the "see-saw," again with a difference, the Russian practice being to stand on the plank, and so he shot several feet into the air each time the opposite end hit the ground. Children and adults are alike in their

fondness for this pastime, and I never saw a more serious accident than the cracking of an over-tried plank.

A Romantic Meal.

A charming atmosphere of rural peace hung about those villages as I passed through them. With the approach of evening the sun came out, and his calm rays shining beneath a dun and golden fringe of cloud lit up and magnified the great white and green churches that rose above the dark roofs of every village and dominated the level leagues of river, meadow, and forest.

Children were driving home the cattle, sturdy women strode by the side of little carts, so piled with new-cut grass that the energetic pony between the shafts was well-nigh hidden. Merry-faced girls, wearing the be-ribboned pigtail that is the token of spinsterhood in these parts, sat carelessly astride long-maned ponies, and raced one another homewards. The priest, with his beard and flowing locks, his long robe and curly-brimmed, soot-tinted straw hat, sat on the green bank beneath his stately church, and chatted with the peasants—sparing a courtesy bow to the hot foreigner tramping past. Women dressed like the flowers of the field for brilliance drew water from the deep cold wells, or carried on a yoke a pair of brimming buckets.

I was very hungry and thirsty, and the information I collected from time to time as to the distance of my goal seemed to suggest that the verities were elastic. A kind-faced woman, passing with a pony, handed me with a friendly word the green top of an onion, which only served to whet

the houses family parties were gathered round the samovar. This was tantalizing for a thirty wayfarer, and presently I stopped and said jointly to a clean-looking woman about to enter a tidy, painted house, and to a man at the window, "Chai, pazhalist." Now, observation and experience had taught the Relief Force that those sounds are understood to mean "Tea, if you please." My invitation and welcome was instant and warm.

I was shown upstairs into the big living room, and a place made for me at the table. Round it sat representatives of several generations, from the grey-bearded ancestor to the clamorous infant. In its centre stood the tall, polished, steaming samovar, and a big bowl full of a syrupy liquid, in which berries were floating. The choice of white or brown rye bread was given me, and a wooden spoon wherewith to dip in the common bowl. Each member of the party was similarly armed, and transferred the fruit direct from the basin to the mouth, not without moist noises signifying a relish, particularly on the part of the infant. The berries were of a kind common in Russia, and known to hill-climbers in Scotland as cloud berries. After my third dip, my hostess produced a separate little basin of berries for me, together with a saucer full of sugar.

Conversation was difficult, but we seemed to enjoy one another's company, and I found the cloud berries, the tea, the white and rye bread, a pleasant and romantic meal. My entertainers would not hear of payment, and I left feeling that I had friends in that far village on the Dvina. Make his acquaintance like this, and you will think the Russian peasant a survivor of the Golden Age, simple, kindly and hospitable. Ossinova was the village I was making for. Beresnik was on the opposite side of the river, but I counted on my luck to provide a ferry of some sort.

Through Field and Forest.

Thinking it just possible that the steamer might attempt the channel after all, I left the road when it turned inland, and took to the fields, walking along the brink of red clay cliff that fell twenty perpendicular feet into deep water where the current ran on my side of the river. As I might have expected, the flies were appalling in these meadows, where field flowers—cranesbills, marguerites, cornflowers, meadow-sweet, buttercups, coltsfoot—grew in beautiful profusion. This particular pest was neither the mosquito nor the big tiger-striped, jewel-eyed bulldog fly which had terrorized us a few weeks earlier, but a tiny, fly-winged, black-bodied sort of midge. In his thousands he floated around me, drifting into my eyes, my ears, my nose, tickling my hands, my face, my neck. To sit down to rest and cool was impossible—that wily madness lay! There was nothing for it but to press on, waving a handkerchief tied to my stick as a fly-switch.

There was no sign of any steamer

on the wide river, and at length I rejoined the road, and following its windings presently found myself in the forest. Before turning my back on the last of the houses, however, I begged a drink of delicious water from a woman who was troubled because I declined the substitution of milk. A man leaning from a window, to whom I had first appealed, understood neither my words nor my gestures, but arrived at the conclusion that I was seeking sympathy for tooth-ache.

The silence and loneliness of the forest were intense and palpable. On the right hand and on the left there was no sound save a stealthy creaking caused by the slow settling, as they cooled in the night air, of stacks of lately cut wood. Luckily, for some reason, the flies beneath these tall trees were very few. A couple of droshkies passed me, going, of course, in the wrong direction. The information gained from the occupants made it clear that I should have to walk seven or eight hours more than I had wound myself up to cover, making the tramp upwards of 25 miles, which the warmth and heavy going seemed to multiply. All through that interminable forest the road was deep in sand, deeper with every mile.

The End of the Walk.

It was after 11 o'clock when I dragged my weary steps into Ossinova, with the lights of Beresnik still a mile or two away across the river meadows and the Dvina glistening in my eyes. A

couple of British subalterns returning to their billet urged me to share it with them for the night, but I had reached that stage of fatigue when one refuses to contemplate a halt before the journey's ultimate goal is reached; still trusting the tramp's luck, I trudged on across the meadows, pushed my way through the dew-wet, insect-haunted fringe of willows, and scrambled down to the beach.

Beresnik looked very near now, and

my luck held, for almost at once I

heard rowlocks, and saw the dark blot

of a boat upon the water. My anxious

hail was answered. In another minute

I was sitting in the stern-sheets of a

gig rowed by two sturdy naval ratings,

who were cruising thus late on an ex-

pedition of combined duty and pleas-

ure, having by chance discovered and

thereafter towed ashore a Scotsman

corpse.

When your head feels like
a basket of broken
bottles—you need

**BEECHAM'S
PILLS**

Stomach or bowel
disorder poisons the blood
and thus irritates the
rest of the body.

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.
Sold everywhere in Canada. In bottles, 25c. 50c.

MAYO'S
Always satisfies the
man who likes a real smoke
Because its good all the time.

**The New "Kodak" Store
309 Water Street**

which has been renovated and equipped as a distributing depot for all Camera Supplies, will be open on Thursday next, July 15th, when the pleasure of your company on a visit of inspection is cordially requested.

The largest stock of Cameras of all grades and sizes, together with their complete equipment, the City has ever known will be then ready for your approval, including some fine 1920 "KODAK" Models with magnificent lenses. Everything needed for all sizes of cameras instantly supplied. All materials for home developing and printing, and last, but most important, our twenty-four hour developing and printing service comes immediately into force.

This service gives what it claims to give, negatives developed, or printed from and ready for delivery in twenty-four hours, its special feature being perfect work with no delay. We shall expect YOU on Thursday.

TOOTON
the 'Kodak'
Man

Opposite our present stand

T. J. EDENS.**FRESH GOODS**

by S. S. Rosalind from
New York.

**RIPE TOMATOES,
CALIFORNIA ORANGES,
LEMONS,
GRAPE FRUIT,
NEW POTATOES.**

Special!

CODROY BUTTER
by the tub or retail.

**Staffed Olives,
Cherries in Maraschino,
Salted Almonds (bottles),
Meadow Sweet Peanut Butter,
Lazenby's Anglo-Indian Pickles.**

**COOLING—REFRESHING.
Dew's Ale, Crown Lager,
Crown Porter, Pabst Malt,
Southwell's Lemon Crystals,
Rose's Lime Juice.**

**Welch's Grape Juice; all sizes.
Local and Imported Syrups; all
flavors.**

Cold Spring Lemonade Powders.

300 sacks F.E.I. WHITE OATS.

**FRESH CODFISH,
RHUBARB,
LETTUCE,
RADISHES.**

T. J. EDENS.

131 DUCKWORTH ST.,
(Next to Custom House.)

Tired as I was, I thought it up to me to let the embarkation staff know their steamer's plight, and perhaps to make my little boast. And what do you think were the first words of the officer on duty when I appeared inside his little cabin on the barge that formed the quay at Beresnik? "Hello, I've got a kit-bag here for you. A fellow asked me to keep it till you called."

The bag had beaten me by an hour, but I could not regret the hard labor of my walk.—W. Kersley Holmes, in the Scotsman.

Word Wanderings.

It is difficult to see at first sight how a word which began by meaning a mask can, after the lapse of two thousand years, come to denote a clergyman. Nor does one see immediately how of two words, each of which originally meant "boy," one should become a coveted title and the other an epithet applicable to a scoundrel.

Roman actors always wore conventional masks denoting the hero, the heroine, the villain, or the comic man; and to help the actor voice to carry to the distant parts of the auditorium, each mask contained a kind of megaphone. The Latin word for mask is persona, from per (through) and sona (to sound). "Dramatic personae" really means, then, the masks of the play. By an easily understandable transference, persona came to mean not the mask, but the actor who wore it.

Then, since all the world is a stage, it was applied in the form "person" to human beings in general.

But there were persons of various kinds. The incumbent of a living, for instance, was a clerical person. In the place names Derby, Hertford, and Berkshire, we can still see survivals of the time when a pronounced "ar" at this period of word "person" was split into two: person was split in the old way, and person was split phonetically, dropping its distinguishing adjective.

In Anglo-Saxon the word meant, originally, a boy; but as most boys had to be useful in those days it came to mean a servant. Humble being the keynote of knighthood when it was first instituted, great warriors were proud to become servants (knights) of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem or the Temple. The meaning of "servant" was eventually lost sight of, and "knight" came to have its present significance. The German Knecht still has the original meaning of servant or hind.

Another Saxon word for boy was enape, or enafe, which is the modern word "knave."

Ladies' White Canvas High Cut Boots and Shoes and Pumpkins, the smartest assortment of White Footwear ever seen in St. John's, for \$2.50 per pair at Smallwood's Big White Shoe Sale—July 15th.

Minard's Linalum Cures Diptheria.