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Even Doctors Marvel at the Penetrating Power of Good Old "Nerviline."

Pains anywhere—in the chest, neck, side, back or muscles—they are always a discomfort. If the inflammation is severe, the pain will be intense. If allowed to continue, complications will follow.

Physicians say one of the best remedies is "Nerviline"—it can't help curing, because it penetrates through the sore tissues, carrying healing properties that destroy every symptom of pain.

In cases of colds, sore chest and pleurisy, there should be a good hand-rubbing with Nerviline, and, of course to prevent the trouble coming back, it's advisable to put on a Nerviline Porous Plaster, which, by absorption

through the skin draws out all congestion.

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All dealers sell Nerviline.

## The Burden of Sacrifice

**TWO MEN—A CONTRAST.**  
This is a story of two men and how the war has affected them and changed their lives and made or smashed their fortunes.

The story of these two men is nothing new; it is being enacted among hundreds of thousands of other men. But, as the wife of one of these two men observed, "It's a strange world."

One of the men was a professional man. It had cost long years of study and apprenticeship and much money of his parents to make him a professional man. His school and university years cost about £1,000; his articles of clerkship, examination fees, text-books, and the cost of his living during the five years of his indentures cost at least another thousand pounds.

Professional men are debarred by archaic rules from advertising. Unless they have a host of connections, or can afford to buy a practice or partnership, they must wait for patients or clients to come in from the void. Marriage, home, children, are solaces of other workers that they can only look for in early middle age. It was so with this man. It was only in the fourth year of his practice that he began to be able to repay his mother the advances she had made, out of a slender income, for his maintenance during the five years of his apprenticeship and the first three years of his practice, and it was not until the tenth year (the fifteenth since he was articulated to his profession) that he was able to marry, at the age of thirty-four.

By taking work home and keeping his average working day to fourteen hours he was able to rub along with a clerk and an office boy, and his net income was about £400. Most professional men will agree that this was a very fair progression and quite an average return for fifteen years' specialized toil and a capital expenditure of two thousand.

The other man of this story was his clerk. His age was twenty-four, he was unmarried, and no worldly responsibility sat on his broad shoulders.

Life to him was "not 'art" a bad thing. He could leave the office daily at a regular hour and think no more of it. His work and cares were his cares were his employer's, not his. He had made no outlay, either with capital or time, for his calling. In fact, as he often said, it was only a "fluke" that he was a clerk. He had just "taken what came along," and sometimes he thought of "chucking it up" and going into an engineering works. He had always had an amateurish taste for mechanics.

"But any old thing for change and adventure."

And then the war came.

The professional man stuck to his office for a time. There were plenty of younger men, he argued to himself. He had only just built up a practice after all those years of work and all that sunken money. He had only been married two years. It meant the smash-up of his professional career, his home, everything. His clerk refused to enlist, so why should he? But the calls went out for men, and more men, and more men—and he enlisted. He discharged the clerk and the office boy, shut up the office, disposed of his home, and put his wife and two infants into cheap furnished lodgings, with only her separation allowance to live on.

The other man was very annoyed when his employer did those mad things. "It's hot-headed chaps like him make it bad for all of us," he said. "Why couldn't he keep quiet and mind his own business? A nice mess he's gone and made of that." The clerk sought another situation; but employers were becoming shy of engaging broad-shouldered young applicants; men, and more men, were being appealed for by the Army. Compulsion loomed. People were rude to him in the streets; women were particularly offensive in some of their questions. He had no excuse—not even a badge. Suddenly the his harassed mind occurred the flimsy amateur knowledge of mechanics. He remembered the jolly young munitioneer he met one night at a music-hall who told him that the work was "as easy as kissing the back of your hand." So he presented himself at a munition works, and was accepted at three times the salary he had earned as a clerk. He breathed in happy safety again. He was exempt, indispensable, and proudly badged.

At that very hour the other man stood with his fellows at the bottom of a ditch of reeking clay. Flakes of sleet eddied down from the grey streak that was all he could see of the sad sky of Flanders. Under the water that he stood in was clay that sucked at his cold feet like a quicksand, and somewhere under that again was a German mine, and he and his fellows knew that the mine was there, but knew not when it would explode. The dank air that puffed into the trench was foul with the aroma of the enemy's last poison-gas attack and fouler still with other terrible odours. Near him protruded the leg of a defunct German, exposed by a trench slip that day that had killed two men. It was the hour when the enemy, with clockwork regularity, commenced their daily "strafe"; when "Minnie" bombs tumbling like porpoises in their flight, thud into parapets and bury live men when they explode; when whizz-bangs crackled overhead; when high-explosive shells fell like bursting asteroids. So the other man had to thrust into his tunic a letter he had read a dozen times and turn to his ordeal.

This is an extract from the letter.

"Whom do you think I met yesterday in a 'bus in the Strand? Your late He patronized poor me at—, and in-clever Wilkins magnificently arrayed, formed me that he is making eight pounds a week! He has become a member of 'The Union'."

"He is looking awfully well and strong—you know what a broad-shouldered fellow he always was. I asked him what he was doing with all that money, and he told me that he is having a splendid time, but that he is still saving quite enough (oh, how I wished that I was a man and could kick him!), to be able to put by en-

ough to get free articles with a firm of solicitors in part payment of salary as clerk and eventually open his own practice. I couldn't help asking him how he reconciled it with his conscience that he was not in the Army. He said that his conscience had always been against war. I asked, if that were so, how his conscience allowed him to make munitions? I told him, almost as rudely, that I hoped he would be combed out. He laughed scornfully and assured me that there was little fear of that.

"Well, it's a strange world. But, despite all my loneliness and heartache, and the sleepless nights when I pray for you, dear, and the absurd pinches and devices I am put to feed and house and clothe myself and the bairns until my man comes back, I am still glad and proud that you went—but, oh, I do wonder what all of you there are going to say to the Wilkinses when you come home again."

## Speech Which Got Socialist Into Trouble.

Dr. Karl Liebknecht Was Too Outspoken to Suit Authorities in Berlin.

The following is the text of the speech delivered by Germany's foremost Socialist leader, Dr. Karl Liebknecht, on the Imperial Palace grounds at Berlin during the May Day bread riots, when he was arrested by the authorities.

"Comrades and friends, some years ago a witty Socialist has observed that in Prussia we Germans have three great rights, which are: We can be soldiers, we can pay taxes, and we can keep our mouths shut. The Socialist who made this observation has made it with a grim humor, but to-day the humor of it must be disconnected from it; it is all too grim. Especially in these days this observation is too true. To-day we are sharing these three great Prussian state privileges in full. Every German citizen is given the full privilege to carry a rifle in any manner. Even the boy scout has been incited to play the ridiculous role of a soldier. They have thus planted the spirit of hate deep in his youthful soul. Meanwhile the old Landstrumer is forced to perform forced labor in invaded countries, in spite of the fact that under the laws of the imperial constitution he cannot be called out for any other purpose than for the defence of the Fatherland.

"As for the second privilege—his right to pay taxes—in this respect the German citizen is, up to the present time, far ahead of his brothers in foreign lands whom he is engaged in exterminating. And yet more privileges of this kind are awaiting him in the days to come—after the end of this war. The high taxes which the German people have so far paid are insignificant compared to the great burden which he must carry after the war, and for which his masters are daily preparing him with such touching delicacy of patriotic sentiment through the medium of the official press.

"The new Germany has the unquestionable right of maul halten (holding his tongue). Recently our official press has been flooded by authoritative and pharisaic exhortations to soldiers' wives, that they must, for God's sake, not complain so much about the scarcity of food. Keep your mouth shut when hungry, keep your mouth shut when your children are hungry, keep your mouth shut when your children want milk, keep your mouth shut when your children cry for bread, keep your mouth shut and write no letters to the front!"

Outside of Germany these remarks might sound like the stock phrases of a professional agitator, but not so in Germany, at least not in these days. I carefully watched for the effect of these remarks all about me, and I saw no pair of dry eyes.

Amid tense silence the doctor continued: "In a recent issue the mouthpiece of the Pharisee, the 'Munchener Neuesten Nachrichten,' complains thus (reading from a clipping):

"Our soldiers do not always receive from their dear ones at home the best encouragement to hold on. A soldier on furlough, who, before obtaining his leave, had performed his duty to his Fatherland unflinchingly, and went through many hardships with good humor, but, however, after a visit home, returned to the front

with a sad face, worrying day and night about his dear ones and the pretended scarcity at home."

"Pretended scarcity certainly is palatable, especially when one is reminded of the fact that our police is weighing the bread, that the butter is out of the market; that fat, meat and margarine have reached a price that is beyond the probable reach of the working man!"

"Another well-nourished Pharisee exhorts in the columns of the 'Nord Allg-Zeitung' by asking, 'Where is scarcity to be found?' and no doubt after having partaken of a good dinner, he preaches with these words: 'We must teach ourselves at home how to manage, to get along in our homes with as little as possible. But, of course, in large families with children, the small earnings of the breadwinner being now totally absent, this sum must be replaced by the creation of a relief fund so that there may be no serious want.' Exactly, but under no circumstances must the people complain of hunger. It annoys the soldier terribly and cripples his fighting power. Therefore, do not write complaining letters to the front. In other words you wives of soldiers hide the truth from your husbands, in fact, lie to them."

"The old proverb says: 'The mouth speaketh out of the fullness of the heart.' And, if her children's stomachs are empty it is hard for the wife not to mention the fact to her far-away soldier husband that it is hard to provide his children with food while he is offering his life for his country. But if it is not found possible for your masters to prevail upon you to 'keep your mouths shut,' then they resort to a more practical means. They have a very simple means of stopping these annoying complaints. The Prussian censor is now supervising these letters of wives at home to their husbands at the front. They simply do not allow this objectionable correspondence to go through. Poor and unfortunate German soldier! He deserves pity! At the command of the militarist government he has gone into the enemy country, and at the command of the government, he must steel from other nations. He is required to perform difficult services. The sufferings that he endures are past description.

"About him everywhere shells and bombs sow death and destruction. His wife and children at home are suffering want and hardship; she looks about her and finds her children crying for bread. She is desperate, but she must not appeal nor complain to anyone. She must hold her tongue and suffer inwardly. But how can she silence her children. She must not even share the sympathy of her husband at the front, because that cripples her soldier-husband's fighting powers. Her soldier-husband must 'hold on' and 'steal' in the land of her neighbors. He must hold on and 'suffer' because the capitalists, the hurrah patriots and the armor-plate kings have willed it so. Every-one must keep his or her mouth shut, for the war-profits must make money out of the want and misery of the wives and their husband-soldiers at the front.

"By a lie the German working men were forced into the war, and by like lies they expect to induce him to go on with the war!"

Doctor Liebknecht had scarcely finished this last sentence when, as if by magic, a sudden excitement broke out. Near the spot where the doctor and his friends had been standing the crowds surged back and forth. At this point Doctor Liebknecht was arrested, and is now awaiting trial by court martial on a charge of treason.

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