

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 2, 1923.

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THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.

Throughout the Empire on Monday the people will extend congratulations to King George. He is particularly happy, not only in the love of the people but in his own family, every member of which has won golden opinions, nor given any cause for adverse criticism of his or her conduct. Perhaps no Prince of Wales was ever so popular as the present Prince, at home and abroad. The fact that one of the King's sons and one of his daughters in contracting marriage did not go abroad to see a consort has touched the heart of the people. The domestic ways of King George and Queen Mary have endeared them to their people everywhere. There has been a growing tendency on the part of the Royal Family since the time of Queen Victoria to get closer to the people and in all the political storms, except for the occasional unadvised utterance of an irresponsible radical, no harsh criticism of the King and Queen or their children is ever heard. Never since Victoria ascended the throne has the reigning monarch sought to set in an arbitrary manner, or in any other way than in strict accordance with the constitution. This has been the great and distinctive difference between royalty in Britain and in other European countries. It explains why the people seek no change, but regard their system of government, while not without defects, as more satisfactory to them than any other form. On the anniversary of his birth King George may survey the British realm with intense satisfaction. Peace reigns, the Dominions are bound in closer sympathy than ever before to the Mother Country, the burdens imposed by the war are gradually growing lighter, and while Europe is still in a more or less chaotic state, with the possibility of grave trouble not yet removed, nevertheless the position of Britain is such as to inspire confidence in the future. Not least of the King's causes for rejoicing is the happier condition of affairs in Ireland, and the assurance that the new Commonwealth, the Irish Free State, is well on the way to permanent peace and prosperity. Canada, in common with the whole Empire, will join heartily on Monday in celebration of the Royal anniversary.

BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

The Times recently presented the case for the common observance by Canada and the United States of a Memorial Day. The day is observed in the latter country on May 30. On that day in Winnipeg, Montreal and Halifax, American citizens joined in its observance. Referring to the celebration in Montreal, where Sir Henry Thornton was the chief speaker, the Montreal Gazette says:—

"By Canadians participating in this anniversary tribute, a binding influence is manifested which will go far to set at naught the influence of the 'hidden hand' we hear about at times which would seek to make trouble between the two branches of the English-speaking people, with whom rests, virtually, the peace of the world, and upon whose unity so much world happiness depends. In Canada, as in the United States, democratic and constitutional government has been tried and proved on the largest scale. It was equal to the sternest tasks of war, and despite setbacks in one quarter or another it ought not to fail before the functions and duties of peace. Together the British and United States aggregations of kindred peoples constitute the strongest political, economic and moral force upon this planet. A great and powerful weapon is in the hands of these two great peoples. They are more and more learning to understand each other better and are as a consequence welding more and more an influence for good in the world. Today's memorial celebrations locally will, in an humble way, help to link together more strongly that mutual understanding and strengthen those bonds of unity so eminently desirable. It becomes increasingly obvious to all who wish to discern it, the desirability of both branches of the English-speaking race travelling ever on parallel roads, ever onwards and upwards towards the praiseworthy goal of promoting peace on earth and goodwill among the nations of the world."

Dr. Owen R. Lovejoy, general secretary of the National Child Labor Committee of the United States, suggests this programme for Kiwanis clubs and other friends of childhood:—

"A school for every child in America; adequate appropriation for teachers' salaries; a health service as broad as the community; a juvenile court that shall be a gate of self-respecting opportunity to every child brought to it; a system of playgrounds and parks for every city child; and abolition of child labor in fields, factories, workshops and tenements." There is room for this programme in St. John.

THE FISHERIES.

There was a lively discussion in the House of Commons on Thursday night on the question of withdrawing from American fishing vessels the privilege of using Canadian ports, since our neighbors have withdrawn a similar privilege from Canadian fishermen. Hon. Mr. Lapointe explained that during the war the use of ports by fishermen had been extended reciprocally by both the United States and Canada; and after the war the American ports had been closed but Canadian ports had been kept open to American fishermen for a small license fee. Thus the American fishermen had been able to ship free of duty into the United States from Canadian ports, while Canadian fishermen had to pay a heavy duty. Mr. Lapointe said the Government was still considering the matter, but his own view was that unless the reciprocal relation could be restored the Canadian ports should be closed. This view was concurred in by several speakers. It is not a question of senseless retaliation, but of fair play.

The New York Tribune takes a very philosophical view of the situation. It recalls the fact that fisheries disputes have been always with us, but have never yet led to armed strife. The North Atlantic fisheries dispute, it says, is the oldest on the national calendar, and the one over which there has been the most negotiation and adjustment and supposition settlement. It came up in the treaty of peace at the close of the Revolution. After the war of 1812 there was another dispute, but was settled by treaty in 1818. A few years later trouble arose and a new treaty was framed for ten years.

"But," goes on the Tribune, "at its termination we were incensed with England for her course during the Civil War and declined to renew it, thus going back to the rules of 1818. The Treaty of Washington in 1871 provided for another settlement, which was effected by an international commission in 1876, the outcome of which was that we paid—grudgingly and under protest—a big indemnity to Great Britain. Thereafter there was frequent friction, rising to a serious height in the Fortune Bay episode of 1878 and leading to the motus vivendi not quite satisfactory to either party in 1887. Then in 1906 a new and thoroughly admirable modus vivendi was established, which was renewed from year to year until the permanent tribunal at the Hague could act upon it. It was then finally adjusted—rather than arbitrated—at The Hague, and in November, 1912, was supposed to have been completely and forever settled. And now there is more friction, with retaliatory action."

In the face of this long record of disagreements the Tribune, however, sees a ground of hope, for it says:—

"Despite a century and a half of controversy, friction and even occasional violence, peace between the United States and Canada has remained unbroken ever since the Treaty of Ghent. Neighbor nations which have no rivalries or causes of friction may easily refrain from war. Far greater is the credit due to those which do have serious rivalries and clashes of interest, and yet despite them all keep peace and friendship unimpaired."

GUARD AGAINST FIRE.

It has been stated that returns compiled by the Department of Lands and Mines in Fredericton show that more than ten thousand people spent Victoria Day in the wooded portions of New Brunswick. Happily no forest fires resulted. There is a fear that we may not be as fortunate in the latter respect during the next three days. From Saturday until Monday night gives fishermen and campers a longer time to spend in the woods, and doubtless great numbers will take advantage of the opportunity. This is the danger period in the woods, as the green foliage and grass are not yet well advanced. It is therefore essential that every visitor to the woods and lakes and streams take every precaution against a possible spread of fire, whether from a camp-fire, a lighted cigarette end, or a match. The forest is a provincial asset. It means wealth for the province if properly utilized, but immense loss if thoughtlessly destroyed. Let everyone who goes for an outing into the woods tomorrow or Monday take along a keen sense of personal responsibility for the preservation of this source of wealth for all the people.

It is estimated the total number of newspapers published in the world is 84,000.

The Fallen Queen of the Rum Runners!

My Experiences as Queen of The Rum Runners

In this chapter, Edith Stevens, the spirited young beauty who defied law and convention tells of spending a sleepless night among screaming women prisoners and how the morning of her trial dawned. For the first time she tells the inside story of what happened in the court room. In one corner sat Stevens Hirsch, her husband; in another corner sat Mrs. Casseuse. What will they say? On the second day of her trial for rum-running, she is acquitted.

BY EDITH STEVENS

In all my colorful experience—the running of crews, facing death at sea, the mutiny of the gamut of the revenue officers, working at all hours of the day and night with desperate characters—in all my "hottic" life as queen of rum runners, I have never encountered any situation that compared in mental anguish with the period at which this chapter opens. I shall not go into it in detail as too many women have done so before me.

When I hotly told Antonio Casseuse, my millionaire rum running associate, I would not follow him to Jacksonville, I didn't mean what I said at all. He said he would wire me. He did, from the train several times, I later found out, but I didn't receive his wires. Finally from Jacksonville I got the following message:

"Shall I wait here or proceed?"

I answered, but that was all. I waited for days, hour by hour. Days lengthened into weeks. I nearly worked myself landlily to distraction asking her if I had received a telegram.

Then I knew something had happened, what, I could not conjecture. I was completely lost. "Perhaps he doesn't care. What then? What then?" I kept repeating to myself. I wandered about New York. I was trained by this time to keep myself under cover as much as possible. I did not tell even my sister where I was living. Once in a while I would turn up at her apartment.

One day I returned to my room and found that Joe, Mr. Casseuse's supposedly trustworthy chauffeur, who had been arrested for rum running, had been in my room with an officer and ransacked my things. Many of them he had taken away.

A Horrible Month.

I did not want to leave the place because I wanted Antonio to be able to find me when he came back. If he did come back, I did not know whether he was dead or alive. My heart seemed to fall into two pieces. My feet were frozen. This was the most terrible month of my life. Waiting an hour is an ordeal, but to have the hours of suspense draw out for a month—expecting blindly each moment something! Anything!

I did not know it, but on the strength of Joe, the chauffeur's testimony, for he had turned state's evidence, I had been indicted and was helping the police to catch me. So indicted, and not knowing it, with Casseuse—Heaven only knew where he was—I went through the motus vivendi. Often I remembered a captain who had been arrested and his cargo stolen by his crew. The captain had been reported "lost at sea" in some out-of-the-way port.

One night I dressed up in an attempt to raise my spirits—a girl's first recourse from depression. I put on a white flannel shirt, a white sweater, white hat, shoes and stockings. I had a saunter over to my sister's. I had been in the house only a few minutes when the door bell rang and callers were announced for me—two gentlemen.

I came out in a few minutes and saw that they were officers. I thought they had only come to question me about Casseuse. They told me Antonio Casseuse was a terrible man and that he had treated his crew in a shameful fashion. I did not believe them but I didn't know anything about what they were saying. They told me if I would tell them where Casseuse was I should find it better in the long run. I did not know. I told them that I knew Casseuse and I knew what they were saying was untrue. Finally they said: "Will you come with us down town? They want you to answer a few questions down there. It won't take long."

My first letter in prison, my first letter in six weeks!

As Antonio Casseuse had sent me a letter saying, "Don't worry, you'll come out all right. Call me at — when you get out."

At last the telephone number. It was the secret one from which we used to get in touch with each other. The letter made me very happy. But it frightened me more. Although I had signed a false signature, I was afraid it would get him in trouble.

Nine o'clock rolled by. Time for me to go to court to be tried. I didn't know it then, but outside standing against the very wall of the jail was Antonio waiting to see me pass.

In the court room the eyes of the world seemed to be collected. A woman rum-runner was a monstrosity. They were all there to see. In a few minutes I got my bearings. There in one corner was my husband-in-name-only. In another corner was Mrs. Antonio Casseuse. And there at the table was the District-Attorney, whom I disliked instinctively. These were my enemies. I must fight them all and win against them. The first thing I wanted was to be allowed to speak to my husband-in-name-only. I knew I could frighten him. He is afraid of my temper.

I was allowed to speak with him out in a room by myself. I knew why he was there. I wanted the chance to tell all he could about Antonio Casseuse. So I said to him, and I meant it: "If you dare say a word about Antonio Casseuse, you'll be sorry until the longest day you live. What I'll do to you if you say one word about him!" That was enough.

As regards the district-attorney, I knew he would want to aggravate and enrage me, so that I would become confused and hurt myself if I had to take the stand. I was calm, so very calm on the outside, but inside I was quaking.

I did not feel very badly. Jail had long been in my mind as a possibility. I did not cry for a long time. But one afternoon, at five o'clock, the time for my trial came. I was led up to the cells for the night, a woman whom none of us liked took advantage of the fact that we were all locked up and flush on his face gave his testimony. The captain was a real man. He



"I felt as if I were some white flower thrown into the gutter. No one should miss a night in jail who wishes to live fully."

She got on my nerves. I began to cry for the first time. Maria kept telling me to stop. I couldn't stop, so she cried too. Then one by one the other women began to cry. The entire floor—crying—sobbing like children! They've been put to bed for being naughty. I don't know of any place where more uniform crying is done than in prisons. At funerals some cry, but in prison everybody cries together in simultaneous harmony. We all wept over ourselves. What poor devils we were!

A Hostage For Her Lover.

On the day I appeared to have my trial, Mr. Casseuse's lawyer asked me if I wished him to represent me. That was the only assistance I had that I knew of. I prayed that Casseuse would not let me down. I had lost some weight. I gave myself away and was caught. That was my only worry. I felt as if I were held as a sort of hostage for him.

At last the night before the trial. Yes, rather excited I was. I thought of what I must do and then I forced myself to sleep. For I wanted to be equal to the ordeal. I had lost some weight. The next morning I dressed in my fresh white clothes and felt better. Then as I always do when I smoke a lot, I put my cigarette in a long, white holder. Women are permitted to smoke in jail. With many things on my mind, I lit it listlessly and let it burn in the main corridor of the prison, smoking. A matron saw me and said:—

"Put that cigarette down!"

"Have the orders been changed?" I asked.

"Well, don't smoke in my presence!" she retorted quickly.

"Why not? I think I need a cigarette this morning." I couldn't be bothered with a mere discussion of a cigarette. Just then I heard this:—

"A letter for Miss Edith Stevens!"

My first letter in prison, my first letter in six weeks!

As Antonio Casseuse had sent me a letter saying, "Don't worry, you'll come out all right. Call me at — when you get out."

At last the telephone number. It was the secret one from which we used to get in touch with each other. The letter made me very happy. But it frightened me more. Although I had signed a false signature, I was afraid it would get him in trouble.

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Mrs. Casseuse was called. He feared her most. As she went by, she gave me a look which I felt was calculated to turn me to stone. She was asked if she knew me. Thank heavens! She answered, "No."

"Did you ever hear of Edith Stevens?"

The worst was over. My husband was called. He admitted that he did not know Antonio Casseuse and had never heard of him. My husband did not look at me at all. But I kept my eyes glued on him. For I knew so well what he would like to say.

With round-about testimony of the crew I had never seen before, the day was over. Two of my enemies were out of the way.

I was late in getting back to jail. All the girls were waiting up for me. Little Maria had been crying. She thought I had gotten out. She wanted me to get out, but she said, "I didn't like to see you leave."

The next day I went again to court. Maria and I had talked until late that night, but I had managed to get a good sleep.

Joe, the chauffeur, by whose efforts I was there, testified. I looked at him every second he was on the stand. He turned his head away and with a red flush on his face gave his testimony. The captain was a real man. He

stood by me. Joe told many untruths. Not Guilty!

That afternoon my attorney asked if I could tell my story very simply to the jury. I said I could. I did. When I was cross-examined, no matter how angry the district-attorney made me I managed to keep calm.

The late Judge Chaffield then charged the jury not to consider the fact that I was a woman, and to go by the letter of the law, and said something to the effect that I was guilty. This took down my courage. I was greatly agitated while the jury were out.

The foreman came in for an interpretation of something. At the end of two hours the Provincial Bank of Canada on West Street, that I was all right. From that minute on, I lost all my strength. I could hardly get out of the court. My first act was to rush to the telephone.

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In the last and most thrilling installment, Miss Stevens tells of the last voyage with Casseuse. In Jacksonville, while waiting for the coming of the boat to the island, come the federal authorities. Casseuse is arrested, and she does not see him for a long time. At last in the room full of people they meet. Neither speaks for a moment. Finally Casseuse says simply: "Why did you come here?" "Because I had to see you," Edith answers.

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Women's Sport Oxford, Fawn and Brown Combinations, Medium and Low Heels, Leather and Rubber Heel. Goodyear Welt. Regular to \$7.50 Special \$5.75

Women's Grey Buck One-Strap Pumps, with Low Heels, and Rubber Heels, or Baby Louis Heels. Special \$4.95

Men's Black or Brown Oxfords, Medium Toe, Goodyear Welt Soles with Rubber Heels. Special \$3.95

Women's Black Kid Sandal, and Patent Sandal with Grey Trimmings, Medium Heel with Rubber Heel. Special \$3.95

MEN'S "HARTT" OXFORDS \$7.95

WIEZEL BROS SUPERIOR FOOTWEAR

MEN'S "HARTT" BOOTS \$8.75

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To be had of—W. H. Thorne & Co., Ltd.; J. McAvity & Sons, Ltd.; Emerson & Fisher, Ltd.; D. J. Barrett, Ltd.; Union Street; J. E. Wilson, Ltd., 17 Sydney St.; Duval's, 17 Waterloo St.; J. A. Lissett Variety Store, 243 Prince Edward St.; Geo. W. Morrell, Haymarket Sq.; East End Stove Hospital, City Rd.; Valley Book Store, 92 Wall St.; Irving D. Appleby, 89 St. James St.; Indianapolis; J. Stout, Fairville; W. E. Emerson & Sons, Ltd., 81 Union St., West Side.

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If you are you will want to provide your bride-to-be with the proper Kitchen utensils, that she may be able to prepare your favorite dishes as mother now does.

See that she has plenty of pots and pans in either Aluminum or Enamelled ware to make her hours in the kitchen easier, and most of all be sure she has a

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Germain St. Wants Ornamental Lights

Application Made at Meeting of Hydro Commission—Matter of Private Lights.

Representatives from the Germain Street Improvement Association appeared before the Civic Power Commission yesterday afternoon and requested that the ornamental lighting system be extended along Germain Street from the intersection of L. G. Crosby outlined the work done by property owners along the street during the last ten years. Lieut.-Col. R. A. McAvity, chairman of the commission, pointed out that the extension rested solely with the City Council. The Commission's engineer will look into the matter and submit a report.

Waterbury & Rising Co., Ltd., requested information regarding lights already situated in King street, and the commission suggested that these lights be taken over and used in the city squares. George E. Holder, Jr., wrote regarding the city's trespassing on his land in Cranston avenue in moving the transformers. The matter was referred to the commissioner of public works. A report from T. Stephen, contractor, showed that 200 poles were ready and the post holes sunk in Cranston avenue.

The engineer's recommendation that tenders for line materials be accepted from the following companies was adopted: Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., \$5,009.65; Northern Electric, \$10,148.9; H. M. Hopper, \$1,288.22; E. Leonard & Sons, Ltd., \$783.97; Canadian Westinghouse Co., Ltd., \$1,632.80. These are the lowest tenders.

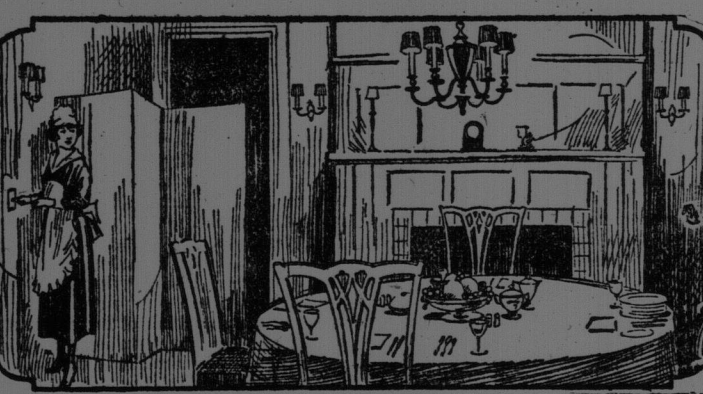
W. H. Thorne & Co., Ltd., wrote withdrawing their former tender for line materials, and announcing that their prices were based on a complete acceptance of the entire tender and not a part. The engineer reported that another local firm would supply this material for the same price as submitted by Thorne's and a recommendation to this effect was adopted.

Mayor Fisher asked if the commission considered taking any action on the matter of meters. Mr. McAvity contended, however, that this matter now rested solely with the Common Council. No action was taken.

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

A report from the office of the Canadian Credit Men's Association, Limited in Winnipeg, states regarding St. John that wholesale business is holding its own with some improvement in retail conditions. Collections are only fair.

An invention has been patented by the General Radio Company of London, England, by which sounds and images can be transferred simultaneously to this effect was adopted.



FIXTURES THAT ARE FITTING

A good light is alright, but half its value is lost if the lighting fixtures are not suitable. We have a type and style of fixtures that is suitable for every kind of room.

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ly by wireless so that anyone having a television apparatus attached to his wireless receiving set will be able not only to hear a singer but to watch his movements.

Governor Alfred Smith of New York yesterday signed the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act, which repeals the state prohibition act. The Volstead Act is still in force. Governor Smith called on Congress to modify the alcoholic beverage content maximum to a common sense maximum and then leave to each state to set a figure below that maximum if it so desired.

In the House of Commons yesterday third reading was given a bill to extend to December 31, 1925, from December 31, 1923, the time within the twenty-six miles of the St. John and Quebec Railway between Centreville and Andover shall be completed. During the discussion on the bill Hon. Dr. J. B. M. Baxter, K. C., urged that C. N. R. take the road over and complete it, thus removing a great burden from the shoulders of the people of New Brunswick.

About forty friends of Miss Greta Belyea, 100 Main street, who is to be married soon, called at her home on Thursday evening and tendered her a novelty shower. A very pleasant evening was spent, one of the features being readings by Miss Verta Roberts. The three act comedy "Nothing but the Truth" was repeated last evening in the Fairville Baptist church hall before a large audience. The specialties last evening were, piano duet by Misses Alcorn and Brown; and vocal solos by Miss Dorothy Spence and Miss F. French.

"I Avoided an Operation Appendicitis Disappeared"

Mrs. James Wells, Udon, Ont., writes:—

"I took a severe pain in my right side. It was very bad at times. I tried oils and tablets without gaining any relief. The doctor pronounced it chronic appendicitis. I dreaded an operation and a friend advised Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I used them and not only obtained relief from pain, but I believe it has completely freed me of appendicitis, as it has now over a year since I have had any of the old symptoms."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills One pill a dose, 25c a box. All dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.