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Telegram.



"Orange Lily" Saved My Life!

These words, of expression, having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb, etc., from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors who had suffered from the action of Orange Lily, and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive, scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth \$50, sufficient for ten days' treatment to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps. Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.
Sold by Leading Druggists Everywhere.

Not in Canada Only.

EVERY MAN WHO WEARS A BUT-
TON MAY NOT HAVE WON IT.

Sergeant Aldons of the battalion was supposed to be armor-plated. He was not efficient; never ought to have been along at all. The colonel fancied him though, back in Toronto during the formation period, and although not by the ordnance people that "the man was not fit for the job," persisted in his desires. It is a way colonels have at times, and a mighty awkward way it is, too. The sergeant reached England with his inefficiency, also France with the same inefficiency. Here his brave front went to pieces, and he was a burden to all concerned. Never saw the front, never tinkered with a machine. So, back he came to talk largely of his experience, always growing larger, to get a button and become a veteran.

Late in 1918 the last batch of buttoners went forward; they naturally included many of those who had got over before. The batch also included many who were quite inefficient, and quite the last lot one would pick for heroics. Bill Foulks was a sample of the latter. His general make-up and character showed him into the cook-house help class. These are generally men who, husky enough, do not yearn for drill and smartness, but rather for easy-going life about camps and such. He reached France about November, 1918, is attached to a celebrated Toronto unit, does his share of cookery chores, still craving the fleshpots, and comes back in the spring of 1919 quite a hero, by the cheers which greeted him; gets a button, too.

The captain in this salute had been a captain for some years before the war. He was the very sort

you would think useful. The colonel fancied him much, and you have been told that colonels' fancies are to be thoroughly respected. So, in spite of the warnings of those higher up, the persistence of the colonel told, and the captain went over to England with the battalion. Here his usefulness was found to be quite a minus quantity, and when the battalion went to France, he stayed behind. By this time the colonel was seen light. The captain worked in a way for a while; had a trip to Canada on some vague grounds, came back to England, loaded some more, got sent to France on what is called Town Major's work, called "house-keeper's" by the men, came back to Canada and got a button.

All salades have four parts if properly made. The fourth part of this one concerns an ordinary private who never did anything, never got anywhere, never had any great desires or ambitions, or if he had certainly kept them to himself. Eventually he came along to the demobilization period. He had had a couple of years' work as a soldier and had been duly paid, fed and clothed. In spite of there being a war on of real bigness, no one had ever contemplated for a moment sending this man forward. He wasn't good enough to send, and so quietly loafed away here at home. There was quite a lot of these. When he came up for discharge, "Got your button?" "No, sir!" "All right, here you are," and he gets his button.

Now put the dressing on the salades, and make up your minds that every man who has a button is not all he seems. It is a worthy badge and an honorable one, but there are tares in most wheat.—Canadian Paper.

"A Sigh Too Much, or a Kiss Too Long."

The learned Divorce Judge, Lord

Sands, of the Scottish Sessions, has delivered a portentous pronouncement on kissing both as regards religious and sanitary custom. It had been said in a case before him that the co-respondent had kissed the respondent merely as a part of a religious ceremony after communion service. Lord Sands said it might be all very well for elderly saints to greet one another with a chaste, Oriental religious salute, but it was a different matter when it came to young married women being promiscuously kissed by casual male acquaintances who happened to be fellow-communicantes. He held that the kissing in the case in question had exceeded religious custom, and he granted a decree of divorce.

EXCESSIVE ACIDITY is at the bottom of most digestive ills.

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British Soldiers Wed German Girls.

No matter when the British troops are withdrawn from the Rhine there will always remain a scattering of British in the western provinces of Germany. Whereas in the early days of the Armistice last November an Anglo-German marriage was a rare occurrence and something to be talked about, it is now an every-day event, and there is every reason to believe that the German people are going out of their way to encourage these unions. Before peace was signed, of course, no British soldier was allowed to mix with the Germans, but after that period it was stated in army orders that fraternizing would be allowed, although it was "left to the common sense of the men not to forget the fellows who had given their lives in the war."

PILES

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Storyettes.

Old Mystery Cleared Up.

"Why is it, Bob," asked George of a very stout friend, "that you fat fellows are always good-natured?" "We have to be," answered Bob. "You see, we can't either fight or run."

Badly Spoiled Child.

The shadow of the arm-enemy next door appeared in the doorway of the humble kitchen.

"Mrs. Jones!" she exclaimed, with folded arms, "let me tell you that that child of yours is badly spoiled."

"Oh! Get away with you!" snapped Mrs. Jones, testily, scenting another complaint as to her young hopeful's conduct.

"Well," rejoined the aggrieved neighbor, "if you don't believe me, just come out and see for yourself what the steamroller's done for him."

What's In a Name?

Diner: "Here, what'd you call this? Beef or mutton?"

Watress: "Can't yer tell the difference?"

Diner: "No!"

Watress: "Then why worry about it?"

The Nearest Hint.

He—"A penny for your thoughts." She (cooly)—"Oh, I really can't tell you. This is not leap year."

Terrible.

Mac—"I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigars lately!"

Jack—"You certainly are, if that's one of them!"

EXTRA VAGANT.

Two English mothers were talking about the jam ration. "Wot's four ounces of jam a week to my bby," said one of them. "Why, I used to wash an ounce off his face after tea hevery day."

Companions in Crime.

Customer—"Do you make any reduction for those in the same line of business?"

Waiter—"Yes: are you a restaurant-keeper?"

Customer—"No—I'm a robber."

Old As Things Go.

Mrs. Morpington—"When you spoke of your maid as an old family retainer I expected to see an older person. How long has she been in your family?"

Mrs. Rooral—"Ever since last Wednesday."

Appreciation.

Husband (handing his wife some money)—"There, Amelia is five pounds, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little applause."

Wife—"Applause? Why, my dear, you deserve an encore."

The Old and the New.

The old man sits in his corner chair. Shut in from the rain and wind; His eyes have the dreams of the past in them.

And his face is gray and lined, And now and again he shakes his head And utters the thought in his mind:

"The old time was a fine time— Ah, God be with it, too! But the new time is no time at all For a man to be living through: A strange world is the new world— A mad world, I say, With its bird ways and its fish ways, And its turning of night to day."

The smoke goes up to the blackened roof

Where, playing at come and go, The shadows dance at the fire's will With its thick red logs aglow; And the old man, thinking of shadowy things,

Talks on of the Long Ago:

"The towns stand where the trees stood— Ah, God be with the trees, With their green leaves that danced in tune

To the pipe of the morning breeze! The flame's work and the blade's work Are evil work, for sure; But a worse fate has the grim world For the happy of heart and pure."

A cry comes out of the night, where lone

An owl in the darkness hawks, And something worse than the wild west wind Through the wintry midnight stalks, And the old man shivers and warms his hands,

As out of the Past he talks: "The old times and the old loves— Ah, God be with them both, And the young lad and her he loved And the hour of their plighted troth! 'Tis dead, dead that they both lie; The grave holds them fast; For her form sleeps in the cold mold, And his heart in the ashen Past."

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