

ASK THIS HALIFAX NURSE

**She Is Willing to Answer
Letters from Women Asking
About Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound**

Halifax, Nova Scotia.—"I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who need a good tonic. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham while in England. I would appreciate a copy or two of your little books on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to lend. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. S. M. COLEMAN, 24 Uniacke Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Could Not Sleep Nights

Dublin, Ontario.—"I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it and I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others."—Mrs. JAMES RACHO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

FIRE!

often catches on the roof. We sell Coating Fireproof. If you come and see the stuff, you will buy it sure enough.

We sell pure bred Plymouth Rock. Better call and see our stock in yards surrounded by a fence. Sell 13 eggs for 50 cents.

Our Kleanall stock is now complete. For washing clothes it can't be beat. I have some cars I'd like to sell. Which are working very well. If you think of buying one, call on

F. HAGERMAN

AND SON
HARTLAND, N. B.

FOR
Neuralgia

ASPIRIN

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Neuralgia Colds
Headache Pain
Lumbago Toothache
Rheumatism Neuritis



Safe—Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate-salicylic acid of Salicylic acid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

THE FOREST

SHALL WE CROP IT

AND CONSERVE OUR FOREST CAPITAL
STABILIZE INDUSTRY
ENSURE FUTURE PROSPERITY; or

SHALL WE MINE IT

AND DEplete OUR FOREST CAPITAL
UNDERMINE INDUSTRY
MENACE FUTURE PROSPERITY

National Interest and National Security Demand the Treatment of our Forest Resources as a Crop

THE OBSTACLE to proper treatment is FIRE
THE CAUSE of fire is CARELESSNESS
THE CURE of carelessness is AROUSED PUBLIC OPINION
WE MUST ALL PLAY OUR PART

HON. CHARLES STEWART, Minister of the Interior

Peter Lala's Race

By FRED H. STEVENS

(The following is one of a series of stories of adventure by the founder and late editor of The Observer, which were written and published in 1907. This one appeared in the Montreal Witness, July 2nd, of that year.—M. W. S., Ed.)

It was sunrise; the hour for the departure of the stage for Woodstock, the little frontier town sixty-four miles further up the St. John River. In the stable-yard behind the King's Inn the grooms were busy harnessing four able horses to a venerable yellow cab.

The last straps and buckles were made, secure, the lynch-pins driven home after a liberal greasing of axletrees, when a tall, spare figure strode silently through the driveway. The flapping brim of a tattered felt hat did not entirely conceal the shrewd black eyes and swart skin of the Indian. A discolored scarlet tunic cast aside by one of His Majesty's soldiers at the barracks, showed plainly the native's love of gorgeous attire.

Peter Lala, of the Millicete tribe, was known all over Fredericton as a good Indian. Long ago he had discarded the blanket of his fathers for the white man's garb. He did the work of white men. He earned the white men's money. Even now there lay secure in his breeches pocket a shining gold doubloon, the result of a month's hard toil at the Douglas Booms. Industrious, honest, a regular attendant at the little chapel at St. Mary's, Peter also possessed the rare virtue of sobriety.

Today he was intending to go to Woodstock to join the gangs of river-drivers engaged in bringing more logs to the booms. When the stablemen observed his approach a volley of good-natured banter greeted him. He received it with the Indian's characteristic imperturbance and addressed himself to the driver who at the moment came from the inn's back door.

"Injun go Woodstock with you?"

With only the merest glance in his direction the driver clambered to the high box, deftly gathered up the handful of reins, and with masterful command of the stamping horses, turned them into the driveway.

The Indian gazed fixedly after him, then his sinewy shoulders straightened with injured dignity. His stolid features gave no sign but as he turned toward the group of men left behind his eyes showed plainly how deeply the rebuff had cut him. Why should he not ride in the white man's carriage? Were not his clothes those of the King's own braves? Was not his money good money? Was he not the good friends of every one in Fredericton?

"He don't know ye, Pete!" sympathized one of the by-standers. "Run around to the inn and show him your money; he'll take you quick enough!"

Peter glided away in the direction the coach had gone. At the inn door he boldly presented himself among the numerous passengers about to board the vehicle. To the driver he declared with stolid dignity: "Me go Woodstock!"

"Get out—!" But the driver checked himself as his eye caught the yellow gleam in the Indian's palm. As he hesitated, a murmur of protest came from those within the coach.

"Me ride on top with you," Peter promptly suggested.

"I intend riding outside myself," spoke up a dapper young Englishman who, suiting action to the word, climbed nimbly to the box.

The Indian was silent while his beady eyes deliberately surveyed the equipage and its occupants. "Huh! Injin race you," he challenged, "me be there first."

Off he darted up the street. They watched him until his red tunic was lost to view around the bend where the Front Street joined the Great Post Road. "He'll soon get tired o' that," the driver sneered. "If he gets to the Half Way House some time tonight, it'll be all he'll do."

But when, a few minutes later the stage rolled into the post road, the driver descried the red-coated figure still keeping up the quick gliding strides, a good half-mile ahead.

"He'll soon tire o' that," the driver again voiced his prophecy.

The passengers, beyond a brief moment's regret that he could not have secured passage, promptly forgot the Indian's avowed intention to "be there first." That he should outdo four fleet horses was an idea too preposterous for a moment's reflection.

But none had reckoned with the red man's remarkable power of endurance.

More than the proverbial nine days' wonder, the story of that race has been the favorite fireside tale for more than one generation of young people that have grown up in the locality where it occurred.

It was when the horses had accomplished the steepest and longest of the Kingsclear Hills that the driver again caught a glimpse of Peter's flying figure as he disappeared over the crest of the next and last hill—a mile ahead!

When the hot July sun had burned through the thick mantle of fog that risen from the river, had hung as a gray heavy cloud overhead, the heat became intolerable to those in the crowded coach. As many as could be accommodated besought the driver for the privilege of riding outside. There the fierce sun smote them unrelentingly, yet the air was fresh and full of the thousand sweet odors of midsummer. Not a leaf was stirring but the onward rush of the coach made a vivifying breeze.

Until those rough hills were passed the horses could make but slow progress. After the last one a comparatively smooth road lay before them. But through the long vista of arching maples no Indian was to be seen!

"Well, well!" exclaimed the Englishman, gleefully. "That chap really means business—he is leaving us away behind!"

The driver again declared scornfully that Peter would soon tire of the race. Nevertheless he urged his horses into a brisk run.

The passengers, in admiration for his pluck, readily permitted their sympathy to go with the Indian.

Excitement grew apace. Mile after mile passed behind as the huge vehicle rolled merrily over the hard, white road.

The horses, lathered with sweat panted heavily. The driver well knew that at the present rate of travel, they could not hold out for the distance to Half Way House, where a fresh relay was in waiting. He held his team down to an easier pace.

"That fellow's dodged us, I reckon. He's took to the woods and let us pass him."

"Why not ask the farmer yonder?" suggested one. At the passenger's be-

hest the driver reluctantly drew rein. "Did I see 'im?" grinned the farmer. "Wal now, I saw a red streak o' somethin' go by half an hour ago. Guess 'twas Peter Lala, the Indian; an ye've got to move lively to overtake him. What did he—?"

At the crack of the whip the horses plunged forward, leaving the farmer to think out the situation for himself.

Along level places, over hills, the great coach thundered. Eager eyes kept a sharp look-out but no red coat was sighted.

A horseman met by the way reported having passed him two miles or more further on. Others were hailed as the stage careered by them. But the invariable answer was that Peter had gone by some time before. He was plainly gaining!

The driver keenly realized that he, a new driver on the route, would be the butt of jocularities for all Woodstock should Peter win the race. But the horses were becoming fatigued and his humane instinct forbade any further undue urging of the poor, tired beasts.

However, a little later the horses dragged wearily into the yard at the Half Way House. Prone on the grass in the shade of a big balm-o-gilead tree lay Peter, eyeing them unconcernedly. When the passengers showered him with congratulations upon winning the first half of the race, he turned his face away as though he had not heard.

The driver guffawed. "Didn't I tell ye? He's tuckered out, just as I said he'd be!"

An hour later, after the party had eaten and the fresh horses were in readiness for the start, Peter had already gone.

"Struck off up the road half an (Continued on Last Page.)

Gin Pills relieved her headaches and backaches

Headaches and backaches frequently indicate kidney trouble, and may be the forerunners of dangerous illness. Read how one sufferer was relieved.

"My trouble has been very bad headaches, backaches and dizzy spells. I started taking Gin Pills and only used a little more than half a box when my headaches and backaches stopped and now I feel like a new girl. I am well and have had no return of those distressing headaches and backaches."

Miss Benulle.

Get Gin Pills from your druggist to-day

National Drug & Chemical Co., of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
Gin Pills in the U.S.A. are the same as Gin Pills in Canada.

CHILDREN CRY FOR



Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

HAVE YOU TASTED THE NEW IMPROVED "G.B." COATING?



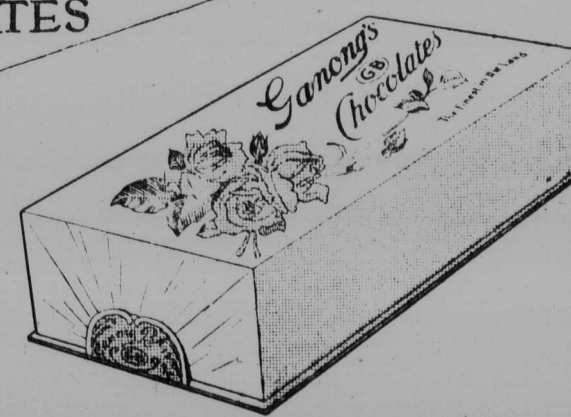
THE taste is different. There's a new mellowness, a fullness of flavour about the NEW IMPROVED "G.B." coating that amazes and delights the true chocolate lover. After 50 years of candy-making, Ganong Bros. acknowledge it their crowning achievement. Unless you have lately served your guests Ganong's "G.B." chocolates, unless you have tasted the NEW IMPROVED "G.B." coating recently, you have yet to discover the greatest improvement of recent years in the making of fine chocolates.

Made by GANONG BROS. LIMITED
at ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Ganong's CHOCOLATES

The ROSE Box

A popular assortment at a popular price. Value unequalled at 75c the pound. 18 favourite kinds, more and daintier pieces, heavily covered with the NEW IMPROVED "G.B." coating.
Also in 1/2, 1 and 2 lb. sizes



Every day you burn up energy. Every day you must replenish your stock. Candy is energy. Make every day candy day