

CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS
FOR
CONSTIPATION
BILIOUSNESS
Headache
INDIGESTION
Stomach Trouble
-SOLD EVERYWHERE-

LET'S SWAP

I swan!
Never knew
What a lot
Ads can do.
Joshua, that boy of mine, swapped
a load of wood,
Got a lot of fancy books, says they're
pretty good;
(Always was a clever chap, reading
when he could);
Think I'll watch these ads myself;
kinds feel I should.



Rheumatism Left Him As If By Magic!

Had Suffered
Over 50 Years!
Now 83 Years,
Yet A Big
Surprise
to Friends

Regains
Strength
Goes out
Fishing,
Back to
Business,
Laughs at
"URIC
ACID"

How the
"Inner
Mysteries"
Reveals Startling
Facts Overlooked
By Doctors and
Scientists For Centuries

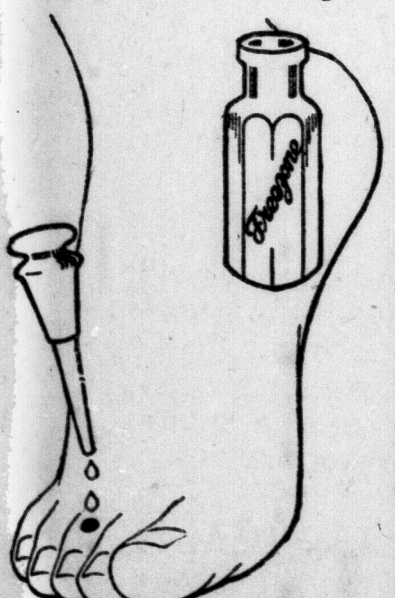
"I am eighty-three years old and I
doctored for rheumatism ever since I
came out of the army over fifty years
ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like
many others, I spent money freely for
so-called 'cures,' and I have read about
'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste
it. I could not sleep nights or walk
without pain; my hands were so sore
and stiff I could not hold a pen. But
now, as if by magic, I am again in
active business and can walk with ease
or write all day with comfort. Friends
are surprised at the change."

How It Happened.
Mr. Ashelman is only one of thou-
sands who suffered for years, owing
to the general belief in the old, false
theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheu-
matism. This erroneous belief induced
him and legions of unfortunate men and
women to take wrong treatments. You
might just as well attempt to put out
a fire with oil as to try and get rid
of your rheumatism, neuritis and like
complaints, by taking treatments sup-
posed to drive Uric Acid out of your
blood and body. Many physicians and
scientists now know that Uric Acid
never did, never can, and never will
cause rheumatism; that it is a natural
and necessary constituent of the blood;
that it is found in every new-born
baby; and that without it we could not
live!

These statements may seem strange
to some folks, who have all along been
told to believe in the old "Uric Acid"
humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty
years to find out this truth. He learned
how to get rid of the true cause of his
rheumatism, other disorders, and re-
cover his strength from "The Inner
Mysteries," a remarkable book now be-
ing distributed free by an authority
upon rheumatism, facts that were overlooked
by doctors and scientists for centuries
past, simply send a post card or letter
to H. F. Clearwater, No. 30th Street,
Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by
return mail without any charge what-
ever. Cut out this notice and send it
if you do not suffer yourself hand this
good news to some afflicted friend.
-Adv.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little
"Freezone" on an aching corn, in-
stantly that corn stops hurting, then
shortly you lift it right off with your
fingers. Truly!
Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of
"Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient
to remove every hard corn, soft corn
corn between the toes, and the
alluses, without soreness or irrita-
tion.



Letters of a Japanese School Boy

BY WALLACE IRWIN.
Illustrations by Ralph Barton.

SIGH-KICK PHENOMENA

To Editor The Advertiser, who has
drunk a great many Evil Spirits
since Prohibition got here,
Hon. Mr.:-

Can persons do any acts after they
are dead? If so, what? I ask to know.
This important Question have agitated
minds like Sir Coney Doyle, Sir
Oliver Lodge and several other Sirs
that lecture. Also Sydney Katsu, Jr.,
Treasurer Japanese Thinking Society,
have got some remarkable visions ap-
pearances about Hereafter and points be-
yond. He says that a newspaper of
name Scientific North American
have offered 1000\$ prize to prove that
knocking is caused by Ghosts and not
by steam pipes. He think he has
already won this cash.

I tell you how. Last Wednesday night
I call to his apartment where he
rooms with ghosts and enjoys great
poverty. Some of his tables & chairs
have got very sprained ankles. I ask
him what cause that injury and he
say a Ghost did it by moving them
around. I tell him to hire a Gen.
Housekeeper who is dead, but he gave
me a naked look.

"Could you lone me 2\$ and hope
to get it back?" he require.
"I might, but could I?" This with
Anatolia expression.

"My rent is dew," he corrode. "My
landlady treats me like the Ruhr."
"You ask me 20\$ too many," I re-
voke.

"O'Well," snagger Sydney despairly,
"then I will have to obtain my money
from Spirits."

"Many restaurants had been raded
for that," I holla baffably. He could
not assimilate this.

"At Calliope Hall to night Sir
Finnegan Katz, British Spirit Phe-
nomena, are lecturing, price 50c. Just
folla me with 2 tickets and he will
show us how to obtain advice from
dead bankers. Also he can make a



"All my hairs stood up & curled."

planna dance. Maybe we can shake
hands with a Ghost and thusly win
1000\$ prize. Who knows what?"

Everybody in Chairs.
So we moved our hasty shoes to
Calliope Hall. Everybody was there
in chairs. Me & Sydney was ushered
to front seats where we could look
up and see the Lecture emerging from
Sir Finnegan Katz.

"I am a scientific investigator," he
say so, "therefore I have trained my
mind to believe anything. After 18
years' continual study in a Laboratory
I have reached the top of intellectu-
ality where I do not need to prove
what I say. Faith are a great force,
are not? It are. I have never seen
Faith move a mountain, but I have
seen it move furniture. This occurred
in a room with the lights out,
so there could be no pos-
sible chance of deception. Mrs.
Hannibal Trunk, famous medium,
lifted a 36 lb. table 4 ft. before the

planna-wire broke. Do not this
prove that Spirits return?"

"If there are any doubters in our
amidst," say Hon. Finnegan, "I have
brought with me to night some slight
drippings of a Substance. This should
turn any mind, however boiled, to
belief in a life beyond the limit.
Who wish see this Evidence?"

"I might, if convenient!" This
from me.

Hon. Finnegan pass down to me
one slight slab of cardboard, disfigured
by wax dripped on it.

"What you call that, if anything?"
he require.

"Candle grease," I deploy. "But I
know cheap way to remove same
without injury."

"Echoplasm."

"Candle grease your granduncle!"
he snarrel. "That Substance are
called Echoplasm. Echoplasm are
the leakage from a Ghost. That sam-
ple which you hold in your slightly
soiled hands was scraped off the
spirit of Hon. Wm. Shakespeare when
he slipped in to see me last Thuesday."

"He could slip easily on that," I
qualify, but Hon. Spiritler look a pair
of scissors at me & spoke:

"In present alarming progress of
civilization it are fashionable to have
a Spirit Control in every house.
Sometimes 2 or 3. They are cheaper
than chauffeurs and can drag you
from Earth to Great Beyond without
cost of gasoline. In London I know
one gentleman got a Spirit Control
name of Pansy. She haunts offices.
Sometimes this Hon. Gent return
home to Hon. Wife and when she
sniff perfunctory on his coat he say,
"What you expect? That smell are
spiritual." Once there was a goldy
hair on his collar. From thence on
this Hon. Wife got to be a medium &
hunts Ghosts all time.

"I could tell you 10000000000 equily
enraptured stories like this, but I

With such scientific language we
arrive by moonlight to poorish apt.
house of Sydney Katsu, Jr.

"I do not believe that furniture
can walk without human hands, and
that is my religion," I dib.

"So ha!!!!!!" Sydney say that while
pointing to sidewalk where I look and
get frozen. All my hairs stood up and
curled. For what did I see? There in
street, right before of us, was entire
furniture from Katsu flat, piled up
jabberwocky, beds betop of burros
with chairs in every ect position.

"So now!" shriech Sydney, "do not
that prove Spirit Phenomenal to
your mind which is full of pins?"

"It do look kind of Sigh-Kick to
me." I manipulate while running up-
stairs.

In Katsu flat I find a great deal of
vacuum. Nothing except a note
tacked to door with a piece of fork.
Thus was it:

"U.O.218. Your furniture is re-
moved to the future when you
pay."

"Maybe that are a Spirit Message,"
say Sydney with hush.

"Possibly," I dib. "If so it are the
1st one I could folla without a guide-
book."

I am confused
Hoping you are the same
Yours truly
Hashimura Togo.

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Great Britain by North American
Newspaper Alliance.)

WARDSVILLE

Special to The Advertiser.

Wardsville, May 19. — Charles D.
Harris is home from New York visit-
ing his mother, who has been very ill.

Miss Bella Blott is home from Ham-
ilton visiting her parents.

Mr. Parnell W. H. Turk and Cliff
Davis, were at Mount Brydges at-
tending the U. F. O. convention on
Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Waterworth,
Rev. Mr. Bridgette and Frank Mc-
Gregor attended the district meeting
in Bothwell, Thursday.

Thomas Armstrong of London
called on friends here on Wednes-
day.

Rev. Amos Thomas, a former resi-
dent of Wardsville, and now of Cen-
tral Avenue Church, Windsor, will
preach here Sunday, May 27th.

WEEKLIES WILL FACE TEST IN NEAR FUTURE

E. R. Sayles Asks Lambton,
Essex and Kent Publishers
To Preserve Ideals.

APPOINT OFFICERS

F. Elliott of Alliston Addresses
Members On Problems
of Job Printing.

Special to The Advertiser.
Sarnia, May 18.—That during the
next five years Canadian weekly
newspapers will face the greatest
test in their history was the predic-
tion made by E. Roy Sayles of To-
ronto, chairman of the job print-
ing committee of the Canadian
Weekly Newspaper Association, ad-
dressing the spring meeting of the
Essex, Kent and Lambton County
Printers and Publishers' Associa-
tion at the chamber of commerce here
yesterday afternoon. Mr. Sayles also
urged weekly publishers to remember
that they were newspaper men and
not devote too much of their time to
job printing. He said that weekly
newspapers, while not as numerous,
were as strongly entrenched in the
minds of the readers as ever.

Preserve Standing.
It was up to the proprietors, how-
ever, to make their papers of more
consequence in the communities
which they were maintaining. Mr. Sayles
also declared that the day of the
partisan newspaper was past. H. P.
Forest was elected president of the
association for the coming year, suc-
ceeding B. Lane of Leamington, vice-
president; and W. C. Aylesworth of
Windsor, secretary-treasurer. The
executive committee chosen is com-
posed of A. McKenzie of Sarnia,
representing Lambton County; A. W.
Marsh of Amherstburg, Essex

County; and J. M. Denholm of Blenheim, Kent County. Windsor was
chosen as the scene of the fall meet-
ing of the association.

Job Printing.
Addresses, dealing with the job
printing trade and other factors in
the publication of weekly newspapers,
were given by Fred Elliott of Allis-
ton, Ont., chairman of the job print-
ing committee of the Canadian
Weekly Newspaper Association, and
A. W. Marsh of Amherstburg. The
members were the guests of local
publishers and job printers at a
luncheon given at 1 o'clock, and were
also taken on a motor trip around
the city and district.

Although no definite action toward
this end was taken, the association
may be further enlarged to take in
Middlesex County, and may blossom
forth under the title, the Lake Erie
and St. Clair District Association.

TORONTO MAN WINS \$5,750
IN TOBACCO FARM SUIT

Special to The Advertiser.
Windsor, May 19. — Judgment for
\$5,750 was given Norman McEach-
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nessman, against Arthur Brown,
Leamington, by Justice Maaten at
Sandwich yesterday in the tobacco
farm near Leamington, as the first
installment on a purchase price of
\$23,500. McEachern claimed Brown
failed to keep the terms of an agree-
ment made at the time of the sale,
which called for improvements to be
made to the property.

NEW HAMBURG
Special to The Advertiser.
New Hamburg, May 19.—Miss R.
Bowman spent Thursday with Mrs.
C. Molson of Kitchener.

Mrs. Roy Stahl returned to her
home in Chicago Tuesday, after
spending a few weeks with her father,
Mr. J. Corrie.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wells and son
Hubert, and Miss Laura Rabb of
Princeton spent Wednesday with
Miss L. S. Rahl.

Mrs. A. McNally has returned to
her home in Brantford after spending
a few weeks with her parents, Mr.
and Mrs. H. Brodrecht.

From Bird Orchard Farm
By AVES.

Birds Are House-Hunting Just Now
and Some of Them Are Having
Difficulties Even If There Are
No Rents To Pay.

The main crop produced by our
orchard is birds—hence the name of
the farm. The man from whom we
bought the place, when asked what
varieties of apples were in the or-
chard, said, with great commercial
candor, that they were "mostly just
the natural fruit," and time has
proved his words to be only too true.

However disappointing this may be
from the owner's standpoint, the birds
find it most satisfactory; the inter-
laced branches of the big old trees,
and the many holes for them to
ample shelter and the many holes
left where decayed limbs have broken
off provide excellent nesting sites.

Then, beneath the leafy boughs,
which have never been guilty of spray
of whitewash, the fattest and juiciest
grubs and caterpillars abound. So,
taking a birdseye view of the situa-
tion, it is a perfectly good orchard.

When we moved here the birds
had been in undisputed possession
for three years and their nests were
everywhere. A pair of songsters had
built right over the kitchen door and,
unfortunately, when the door was
opened, the nest fell down; we were
very sorry, but the songsters alterna-
tively were for us to go in and out the
kitchen window all summer. The chil-
dren would have preferred this meth-
od, but were finally persuaded that
it might prove awkward for the men
carrying the milk pails. Five other
families of swallows had chosen the
woodshed as their home and still re-
turn to it every day for their arrivals
and, some fine evening about
dusk, when I hear a gentle twitter-
ing out there I know that summer
has really come.

I have never agitated to have the
woodshed window mended as I like
to hear their soft voices and to see
the flash of their wings as they fill
around in the twilight in pursuit of
the elusive mosquito.

These wood-
shed friends are really barn swal-
lows and, like their cousins the cliff
swallows, they build solid nests of
mud and lay eggs which are speckled
with reddish brown. One wonders

how these graceful creatures with
their delicate bills and feet ever man-
age to build such homes, masons are
generally equipped with better tools
—saws, beavers, etc., for instance. The
purple martins, which lay white eggs,
have given up their original habit of
building in hollow trees and now nest
only where houses are provided for
them. A friend of ours who has
erected one of these pretentious
houses for their benefit boasts that
they have paid their rent by ridding
the place of mosquitoes. We must
build one.

The Chimney Swifts.
Birds that might almost be mis-
taken for swallows if one did not
know that instead they are cousins
to the dainty hummingbirds are the
chimney swifts. These also have
adapted themselves to circumstances
and have abandoned hollow trees as
nesting sites in favor of chimneys
and slots. They also feed on the
wing and can only rest by clinging
to some upright surface aided by
their sharp tail feathers. Their nests
are made of twigs fastened together
by a glutinous substance.

There is a large colony of Bank
Swallows in a railway cut some miles
from here. They are said to dig a
tunnel three feet long in the bank and
build the nest in a pocket at the end,
but I have never yet been able to
persuade the conductor to stop the
train long enough for me to find out.

As our house is situated in the
middle of the orchard, and there is a
tree or two of trees just outside
each window, we have many oppor-
tunities of spying on our feathered
neighbors. Last year a hollow limb
of one of the trees formed a three-
story apartment house. On the lowest
flat a respectable pair of English
Sparrows raised several families; the
next floor was occupied by a pair of
Bluebirds, while in the attic, Mr. and
Mrs. Jenny Wren put in a busy sum-
mer. This year on account of the
late spring, the Sparrows, who like
the wrens, we have always with us,
have had everything their own way.
And such a different class of English
they are too, not peaceable and hard-
working like last year's tenants, but
the lowest class of noisy and quarrel-
some slum-dwellers.

Out of Luck.
When the Bluebirds came they
"applied within" at every hole in the
tree, but one look at the Sparrows
snuggly ensconced there was enough.
They are such gentle creatures that
it has been said by an authority on
bird life that it won't be many years
before they have vanished altogether
just on account of the Sparrows pre-
empting all the desirable nesting sites.

When the Wrens arrived it was a
little different. Mrs. Jenny had evi-
dently sent her spouse on ahead to
house-clean. He flew straight to the
old tree and we saw him disappear
into the attic apartment; a moment
later he was out again wearing such
an indignant air, and carrying a
feather in his bill. Those shiftless
Sparrows had actually built one of
their untidy nests in his house! We
watched him from the window as he
proceeded to unbuild it; he reap-
peared a dozen times with feathers
and twigs which he dropped in the
ground before he was discovered by
the rightful owners. Then what a
fuss there was! They came at him
in crowds, and the language they
used was surely actionable. What-
ever else the Sparrows may do they
are deserving of praise for the way
they unite against a common enemy.
The poor little Wren hadn't a chance.
They very soon flew off to give them
a thorough scolding from another
tree, while they kept up their indig-
nant meeting for half an hour. I
finally went to inspect the barn
apartment, and selected one over the
stable door where he and Mrs. Jenny
were at present piling up enough twigs
to build a dozen nests.

They all seem to avoid the pretty
little Wren house which we put up
for their benefit. There is a "To
Let" sign on it every year, but they
won't take it even rent-free. Per-
haps the heating or plumbing or ven-
ilation doesn't suit them—or per-
haps it may be haunted! I do know
a story about a haunted bird house,
but there isn't room for it here.

Pain After Eating
Proof That the Stomach Is
Weak and Needs Toning Up.

Generally speaking, a person in
good health digests most foods
easily. If not, and there is pain after eating,
the stomach has lost tone, and is too
weak to do its work. In that case,
your stomach needs strengthening,
and the way to do this is to build
up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills.

There cannot be good digestion
without a sufficient supply of good,
red blood, and there is nothing better
than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to
renew and enrich the blood. That
is why they have proved so successful
in thousands of cases of indigestion.
Mr. D. J. Shaw, Selkirk Road, P. E. I.,
has proved the value of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills in a severe case of indiges-
tion, and relates his experience for
the benefit of other sufferers. He
says: "I suffered from indigestion
for a number of years. My case was
so bad that words fail to describe it.
My appetite was gone, constipation
was present, and my nerves were all
on edge. I could not sleep well at
night, and the world was a dark spot
to me. I tried a number of remedies,
but without any benefit. Then Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills were recom-
mended, but without much faith. I
after so many failures, I decided to
try them. After taking three boxes
I noticed a change for the better.
Then I got three more, and found
I had a genuine remedy. I contin-
ued the treatment, took moderate
exercise, could take good plain food
without suffering, and my blood was
proved that these pills make good
blood, and that this good blood will
restore the stomach and nerves.
Anyone suffering from stomach or
nervous troubles will make no mistake
in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a
fair trial."

You can get these pills from any
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cents a box, from The Dr. Williams
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Adv.

Counties, and J. M. Denholm of Blenheim, Kent County. Windsor was
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