

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

Sunday School Supt. Tells How "Fruit-a-tives" Relieved

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1913. "I have lived in this city for more than 12 years and am well known. I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" for 18 months now and am pleased to tell you that I am well. All the enlargement has not left my hands, and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in eighteen months."

R. A. WAUGH. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. All dealers or direct from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE "LISTENING POST."

The following contribution appeared in The Listening Post, a Canadian newspaper published in the trenches in France.

"Think of the Listening Post! Far out in front of the trench, nearer Berlin than anyone else. All alone, but for his wire. Watchful, alert, peering through the dark, analysing every sound, dissecting every vision, investigating every smell. An epicure, a critic, a reporter rolled in one. A rising bank of mist that may be gas; a football out in front that may be our own patrols or it may not. The safety of the trench depends upon him, and on the safety of the trench depends—yes, what?"

"On a fine night, with a full moon, dry ground and a good view. Fine! A regular picnic. All the universe and the myriad stars to remind you of your future happiness. But on a wet night, a thin drizzling, slush of a night, your knees a sponge, your elbows a marsh, your tummy a morass, nothing to be seen, heard or smelt, but wet, damp and misery. Then's time you think of your past sins.

"Flare lights may show up your position, but it is the bullets—and machine guns that actually ascertain whether a listening post is a post or merely a prostrate piece of timber.

"There is a diversity of opinion among Listening Posts, as to whether they run more risk from the bullets of those in front or their friends behind. But that, like the Welsh coal strike and compulsory service, is a controversial matter, and the Editor says it is 'spot barred.'

"One day I'll write a poem about a listening post, and then the world will know the dull depths of the dreary, damp, despondent, despairing, dangerous drudgery of this devastating duty.

"Yet many of them like it, ask to be sent out. Go and go again. If the aeroplanes are eyes by day, the listening posts are certainly our night lights."

TO BLIND AND ASPHYXIATE

That Germany has decided to violate the pledge given at the Hague Conference against the use of poisonous gases and other barbaric devices in war is now shown by trade records. Asphyxiating and tear-producing gases are produced from the highly poisonous seeds of the sabadilla plant which grows in Venezuela. For thirty years this has been exported to Hamburg in small quantities. In 1913 the exports to Germany jumped to 247,226 kilos and in 1914 the record was 112,826 kilos. There were virtually no exports to other countries. Never before 1914 did Venezuela send any sabadilla to the United States, but since the beginning of that year about 31,000 kilos have been sent there, which possibly were re-exported.

The exportation of it to the Netherlands also rose enormously in 1915. According to a report by the American Consul at La Guayra, the seed has so virulent a poison to the eyes and lungs that men have to wear masks in gathering it. It has been used in making dyes and disinfectants, but the circumstances of its peculiar exportation in the last two years indicate that it has been used chiefly for the infamous purposes of barbarous warfare. It is now made absolute contraband by the British Government. Violation of the definite pledge not to use such gases in warfare, and of the broadest dictates of humanity, even between enemies, is not the result of a violent impulse, but of a deliberate plot. It is a depth of infamy never before reached in the modern world.—Toronto Globe.

Cheerful one (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like): If yer stands up yer gets sniped; if yer keeps down yer gets drowned; if yer moves about yer gets shelled; and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialled.—Punch.

THE NEW RUSSIA

(By Prof. W. W. Swanson in Journal of Commerce)

The dramatic announcement of the debarkation of Russian troops at Marseilles has focussed attention once more on that mighty Empire and the role it is playing in the present war. With the retirement of the Grand Duke Nicholas from the European theatre of war there was unfeigned rejoicing in Germany, it being considered as an open confession of the fact that there were irreconcilable differences of opinion in Russia with respect to the continuing of the war. It was freely predicted in Berlin that the Czar would not long remain obdurate to Germany's proposals for a separate peace; and that it would not be difficult to convince the Russian bureaucracy that England alone could gain by protracting the war. All these hopes are dashed to the ground with the entrance of Russian troops into the battleline on the western front; and even Germany must at length understand the significance of this movement. In view of the fact, however, that Russia is playing such a tremendously important role in the conflict, and that she is about to exert her mighty power even more effectively than in the past, it will be well to consider briefly what formidable political obstacles the Russian people have had to overcome in the effort to free themselves as well as all western nations from the forces of reaction. And, it may be remarked in passing, it is imperative to study sympathetically what the Russian nation is attempting at the present time not merely because of its effects upon the outcome of this struggle, but because of its great future political and economic significance to the United Kingdom and all the other nations of Western civilization.

Cross-Currents in Russian Politics

From the beginning the Russian masses have been heart and soul with the Allies. The profoundest instincts and emotions of the people had been touched by Serbia's appeal for aid. They heard the call of the blood. But above and beyond that racial urge they felt that the hour had struck when at length the cross would displace the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia. Add to this the unquenchable desire of the Russians to gain a deep warm-water harbor, and the felt need of the commercial classes to free themselves from German domination, and we have all the elements necessary to explain why that nation plunged with fierce exultation into the maelstrom of war.

It must not be forgotten, however, that there were, as now, strong forces within the Empire opposed to the national will. Since the time of Peter the Great the Romanoff dynasty has absorbed German blood, until it is now more German than Russian in nature. Beyond a doubt the Czar has placed himself, during this struggle, at the head of his people, determined to enforce their will; but he cannot offset at once the tremendous influence that Germany through these Royal alliances, has acquired at the Imperial Court. Hordes of German princelings and camp-followers entered Russia with every German consort; and Berlin has known how to use them to advantage. Moreover, the civil service had almost been completely captured by officials from the Baltic provinces, who were of Teutonic blood and sympathies. It should be borne in mind, also, that German financiers and captains of industry had, before the war established themselves in a commanding position in Russia; and their emissaries have not ceased since to support actively the German cause.

The Russian people, however, might have been able successfully to offset these antagonistic forces were they forced to meet the issue alone. Unfortunately such was, and is not now, the case. There are still within the Empire implacable enemies of Russia's lately won freedom, who are able neither to forgive nor forget those who actively supported and furthered the movement of 1904-05. It will be recalled that in the autumn of 1905 the Czar granted to his people the semblance, at least, of a constitutional government. In 1906 the Duma—the national House of Commons—met for the first time; and, despite temporary reverses due more to the impracticable schemes of Russian visionaries than to anything else, the cause of political freedom within the Empire steadily advanced. Just a few weeks ago the Czar himself appeared before the deputies in the Duma, thus formally recognizing the right of the nation to be consulted in all that pertains to its welfare. This necessarily means that the official class must recede into the background and relinquish their immemorial power to rule the nation. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the reactionaries who see their power slipping from them should be gravely concerned at a greater extension of political freedom obtained during the war.

Russian Reactionaries and Their Program

Moreover, the reactionaries are only too conscious of the fact that the war, if it be prolonged, will result in the impregnation of the people with English and French political ideals. They instinctively feel—and they are right—that the Hohenzollerns are the bulwark of autocracy and reaction in Europe; and that the destruction of militarism in Germany meant the downfall of feudalism everywhere, and the emergence of a revitalized democracy in Europe. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they have lent a ready ear to whispers of peace from Germany; and have not scrupled, indeed, to paralyze as far as they have been able the fighting force of Russia. Neither because they are relatively few must it be imagined that they have not placed great obstacles in the path of Russian democracy in its determination to bring the war to a successful conclusion. It is now an open secret that, when last autumn none but official cables came from Russia for several weeks, a great contest was being waged between the non-national forces within the Empire and the masses of the people. Recent events in the Caucasus, in Antolia, in Armenia and Mesopotamia, as well as in France itself, show how thoroughly and irrevocably the reactionaries have been beaten in the struggle. No one, either friend or foe, doubts that Russia will continue to the bitter end.

It was not until very recently, however, that the reactionaries, the members of the "black hundred" responsible for the many programs that have disgraced the Russian people, gave up the struggle. As late as December 7, 1915, an assembly which called itself the "Union of the Russian People" met at Petrograd, two hundred and forty strong, and formulated certain resolutions with respect to the war—resolutions which bore vitally but indirectly upon Russia's struggle for emancipation from Prussian domination. They called the Duma the "hydra of the Revolution brought back to life." They boldly charged that it was to further the ideals of the Revolution that the indefatigable war committees worked. They charged the writers, artists and scientists that had rallied round the flag with having "sold themselves to the Jews." A former Minister of Justice with the truly Russian name of Ctchevlovitoff, declared that anyone who dared ask whether the ministers chosen by the Czar possessed also the confidence of the people was a traitor. The real patriot, announced this reactionary, was the man who adored the Czar without reserve. "The Czar who lights us from the height of his throne, and like the sun gives our country life and happiness." This fine group of "patriots" protested against any concessions to the Little Russians or the Finns; declared against any measure of political amnesty; or softening or religious persecution; and, above all, decried against the Jews. This is the precious group that has steadily opposed the granting of common justice and the rights of humanity to the lesser nationalities within the Empire, and particularly to the Poles, the Finns and the Jews. They form, moreover, the small but claimant number yet remaining among the people who would stifle political and religious liberty and plunge Russia into the gross darkness, once more, of reaction and mediocrity. As the spokesman of these bureaucrats, the ex-Minister of Justice stated that the Hohenzollerns were the "representatives of the monarchial idea"; that the destruction of Germany would necessarily involve the destruction of conservative policies; that the triumph of England and France would be forever destroyed. Another unknown heights in Europe; and that the autocratic principle in politics would be forever destroyed. Another enlightened member of the "Union of the Russian People" calmly charges that the Jews, and not the Germans, planned for, and actually brought about the war!

The Triumph of the Democracy

To a certain extent the Russian Government countenanced the holding of this congress. Its proceedings were published in the Jemstchina, Sviet, and the Roussekole Juamla—papers that exist almost entirely upon the Government subsidies, and which are the only ones allowed at the front. Moreover, the Minister of the Interior was officially represented by an adjutant; and the metropolitan bishops of Moscow and Petrograd were present. Many great landowners, also, were in attendance; and it cannot be denied that, if the roll be scrutinized, the congress represented a notable and a powerful group in Russia's political and industrial life. But the Government, apparently took official cognizance of the assembly rather by way of restraining and directing it than for furthering its ideas and ideals. At any rate, its resolutions carried absolutely no conviction to the Russian people; who, through the Duma, the Jemstos and the innumerable and effective war committees that have sprung up, retained control of the



Government and its policies. For once, and after years of dispute and struggle, the will of the Czar coincided with the will of the people. The Czar must, if for no other reason win in this struggle if the Romanoff dynasty is to endure; the people must conquer if their political liberties, so dearly bought, are to be saved. The whole nation passionately desires and demands that its economic life be freed from German domination. Therefore, at present, and not until peace is discussed, need England or France on the one hand, or the Russian people on the other, fear that the "black hundreds" can work their will on the Czar or his Government.

Interest of United States and Canada in Struggle

It is quite evident that, on this side of the water, the sympathies of the mass of the people are on the side of the Allies; but occasionally, in the American press especially, there are doubts raised as to the legitimacy of the cause of Russia—an autocratic and reactionary country. But surely, as Anglo-Saxons, as the foremost exponents of political liberty, Americans and Canadians, as well as French and British, should—not for precisely identical, but for the same fundamental reason—most deeply sympathize with and lend every aid possible to the Russian nation at this time of crisis. For Russia the issue is no one merely of material aggrandizement. The liberty of one hundred and seventy millions lies in the balance. The Russians as a nation have come in contact with Western civilization and ideals comparatively late. They have suffered and striven for Russia's political liberty as hardly any other human endurance. While we were free to develop our national life they shielded us against the Mahometan and Tartar hordes. Their art, their literature, their self-sacrifice have pronounced them worthy of a high place among the nations. Powerful, patient, strong, a place they shall, and must, have. Whether that place shall be for the good or ill of Anglo-Saxon civilization the issues of this stupendous conflict will decide. Russia has triumphed over the enemy within her gate; we must see, with her, that the common enemy of mankind is laid low.

A GREEK EASTER SERVICE

(By Miriam Elston)

It was when the Anglo-Saxon's Easter Sabbath was already eight days past that I took a journey, by rail and by stage coach, some fifty-five miles out to the country, to the north-east of Edmonton, Alberta. I was bent on seeing a service in an Orthodox Greek Church, and since this church observes the old Greek Calendar, their Easter falls twelve days later than does the Anglo-Saxon's.

When my journey was completed, my surroundings would suggest that I was far from the land of the Anglo-Saxon. The women and children that were to be seen on the trails were clad in the picturesque garb of the Ruthenian peasant. Though the weather was quite warm, the women still wore their heavy sheepskin coats. Their heads were wrapped in the brilliant-colored "fooska," or head-shawl. The sheepskin coat hanging open in front, showed glimpses of waists heavily embroidered in showy Bulgarian embroidery. Numerous strings of their favorite coral beads hung around their necks. The little girls appeared like smaller models of the same type. With skirts reaching as near to the ground as did their mothers, they impressed one as being miniature women rather than children.

The homes, with their groups of small out-buildings, situated close by the trails, looked to be unused to the scene, like a remnant of a foreign land dropped by the wayside. The dwellings heavily thatched, and many of them glistening white from a new coat of lime-wash, was quaintly pretty. Their few small windows were lacking both blinds and curtains, but frequently one saw in them pots of flowering plants. The majority of the door-yards were tidily kept. Often the scantily furnished interior is immaculately clean and tidy. At Easter this is almost sure to be so, for the Easter services are preceded by a season of housecleaning in Ruthenian homes.

As one mingled with the people one felt, almost instinctively, the spirit of reverence that filled them. For there is no holy day more sacred to these people than Easter.

The crowning service of the Easter tide is the all-night service, which commences at dusk on Easter Saturday, and continues till daybreak on Easter Sunday. The sun had scarcely dropped below the horizon when heavy wagons, with their freight of

human beings, began to rumble along the trails on their way to the church. Some had come for long distances, for a priest has many appointments, often far apart; but he can hold but one service on this night, and to it the people from all the appointments flock.

It was almost twelve o'clock when, in company with my friends, I left the house to walk the mile to the church. A spirit of quiet seemed to brood over the earth. Through rifts in the low hanging clouds one caught here and there, a glimpse of the stars. We were quite near to the church before we could see it, for a low range of hills intervened. On the sloping side of one of these hills the church was situated. In front of it spread a small sheltered valley. Close beside it the gleam of many camp fires showed brilliantly against the brooding darkness of the night. Scores of wagons were closely grouped on the side of the hill, near to the camp fires. Patient horses or oxen browsed upon the hay in the wagon boxes. Beside the camp-fire, people gathered, quietly chatting. Occasionally a belated traveller turned his team from the trail, and finding a desirable spot proceeded to unhitch his horses. As he drove by the camp fires huge shadows chased each other out into the darkness of the night.

Though numbers of people chatted by the camp fires, the church was crowded. Many stood quietly waiting in the large, dimly-lighted porch. Close beside the walls were many bundles tied up in cotton cloth. These contained bread and decorated Easter eggs, which would be blessed by the priest, and would form part of the Lenten feast.

The feast which on Easter Sunday breaks the Lenten fast. Passing through the swinging doors into the body of the church, one found oneself surrounded by dazzling lights and gorgeous colors. The silver stars that dotted the azure-tinted dome of the church, gave back the brightness around them, and stood out like points of white light.

From the centre of the church was suspended a high chandelier, in which many candles burned. Directly beneath this chandelier was a table on which was stretched a tapestry, showing an effigy of the crucified Christ. Arches of evergreen, decorated with bright-colored tissue paper flowers, crossed above it. A row of tapers burned behind the table.

A little to one side, and closer to the door, was a reading desk, before which stood a layman, intoning the life story of the world's Redeemer. As one tired, another stepped forward and took his place. As they changed places the people broke forth into a low, monotonous chanting, but subsided again into silence as the intoning continued.

The people stood, densely grouped, in a semi-circle around the desk, and the women on the left. Close by the outer walls a few women sat on the floor, caring for their babies. Young men, in the crowded gallery, leaned over the railing, and watched proceedings in the body of the church.

As the worshippers entered the church they advanced to the tapestry, and reverently bowing, kissed the floor in front of it. Then rising they kissed the wound-marked hands and feet, and the spear-thrust side. Many fathers and mothers brought their children with them, the children following the parents in the salutation.

Behind the tapestry, and a little to one side, sat the priest, in his robes of purple and gold, hearing confession. Men and women stepped forward from the semi-circle, and stood in rows awaiting their turn. The priest leaned towards the kneeling figure and threw his stole over the head and shoulders as he listened.

The moments of greater darkness, that herald the approach of dawn, had come. The priest turned from his task with an air of finality. The laymen ceased to intone and the reading desk was removed. The male choir broke into a louder chant, with a deep joy note speaking clearly through it. At sound of the chant the church deserted their camp fires, and gathered by the church doors. The people, tired by hours of standing, forgot for the moment to be weary. They caught up the chant, and swelled it forth triumphantly.

The priest, who had retired to the alcove, appeared before the people at intervals, swinging a silver censor, pouring forth the smoke of burning incense, and declaring to them, "Christ is risen." "Indeed He is risen," they gave back in glad answer. And as they took up again the chanted story of the Christ life it was in tones of a deeper joy.

When the first faint grey heraldings of dawn showed in the eastern sky the people turned towards the church doors. Outside they waited, closely grouped around the church steps. A little to one side stood the male choir, chanting. All eyes were turned eagerly towards the church doors.

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ple, walked beneath the canopy. They descended the steps and commenced slowly a circuit of the church. The choir fell in behind them. Then followed the congregation. Everyone joined in a solemn chant. The march and chant continued till the grey east flushed a rosy red, and the darkened landscape took shape before our eyes, veiled now in the purple haze of day's dawning. The march was discontinued, and the people gathered again by the church steps, still chanting. The clear voices of the women mingled, for the first time with the deeper tones of the men. And when the day had fully dawned the priest stood in the church door, and with upraised arms blessed his people. Then they all re-entered the church.

Lead by the head deacon, followed by all the men, then the women, the congregation passed in single file up one side of the church, made their obeisance, and received the holy kiss from the priest. As the people mingled again one heard on all sides the Easter greeting, "Christ is risen." And always came back the same reply, "indeed He is risen."

From the gallery I looked down on the scene before me. It was now broad daylight. The walls of the front of the church were covered with highly-colored ikons. Beneath the ikons on shelf or pedestal, scores of tapers were burning. Near by were clustered the banners. Through the wide opening I saw into the alcove. On the fine linen of the altar were massive golden candlesticks, and books, and crucifixes. The priest in his gorgeous robes passed to and fro. The head-shawls of the women, as I looked down upon them, formed a moving mass of brilliant colors. The mingling of daylight and candle-light gave a touch of weirdness to the scene. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

The communion service over, the people turned again towards the door. But they seemed in no hurry to return home. They gathered in groups by the dying camp fires, and by the wagons, and they lingered on the church steps. Over and over one heard the Easter salutation, as the people clasped hands and kissed each other.

One by one the teams were hitched, and wagon after wagon followed each other on the different trails. Soon they were lost sight of in clouds of whirling dust. Many of the people would break the Lenten fast at the home of a friend, and spend the day in merry-making, till the approach of evening necessitated their return home.

Save the old rags that you are not forced to wear. They are worth money now and are going to be worth more. Old rags go largely into the munitions factories for the manufacture of gun cotton. It is an assured fact that the consumption of gun cotton during the next few months now that the most desperate stage of the war has been reached, will easily be doubled. In other words, all your old rags will be needed for the Germans. So don't burn them at home, but save them for burning in the artillery that is engaged in protecting our homes. It will repay you, both coming and going, so to speak.

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DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

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