

Station Agent Forced To Quit

"All The Boys At This End of The Line Talking About My Recovery" He Says

"When the boys come by and see me back on the job looking like my old self they holler at me to know what has brought about the wonderful change, and I always shout back, TANLAC," said A. E. Rawley, the popular telegraph operator at Wellsford Station on the Canadian Pacific railroad and living at Westfield Beach, New Brunswick, in relating his remarkable experience with the medicine.

"My recovery has not only surprised me," continued Mr. Rawley, "but all the boys on this end of the line are talking about it. Pulling through what I have suffered, back into health and strength seems more like work of a miracle than of medicine, for I had despaired of living much longer."

"My health suddenly gave way four years ago following a severe attack of grippe, which settled in my stomach. My food would sour causing gas and such a pressure through my chest that I could scarcely breathe. Sharp pains would suddenly strike me in the chest, keeping me in agony for hours, and at night I would have to get up and walk the floor to keep from smothering. One day about a year after my trouble started, I began vomiting and kept it up almost incessantly for four days, and I thought sure my life would end there. I had to be carried to a hospital for treatment after which I felt in fair condition for a few weeks and then another attack came on me with great pains in my stomach and intestines which would last for hours."

"At first these spells came about once a month, then twice a month and then every week and got me down to where I just couldn't work at all. In fact, I lost fifty pounds in weight and had to give up my position as station agent and do nothing but try to find relief. Then I went to another hospital for treatment, then another, making three in all, and tried every medicine I knew of, but that was suggested to me, but kept getting worse. I had no idea I could live much longer and, of course, had little hope of ever getting any better."

"My case was like that of the drowning man, reaching out for a straw—desperate—and although I had no faith in TANLAC to help me, when I saw it advertised I grabbed at it as my last resort. I had tried three hospitals and everything in the way of medicines so I couldn't have much faith in TANLAC, but, it's a fact, before my first bottle was gone I noticed a difference in my feelings. It was not long then until the gas stopped forming on my stomach, I had a good appetite, and could eat most anything without it hurting me. Now, to put it all in a few words as possible, I have taken eight bottles of TANLAC and am not only feeling fine, but I have gotten back twenty pounds of my lost weight. I am now working regularly every day and am still picking up both in weight and strength right along. I attribute my recovery to nothing but TANLAC. To me it is the most wonderful medicine in the world and I will praise it as long as I live."

TANLAC is sold in Newcastle by E. J. Morris and in Red Bank by Wm. M. Sullivan.

Prince of Wales In United States

The Prince's stay in Washington will probably be of about three days' duration, and from there he will go to New York to embark on H. M. S. Renown, remaining in New York for a few days and living on his ship while there.

The Renown will put in at Halifax on route to England to enable the Prince to say good bye to Canada.

ALWAYS HAS HOPE

Prospector for Gold One of Fortunate Men.

With Belief in One's Luck to Be "Just Ahead" the Buffets of Fate Are Things at Which to Laugh.

The typical prospector for gold, still met with in the far hills and deserts, may well be taken by all men as an example and an inspiration as far as the blessings of staying hopes are concerned, says the Los Angeles Times.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," says the proverb. But it is not a good proverb. No matter how long deferred a hope may be it should never be abandoned. It should never be anything but an inspiration and an incentive.

Take this nomadic tribe of prospectors, for instance. The typical prospector is a man who has spent perhaps the most of his life pursuing a hope that has never been realized. Yet we never find them discouraged. We never know them to end their days in despair. No matter how many their years of failure may be they will tell you that just beyond the next chain of hills or in the heart of a still unexplored desert the treasures they seek are surely awaiting them.

A most sincere and persistent man is the prospector. He believes in his quest and respects it. The little or the much that he wins by spasmodic toil he invests in his dreams. He braves the solitude and the lonely wastes of the world to reach the goal for which he strives. Hunger, thirst and other hardships and sufferings he endures with a willing heart.

And he never desponds. That's the glory of the prospector—he never desponds. The average man, hedged in by the traditions of towns and cities or settled in the humdrum of the country, looks upon the prospector as a queer and somewhat demented individual. We laugh at this strange fellow who is pictured to us as plodding along in the wilderness and the sandy desolations with his pack and his burro, following the will-o'-the-wisps of fortune.

But the prospector is only doing in his way what we are doing in ours. We are following each our own dream as the prospector is following his. The only difference is that we proceed in safety and without adventure. Otherwise we are the same as the wanderer of the desert and the hills. And also we are soon discouraged and we are easy prey to defeat, while it is death alone that can defeat the prospector.

It seems to us that of all the misfortunes there are in life—and heaven knows there are many—the misfortune of hopelessness is the worst. "Only for hope the heart would die," said a poet. It was a true thing to say.

And about this wonderful thing of hope there is another way to look at it, and that is that we should always have at least one hope ahead. That is to say, we should always have something that we look forward to. Then, if what we have in hand fails us, the other thing that we look forward to will stay us.

Hope is something to be busy with. It is something of which we should accumulate a store. Always have plenty of hopes and have them so that they will reach out and last away into the years of the future.

There is really something mysterious about a hope. If you will cherish it faithfully and keep it warm in your heart you will be almost sure to sometime realize it. It is said that we are what we believe ourselves to be. But perhaps we might better say that we are what our hopes are.

Since then a long-cherished hope is most likely to be realized, surely it were foolish of us to harbor hopes that will not bring us comfort and joy. Hope for the best there is—not great riches, not any material possession, but peace for the heart and a serene path for the white years of old age.

Cotton Growing in China.
Now that China has decided what kind of cotton seed does best in that country, and is distributing it by the ton to farmers, cotton growing starts on a new geographical development. The time may yet come when the Chinese laundryman, far from home, will croon over his collars that he is "still longing for the old plantation." Work done during several years in four experiments, stations indicates that out of forty varieties of seed the kind known as "Trice" is best suited for Chinese cultivation. It appears that "Trice" yields 141 catties to the mou, which is the Chinese way of saying something more than 141 pounds per one-sixth of an acre, for the catty weighs about one-third more than the English pound. The Chinese pound, for that matter is called "kin," but for some reason foreigners prefer to call it a "catty."

An Ideal Tonic For Weak People

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Act Directly On the Blood and Nerves

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery. In health the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often feeble and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless and certain in their action, which is to build up the blood and restore the vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for tired women, and for old people who fail in strength Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic. Thousands of people have testified to the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in many homes they are the only medicine used. Among the homes in which the benefit of this medicine has been proved is that of Mr. E. A. Underwood, Kingston, Ont., who says:—"I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with the most beneficial results. As the result of hard work I was very much run down, and my appetite was very poor. I got a supply of the pills which I used regularly for some weeks, with the result that they restored me to my old time strength. They also proved a blessing to my daughter, who was in a very anaemic condition, and who seemed not to get more than temporary relief from any medicine until she took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She took the pills for about three months, and is now enjoying the best of health. For these reasons I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

At the first sign that the blood is out of order take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and note the speedy improvement they make in the appetite, health and spirits. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHITNEYVILLE

Whitneyville, Nov. 11—Not seeing any notes from this place for some time I thought I would send in a few.

The roads are in a very bad condition now owing to the recent snow storm.

The Rev. G. S. Weaver is attending the convention in Amherst, after which he proposes to visit his parents. Miss Frances McKay entertained a number of her friends Halloween, a very pleasant evening was spent.

Miss Millie Forsythe and Miss Leila MacKenzie attended the Women's Institute Convention in St. John.

The Baptist Women's Aid Society met at the home of Mrs. John Forsythe, on Tuesday evening of last week.

Miss Rose Tozer was the guest of Miss Ferno MacLean during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parker are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby boy.

The Presbyterian Women's Auxiliary met at the home of Mrs. Alex. Hare.

3 GREAT POINTS

of superiority are responsible for Zam-Buk's wonderful and world-wide reputation.

1. ZAM-BUK IS ANTISEPTIC.—Applied to a sore or wound it destroys all germs, and acts as a protection, thus preventing festering and blood-poisoning.

2. ZAM-BUK IS SOOTHING.—This property makes it indispensable for irritated and inflamed conditions of the skin, as well as for skin injuries. It ends irritation, stops pain and draws out soreness. A mother's first thought, when a child is hurt, is to end the pain. Nothing does this like Zam-Buk.

3. ZAM-BUK HEALS.—Finally, having antiseptically cleansed a sore place and ended all pain and soreness, the healing essences of Zam-Buk promote the quick growth of new tissue. Sores soon disappear where Zam-Buk is applied. It is the best known remedy for eczema, pimples, ulcers, piles, blood-poisoning, cuts and burns. 50c. box.



BRED GREAT MEN

Italian City of Florence May Claim High Honor.

Birthplace of Many of Those Who Rank in Intellectual Ability and Achievement, Far Above the Rest of Mankind.

At first thought one would be apt to claim for London, the great metropolis, the honor of having given birth to the greatest number of the world's geniuses. Among other great Londoners the following might be cited: Francis Bacon, philosopher and essayist; Spenser, Jonson, Milton and Keats, world-known and honored poets; Hogarth, Turner, Watts, Millais and Holman Hunt, artists whose achievements are acclaimed by all the world of taste; Fox, Pitt and Beaconsfield, statesmen who have influenced the building of empire; Daniel Defoe, the novelist; Faraday and Huxley, the scientists, and many others. All these would stand in the very front ranks of greatness, some of them, like Milton and Bacon, towering above their fellow men like mountain peaks among mole-hills.

The Frenchman would undoubtedly stand up for the claims of Paris, quoting a long list of poets and painters and novelists and statesmen to justify his boast.

The Italian would probably put the question: "How far back may we go in this quest? For if ancient Rome is to be added to the record of the more modern city, where will you find her equal?"

Then Athens would lift up her classic voice in protest, and quote a long list of her sons who have formed the models of all subsequent time in art and poetry and philosophy and architecture.

But there is another competitor which can beat them all in this combat. Compared with London or Paris, or even Rome, it is a small place. The city is Firenze—Florence—the native city of Savonarola, of Fra Angelico, of Donatello, of Botticelli, of Leonardo da Vinci, of the mighty Michael Angelo, the glory of his age and of all succeeding ages; Florence, the city of Boccaccio, the father of novelists; of Machiavelli, whose very name is a proverb, and of the famous Medici; yes, and lastly, Florence the city of Dante, the first both in time and position of this glorious galaxy of stars of the first magnitude.

How such a small place ever gave birth to so many mighty sons of genius is one of the standing puzzles of heredity and environment and education. Why does not Glasgow breed geniuses? Nobody knows. During a period of two hundred years Florence was a forcing bed for supreme achievement. During that time the little city broke all records, ancient and modern, and it is hard to see where her competitor is to spring from who shall take away her crown of laurels.

Some War Economies.

There is probably nothing that seems so useless in the eyes of the average person as an Irish potato which has begun to rot, but the department of agriculture in its war-time experiments has discovered that starch can be made from a decayed potato just as well, if not better, than from a good one, and so the surplus stock of the farmer or dealer need no longer be thrown away or wasted.

In like fashion chemists seeking methods to avoid world-wide food shortages have found that sugar can not only be made from beets, but from sweet potatoes as well. The farmer himself can make good sirup from his sweet potatoes by boiling them until they can be mashed in the water to thick, mushy liquid. To this ground malt is added and the result, after properly cooking for about an hour, is a thick sirup, which is strained through a cloth and used for any sort of sweetening.

Modest Hero.

My heroic action was this: We were lying close up to their defenses, and for four days had not been able to climb out; we lay like reptiles. There was no light spot; one could not get accustomed to it. And H—, the ensign, had been caught on the wire when we had started to attack. At first he asked for help, called on the men by name; but one could not show one's nose without being shot. Then he only groaned and breathed heavily. That went on for four days, and he still lived. It is a sin to grumble at God, but here one says: "Why be careful of one's soul?" I couldn't endure it and took him off the wire; but I got wounded. Then there was an attack, and our men captured the post.—London Times.

Fire-Retarding Paints.

From tests made at the federal bureau of standards it appears that, while practically all paint coatings have some fire-retarding action, none of those so far tested afford very great protection. All the samples in question were materially damaged by application of flame for a few seconds. Both sodium silicate and whitewash rank comparatively high. These have the advantage of cheapness and can both be used on the same surface. However, according to a recent bulletin of the bureau, no treatment of wood after erection can be expected to serve as an effective fire protection, and the use of such materials should not be made an excuse for omitting any of the usual precautions against fire.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD

Childhood days are happy days to the robust child; they are intended to be days of growth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

brings to a child that is not thriving, power that sustains strength—substance that determines growth. Scott's Emulsion is concentrated tonic-nourishment which is readily assimilated and transmuted into strength. Give Scott's Emulsion to growing children often.

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56,000 MILES OF TELEGRAPH LINES

From the ATLANTIC to the PACIFIC

EXPRESS CANADIAN NATIONAL
HOTELS NATIONAL ELEVATORS
RAILWAYS RAILWAYS STEAMSHIPS

Canada at the National Chemical Exposition, Chicago.

The importance and magnitude of our Chemical Industries form a sensational chapter in the industrial history of Canada, that has become known the world over. Development followed development during the war with amazing rapidity and still continues. Some idea of the progress made, may be gathered from the fact that up to a few months prior to the end of the war all synthetic nitrates for explosives produced on this continent were of Canadian origin. Our production of acetone was equally phenomenal.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Canada occupied such an important position at the National Chemical Exposition recently held at Chicago, admitted to be the greatest industrial event in the history of that city.

In addition to the large attendance from Chicago, over twenty thousand members of various scientific societies, Universities, manufacturing concerns and others interested in commercial and scientific development, attended the exposition. These included, The American Institute, Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, American Electro-Chemical Society, Technical Association of Pulp and Paper Industry and others.

The Government of Canada and the Province of Ontario, realizing the importance of this opportunity of telling abroad the story of our resources were represented by exhibits, and by some of their best men. The Canadian National Railways had an exhibit illustrating the mineral, forest wealth, water powers and raw materials of the country.

During the Exposition two addresses were delivered by C. Price-Green, Commissioner, Industrial & Resources Dept., Canadian National Railways, on Canadian National Resources and the great field afforded in Canada for enterprise and investment of Capital, which were widely reported in the American Press and many scientific publications.