CORONATION CONTINGENT

The First of a Series of Letters From Capt. E. W. B. Morrison

Camp Levis, June 2 .- (Special.)-The Canadian coronation contingent is camped in a pretty valley flanked by wooded hills, about three miles outheast of Point Levis. To northeast the valley opens on to the St. Lawrence, and there is a magnificent view of the mighty river where its waters divide around the Island of Orleans. On the distant high land of the further shore a great white gash in the face of the cliff shows where the Falls of Montgomery tumble in a smother of foam to the hurrying current below. Occasionally the hoarse bellow of an ocean liner draws attention to a long dark, redfunnelled craft plodding steadily up against the current, with a trail of wake and black smoke behind her. Quebec and its citadel are hidden from view by the grove on that side of this pleasant valley, but the sound of its many church bells muted and mingled by the distance add melody to the glories of the sun set, and at noon and "lights out" the boom of the gun from the ramparts of the old fort reverberates with a housand little echoes through the

To-day at moon the gun sounded a usual and everyone looked at his watch to check the time, for we are almost as isolated from the world in this out-of-the-way spot as though we were camped in some "poort" in the South African hills. After a minute's pause a second gun boomed from the citadel. Faces were turned about expectantly. Boom! Another gun, and the men who had just turned in from morning drill came swarming out of their tents. Boom! again. What could it be! Boom-m-m!

Then somebody yelled:
"Peace is proclaimed!"
And as the truth suddenly dawned on them-for we hardly ever see a newspaper up here-a burst of cheering ran round the camp from corps corps. The officers strolled over to the mess tent and drank to the peace that is, and, under their breath,

The last few years has been full of wonderful changes for Canada and dramatic coincidences in connection with the war just ended. Thirty-one months ago to-day many of those now in camp here heard the guns from old Quebec citadel the last time. The first contingent of troops furnished the empire by Canada was on board the Sardinian pulling out into the stream while cheering thousands lined the heights, flags fluttered everywhere and the grim old fortress was wreathed in smoke as with thunderous shocks the big guns spouted flame through the cloud of fleecy vapor. The only fear of the lads on board was that the war would be over before they reached Cape Town. only over to-day. Not a few of hose who watched them go envious eyes and keen disappointment in their hearts as they thought hey saw their "chance" slipping away from them, have since fought or even two years on the veldt, and are now here again, at old Quebec, inder canvas, getting ready to go to the coronation of Edward VII., and only now they hear the guns cele-brating the peace they expected then in a month! You remember how the very next morning, after the Sardinailed, came the news of the retreat from Dundee, the disaster at Nicholson's Nek, and Ladysmith cut off; followed by Magersfontein, Stormberg, the Tugela—and then the Second contingent

. . .

or less damp tents, surrounded by all our glad clothes, civilian and military, with which we were to cut such a shine in London, fearful less the gloss will all be washed off them be-fore we get out of Canada. The most curious part of it is that not a quarter of a mile away are the Engineers' barracks, a large collection of neatly painted wooden buildings, capable of holding 800 men. These barracks are heated with stoves, have a good parade ground, flagstaff, guns for firing at reveille, and "lights out," large storehouses for issuing cloth-ing, a military tailor shop for fitting it, a hospital building and all the conveniences that go to make a model rendezvous for such a force as the And here we are living out in tents, wading about in the mud and suf-fering all the discomforts of troops going on campaign. But worst of all is the risk of spoiling all our good clothes, which all will admit would be a most disappointing and undesirable thing in connection with a purely show trip such as this is. If we had even come out prepared to rough it, with rubber boots and a general rough weather camping out-fit, such as the troops take to camps of instruction, it would not be so bad quartered in barracks of some sor and consequently brought as little

camping kit as possible. However

we have some old clothes and are

vorrying along somehow.

Luckily the weather is not both cold nd wet, as it was at the beginning of the camp, but we have had rain every day, alternating yesterday, with hot sun, and, as mentioned before, to-night there is a teeming downpour. The un-fortunate state of the weather has interfered very much with the drills, of which we have four daily, but good progress is being made. The contingent is composed of a fine lot of men, about half of whom are South African or Northwest veterans. All have arrived except the detachment of Northwest mounted police who are expected to-morrow. One man of the Strathconas came from British Columbia, He was detained by a landslide in the Rockies, but got a horse, rode forty miles, swam a river and caught the train on the other side of the obstruction. The infantry, rifles, and artillery are tolerably uniform in appearance but the mounted infantry and cavalry present a bewildering variety of costumes on parade. There are 200 of them, including the dragoons, hussars, khaki mounted infantry, redcoated mounted infantry, mounted police, Strathconas, and a few samples of rangers and other fancy corps. Lieut. Col. Turner, V. C., who is in charge of the mounted troops, is at his wits' end And that particular Monday was lack of it will add interest to their apthirty-one months ago, and the war pearance. Lieut-Col. Pellatt, commandwith the task of organization which is much more difficult than would be generally supposed. He is assisted by Lieut-Col. Thompson and Capt. Panet D.S.O. and Capt Benyon as adjutants. There is not doubt that when the contingent complete and the artillery and cavalry mounted as they will be in London, the force will present splendid appearance and do credit to the Dominion.

Tuesday morning-The rainstorm of last night dous gale of cold wind from the Gulf Shortly before daybreak I awoke with a dim impression that I was dropping to unknown depths on a parachute, or just about to make a balloon ascen-sion .The tent was heaving and strain-Since three o'clock this afternoon ing at its rope, my sword and other rain has been coming down in sheets stuff on the tent pole were banging and here we are shut up in our more and clanging about, the water was

running over the floor, and every instant the tent appeared to be about to start for Western Ontario, The clack of mallets and the wails of bad language that rose above the fury of the storm told plainly that mine was not a sporadic case of trouble. It was evidently a time for action and despera-ation filled my breast as I thought of all my glad coronation duds exposed to a respectable imitation of Noah's deluge. If anybody thinks it is joyous paddling around in bare feet and pajamas and a gale cold enough to cut the heart out of you, malleting tent pegs and double reefing guy ropes, our views on the gaieties of life differ. If we were out on campaign tural, but to start out on a giddy holiday show and go up against this sort of thing is calculated to afflict you with almost a sense of personal jury. To-day the camp is sodden, cold, and more or less miserable. However, as the text book says: "The soldier's life is one of extreme hardship, unremitting toil and——" I forget the rest of the quotation; but I could say a whole lot of other things that I do remember. E. W. B. MORRISON.

DIVINE FACE OF JESUS

Dr. Talmage Draws a Ren Picture of the Lineaments.

CHARACTER AND THE FACE

Some of Christ's Mental and Spiritual Characteristics Recounted-A Sympathetic Face-Forgiveness in His Features-Record of the Scars-Illumined by Leve-Divine Love Not Blind.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1902, by William Bally, of To-ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, June 8 .- A pen picture of the lineaments of the divine face of Christ is presented by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in this discourse on the text, II Corinthians iv. 6. "The

face of Jesus Christ." Character is stamped upon the human face. By that I do not mean a good man necessarily has a beautiful face and a bad man a homely face. Some of the most sinful men have the handsomest faces. The morally corrupt and evil minded Edward IV. of England had a face of such singular beauty that it became the idol of When the king asked a rich lady for £10 to help carry on the against France, she replied, "For the comely face thou shalt have twenty." When the king kissed her with his smiling lips, the rich old lady made the gift £40 instead trying to arrange them into some sort of £20. On the other hand, some of uniformity, but to many the very of the kindest and best men have falack of it will add interest to their appearance. Lieut-Col. Pellatt, commanding the contingent, is hard at work

But when I state that character can be read in the face I man is a good man there is generally something in the smile of his lip, the glance of his eye, the wrinkles of cheek, the set of his jaw, which suggests that he is a good man. If an is bad, there are telltale signs n the face which prove that he is a

By long and bitter experience you have learned that the revealing power of the face is true. You have also learned that your wife can read the character in the human face a great deal better than her husband. When inger man, you used to bring your friends home to spend the even-

After those friends had gone you would turn and say, "My dear, now did you like Mr. So-and-so?" Your wife would answer: "I do not like him at all. He is not a man to he trusted. You had better beware and not get mixed up in any business dealings with that man. I do not like his face." Or your wife would answer: "I like that man. wish you would invite him up again to the house. I like his eye and the curve of his lip. I like his face." almost every case, as you found out later, your wife's estimate of your friends' characters was right.

She judged them by the face.

Now Paul declares that the glory of God was revealed to men in face of Jesus Christ. As we have no authentic picture of Jesus I would try to paint a word picture of the divine face by recounting some of Christ's mental and spiritual char-

This was the method by which we obtained a picture of my brother af-ter he was dead. For years before his demise he had not been to, a photographer. So after the funeral we took to an artist all the pictures which my brother had taken in his boyhood. We also took a lock of his hair. We told the artist about my brother's happy nature, told how the jokes which he perpetrated would be revealed in his smile and laughing We talked about his nature, so that the artist might paint that na-

ture in the young man's face. Emperor William I. of Germany wanted an artist to paint the face of his mother, Princess Louise, as she was in the prime of her physical beauty. He took all the different pictures of the dead empress to the artist's studio. There the royal son told that artist the characteristics of his mother. From his verbal por-traiture that artist painted the famous ideal picture of Princess Louise May God help me to-day to paint aright the face of Jesus Christ! Jesus must have had an intelligent

face. Phrenologists teach that the seat of the brain is under the dome of the skull. They assert that certain characteristics of the brain can be read by the contour of the skull, as a blind man with his fingers reads by the raised letters of the Braille alphabet. But the intelligence of the brain can be traced in the face, as well as upon the top of the head, in the formation of the mouth as well as in the phrenological charts map-ped off upon the back of the skull. The thin lip of the Caucasian is en-tirely different from the thick lip of

our sins by the sacrifice of blood, yet he could not take away the punishment for sin. So he offered his own face to be lacerated. He offered his line overhanging brows of the university scholar are totally different from the twinkling eyes and narrow frontal bones of the Australian aborigines. Some men's faces are so expressive that when they turn their keen eyes upon you they seem to bore a hole right into the heart of your very being. If you try to deceive them, the look upon their faces reveals the fact that they know you are not telling the touth ing the truth.

Jesus Christ's face was also a sym pathetic and forgiving face. How many men we have seen whose faces represented intelligent power, but without mercy-faces such as you could easily imagine a Robespierre might have had or a Frankenstein or any of the great leaders of the in-quisition! Those were the faces of men like Napoleon, who, hearing a marshal of France after a bloody battle express regret over the awful slaughter of human life, replied: "Oh that is nothing. In order to make

scarred face of Jesus, which scarr twenty-three was ended by suffoca-tion. Those were the kind of faces that must have been possessed by men like Nana Sahib, the fiend of ering for our redemption Cawnpur, and women like Catherine de' Medici, the evil spirit of St. Bartholomew's massacre, when 30,000 French Huguenots were slain in one day, and by Deliliah, the betrayer of a Samson, and Jezebel, the destroyer of a Naboth.

But all strong faces are not evil faces. Some of the strongest faces we have ever seen have been the sweetest and most magnanimous. These faces had a love attracting power for the beholders, like the face of old Dr. Plumer, one of the strongest men the American pulpit ever produced. Dr. Plumer's face was a sweet and tender and loving face, although one of the strongest of faces. One day, as he was walking across a Pittsburg park, a little child ran up to him and took his hand; then, looking up into that great good face -a face that never had any bitterness against any one, but only for-giveness—the child asked, "I say,

nister, are you God?"

an omelet you must break a few eggs." Those were the faces of men

Prince Nawab, who drove

British prisoners into the Black Hole

of Calcutta, a stifling room only

eighteen feet square, and left them bere until the misery of all but

So we must not think of Christ's face only as an intelligent face, a face of power, but also as a loving, sympathetic, forgiving face. We must think of him as having the same kind of a face your earthly father may have had. You remember when, in the past, you did what your father had forbidden, you came to his side and buried your face in his lap and cried, "Father, will you forgive me?" Then you remember how he took you up in his great, strong arms. What sweet look came into his loving face! How his lip trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said: 'My boy, my dear little son, I was in hopes that you would come to me as you have done. My heart was almost breaking, my child, because you did wrong. But it was breaking the more because my little son did not come to his father and ask to be forgiven. And then you found that the tears which trickled down your cheek were not those which came from your eyes alone. Mingled with were the tears which flowed from your earthly parent's eyes. Yes, our Christ's face, although a strong face, was a sympathetic face. And my Christ's face must have been a forgiving face because it was such an intelligent face, He knows all that we have done and suffered He also well knows how hard some of us have struggled in our own

strength to do right. He knows how we have grappled each of us with his own besetting sin, which we dare not tell to any human ear. knows-yes, he knows-how impossible it is for us to succeed in battling that sin in our own strength when we come, to Christ to for help to resist the evil present and to avert the evil future as well as to wipe out the evil past, oh, then, the strong face of Christ becomes tender, sympathetic, forgiving face. Our Saviour's eyes will fill with tears of joy. Our Saviour's lip will quiv-Our Saviour's look will be one of pardon and of unutterable love. Christ's face is a scarred face.

'No, no," says some one; please do not tell me that Christ's face is a scarred face. I have always thought of Jesus' face as the most beautiful ever owned by man; I have always believed his face was as beautiful as the Christ face described .in the exquisite portraft carved upon an emerald by the order of Tiberius Cae 'His forehead was plain and very delicate; his face was without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red; his nose and mouth were so formed that nothing could be reprehended; his beard was thickish, in color like his hair, not very long, but forked; his look was innocent and mature; his eyes were clear and quick. He was a man for his singu-

lar beauty surpassing the children of But, my friends, that portrait of Christ's face which was carved upon the emerald by Caesar's orders has been proved by the archaeologists to have been a description taken from a spurious tablet. It was a forgery and was not written until 200 years after Christ's death. So, in order to find whether or no Christ's face was a scarred face, we must turn to the words of the Bible. Was his fore-head scarred? Oh, yes; the crucifiers plaited a crown of thorns upon his head. As the sharp thorns were driv-en into the white skin the blood must have flowed: the skin must have been lacerated. Read from Isaiah liif, 14, "His visage was so marred, more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." Turn to the fourteenth chapter of Mark, "And some began to spit on him and cover his face and to buffet him and to say unto him, Prophesy, and the servants did strike him with the palms of their hands." After the agonies of the crucifixion could Christ's face be other than a scarred

And Christ's face is a scarred face because it is the face of one who realized the awful nature of sin his lips to become parched and bleeding. He offered his eyes to be-come glassy in death. Yet the scarred and disfigured face of Christ wil be more beautiful to the redeemed spirits in the heavenly land than if those divine features were without spot or blemish. The scars upon his face will appeal to us in the same way that the wrinkles upon our mother's face touched our hearts when she lay asleep in the casket. We looked at the wrinkles and said: "That wrinkle came when she took care of me while I was sick with diphtheria. This wrinkle came when my brother died. That other wrinkthe came when she was preparing my clothes for college. Yonder wrinkle came the night I was married and teft home." Therefore to us children hose wrinkles were beautiful because

they told the story of her vicarious love and suffering. Yes, in heaven

we want to see our mother's wrink-

les, that came as the battle scars of

life while fighting for her children

In heaven we also want to see the

were cut into his fair skin while suf-The scarred face of Christ is an llumined face. Have you ever seen sad countenance light up with a mile? Have you ever heard a little child burst forth into a laugh in the midst of a fit of crying-laugh when a tear is yet glistening upon the wet cheek? Well, Christ's face, though in one sense a sad face, a scarred face, is yet an illumined face It has joy in the eye, joy on the lip, joy on the cheek, joy everywhere, when one of his loved ones has been saved by the sacrifice of his blood. There is more joy in that divine face over one sinner that repenteth than

ninety and nine just persons

that need no repentance. If Christ's had not been an illum-ined face the little children would not have loved to run to him. Children are attracted by a smile. They are afraid of tears. Yet everywhere, as Jesus' smiling face appears, we can hear the children calling to one another: "Come, come! Here is Jesus! Come, come!" If Jesus' was not an illumined face he could never have spoken such triumphant words as those which he spoke to him sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee." He could never have spoken such words of commendation as those he spoke reference to the centurion, "Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." And, O my brother, if our sins are making the Saviour's face such a sad face and if our repentance will make Christ's face such an illumined face, should we not be willing to brighten up our Saviour's face since it has suffered so much. But the sweetest thought to me of

all is that Christ's face is a face that wants to be loved. Some portraits have an indescribable about them which proves that those faces crave affection. If the closed could speak, they would say 'I live for others in order that other ers might live for me. I love in order that I can be loved. I suffer in order that others can be made hap-And being happy, they can pour out their gratitude upon I only awoke to the fact a few years ago that Christ's face was a face that wanted to be loved. I used to think that I must love Christ be cause Christ could and would save me If I asked him. But now I have learned to love him because he loves me and wants me to love him. He loves me with a love that passes all understanding. But that love is incomplete unless I respond to it love as I am loved. Mr. Moody told a pathetic story how a short after his father's death his elder brother ran away from home. Then he described how his mother used to be continually watching for the return of the prodigal, how she would send the children every day down to the postoffice to find out if there was a letter from her absent boy. They would hear her praying at night for the return of her son, that he might Well, to-day give her his love. Christ's face is a face craving affection But, sad to relate, after all Christ

has suffered and done for us, his face may be a condemning face. The vine love may be great enough to surpass all human understanding, yet the divine love is not blind. The spirit of God will not always strive with man. In Ezekiel we read, face will I also turn from them. the awful moment when Christ's face on account of our unrepented sins, shall become a condemning face! This is one characteristic of Christ which all unrepentant sinners and some ministers preaching in the sacred pulpits are trying not to see. But it Jesus is not to have a condemning face for the unrepentant sinner how can you account for the parable of the shepherd separating the sheep from the goats? There is going to come a day when Christ shall gather before the judgment seat of God al the nations of the earth. Crash crash ! crash ! will go every tomb stone. The mausoleums shall rock and heave as the Philippian jail trembled during the night of Paul' and Silas' incarceration. Every gate and slab door will fly open. The tall cemetery shafts shall tumble as did the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram's horn. The bodies of th sailors sleeping by the coral reefs the emigrants who died when cross ing the prairie, the arctic explorers buried under the snow and ice, the missionaries who died up the Con-Congo-they shall all come up. dead which slept under the dome of a Taj Mahal and the poor unknown ratient who died in the county hos-pital and whose hody was buried in the potter's field shall come up. The bodies of the rich and the poor alike the black and the white, the Jew and the Gentile—they shall all come up. Then Christ shall separate this multitude which is gathered before him as a shepherd separates his sheep from the goats. Towards the

sheep the Saviour will turn a

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riving face, but towards the goats he shall turn a condemning whin he says, "Depart from me, ursed, into everlasting fire."

If theist is not to have a con enning face to those who have not repented of their sins, how can you account for the scene in the parable of the ten virgins? As we read that parable we see the five foolish virgins who had not prepared for the Bridegroom's coming standing with-out and pounding upon the door of the banquet hall. We soon hear them crying: "Lord, Lord, open to us! But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you. I know you not."
Two men shall be working in the fields; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left. Two immortals shall be standing at the marriage altar; the one shall be taken and the other left. Oh, my friends, I beg and plead with you to look into the forgiving face of Christ while there is yet time! Do not let the Saviour's face ever become you a condemning face.

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FUNCTION.

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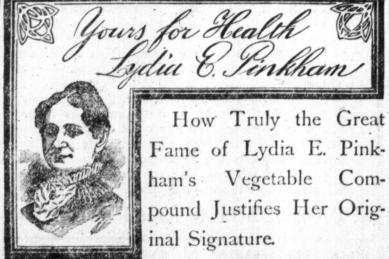
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tude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this

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