MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

From a Preacher at the Front

Another of Rev. Owen S. Watkins' Letters—Vivid Descriptive Account

(Methodist Recorder)

In comparison with the preceding months of the campaign the last few weeks have been monotonous and uneventful, and there have been periods when it was hard to believe that we were at the front at all. The old days of anxiety and strain, when we were haunted by the fear that our thin khaki line would break have given place to something which almost resembles ordinary garrison life, with its regular routine and its clearly-defined duties. The longed-for reinforcements, in whose existence at one time we almost ceased to believe, have been with us now for many weeks have received their baptism of suffering and fire, and have become seasoned and veteran troops.

No longer are our men kept in the trenches until their heroic endurance is strained to breaking point, and their nerves utterly shattered—now a regular system of "reliefs" is possible, the period during which the men are exposed to the dangers and hardships of the trenches is strictly defined, and is always followed by an adequate period of rest. After a given number of days in the "front line" the troops are withdrawn in brigades, marched to some town or village beyond the reach even of the longest-ranged "Black Maria," and there, in comfortable billets, rest until it is again their turn to take their place in the fighting line. The contrasts in their lives are extraordinary, and yet, with wonderful adaptability, "Tommy Atkins" seems equally at home, whatever the conditions may be. I wonder if I could bring to your realisation how great those contrasts are? I will try.

Prisoners of the Grey Day

Strive to picture to yourself a waterlogged mud flat, intersected with trenches half full of liquid mud, overhead a leaden sky; incessant pouring rain, and a wind keen as a razor, which reaches to your very marrow; the men knee-deep in mud, blinded with the driving rain, unable even to move about to warm themselves, keeping their ceaseless watch on those opposing trenches, which are so near. The man who for a moment forgets caution and exposes himself to the view of the German sniper has signed his death-warrant, or, if he "has the luck," is seriously wounded, for the opposing trenches are anything from thirty to one hundred yards apart, and at that range a "marksman" cannot miss.

From dawn until dark it is not possible for anybody to reach them, except by the "communication trench," which is a narrow winding ditch, worse than the Slough of Despond, where at times the mud and water may be waist-deep. If a man is wounded or killed he must lie where he is until dark, for no bearers could carry him out in daylight and live. In the "fire trenches" (those nearest the enemy) the men can light no fire, get nothing warm to eat or drink, and it is only after dark that the "first line of transport" can get near enough to issue rations and convey "dixies" of soup or tea to the numbed and rain-soaked men.

It is then, also, that the regimental bearers are able to remove the dead and carry the wounded, who, perhaps, for hours have waited in such poor shelter as a "reserve trench" or a "dug-out" affords, to "the regimental aid-post," where the ambulance wagons are waiting. It is no uncommon thing, when men are relieved from the "fire trench," to find that during their vigil they have sunk so deep in mud, and are themselves so numbed, that they have to be pulled out by their comrades before they can be relieved.

Imagine all this, add to it more or less constant shell fire—the spraying shrapnel, the eruptions of "Black Marias," the occasional and unexpected outbreaks of rifle fire ripping along the line like the magnified sound of something being torn, and you will get a faint idea of life in the trenches. With darkness there is a change; men do not take the same care about exposing themselves; there is bustle and traffic in rear of the trenches, the coming and going of ration-carriers and stretcher-bearers, and the hum of conversation. But nobody shows a light; to strike a match would mean death. When suddenly a star-shell bursts, its ball of fire floating overhead, lighting up the country—so it seems to startled nerves—for miles, every man stands rigid until the covering darkness closes in once more, for he has been told by the N. C. O. of his platoon.

"Whenever a searchlight is turned on yer, or the country is lit up by a flare, or a star shell, stand perfectly still. It's movement wot gives the show away. Keep still, an' they'll think you're a bush, or a tree, or what not. But as sure as yer move you're a deader."

The Regimental Aid Post

In the nearest available village, out of rifle fire, but generally well within range of the enemy's guns, will be found the brigade headquarters, the field telegraph office, and telephone exchange, the "first line transport"— ammunition waggons, rations, etc.—the field ambulance, and such companies of the regiments in the trenches as are held in reserve. It is from this point that the wagons are sent out at night with rations, etc., and it is here that the ambulance-wagons ply to and fro between the "regimental aid-posts," bringing in their suffering loads of sick and wounded men. We dwell in comparative safety, but always within sound of the rifle fire and machine-guns in the trenches.

Over us, from time to time, shriek the shells from our own big guns, winging their way to spread destruction and death in the enemy's lines. In our midst, occasionally, the Germans burst their shrapnel, or their "coal boxes." Only last week, in the village from which I write, a shell burst, killing nine soldiers and the village priest, but usually in these latter days their firing has been strangely ineffective, and, save for shattered window-panes, little damage has been done. Most of the inhabitants have returned to their homes, and are going about their ordinary tasks, as if war was far from them, apparently heedless of the enemy, which, as the crow flies, is not more than a mile or so away, and not greatly disturbed even when shells burst in the main square of their little town.

Near the trenches, in a deserted farm by the roadside, is the regimental aid-post-which last I visited. Two regimental doctors have made it their headquarters—Captain Brown and Lieutenant Eccles—and thither are gathered the sick and wounded belonging to the Manchester regiment and the East Surreys. I had been sent for to bury the dead. As usual, on such occasions, I went out with the bearers and ambulance wagons after dark, and when I arrived I found three men waiting burial. Two, as they stood side by side, had been killed by the same bullet, the other had been shot whilst issuing rations to his comrades in the trenches. "You've timed your visit well, padre," said Captain Brown. "There's been a bit of an attack on. Enemy evidently got the wind up badly, and have been loosing off wildly in the air. Bullets have been falling around the house like hail; half an hour ago you couldn't have got to us. One comfort is that if the bullets were falling here they must have been going high over the heads of our fellows." "Yes, we're ready for you as soon as ever the wagons are loaded; but Eccles has a man of the East Surreys; perhaps the grave had better be made bigger, and then you can make one job of it."

A few minutes later we were passing through the farm-yard at the back of the house, mud over our boot-tops, into a field, in the corner of which a little cemetery had sprung up. "Twenty officers and men, most of them Manchesters," Brown said in an undertone. "Winnifrith buried three here last night, and two the night before." "No, you need not be afraid to use a light tonight. The weather is too thick for it to be seen by the enemy, and, in any case, they're busy, for our fellows are attacking. Listen." Again the angry voice of the machine-gun, and the noise of rifle fire, so heavy that it sounded like the bubbling of water boiling in some gigantic cauldron.

A Dramatic Meeting.

Our sad task ended, we returned to the house to find it all confusion—men were pouring in to have their wounds dressed, and for a time both Brown and Eccles were more than busy. By the fire sat a young officer, his head bandaged, and in his hand his cap, which he regarded thoughtfully—a bullet had entered the crown and come out at the brim, inflicting a nasty scalp wound, but doing no serious damage. "Something of a souvenir, what! About as near a thing as I ever want. The 'square heads' nearly got me that time." Then, as a sergeant entered the room, plastered with mud, his clothes torn into ribbons with barbed wire, his face suddenly brightened, and he sprang to his feet. "Thank God you're all right, sergeant. I thought you were killed. The C. O. will be glad, for the regiment can't spare men like you," and they clasped hands warmly. "Oh, I'm all right, sir. Bit cut about with the barbed wire they had in front of their trenches, and thought I'd better let the doctor paint the scratches with iodine; it's safer, don't you think? Their wire entanglements were a bit of all right, weren't they, sir—fair teazers? I got pitched head first into 'em, saved my face, but at the expense of my hands"—showing the torn palms ruefully. "But how about you, sir? They told me you'd gone down with a bullet through your brain." Then, catching sight of the cap, he whistled, "Near enough, anyway. Well, I must be off, for the company is outside resting in the road. We've just been relieved and are going into billets, and if I'm not nippy they'll be moving without me."

Billeted in a Convent.

Outside were the weary men who for many days had been living the life I have tried to picture to you—unshaven, unkempt, caked with mud, stiff with much standing in water, drenched to the skin, apparently hardly able to drag one foot after the other, and, one would judge, quite incapable of accomplishing the eight miles' march which was in front of them. I expressed my doubts to one of their officers, himself in as pitiable a condition as any of his men. "Oh, they'll do it all right. They're cold now; after they've been going a bit they'll get warm, and it makes a lot of difference. Besides, we're going to billets, and there is the inducement of a house to cover you, clean straw to sleep in, and a hot meal at the end of the march. Some of the worst will fall out, of course, and small wonder; but there's a lot more beans in them than you'd think."

Which was true, for when I saw them again, two days later, they were hardly recognisable—washed and shaven, their khaki stained, but no longer caked with mud, they looked fit and workmanlike, ready for any call that might be made upon them.

"You see, sir," explained a sergeant, "it makes a lot of difference, having your proper sleep, getting your meals regular, and sleeping in a house. Why, I haven't been properly dry until now since the last time we were in billets, and I'd almost forgotten what it felt like to be warm. Why, the contrast between the trenches and this; it's like falling asleep, having a bad nightmare, and waking up to find you're all right after all."

For the field ambulance, also the change was great, though not so great as for the infantry. There was no sending out of bearers and ambulances by night, to gather in the dreadful harvest of the trenches; gone was the fear of sudden alarm, or of being shelled out of our billet; for we were out of range of even the biggest German guns, and safely sheltered in a quiet convent, where the Sisters did all that lay within their power to make us comfortable and happy. Officers who had not had their clothes off for more days than they cared to count, were able to sleep in comfortable beds, and between spotless sheets—a luxury we never expected to enjoy until we saw old England once more.

We found, however, that in one respect the mother superior was a stern disciplinarian; at 9 p. m. the convent was locked up for the night. There would be a knock at the messroom door, and the reverend mother, accompanied by the portress carrying her keys, would enter, clock in hand. Bowing deeply, she would point significantly at the face of the clock, which registered nine o'clock; and meekly, headed by the colonel, we would file out down the long corridor to our own quarters, each successive door being locked behind us as we went.

Re axation.

The Sisters placed at our disposal a harmonium, which enabled us to add to the attractiveness of our services, and in those days both Mr. Winnifrith and myself, sometimes together, and sometimes singly, held services which will long be hallowed memories The men also were quick to use the opportunity of having music accompaniments for their songs, when they had a concert or an informal sing-song—and that was often, for I was never with a unit which possessed more real talent, or was so musical as No. 14 Field Ambulance. Under the leadership of Sergeant Plume, they were prepared to give a concert every night, and it was always a good one. In these days also the Rev. D. W. Winifrith organized the games of the resting brigade. Friends in England supplied him with footballs, a suitable field was selected, hop-poles improvised into goal posts, teams chosen, and, in conjunction with the brigadier—General Maude—a 14th Brigade Association Football League was formed. The general "kicked off" at the first match, and the greatest keenness was displayed by all ranks, and for a while the chances of the various teams—East Surreys, D. C. L. I., Manchesters, Devons, Ambulance, Headquarters Staff, and Supply Train—were discussed with more passion and interest even than the fortunes of war.

For myself the new arrangement has in some respects made my work more difficult; the various brigades of the 5th Division have been widely separated, and in order to take services considerable distances have had to be covered on horseback. But I have always been able on Sundays to get service with the resting brigade and with the reserves of at least one, if not with both, the brigades in the trenches. Thanks to the co-operation of Mr. Winnifrith, when the position of the troops has made it impossible to cover the whole division, I have been freed from the 14th Brigade to devote myself to the other two

The Sanitary Section.

It must not, however, be supposed that during the resting-time the Field Ambulance had no work to do. True, we had no wounded to collect at night, but the men in billets had to be cared for, and their sick attended to. Then there was the sanitation of the villages occupied by the troops, a matter of the very first importance if the good health of the expeditionary force was to be maintained. In most of the towns and villages we have occupied sanitation, as we understand it, seems unknown, and the German occupation had not improved matters. The task of putting things on a proper sanitary footing was committed into the capable hands of Major Fawcett, and the transformation that was wrought by him and his sanitary gangs was nothing less than marvellous.

Now there has arrived on the scene a proper "sanitary section" of the R. A. M. C., commanded by Lieutenant Cooper (an expert from the Lister Institute) and composed of especially trained and enlisted men. They are working marvels, but are building on the foundations so ably laid by Major Fawcett. Colonel Crawford and his officers, also, are not men content only to do their official work; they have acquired a considerable civil practice, not one that produces any monetary reward, but one that is rich in the gratitude of those in sore need—refugees from Belgium and the ruined villages of northern France, and the impoverished peasantry of the particular district in which at present we are operating. The names of Lieutenants Row, Barry, Hay, and Chesney will long be remembered with gratitude by those who have benefited by their surgical and medical skill.

To those of us who had already seen active service one of the most marvellous things about this campaign has been the extraordinary good health of the troops I venture to say that never before in the history of war have the men been so admirably catered for, well fed, well clothed, with a medical service that is the admiration of our Allies; they seem to have had all done that can be done by human agency for their well-being. As men used to say to me, "The only thing left that we really need is a hot bath, and how much we need that nobody knows but them wot has been through the same mill.

Now even this apparent impossibility has been solved. Breweries, distilleries, dye works, and other similar factories have been utilised as baths; during the resting time every man gets his hot bath and clean clothes, and, whilst he is bathing, his uniform (under the direction of the sanitary branch of the R. A. M. C.) is thoroughly cleansed and sterilised. Truly a marvel of organization which can only be fully appreciated by those who know the conditions.

Christmas and the Carol Singers.

On Christmas Eve the 14th Brigade went into the trenches, so both Christmas and New Year were celebrated under difficulties. As we sat disconsolately round the fire in the evening one of our number said, "Well, one thing's certain; we shan't hear any carol singers this year," but he had hardly said it when there came sounds of singing—"Hark, the herald angels," then "While shepherds watched," and so on through all the old familiar carols. A number of the musical members of the ambulance had formed a carol party, and when they had received our thanks and greeting they proceeded to serenade the general and the others who were in the village. It made us realize that in truth Christmas was here.

Christmas Day dawned bright and frosty, truly seasonable weather, and welcomed by the troops as far better than the pouring rain. For the chaplains it was a busy day; in the course of the morning Mr. Winnifrith held two celebrations of Holy Communion, conducted two parade services in the brigade, and performed the last sad rites for three men who had been killed during the night. My work was found in the 18th Brigade, who were resting in the billets we had just vacated, and a good deal of my morning was spent in the effort to keep my horse on his feet, for the roads were like glass, and my journey occupied twice as long as I had anticipated.

I had arranged for the service to be held in the village school, but the congregation was far too large for that, and when I arrived I found they had decided to hold the service in the school yard, which was packed as close as men could stand with a congregation which swayed and made a noise like thunder, as they stamped their feet on the stones to keep them warm. On my arrival the stamping ceased, and we at once began the service—Scottish Borderers and the Yorkshire Light Infantry, most of them were—and, in spite of the bitter cold, both officers and men joined in the singing with a zest and heartiness which was most inspiring. My address was of necessity brief, but throughout the whole service there was that influence which it is the preacher's joy to feel.

In the afternoon I held a service in the schoolroom of the village where our ambulance was bileted. It was attended by men of all denominations, who had been unable to attend any of Mr. Winnifrith's services, and was chiefly composed of our own men and gunners belonging to some heavy batteries in the neighborhood, some of whom had walked a couple of miles to attend the service. Once again I realized the joy of leading God's people in worship, and felt that, however unusual the surroundings, the true spirit of Christmas was resting upon us. In the evening the men feasted, had a sing-song and generally made merry, whilst in the officers' mess we also tried to celebrate Christmas in the old-fashioned way, but soon settled down to the fireside quietly to talk of other days and other scenes and to think of those who missed us at this festive season.

In the trenches there was an informal truce; few, if any, shots were fired, both British and German made merry, and celebrated the coming of Him Who was the Prince of Peace, by abstaining from all hostile acts. But far away, like distant thunder, came the angry growling of heavy guns in action, and we knew that in other parts of our far-flung line there was no peace.

Watchnight at the Front

One of the most impressive services I have ever attended was our watchnight service. It was preceded by a concert, and one was a little fearful that the transition from one to the other would be too swift, but the closing items on the programme were: "The Old Folks at Home" and "Home, Sweet Home," and the men were ready for worship when the time came. The lesson was read by Major Richards and Mr. Winnifrith took the bulk of the service; the prayers he used were exceedingly well chosen for the occasion, and led us right into the presence of God.

For myself, long before I rose to address the men, it was a time of heart-searching, and, not for the first time in this campaign, the address I had prepared was cast aside. We talked man to man and heart to heart. The sight of those officers and men seated on the straw-covered flooor, their upturned faces white in the lamp's glare, almost took speech away from me I wondered what the New Year had in store for them, and how many would live to see another New Year's Eve. The responsibility of that moment was one that almost overwhelmed me.

As we bowed in silent prayer, and the closing moment of the old year passed, it seemed to me that something of that mystic power which is the moving of God's Spirit in the hearts of men was present in the place, and I have since learned that others also were conscious of that same influence and power. For which in all humility I thank God and take courage.

Before I lay aside my pen may I be permitted once again to give expression to the sincere thanks of my comrades and self for the generosity of our many friends. We have been overwhelmed with gifts this Christmas and New Year; everything sent has been useful, nothing has been wasted, and the response to my suggestion when last I wrote to the Recorder was so immediate as to prove how truly you have us in your hearts. I have, as far as I know, sent at least a postcard in acknowledgement of every gift, but I have recently learned that just after Christmas a large home-going mail was destroyed in a railway fire, and in this it is quite probable that there were a number of my acknowledgements. Should, therefore, any generous bestower of gifts not have received an acknowledgement from me, please charge it to the accident which destroyed the mails, and not to any ingratitude on my part. I map add that the things we most need are socks, shirts, candles, note-paper, soap, tooth brushes, cocoa and milk, coffee and milk, mouth organs, illustrated magazines—in short, the same kind of parcels as you have been sending me for some weeks past.

OWEN S. WATKINS.
14th Field Ambulance, 5th Division,
British Expeditionary Force.

Noblemen Serve With Canadians

Hon. Pte. Scott-Proctor Sticks to the Ranks—Nephews of Duke of Buccleuch and Earl of Wemyss in Ranks

Salisbury, Eng. Jan. 22—(Correspondence)—"The Hon. Private Richard Proctor, No. 25,764, 14th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, Salisbury."

An orderly in the base postoffice, which is located on the first floor of a two-storey ancient shack in the town picked up an envelope bearing the above address. He pondered over it.

"Well what d'ye know about that?" said he, scratching his head. "That's the limit. Some day there'll be one addressed to Lord Arbuthnot or the Duke of Swansea. These Canadians are great kidders. Here, Bill, ever hear of this swank? passing the letter to his brother sorter.

"Nope, must be a josh," said Bill, as he passed it on to another, who had just finished reading a fresh appeal from a widow who wanted a Canadian soldier-husband.

"Never heard of him," said this one. "It's not a lady's hand-writing, so he might be an honorable, but what the deuce is he a private for when there are so many commissions floating about?"

"Well, we'll send it to the 14th Battalion; they can josh him out there." said the man who made the discovery.

Just then Lieut. Murray, O. C. of the postal corps, came in.

"We've discovered another lord," said the sorters in chorus." Ever hear tell of the Hon. Scott-Proctor, Mr Murray?"

"Never have," said Mr. Murray "I'll take care of the letter and will inform Col. Meighen about this fellow."

Readdressed Letter

But Mr. Murray carried the letter to his office and placed it in another envelope, which he addressed to plain "Private Scott-Proctor." He did this by the request of Col. Meighen, who did not want the boys in the orderly room of the 14th to know that there was an "honorable" in their lines, especially in the ranks.

Yes, the Hon. Private Richard Scott-Proctor is a real private. He also is a real blood, one of the aristocracy, which has risen several notches in the estimation of the English people since the war began, so many of this class having gone to the front and fought and died for their country.

One day shortly after war was declared an Englishman walked into a Montreal restaurant on St. Catherine street. It was a chair lunch. While devouring ham and eggs he was greeted by another.

"Is that you, Dick?" asked the newcomer. "What are you doing here of all places?"

"Tommy Dashwood, of all the people in Montreal," said Scott-Proctor, shaking his friend's hand as if it were a pump handle. Tommy Dashwood was the son of Sir Thomas Dashwood, an English baronet, a big man in the army.

"I'm just going back to enlist; taking the next boat," said Dashwood. "I'm waiting for money."

"So am I," said Scott-Proctor. "I just arrived two days ago on my way through Canada to Australia. Let us go together."

Three Friends Enlist

After leaving the quick-lunch establishment they walked along St. Catherine street to Windsor. On the corner they ran into another pal. He was the nephew of the Earl of Wemyss. All these three had gone to the famous rugby college together and had not met each other for several years. The latter was also going home, but after a little thought all decided to join the Royal Montreal Rifles, commanded by Lt.-Col. Burland. They entered the ranks, trained at Valcartier, came over in October with the regiment and are now camped at Salisbury Plain. It is understood that Dashwood will take a commission in Kitchener's army, but the other two are going to remain with the 14thth battalion.

Has Zululand Medal

Scott-Proctor wears a Zululand ribbon having fought in the campaign of 1906. At that time he was a lieutenant in the Durham Light Infantry. One naturally wonders why he does not return to his regiment, but he has two good and sufficient reasons. One is the fact that he likes the Canadians, and the other is that he likes his uncle, the Duke of Buccleuch, bet him several pounds that he wouldn't stick in the ranks, but would be seeking something "soft" before the force left for France.

SOAP ON HAIR CAUSES DANDRUFF, SCALP GETS DRY, HAIR FALLS OUT

Girls! Get a 25 Cent Bottle and Try a "Danderine Hair Cleanse"

After washing your hair with soap always apply a little Danderine to the scalp to invigorate the hair and prevent dryness. Better still, use soap as sparingly as possible, and instead have a "Danderine Hair Cleanse." Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and draw it carefully through your hair, taking one strand at a time. This will remove dust, dirt and excessive oil. In a few moments you will be amazed, your hair will not only be clean, but it will be wavy, fluffy and abundant, and possess an incomparable softness and lustre.

Besides cleansing and beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; stimulates the scalp, stopping itching and falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of sun and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

Men! Ladies! You can surely have lots of charming hair. Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and try it.

CATARRH NEVER STOPS IN THE SAME PLACE REACHES THE LUNGS-DEVELOPS CONSUMPTION

To Stop a Cold Quickly and Prevent Catarrh, Use "Catarrhozone"

Nothing more serious than the common cold.

If it gains headway you can't stop it from running into Catarrh, deafness, or serious throat trouble.

Catarrh spreads very fast.

From nose to throat it goes in a day. Soon the Bronchial tubes are affected—and before you know it, unless very healthy the lungs are hit, and it's too late.

While you have the chance, drive colds and Catarrh right out of the system.

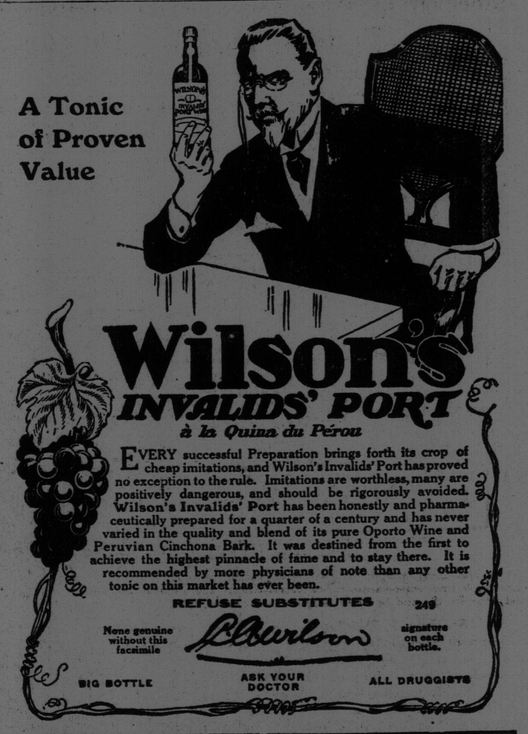
You can quickly do so by inhaling the rich piney vapor of Catarrhozone.

Right to where the living germ of Catarrh is working will the healing fumes of Catarrhozone go in ten seconds.

No liquid medicine can penetrate to the deep recesses that Catarrhozone bathes with its soothing vapor—that's just why it proves so wonderfully effective.

The health-laden vapor of Catarrhozone cures the worst of coughs and hoarseness. The uttermost parts of the bronchial tubes are reached. Bronchitis is cured—every cell in the head, throat and nose is treated by Catarrhozone's wonderful fumes.

You can't beat Catarrhozone for huskiness, weak throat, sore nostrils, catarrhal and bronchial trouble of any kind. Get the complete $1.00 outfit. Smaller size 50c. Trial size 25c., at dealers everywhere



Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WANTED—A PRECEDENT

(Montreal Gazette)

The government has ordered action to be taken against the New Brunswick railway promoters who, according to the report of Mr. Pringle, the commissioner in the case, by making false statements, obtained from the national treasury as subsidy $34,000 more than by law they were entitled to claim. There does not appear to be any precedent for a prosecution for this sort of thing. The establishment of one will, therefore, be the more appreciated by the public, which has had to sweat for much money paid to men who project railways for the sake of the profit made in construction.

SALTS IF KIDNEYS OR BLADDER BOTHER

Harmless to Flush Kidneys and Neutralize Irritating Acids

Kidney and Bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

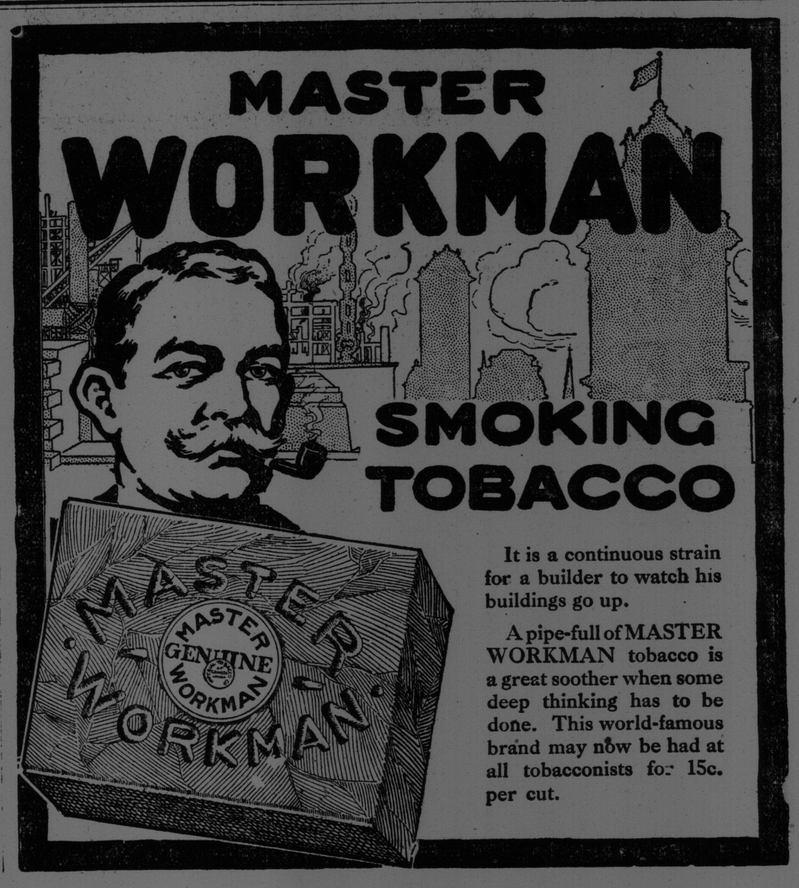
Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.

Ship Purchase Bill Held Up

On a combination vote of Republicans, Progressives and some Democrats the United States senate was adjourned yesterday after a continuous debate of fifty four hours, the longest on record, and the ship purchase bill was given another set back. It is probable that an extra session will be called in March.

He was earnestly but prosily orating at the audience, "I want land reform," he wound up. "I want housing reform, I want educational reform, I want—"

"And," said a bored voice in the audience: "Chloroform."