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60 Miles To
Save Chum's Life**

*Gin Pills succeed in restoring
Kidney action, averting
tragedy in Mining Camp.*

A letter received from Sid Castleman, prospecting in the Larder Lake district in Northern Ontario tells a gripping story of tragic suffering, with no doctor within reach. Read this letter, and learn how health was brought back by Gin Pills

**Gin Pills
FOR THE KIDNEYS**

Larder Lake, Ont.

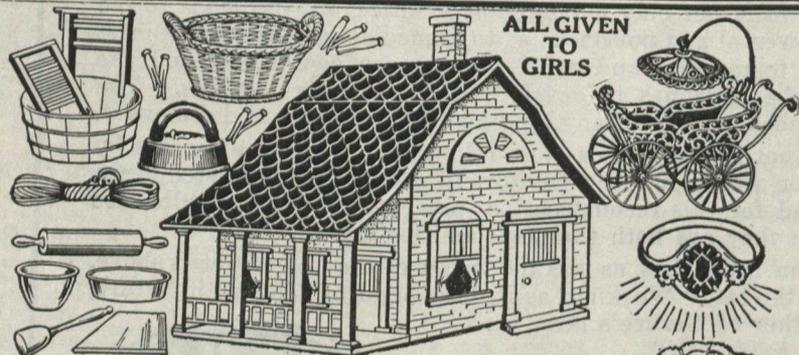
I am writing to thank you and tell you the good your GIN PILLS did for me. I had been suffering for some time with my Kidneys and Urine. I was constantly passing water, which was very scanty, some days as many as thirty times, and each time the pain was something awful, and no rest at night. I began to feel quite worn out. I had heard of your GIN PILLS and decided to give them a trial at once. I sent my chum out to get them (about 60 miles), and I am pleased to inform you that in less than 6 hours I felt relief. In two days the pain had left me altogether. I took about half a box, and to-day I feel as well as ever. I did, and my Kidneys are acting quite naturally. Again thanking you for the Pills, some of which I always intend to keep by me."
SID CASTLEMAN.

Gin Pills cure Backache, from which so many women suffer, Inflammation of the Bladder and of the Ureter, Stone, Gravel, Brick Dust deposits, and all other derangements of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary system.

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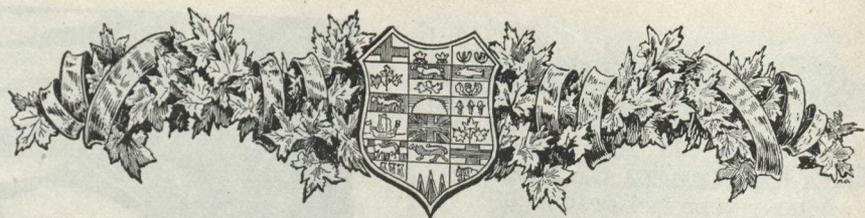
**ALL GIVEN
TO
GIRLS**

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Just think girls! We will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls; then a real Wash Set, consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothesline and a little case full of dolly clothes pegs; then you get a five-piece baking set, containing bakeboard, rolling pin, potato masher, mixing bowl and basin; the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsome as can be with its fine parashel and bright metal finish, and a lovely gold shell ring set with beautiful sparkling stones. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 16 inches high. It's a "made-in-Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head, and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, underwear, dress and hat.

Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 32 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package or two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money only \$3.20, and we will promptly send you the big doll house, complete wash set, baking set, doll carriage and ring, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you can also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you **Free** a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Address **THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. E. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 18B**



The Canadian Nursing Sister

And the Cheer She Radiates in Holiday Season Abroad
By MILDRED LOW

THE Canadian Nursing Sister is a distinctly interesting type. One knows not just what point of view she may present when she comes back to a well-earned and generally all-too-brief rest at home. But whatever differences we may notice in one from another in their way of looking at things, they are all alike endowed with one special quality—a graceful modesty with regard to the work they have been doing.

"I'm sick unto death of having everybody talk to me as though I were a hero and a martyr," remarked one sprightly wearer of the natty blue uniform that proclaims the overseas nurse.

She had just returned to Canada after a period of two and a half years in the hospitals abroad, and, of course, was being made much of and asked a thousand questions on the subject of her work. Most enthusiastic she was, too, and full of information that was eagerly seized upon by her numerous listeners. Yet she indignantly disclaimed any special credit for her share.

"Heroes and martyrs indeed! Why, we are not the ones that deserve those names. Keep them for the men. They are magnificent! We nurses have a grand time. We don't work a bit harder than we did at home—except now and again—and we have heaps of fun when we are off duty. And think of all we have seen and the interesting experiences we have had!

"I'm sure nobody ever called me a hero when I was nursing here at home or down in New York—a lot of cranky old chronics, most of them with nothing at all the matter with them. And that was a great deal harder. The men are perfectly fine to nurse—all just splendid; as jolly and lively as can be, and, of course, apart from the wounds, they are all in the best of health, so most of them feel all right as soon as they get fixed up in hospital, and the wounds heal very quickly.

"Of course," added this typical specimen of her class, with that characteristic idea of self-effacement, "I have been awfully lucky, as I have been in France altogether for the last two years, and it is much nicer there than in England, where you get more of the long tedious cases. I expect to be placed in an English hospital when I go back, as I must take my turn there and give some of the others a chance. All the girls want to get to France."

Work of the V. A. D.'s

THEY do not all speak quite so cheerfully, as all have not the happy faculty of seeing and remembering only the brightest side, but are haunted by the memories of ghastly sights and dreadful sounds that have been all too frequent in their experience. Perhaps this is more the case with the V. A. D. nurses, who have not been inured by previous years among the sick to distressing scenes, and are unable to steel their hearts, even for their own good, against the piteous appeal presented by many of these poor "fragments from France."

The V. A. D.'s from Canada have done splendid work. It is over a year since the first lot was sent across, and in all about a hundred are now serving abroad in the capacity of nurses. By the term V. A. D. is properly understood a qualified member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment, St. John Ambulance Association and Nursing Brigade, though it is frequently used for any volunteer worker, while various interpretations have been put upon the strange letters by the uninitiated, from the "Very Attractive Damsels" of the gallant old general, to the "Virgins Almost Desperate" of the spiteful and jealous slacker.

In one group of ten of these certificated though amateur nurses, all did

well that they passed their first month of probation most satisfactorily, and when their six months term was ended, they were taken on again for another six months, except one who came home to fulfil a very pressing engagement, and one of long standing. Several of the others were sent to France, to their great delight.

The holiday season spent far from home is not without its compensations. One of the V. A. D.'s writing home after last Christmas gave a vivid account of the gaiety and merriment that prevailed during the happy season. Such a glowing description of decorations, dinners and dances, of programmes and presents and right good-will, made one feel that the old-fashioned Yule-tide must have returned in full force in that particular spot, with such things as care and pain and sorrow unknown.

"Don't the nurses have a good time!" someone remarks with evident jealousy—and again it comes from the thoughtless slacker. For if you look the letter over carefully and read between the lines, the fun was all prepared for the men. There was no special good time for the nurses, except such as they found in arranging the details of the celebration, in putting up the decorations, in providing the items for the programme, in serving the dinners, in dancing with cripples, and in submitting cheerfully to the penalty imposed at Christmas time by the sacred plant of old.

And Mistletoe!

"FOR there's mistletoe everywhere," she says, "and one is always getting caught—no good protesting!" The men, you see, feel justified in claiming such a privilege, for hasn't it been offered them repeatedly since the war began.

"We don't want to lose you,
But we think you ought to go!"

was the constant cry in the music-halls and theatres and the gramophones continually echoed the sentiment. And there was distinctly attached a promise of a kiss on their return. So somebody has to make good, and sometimes—at Christmas—it falls to the lot of the nursing sister, like many another little loving task she has to fulfil.

Oh, yes, it is a gay time a nurse has at a military hospital at Christmas, though if you follow this letter carefully you will find there is no mention of her turkey and plum-pudding dinner. There was none! What cold comfort she got was in reality eaten hurriedly off the corner of a kitchen table, that she might get back quickly to her patients and do her best to make them feel that they had had a truly Merry Christmas.

As for her own letters and presents, she was much too busy to open them, though the thought of all who had remembered her and the pleasure in store for her when she could give her messages her attention kept a glow in her heart for days. And as for the celebration of the day itself, she did enjoy it immensely, even though she was tired, and cried herself to sleep for homesickness and the pain in her weary limbs.

Yet they will all tell you they have jolly times. Which is just what I started out to say—the outstanding characteristic of a nursing sister is her wonderful capacity for disclaiming any credit for what she is doing. But somehow, we at home find it not hard to guess at something of the pain and discomfort that lies behind the cheery accounts of their lives, and we shall go on thinking that they are quite entitled to be regarded in the light of heroines.

Bunny-Club Competition for October

THERE were a lot of answers to Uncle Peter's Bunny Club Competition for October, and a great many of the answers were very nearly right. There were not many who got it just exactly right, though in most cases the attempts were very good. The six winners are as follows:—Master James MacDougall, North Bay; Master Robert Heaps, Moose Jaw; Master G. M. Bowers, Chapeau, P.Q.; Miss Christine Taylor, Campbellton, N.B.; Miss Margaret Duff, Langley Fort, B.C., and Master Paul Grant, Heathdale, Alta.

Uncle Peter's Competition for January: There will be six prizes given for the best six letters telling Uncle Peter "Why we celebrated Christmas."

Letters must not be more than one hundred words in length, and prizes will be awarded according to age and merit. All letters must reach Uncle Peter by the tenth day of February.

New Bunnies wishing to join the Bunny Club should enclose five cents to cover postage. A pretty badge is sent to each new member. Be sure to give your age and full address.

"—and please don't forget to mark all my linen with

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17-27

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