

# SARA BERNHARDT BEHIND THE SCENES

## Great Actress Commanded Whole Stage During Play

Would Direct Electrician in the Wings During Her Performance—The Audience None the Wiser.

"Camille" Always Died With Due Consideration of the Time at Which the Train Left Town.

By ALFRED MAYER.  
For Eight Years Stage Manager to Sara Bernhardt.  
Special to The London Advertiser.  
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My unique position with Madame Bernhardt for more than eight years enables me to present a true sketch of the little known side of the great tragedienne's life. My grandfather, who was Madame Bernhardt's impresario for more than thirty years, and my father her manager, for a number of years, afforded me an exceptional opportunity to become a cog in the tragedienne's little world. Thus, at seventeen, I found myself assistant stage manager for madame and also press representative in the then coming tours of 1903-1905.

I had met Madame Bernhardt on frequent occasions, either at her home in Paris or in my grandfather's home in London, but I never felt somewhat elated to hold a real position with Madame Bernhardt although it was with mixed feelings that I arrived at Havre one dreary February afternoon, where I was to meet madame and the rest of the company preparatory to sailing for New York. I say "mixed feelings" because I feared I might make some fatal blunder and be shipped back home. On the other hand, I also felt that madame's great friendship for my parents and myself would stand me in good stead if ever I displeased her. I quickly was disillusioned on that score, however, as the moment I met madame aboard La Touraine I was an official member of the "Compagnie Sarah Bernhardt" and as such no favoritism was shown me.

"Mal de Mer."  
It was my first trans-Atlantic trip and with "mal de mer" everything else became of secondary importance.

I heard that madame was suffering terribly from sea sickness, and as I wished to pay my respects and find out whether I could do anything for her, I proceeded to her cabin de luxe.

I found her quarters guarded by all sorts of people. Most of madame's servants who toured the world with her I had met before and I, therefore, knew most of those who were guarding her cabin door. But she had added to her collection of servants before leaving Paris a number of great size and strength. Whether to amuse herself, or really to protect herself against the many who wished to call upon her, this I do not know. I do not doubt that she would have done so if De Max, who came from her cabin, had not come to my rescue. De Max warned me before going in to see madame not to play dominoes with her because he said they had been playing for two days and he had lost his first week's salary.

How To Play Poker.

It was a good warning, because the first thing madame said to me was "Oh petit, do you play dominoes?" I professed ignorance of the game and should have continued to maintain this attitude as far as games of chance were concerned. I did not, and it proved expensive. Bernhardt was very fond of gambling, provided she won. This, of course, applies to all gamblers, but I never found one to whom it applied as badly as Bernhardt. Slightly due to the fact that the people she played with were not of the same caliber as Bernhardt, she was able to play poker which was going to play with her, but when these players had lost what they considered enough and the stakes were always high they would commence to play real poker in order to retrieve some of their losses. It always was too late. Madame would notice their earnestness and declare she was exceedingly tired and must retire at once. That meant the game was over and your losses were your own.

Rehearsals.

After we had been three days at sea I learned what a remarkable genius Bernhardt really was. She called a rehearsal on board ship and rehearsed herself. It was held in the dining saloon with no stage fixtures of any kind, yet this remarkable woman rehearsed no less than twenty plays during the voyage across, and by memory was able to tell exactly where chairs, rugs, ornaments and other stage fixtures were supposed to be. When learning a play Bernhardt would not merely learn her own part, including stage directions, property plots, lighting plots and everything connected with the play. In this way it was impossible for anyone to make a mistake and not be caught. It really was uncanny. For instance, the electrician would give so much light during the first act of a play, Bernhardt would cleverly edge toward the wings call the electrician and tell him his lights were wrong. All this would be done while playing dramatic parts without the audience being any the wiser.

Art of "Gagging."  
Madame would permit herself to "gag," but anyone else doing it would

be severely reprimanded. For instance in "La Dame aux Camélias" the length of the death scene in the last act would depend upon the time the train left that particular town in the morning. If we had to catch a train at 1 a.m. it would mean that the show must be over in good time so that the trunks and stage fixtures could be taken over to the station in time to catch the train. Hence when Camille is dying a dialogue something like this would go on: Bernhardt: "What time does the train leave?" This would be said in the plaintive dying voice of Camille without the audience knowing anything about it whether they spoke French or not.

Armand would reply: "At 2:30 a.m., madame."

Camille: "Then I have plenty of time."  
A few minutes later Bernhardt would say: "What time is it?" This happens to be a line in the play, but it was supposed to be answered correctly, and the answer would determine when Camille died, when the audience could go home and when the actors could get something to eat before the train left. Thus I have seen audiences who cried for twenty minutes while Camille died and others who could only cry for five minutes because our train happened to leave early.

In a Train Wreck.

Bernhardt would never disappoint her audience if she could help it. During the 1904 North American tour, our train was wrecked between Chicago and St. Joseph. We were supposed to play St. Joseph one night, but owing to the accident we did not arrive there until 11 p.m. The audience, who had heard about the wreck, were very anxious to know whether the great Sarah was hurt and they remained in the theatre more to learn about the health of the actress, than in the hope of seeing a performance.

When we arrived we were all pretty badly shaken up from the wreck as well as from want of food. We had not eaten for more than twenty-four hours, as we were brought into St. Joseph on a goods train. Nevertheless, Bernhardt insisted that we perform, at once. By the time the stage was set and the play started it was past midnight. We had to leave St. Joseph for another city at 3 a.m. We were all disagreeable, hungry and tired. I assure you Camille died rapidly that night. But Bernhardt was satisfied. She had not disappointed her audience.

"Stop Thief!"

Another instance of the tragedienne's dislike of disappointing her audience was shown at Toledo. We had a guarantee of \$3,000 for one performance in that city, but somehow or other the Toledoans did not show much appreciation for Bernhardt and the receipts were poor.

The manager was faced with a personal loss of more than \$1,000 in order to straighten out the difficulty he decided to decamp with what money there was and was carrying out his intention, when Madame Bernhardt's manager became suspicious of his movements and endeavored to stop him. We were playing the third set of "La Tosca," when suddenly all the lights went out. There was much excitement, but the real excitement started when Bernhardt's excitable manager rushed through the audience shouting:

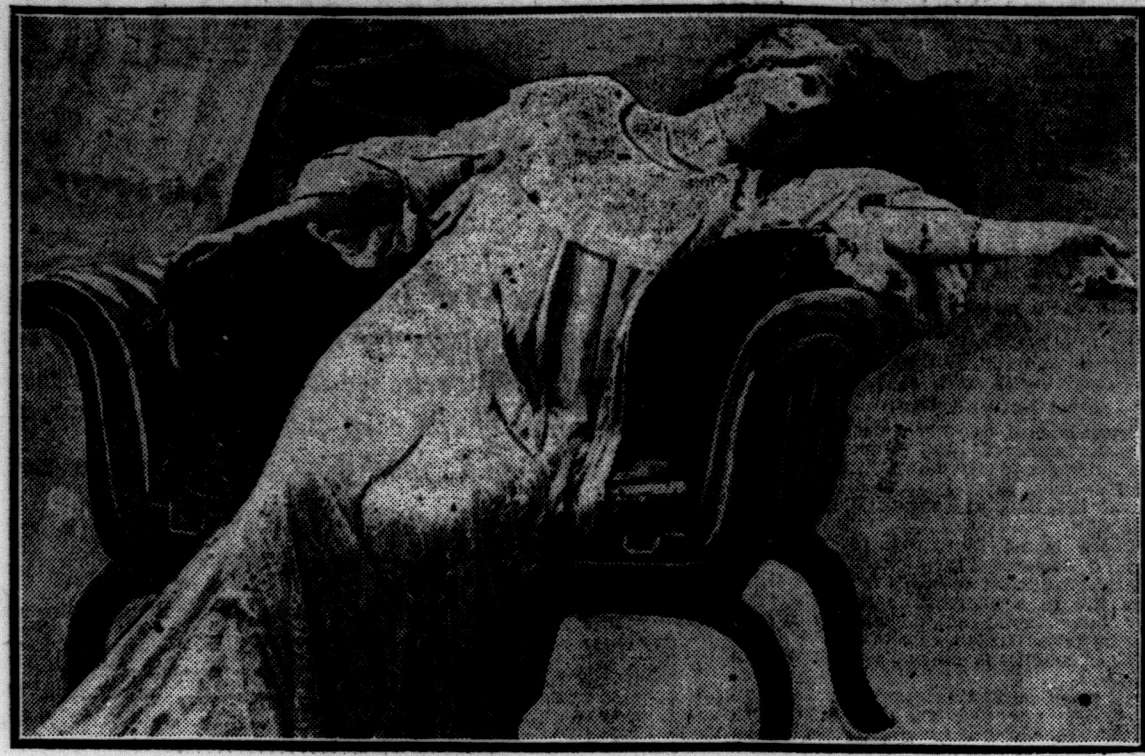
"Stop thief! Stop thief!"

It appears that when the Toledo manager saw he was in danger of being caught he rushed down to the cellar of the theatre and cut off the lights. Bernhardt's manager lost his head completely and all he could do was to shout "Stop thief!"

By Candlelight.

The curtain was lowered, and the situation explained to Bernhardt. She demanded that the curtain be raised at once and stepping on the stage made a speech to the audience in execrable English, in which she called the manager a damned thief, but declared that the performance would go on just the same. While our own electrician was repairing the cut wire, Bernhardt demanded that candles be brought and the performance go on. And on it went. Bernhardt never received a penny for this performance, but she was more anxious about the audience not being disappointed than about receiving her money. The manager escaped.

Bernhardt never had any sense of proportion. When we toured the United States in 1904, the theatrical trust was against us and we were compelled to play in skating rinks, tents and anywhere else big enough to hold an audience. It so happened that while touring Texas there was nothing big enough in the towns we were scheduled to play to hold the vast audiences who wished to see Bernhardt. In order not to lose any money our management got the idea that it would be good publicity as well as good business to play in a big tent. They, therefore, began to get the idea in motion and over-



Here is Sarah Bernhardt as "Camille" in her famous death scene, of which Alfred Mayer, formerly her stage manager, tells some amusing

ways the obstacles that were in the way.

Not a Circus Freak.

The greatest of these, of course, was Sarah Bernhardt herself. She at first positively refused to play under a tent, declaring that she was not a freak from Barnum & Bailey.

I have no doubt that she would never have consented to play under a tent if the managers had not pointed out to her the enormous receipts we would take. This naturally interested her greatly because, besides her guarantee of a \$1,000 a performance she received 35 per cent of the gross receipts. This salary, by the way, is the largest that has ever been paid any artist in the world. No one including Caruso, Patti or even our modern pugilists ever received such money. For instance, we played two weeks in Chicago, during which time we gave twenty-eight performances. This meant Bernhardt received \$28,000 plus her 35 per cent on the gross receipts, which amounted to more than \$40,000. Thus Bernhardt received \$68,000 for two weeks work. And this went on week after week during tours that sometimes lasted for more than two years.

A \$10,000 Matinee.

Another instance of the tremendous money received by Sarah Bernhardt is shown when in Kansas City, on Ash Wednesday, 1904, we gave a single matinee in the Convention Hall. The play, of course, was "La Dame aux Camélias." Our gross receipts for this matinee was \$10,000, which is said to be the biggest receipts ever taken at a single matinee of a play that was not a charity performance. Bernhardt in addition to receiving a \$1,000 a performance and 35 per cent on the gross receipts, received a bonus of a \$1,000 every time we played to over \$7,000. Thus madame's salary for this single matinee at Kansas City was \$3,500.

It will, therefore, be seen that money with Bernhardt was a very important item. So, as was to be expected she agreed to play under a tent. I must say our managers did not do things by halves. They did go to Barnum & Bailey and borrow the chief tent pitcher, together with 150 negroes who were to pitch the tent. We carried these negroes, the tent, the pitcher and a wagon to take the money in place of the box office, as well as a stage, footlights, border lights and everything that a fully equipped theatre should have, for more than six months. It was wonderful.

He Likes a Tent.

When playing under a tent the duties of the stage manager became so easy that all stage managers, I know, must be in favor of the tent as a permanent place of amusement for every city in the world. The first night we played under the tent we played "La Dame aux Camélias." As a matter of fact that was the one and only play we played under the tent.

As everyone knows the first act of "La Dame" takes place in the home of Camille, the second at her country home, the third in a gambling house and the fourth in her home in Paris. But "La Dame aux Camélias" as played by the divine Sarah, under a Barnum & Bailey tent in the state of Texas, the entire four acts were played without any change of scenery.

The process of changing a dining-room scene into a country home scene, and a country home scene into a gambling house scene, was accomplished by the simple process of removing certain chairs and bringing in others. The gambling room scene was changed by merely bringing in a few card tables and chairs. Yet people paid \$5 a seat to see the divine Sarah play under a tent.

The audience, I believe, came to see us in a spirit of dare devillness.

This was illustrated in Waco, Texas, when a storm came up and the center pole of the tent was loosened and began to swing from one end of the tent to the other. The play went on. Nothing but sudden death could prevent the play from going on, and as the audience wanted its \$5 worth it remained, although it was in serious danger of being hurt with this swinging pole. Eventually the pole was fastened, but a gust of wind tore down the back of the stage. By this time the audience would have insisted that the show

### THE DIVINE SARAH AS "CAMILLE"

"Inside" anecdotes in the first of his articles to The Advertiser today. The length of the death scene, according to Mr. Mayer, often depended on the

time the night train left, and the dying "Camille" used to inquire between gasps regarding the progress of the company's departure.

go on. It had suffered while the swinging pole was loose and it certainly was not going to permit the actors of the Bernhardt company to shirk any of the responsibilities of tent actors.

Fifty Dozen Photographs.

In the afternoon previous to our first performance under the tent Bernhardt decided that it would be just the thing to be photographed outside of the tent. It would be a nice picture to send back to Paris. So accordingly we all gathered outside the tent and were photographed. It was a novel picture and later when a proof was sent to Bernhardt she was so pleased with it that she ordered fifty dozen. The photographer, who was delighted to receive such an order, said the photos would be ready within a week and that he would send them after us.

As the photographer departed, Bernhardt's secretary, Pitou, rushed after him and told him that one dozen photographs would be enough. He explained that Bernhardt always gave similar orders without thinking and that she had ordered fifty dozens merely because that happened to be the first figure she thought of. Pitou further explained that he wouldn't have been surprised if madame had ordered a hundred dozens. The photographer very much regretted that she had not. He refused, however, to cancel the fifty dozens order and in due course the photographs were delivered to us. If my memory serves me right, they were left in Dallas, Texas. Naturally they were paid for.

Seventy-six in Company.

The entire company consisted of 76 people, including some of the greatest characters in the world. Bernhardt was surrounded by both men and women who were tremendously devoted to her and would have done anything for her.

Take Piron, for instance. He was an old actor who had been with her for more than thirty years. He was a born gambler. During round-the-world tours with Bernhardt, Piron would save every penny he could, and gamble everything he had saved on his return to Paris, sometimes in one night.

His chief duty with Bernhardt, besides playing small parts, was to call out the time to her. He would go to her dressing room and say: "Madame, it is 7:30." Fifteen minutes later he would announce that it was 7:45, and so on until it was time for Bernhardt to go on. Piron always escorted Bernhardt to and from the stage, and nobody else was permitted to do this. Piron's salary was about \$80 a week. He would live in the cheapest and dirtiest places imaginable, he would eat the plainest of meals and never went anywhere, had no friends or relations in the world, and had not written for so long that he had forgotten how to do so. Piron and I were great friends. He explained to me his mania for gambling and told me of the small fortunes he had lost during his lifetime.

During this particular tour Piron saved something like \$6,000, a sufficient sum to retire on in Paris. Shortly after we returned to Paris I met him on the boulevards and he told me he had lost every cent of his savings the night before playing baccarat. The Bernhardt Theatre was closed at the time and wasn't due to reopen for some weeks. Piron was looking for a small loan to enable him to live until the theatre reopened and his salary resumed.

Piron died two years later, but before his death he completed another tour with Bernhardt and again lost everything he had saved.

"Berlin or Bust."

Carteau was another character. Big, fat, jovial, he was the comedian of the company. Carteau had been round the world ten times, but had never been in Berlin. This was an obsession with him; he used to repeat again and again: "I must go to Berlin." But Carteau never did go to Berlin. He returned to Paris, fell in love with a girl forty years his junior, and when she refused him he blew his brains out.

Then there was Abbey. Abbey was a young fellow who had been disappointed in love and did not much care what happened. He toured the

world with Bernhardt without knowing the names of the towns we played in and frequently did not even know what country we were in. His sole delight in life was acting, which he loved. Abbey used to rely on his fellow actors to tell him when the train left; he would stay at a hotel where several other members of the company stayed, and he would ask them to wake him up in the morning so as to be able to go to the station with them. Once we were playing in Cologne, and Abbey was staying at the same hotel I was staying at. He asked me to be sure to wake him up in the morning as he wanted to go to the station with me. I woke up late and felt sure Abbey had gone ahead and did not bother about waking me. To my surprise, when I arrived at the station there was no Abbey. I realized he must still be sleeping, but as there was no time to go to the hotel, we decided to leave him behind and let him catch up with us. We were much worried, however, as we felt sure he did not even know the name of the next town we were playing at. Imagine our surprise when just a few moments before the train was due to depart Abbey arrived.

Followed the Bag.

"How did you know the name of the station?" I asked him.

"I did not," replied Abbey, "but when I found you had left the hotel I dressed and went out. I saw a man with a bag and judged that a man carrying a bag must go to a station, so I followed him and here I am!"

Madame's servants, however, were probably the most extraordinary. They were mostly Moors. There was Dominga and Remigia, her personal dressers. Dominga had been with Bernhardt for so many years that her daughter Remigia was her chief assistant. These women dressed Bernhardt; they showed remarkable devotion, patience and good temper. They were always with her, at the theatre, at the hotel, on board train, everywhere. They adored Bernhardt, while she treated them according to how she felt. She might take a notion in her head that Remigia had pulled her hair. Immediately Remigia would be ordered to fly at Bernhardt's head while she would murmur apologies and declare she was so very careful in future. All the time knowing perfectly well that she had not pulled the hair of the divine Sara. Besides the abuse she would receive from Bernhardt, she probably would also receive a beating from her mother.

(Continued Tomorrow)

## SOVIET GOVERNMENT RESENTS POLISH MOVE

Sends Sharp Note To Poland Condemning Her Interference.

Associated Press Despatch.

Moscow, April 3.—The Russian government tonight sent a sharp note for transmission to the Polish government, characterizing Poland's attempted "interference with Russian justice" as an unfriendly act.

The note categorically denies that the Polish representatives in Moscow or anybody else that this trial had only a formal significance, and would have no serious consequences. The Russian government, it is added, declines to enter into discussion of unpermissible and unfounded accusations evidenced against the Russian court and the Russian authorities, and declares that responsibility for the consequences emanating from such an act, unprecedented in international affairs, falls solely on the Polish government.

## REPORT LENINE IN CHARGE OF RUSSIA'S WAR MINISTER

Associated Press Despatch.

London, April 3.—As a result of the Times from Riga says it has been learned that Nikolai Lenine, the Russian premier, is completely under the charge of Leon Trotsky, the minister of war, who bars all persons from the bedside, except Lenine's wife and daughter.

Even Lenine's brother, who came from Livadia, was not allowed to see the patient.

## O. A. C. GRADUATE TO CONDUCT FARM IN SOVIET RUSSIA

G. Lindala of Toronto Invited To Siberia To Improve Agriculture.

WILL AID SETTLERS

American Farmers Emigrate To Take Up Land In Bolshevik Nation.

Special to The Advertiser by a Staff Reporter.

Guelph, April 3.—Wild-eyed, bearded gentlemen, groping incoherently for they know not what.

That is the popular conception of Soviet government in Russia.

It seems wrong. In contradiction, The Advertiser found evidence here today of an efficient, intelligent administration whose enterprise has reached all the way from Moscow to Ontario to find what it wants for the development of its country.

American farmers are emigrating to Russia. They are being invited, and a Canadian agricultural expert is going along to help them. He, too, has been invited.

His name is George J. Chindala, a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, and his home is at 23 Alcorn avenue, Toronto.

A clean, healthy-looking chap of 25, he has no desire to grow a beard or spend his time unsettling a greatly unsettled country. He is going to Siberia to assist in the improvement of agriculture for the betterment of Russia.

Is Life in Danger?

Asked if he thought his life was in danger by going to Russia, Mr. Lindala replied:

"No, I am going into the heart of a great agricultural district, and I understand that the only aim of the people there is to improve their living condition."

Instead of the vicious type of Sovietism Mr. Lindala visualizes the peasant cottage with the inmates industrious, bright, fond of music, and, above all, striving for peace in that distressed land.

Mr. Lindala went on to explain: "I have been employed by the Autonomous Industrial Colony, Kuzbas, which has an agent, Alfred Pearson, at New York, and my work is to build up a model dairy farm at Kenerob, a town of 4,000 people, and instruct the farmers and new settlers in proper dairymaking methods."

"Settlers" queried The Advertiser. "Yet, settlers," replied Mr. Lindala, "there are 500 of them at Kenerob."

"Where did they come from?" he was asked.

"From the United States, Canada, England, Sweden, and Finland, and in fact from all parts of the globe," he answered. "From reports, they like the country, and that is why chaps like myself are being sent out to help them."

"What is the Autonomous Industrial Colony?" The Advertiser inquired.

"Improve Conditions." "Well, it is a group of the Soviet regime operating in the Kuzbas area, and its work is to improve living conditions in the area under its jurisdiction."

"Kenerob, where I shall make my headquarters, is about 100 miles from the Trans-Siberian Railway, a few hundred miles east of the Ural Mountains."

"I expect that I shall put up proper dairy buildings first," continued Mr. Lindala, "and then I shall have to study the newly-imported cattle and endeavor to determine which is best suited to the climate conditions."

"Imported cattle?" interrupted The Advertiser.

"Oh, yes," continued Mr. Lindala. "The Russians have secured a number of cattle as well as horses, sheep, pigs and bees from England in an effort to improve farm stock."

"I am taking several samples of milk," continued Mr. Lindala, "and I am taking several samples of milk with me." "To experiment with," he continued.

"Why, in a year or so Trotsky will be feasting on O. A. C. bread," he remarked smilingly.

"But it would take a quart of roubles to buy a quart of milk, wouldn't it?" questioned The Advertiser.

"Oh, no," he replied. "I understand that the farmers in the central areas of Russia pay little attention to the rouble, but treasure the cattle that they may desire by bartering."

Taking Equipment.

Mr. Lindala is taking with him complete equipment as used on a modern dairy farm in Ontario, and expects to secure under the stable equipment in New York before leaving.

He sails from New York on Thursday, April 5, on a ship from St. John, N. B., and a mining engineer from North Dakota.

The party will go to England, from there to Petrograd and travel inland to Kenerob on the trans-Siberian railway.

## SAVES BOYS FROM DEATH ON ICE IN DETROIT RIVER

Special to The Advertiser.

Windsor, April 3.—Two boys were rescued from almost certain death by drowning when Constables Samuel Royan and H. W. Neal of Windsor police department took them from an ice-cake in the Detroit River on Friday night. The boys, who refused to give their names, were playing on ice near Windsor ferry dock when a large cake became detached and floated several hundred yards down the river. They were seen by the policemen, who brought the cake to the shore with long sticks and took the boys off.

## PRESBYTERIANS TO OPEN BIG DRIVE FOR FUNDS

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, April 3.—As a result of a special request made by the executive of the general board of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, Presbyterians in the Dominion will hear the subject of "a stewardship in life and service" discussed from the pulpits next Sunday, April 8.

These special services, it is announced, will be part of the campaign planned under direction of the general board in order to insure that the budget of the church for the year 1923 will reach the objective of \$1,415,000 specifically authorized. It is stated that the treasury department has hopes that an additional \$300,000 might be raised to wipe out the accumulated deficit as a result of the more intensive campaign now being planned.

## STATES PENSIONS BARRIERS SHOULD BE BROKEN DOWN

Col. A. T. Hunter Condemns The Present Medical Procedure.

TOO CUMBERSOME

American Official Gives Evidence Before Royal Commission.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, April 3.—Outlining the claims and grievances of returned veterans and their dependents at the opening session of the royal commission investigating soldiers' pensions, etc., yesterday at Osgoode Hall, Col. A. T. Hunter of the Provincial Veterans' Committee for Ontario, declared the pension of a soldier in Canada was not a whim or even a bounty as in the United States, but a legal right, earned as no other right has been earned by the present generation.

Colonel Hunter scored the present medical procedure, and stressed that veterans seeking pensions and medical attention were treated as they had been treated in the army from a disciplinary point of view. "The present system of admission to treatment is generally complained of as cumbersome and capricious," emphasized Colonel Hunter. "There is a tantalizing form, 819, which is negligible as serious medical evidence, but formidable as a wall to the sick and irritable veteran. This form should be abolished. The application by letter of the veteran backed by a certificate of a regularly practicing physician should be sufficient."

Veteran associations were liberally represented at today's sitting.

Captain Milne, assistant secretary to the Imperial minister of pensions, who came from Washington to enlighten the commission as to pension procedure in vogue in the old country, gave some interesting information relative to the various courts and tribunals through which an application for a pension must pass before final judgment is handed down.

Captain Milne explained the alternative pension scheme to which grants are made by special statute.

The hearing goes on tomorrow.

## H. K. JORDAN TO DIRECT MUSICAL ART SINGERS

Richard Crooks, New York Tenor of Note, Will Assist Choir.

The Musical Art Society choir will be directed on Thursday evening in the Patria by Mr. H. K. Jordan, the brilliant conductor of the Schubert choir of Brantford, who has been directing the chorus during the illness of Mr. H. K. Jordan.

Mr. Jordan, who has been much interested by the carefully-selected choir.

The assisting artist will be Richard Crooks, a young tenor of the John McCormack type, who has created a sensation wherever he has appeared in this city during the season. Many out-of-town musicians are expected, as the fame of the local choir has resulted in inquiries from distant points.

PETER M'EWON, LYRELL, DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

Special to The Advertiser.

Simcoe, April 2.—Peter R. McEown, only son of Walter McEown, died at the family residence in Lyrell Sunday night after a long illness.

Born and raised in Lyndoch, young McEown left home in his teens to fight in the South African War, and though he returned unscathed, his health had been undermined and he never completely recovered. The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon at Lyndoch Methodist Cemetery with Rev. Mr. Shaw conducting the services.

## HIGHGATE PEOPLE HONOR MR. AND MRS. BEATON

Special to The Advertiser.

Highgate, April 3.—On Wednesday evening the members of the I. O. F. met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaton and presented them with a jardiniere stand and a handsome chair.

Mr. Beaton has purchased a farm in Howard Township, to which place he will move shortly.

On Friday evening next an Easter party, entitled "The Ladies' Evening," will be presented by the young people of the Highgate Methodist Church.

## HER HEART SKIPPED EVERY THIRD BEAT

Mrs. James Burleigh, 248 King St. E., Chatham, Ont., writes: "I think it my duty to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me."

I suffered for years with palpitation of the heart, my nerves were very bad, and I could not be left alone at any time. I doctored for over a year, and the doctor said my heart was very bad as it skipped every third beat.

I gave up, just at this time, and then my mother advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, saying my eldest brother had been relieved by using them when he was very bad, and I could not be left alone at any time. I doctored for over a year, and the doctor said my heart was very bad as it skipped every third beat.

When I think of the misery and suffering I went through before I started Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I feel like telling everyone I know what they did for me.

Price 50c a box, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

## LIFE BURDENED BY DYSPEPSIA