How to Fit Men For Their Work

Growing Masses Who Do Not Succeed, But Who Might Succeed If Properly Placed—A Serious Problem Discussed By Professor Munsterberg.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg, one of that group of brilliant Harvard professors, has just published a very striking book, which brings psychology out of the clouds and the professorial chair and planks it down on the counter, in the workshop and factory, and wherever there is a thing to be done.

In "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency" (Constable and Co. 6s. net.) he shows that it is not merely sufficient to choose a man because he has two hands. The man must fit his work and the work must fit the man, and then mind and hands can drive tandem, or pair, and can do the work, whatever it is, in the best possible way. Square pegs for square holes and round pegs for circles. This is the latest development of psychology.

"Social statistics," says Professor

No Need for Failures.

Munsterberg, "show with an appaling clearness what a burden and what a danger to the social body is growing from the masses of those who do not succeed and who by their lack of success become discouraged and embittered.

"The social psychologist cannot resist the conviction that every single one could have found a place in which he could have achieved something of value for the common-wealth.

"The laborer who, in spite of his best efforts, shows himself useless and clumsy before one machine might perhaps have done satisfactory work in the next mill, where the machines demand another type of mental reaction. His psychical rhythm and his inner functions would be able to adjust themselves to the requirements of the one kind of labor and not to those of the other.

"Truly, the whole social body has had to pay a heavy penalty for not making even the faintest effort to settle systematically the fundamental problem of vocational choice—the problem of psychical adaptation of the individuality. An improvement would be equally in the interest of those who have positions to offer. The careful selection of individual mental characters for the various tasks of the world will insure not only greater success and gain, but, above all, greater joy in the world, deeper satisfaction, and more harmonious unfolding of the personality."

What Ministers Say.

Professor Munsterberg, to get first-hand information, asked the heads of hundreds of big businesses what were to them the "particular psychological qualities which from the standpoint of management seemed essential for the various kinds of labor in their establishments," and the most curious fact elicited was that "whether the answer came from paper mills or machine shops, from meat packing houses or from breweries, from electrical or chemical mills, from railroad or mining companies—everywhere it was acknowledged that they had given hardly any conscious attention to the real psychological disposition of their employees. . . . It was evident that the managers felt distinctly that here a problem was touched which must be of highest importance for economic success.

Problem of Attention.

"The problem of attention seems to stand quite in the centre of the field of industrial efficiency. This conviction has grown upon me in my observation of industrial life. The peculiar kind of attention decides more than any mental trait for which economic activity the individual is adapted.

"In one factory in which a certain industrial operation is rather dangerous they told me that they took no Southern Europeans, especially no Italians and Greeks, because they are too hasty and careless in their movements, while they gladly fill the places with Irishmen."

Professor Munsterberg suggests the establishing of a Governmental bureau for applied psychology, with special reference to psychology of commerce and industry. "There are many factories that have scores of of scientifically-trained chemists or physicists at work, but who would consider it an unproductive luxury to appoint a scientifically schooled experimental psychologist to their staff. And yet his observations and researches might become economically the most important factor. Similar expectations might be justified for the large department stores, and especially for the big transportation companies. In smaller dimensions the same real needs exist in the ordinary workshop and store. If such a new group of engineers were to enter into industrial life very soon a further specalisation might be expected.

"Some of these psychological engineers would devote themselves to the problems of vocational selection and appointment, others would specialise on problems of fatigue, efficiency, and recreation. Such a well-schooled specialist, if he spent a few hours in a workshop, or a few days in a factory could submit propositions which might refer exclusively to the psychological factors, and yet which might be more important for the earning and the profit of the establishment than the mere buying of new machines or the mere increase in the number of laborers.

"If this limitless waste of human material, this pitiable crushing of joy in the day's work, and the crippling of the economic output is at last to be reduced, indeed nothing is more needed than a careful scrutiny of the various psychological functions invloved in the work." Professor Munsterberg's book contains a number of most interesting facts from various industries on these points, which show what a marvellous piece of mechanism the mind is—even that of the cheapest "hands" employed.

Let us glance at some of them. In the great Bethlehem Steel Works, where hundreds of laborers had to shovel heavy iron ore or light ashes it was found that the usual chance methods involve an absurd economic waste. "Experiments in scientific management were made, and the result was that "only 140 men were needed where, on the basis of the old plan, about 500 laborers had been engaged. The average working man who had previously shovelled sixteen tons of material now managed fifty-nine tons without greater fatigue. The wages were raised by two-thirds, and the expenses for shovelling a ton of material were decreased one-half."

In the professor's laboratory at Harvard experiments are being made with sewing by hand, "which is still entirely left to the traditions of common sense." Experiments are being made with regard to the length of thread, speed, number of stitches, fatigue, and so on.

Problem of Monotony.

One of the most important industrial problems is that of monotony of employment. "This complete division of labor has today certainly gone far beyond anything which Adam Smith described, and therefore it now appears undeniable that the method must create a mental starvation which presses down the whole life of the laborer, deprives it of all joy in work, and makes the factory scheme a necessary, but, from the standpoint of psychology, a decidedly regrettable evil. "I have," says Professor Munsterberg, "become more and more convinced that the scientific psychologist is not obliged to indorse this judgment of popular psychology."

He visited factories with a view to finding out the most tiresome possible jobs. "In an electrical factory with many thousands of employes I gained the impression that the prize for monotonous work belonged to a women who packs incandescent lamps in tissue paper. She wraps them from morning until night, from the first day of the year to the last, and has been doing that for the last twelve years. She performs this packing process at an average rate of 13,000 lamps a day. The woman has reached about 50,000,000 times for the next lamp with one hand and with the other to the little pile of tissue sheets, and then performed the packing. Each lamp demands about twenty finger movements. She assured me that she found the work really interesting."

Individual Dispositions.

A certain man has to feed an automatic machine which cuts holes in metal strips. "He made about 34,000 uniform movements daily, and had been doing that for the last fourteen years. But he gave me the same account—that the work was interesting and stimulating, while he himself made the impression of an intelligent working man.

"On the other hand, I not seldom found wage-earners, both men and women, who seemed to have really interesting and varied activities, and who, nevertheless, complained bitterly over the monotonous, tiresome factory labor. I became more and more convinced that the feeling of monotony depends much less upon the particular kind of work than upon the special disposition of the individual. It cannot be denied that the same contrast exists in the higher classes of work."

Professor Munsterberg's thought-provoking book suggests that a higher regard will be put on all labor when it is ruled by the psychological engineer, and when he has to put up a board he will not say then as is said today, "No Hands Wanted," but "No MINDS Wanted," which, curiously enough, states the principle on which we have too long acted in the industrial world in the demand for the cheapest labor.

AN IDYLLIC PICTURE OF A SCOTTISH SCHOOL

[From the Nation, London, Eng.]

There comes to the memory of the writer the picture of what English educationists would call "a single-school area," as it existed some twenty years ago. Picture to yourself a commonplace village in Perthshire. It had no history, and, for the eye, it had no past. Not a church or a house in it tempted a lingering glance, and for beauty you must turn to the broad strath, with its red soil and silver oats, to the pine woods which made the air fragrant in its dilatory summers, to the tumbling river that rushed, brown and impetuous, from its Highland passes to the sober task of turning the wheels of our mills. We cherished none of te romances of obsolete creeds and dying sects. It was a rather stirring little place, which counted itself modern, and lived, very conscious of the nineteenth century, around a railway station, a weekly newspaper, and a public library. In its single school, the brain of the village was first exercised. It had no rivals or competitors. Two pleasant and enterprising young ladies did, indeed, arrive, to start a school for the daughters of its more thriving citizens. The experiment failed, and they went sadly back to Edinburgh. For the boys, no one even dreamed of providing an alternative education. They could learn in the "public school" (as we called it, with a finer sense of words than the Southern usage) as much Latin and Euclid and French as their years could assimilate. Our plutocracy manufactured jute, but their sons sat, without a sense of incongruity, on the same benches as the half-timers who came and went, their hair whitened by jute-dust, past the timekeeper's desk of their father's mill. The children of ministers and doctors were sent to risk their refined manners among the mob, and it is a nice question whether they lost as much as they certainly gained. It was the tradition of the place, and twenty years ago it still walked in the ways of its fathers. When the school "scaled," the children, hurrying home—farmers' and crofters' sons together—to an outlying hamlet, would pass the villas of the great, and hear from them as they passed by the roadside an anecdote of their own schooldays in the old common school, which throve before the era of education acts. On the left of the Perth road lived a colonel who had been through the Mutiny. On the right was a dazzling person who had talked with Indian viceroys, and now would compare notes with the boys about their schooldays in rooms filled with strange vases and bronzes from the East which he had ruled. But no one, to our vision, ever climbed a ladder and disappeared into the clouds. The village slater had a son who was, we were convinced, the rising advocate in Edinburgh. What gave him still greater prestige, however, was the rumor that he had written the best text-book on Roman law, and he was to be seen any day at holiday times, smoking his pipe, and "cracking" in the slater's yard. In the carpenter's shop across the way, it was at first a literary and then a scientific tradition that reigned. Among childish memories lives the recollection of how the gentle, white-haired old man, standing in his shirt-sleeves, with a plane in his hand, was pointed out by one of the ministers of the place as the finest literary critic he had ever met, and a man who could recite the whole of "In Memoriam." His foreman, who had married a teacher in the "public" school, became a lecturer in "Extension" classes, on natural science, and their boy, in due course, left one of the Scottish universities with medals and honors, to become the principal of a newly-founded English college.

The "ladder" was in actual fact the railway train which linked the village with its provincial metropolis. The children, boisterous and noisy, climbed into it in the darkness of winter mornings to make the daily journey to the high school, and their number must have risen, when a system of scholarships came into force, to something like a score. At each station and from each branch line came other groups of children, the girls hardly less numerous than the boys. On one platform was a boy who was the envy of his comrades, because a groom with a pony awaited him on summer evenings. At another, heavy and sleepy, with muddy, hob-nailed boots, which were the common joke of the school, would step into the train on Mondays a broad-shouldered lad, who had tramped his ten miles or more from a tiny upland farm in a glen whose name meant to us all the back of beyond. In one carriage you might see, inseparable, the son of a mill-owner and a boy who came from a tiny cottage known to the youth of the village by reason of the sweets disposed for sale in its windows. Under the great Doric pillars of the high school, the village children met the youth of a big industrial town. It was in the main a middle-class school, rather proud of its record in preparing for the professions and the universities, and a little disdainful of those who came only for the utilitarian lore of its "commercial" or "modern" courses. But it showed, with a difference in the proportions, the same mixture of rich and poor. The rector's son and the school janitor's son were among its pupils. The lord provost's children (he had just been knighted) were there with the children of clerks and mechanics in his mill. Every class had its contingent of boys drafted up with town's scholarships from the elementary school. On the classical side, almost every lad worked with the knowledge that his entry into a university and a profession would depend on his winning a bursary in open competition. If these bursaries, which rarely exceeded £30 a year, nearly sufficed to meet the expenses of the brief session of a Scottish university (it used in those days to last a bare six months), it was because the majority of the students were poor men's sons. They formed a society that expected no costly amusements, and set in their social intercourse a frugal and often-abstemious standard of living.

From the university came back the impulse which maintained the ambitions of the village school. The senior teachers, even in a "single-school area" of a parish on the borders of the Highlands, were almost invariably graduates. They brought with them to the village something of the distant fame of Edward Caird or Lord Kelvin. They came to occupy a position of leadership and influence, and found a society critical indeed of their attainments and pretensions, but ready after a due testing to honor in their persons the thought and learning which they had imbibed. They were received as of right into the intellectual aristocracy of the place, and they found, at the manse and by the doctor's fireside, men who may have been their comrades in the classrooms of the university. In that atmosphere of respect, in a society which honors knowledge even more than success, they kept the keenness of their minds alive. There was scope in their little village school for the genuine teacher's ambitions. There are headmasters of village schools whose pride it is to transmit to their elder scholars and pupil teachers something of the love of letters and the passion for knowledge which they drank in themselves from their professors in Edinburgh or Glasgow. The world around them encourages them to regard their duties with a self-respecting seriousness. A people which has derived from modern legislation only the mechanism of education, where it had already the passion for learning and the respect for the learned, sees in them not so much the proletariat of the civil service, as the guardians of its most cherished national tradition. They erect no solitary and unsocial ladder. They are the engineers of a spacious turnpike road.

MEN AWAY FROM THE LIMELIGHT.

Fine tributes are paid to Captain Scott and his companions in the Cornhill for April. But, says the writer on Captain Oates:

"As we pay tribute to the memory of Oates, the dragoon and faithful comrade, let us realize that we do so as much to Oates the type as to Oates the individual. Let us remember that as he died in self-sacrifice, so die the English, and no doubt others—away from the limelight—every day that the sun sets in the Atlantic.

"In the smelting furnaces, in the factories, in the coalfields, in the coastwise trade, while the landsman sleeps o' nights, the English men and women die to save others. Let those that read of it pray that they in their time may be endowed with the strength to do likewise. That is the thought for us as we ponder in our armchair on that set figure disappearing into the unknown waste of snow, to let 'the spirit return to God who gave it.'"

NOTHING INCONGRUOUS!

The extraordinary circumstances under which Maeterlinck's play, "Mary Magdalen," has recently been played at Nice is thus stated by the Telegraph correspondent:

"Between the acts we went and lost our five-franc pieces at the miniature roulette of the casino, in the theatre of which 'Marie Magdeliene' was played, and after the performance M. Maurice Maeterlinck went off to referee a prize fight between a black man and a white man. Nothing ever is incongruous on this strange and wonderful Riviera. The band, for instance, ushered in 'Marie Magdeleine' with Gluck's famous overture to Iphigenia in Aulis. Personally, I could think of no more inappropriate music. But we did not mind; we were on the Riviera. That Maurice Maeterlinck gave us some at least slight thrill of awe and reverence, at Nice of all places, proves some genius in him."

Strongly Advises "Fruit-a-Tives"

Because They Cured Him and They Will Cure You.

MR. ALEX. McCARTER.

"I have been in Walkerton in business for a good many years, and many of my townsmen know that my health, for long periods was precarious. My trouble was extreme Nervousness, brought on by Indigestion and Dyspepsia, from which I suffered in the most severe form. It was so bad that I could not sleep before about four in the morning. I noticed one of your published testimonials of how someone had used "Fruit-a-tives" for similar trouble and asked Mr. Hunter, my druggist, his opinion on the matter and he advised their use. I immediately procured several boxes and I am pleased to say that I now enjoy splendid health and could not possibly feel better. I can eat with every degree of satisfaction and sleep without an effort. I strongly advise anyone suffering from like complaints, to commence using 'Fruit-a-tives.'

"ALEX. McCARTER."

Fifty cents a box, 6 for $2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from "Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

"Is Jinks well off?" "Yes; but he does not realize it. He is to be married in June."—Buffalo Express.

Imprisonment of Reformed Burglar Discloses Modern Jean Valjeans

The unmasking of a reformed burglar Charles Whaley of Greenpoint, L. I., recently brings to mind a number of similar cases which tend to prove that the Hugo fiction of Jean Valjean may become the fact of everyday life.

Whaley helped rob a store at Port Washington, L. I. He escaped, but the confederate was captured. Whaley travelled only a few miles and turned over a new leaf. He started in the oyster business, married, joined the church and prospered. A passing peddler recognized him and informed the police. His plea for mercy was of no avail and he was sent to Sing Sing to serve a five-year term.

About fifteen years ago in a Chicago boarding house a young man named Harry Powell—at least that was the name he went by then—was voted the most popular young fellow of the neighborhood.

One night another boarder of the house, a wild sort of a chap, came bustling into the dining-room, where all were at the table discussing the meal, and in a snappy, "right off the reel" sort of a way asked to have a check of $250 cashed or indorsed so that it could be cashed. Only one of the company offered to accommodate the asker. It was Powell. The boarders knew that he had been saving up to open a [illegible] store and were very much surprised because of his general courtesy and obliging ways when he indorsed the check. That was the last seen of the wild chap. He cashed the check and skipped away. It was a forgery.

The police got after the case. They questioned Powell closely. His charitableness in discussing the offence whereby he was the loser attracted their attention first and then their suspicious wonder. They asked him why he was so lenient in not wishing to press the hunt. Powell declared he knew of a young fellow who had done the same thing and had not meant to do it. The forger, he said had afterward repented and reformed. The police sneered to themselves, began an investigation and found out finally that Powell had been a bank teller who had appropriated several thousand dollars and fled. The boarders witnessed the sad sight of his arrest. He insisted that he had hoped to lead an honest life and pay back his stealings. He went to Joilet for the full term set by the law for his offence.

There was a serious mannered, middle aged man employed by a safe manufacturing concern in New York several years ago. His name was William F. Hinkel and he had been promoted from the factory because of the unusual intelligence and aptitude he displayed in the comprehension of time lock, intricacies and his ability to describe minutely their advantages to prospective safe purchasers. Finally he was sent out on the road and made a tremendous success. He called at a place in a distant city to ask how a customer liked a safe just bought. He was hailed as the "just in time" man, because something had gone wrong with the old safe.

It was not the sort of a safe Hinkel's concern sold, but inside of three minutes the heavy door swung open Hinkel did it before he thought. At least when he straightened up from the knob he had been turning his face showed a very odd expression and his eyes had a startled look. The customer stopped in the middle of his praises, suspicious for some reason. In a letter to Hinkel's employers he told of the strange look on the face of the marvellous safe opener. Rogue's gallery pictures backed up the suspicion. Hinkel had been an expert safe robber, but had sworn to live a better life. His young wife visited him in Auburn every week for three of the years of his imprisonment for a former "job." Then he died.

One of the most notorious pickpockets of Philadelphia, whose best known alias for a time was Robert S. Cleary, was riding on a Chestnut street car one night when he felt the old time gentle "frisk' movement at his coat pocket. He simply turned toward the direction from which he knew it came and smiled and nodded his head negatively at the man nearest to him. As he did so another man on the car platform reached over and arrested the coat-pocket feeler.

"You'll come with me and make a charge against the thief, sir?" asked the detective.

"Why, what has he done?" inquired Cleary innocently.

"Trying to pick your pocket, of course.. I thought you were on yourself the way I saw you turn, and shake your head.

"I was simply soliloquizing, I hardly think the man is rightly accused."

"So help me God, I didn't touch you." Protested the crook.

"Yes, you did—I saw you," angrily insisted the detective. "And I want you to appear with me so you can substantitate that he had his hand near your pocket."

"Here's my card," said Cleary. "I'll appear if I must really do so, but I don't think the man meant harm."

Cleary jumped off the car and was gone before the detective could make up his mind whether to follow him or keep hold of his sure prisoner. Cleary had given up wrongdoing for five years at this time. He had passed a civil service examination and was a surveyor in the employ of the city under a different name. He not only passed the civil service examination, but he passed the plate every Sunday and a beggar was never turned away from either his front or back door. But he was so consistently good that he made enemies right in the congregation. One envious hyprocrite whispered his suspicions to a police lieutenant friend.

The lieutenant ran down all the clues obtainable and was about to confront Cleary when——. He got to his climax a day too late. Cleary through a foreign missions organization obtained a post as chief surveyor on a railroad building in India and started East immediately.

Sergeant-Major Under General French

Veteran of Boer War Who Lost Health on the Veldt Tells Experience.

Good Advice for All Who Have Indigestion or Stomach Disorders.

In his home at Waldegrove, N. S., no one is better known ethan Sergt-Major Cross, late of the Fourth Queen's Own Hussars. Speaking of the ill-effect of a campaign upon a man's constitution the sergeant-major writes: "I served under General French during the late Boer war, in the capacity of sergeant-major. It was perhaps owing to a continued diet of bully beef, hard-tack and bad water, but at any rate my stomach gave entirely out. I was in such a state that I could eat nothing without the greatest suffering. The army doctors did not help me much, and since leaving the service I have been very miserable. Some few months ago a friend told me he had been a great sufferer from indigestion until he tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they cured him. I confess it was without much faith I bought a box, but the first dose made me feel better than I had been for a long time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills completely cured, and now I can eat everything and anything. I have recommended them to others and in every case the result has been similar to mine."

Quick, sure results attend the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure disorders of the stomach, correct indigestion, make you feel uplifted and strengthened. To renew or maintain health, Dr. Hamilton's Pills always prove a good prescription. 25c per box, five boxes for $1.00, all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

Any Woman Can Have Beautiful Hair

Dandruff Disappears, Falling Hair Ceases, When You Use Parisian Sage.

No preparation has done so much to stop falling hair; eradicate dandruff and make women's hair beautiful as PARISIAN Sage.

It is the only certain destroyer of the dandruff microbe, the cause of most hair troubles.

PARISIAN Sage is most daintily perfumed. It is an ideal preparation not sticky or greasy. It does not contain poisonous sugar of lead or sulphur or any dye.

It is a magnificent dressing for women who desire luxuriant lustrous hair that compels admiration and for men and children nothing can compare with it.

It does away with terrible scalp itch over night and causes the hair to grow in abundance.

And a large bottle of PARISIAN Sage costs only 50 cents at all drug and toilet goods counters.

All druggists and toilet goods counters guarantee it.

$1,000 REWARD

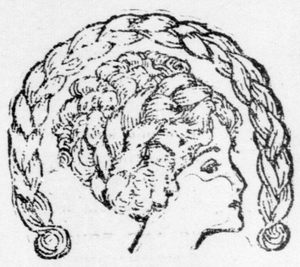
For information that will lead to the discovery or whereabouts of the person or persons suffering from Nervous Debility, Fits, Skin Disease, Blood Poison, Genito Urinary Troubles, and Chronic or Special Complaints that cannot be cured at The Ontario Medical Institute, 263-265 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Sif-xt

CHILDREN IN THE HOME.

When there are children in the home it requires constant attention to keep them free from the many childhood ailments which come so quickly — some of them proving fatal while others leave the little ones cross, restless and weak. To keep little ones well Baby's Own Tablets must be kept in the house. These tablets regulate the stomach and bowels, break up colds and fevers; expel worms and make teething easy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LADIES, DON'T MISS THIS GREAT SALE



of 500 Fancy Head-Dresses, ready to put on at $1.45 only. The regular price was $2.50.

Also another great sale of 1,000 real Hair Braids, regular $2.50 to $4.00, for $1.45 while they last. We sell by mail.

Fifty Toupees for bald men; all shades, at reduced prices. Get a move on if you want a bargain.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer's toilet articles at reduced prices.

PROF. MICHEEL

PHONE 2336. 221 DUNDAS STREET.

23

Women Wanted

---who want charming homes

A charming home is *the outward expression* of a woman's sense of beauty—It is *not* the result of lavish spending.

You can have a *beautiful* home—every room *glowing* with *warmth* and *cheerfulness* and decorated to *harmonize* with a general color scheme—if you use

Alabastine

"Alabastine" is the twentieth century finish—something vastly better than paper or kalsomine, because—

Wall paper is placed on a layer of paste—

This is nothing more or less than a nursery for germs and insects—

Besides most wall paper is saturated with arsenic in sufficient quantities to impair health.

Then ordinary kalsomine is bound to chip, blister, crack, peel or rub off—

It's base is only whiting and animal glue—a combination with no solidifying or sanitary qualities.

"Alabastine" has antiseptic properties—

Germs cannot live on or in it. Once the walls of a room are coated with "Alabastine" there is no necessity for redecoration after sickness.

"Alabastine" has stood the test of time and is to-day more popular than ever—

It is more economical than either wall paper or kalsomine and far more sanitary.

Anybody can apply "Alabastine"—

Just mix with cold water and use a flat bristle brush.

With our numerous tints and white any color scheme can be easily and artistically carried out.

Free Stencils

Our staff of trained decorators will perfect any color scheme for you absolutely free of charge. Also supply free stencils exactly suited for your purpose. Your Hardware or Paint Dealer will supply you with "Alabastine." But write for full particulars, and free booklet.

THE ALABASTINE CO., LTD.,

53 Willow St. - Paris, Canada.

The Neal Three-Day Drink Habit Cure

The Neal Treatment consists of the administration of a perfectly harmless and purely vegetable medicine taken internally only and without any hypodermic injections.

The Neal Treatment and the methods of its administration are pronounced and conceded, by all who have investigated, to be not only ethical and professional, but entirely satisfactory. The sureness and success of the Treatment in all cases has been demonstrated and proved by Doctor Neal, who during the past ten years has successfully cured upwards of five thousand of bad cases of the drink habit, without a single failure—each one in just three days' time.

The Neal Treatment is simple, yet very effective. Doctor Neal, after many years of the most painstaking professional and thorough study, experiment and investigation, has found and demonstrated that the drink habit instead of being a disease or an inherited affliction, is due to the stored-up poison in the system, coming from the continued and excessive use of alcohol.

After making this discovery and demonstration he found the antidote for alcoholic poison. The administration of this antidote results in the neutralization of the poison. Thus antidoted and neutralized, the poison is eliminated from the system, and the desire, appetite and craving for drink is at once destroyed or lost.

This is all accomplished in each case in from one to thirty-six hours, depending entirely upon the physical and mental condition of the patient. With this accomplished, nature, aided by the recuperative and building-up treatment, soon asserts its power, and at the end of three days the patient returns to his home in a normal and healthy condition.

The Neal Cure is the most effective and safest ever dedicated to the cause of greater human happiness. There is a buoyant air in the "God-blessyous" which daily are showered upon Neal Institutes by men redeemed.

Neal Institute

78 St. Alban Street, Toronto.

law-tap19

WOMEN, AVOID OPERATIONS

Many Unsuccessful — And Worse Suffering Often Follows. Mrs. Rock's Case A Warning.

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will show how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when often it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for several months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has restored the health of thousands of suffering women. Why don't you try it?

Bureau of Engraving

PROCESS ENGRAVERS

LINE AND HALF-TONE ETCHINGS

436½ RICHMOND STREET. PHONE 3680