

# Gunner Depew

By **Albert N. Depew**  
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 Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### Captured by the Moewe.

When the tugs had cast off and after a while we had dropped our pilot, I said to myself: "Now we are off, and it's the States for me—end of the line—far as we go—IF—!" But the "IF" did not look very big to me, though I could see it with the naked eye all right.

I got up about four o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, December 10, 1914—a date I do not think I will ever forget.

As soon as I was dressed I went down to the forecastle peak and from there into the paint locker, where I found some rope. Then back again on deck, and made myself a hammock, which I rigged up on the boat deck, figuring that I would have a nice sun bath, as the weather had at last turned clear.

As soon as I had the hammock strung I went down to the baker and had a nice chat with him—and stole a few hot buns, which was what I was really after—and away to the galley for breakfast. I was almost exactly amidships, sitting on an old orange box. I had not been there long when Old Chips, the ship's carpenter, stuck his head in the door and sang out, "Ship on the starboard bow." I did not pay any attention to him, because ships on the starboard bow were no novelty to me, or on the port either. Chips was not crazy about looking at her, either, for he came in and sat on another box and began scoffing. He said he thought she was a tramp and that she flew the British flag astern.

I ate all I could get hold of and went out on deck. I stepped out of the galley just in time to see the fun. The ship was just opposite us when away went our wireless and some of the boats on the starboard side, and then, boom! boom! and we heard the report of the guns. I heard the shrapnel whizzing around us just as I had many a time before. I jumped back in the galley and Chips and the cook were shaking so hard they made the pans rattle.

When the firing stopped I went up to the boat deck. I had on all of my clothing, but instead of shoes I was



They Crashed Them on the Head With Boat Hooks.

wearing a pair of wooden clogs. The men and boys were crazy—rushing around the deck and knocking each other down, and everybody getting in everybody else's way. We lowered our Jacob's ladders, but some of the men and boys were already in the water. Why they jumped I do not know.

Then the German raider Moewe headed right in toward us and I thought she was going to ram us, but she backed water about thirty yards away. She lowered a lifeboat and it made for the Georgic, passing our men in the water as they came and crashing them on the head with boat-hooks when they could reach them. I noticed that there were red kegs in the German boat.

When the lifeboat reached the Jacob's ladders I went over to the port side of the Georgic and then the Germans came over the side and hoisted up the kegs. The Germans were armed with bayonets and revolvers. Some of them went down into the engine room and opened the sea cocks. About this time some of the Limeys came up from the poop deck and I told them to stay where I was and that the Germans would take us over in lifeboats. Another squad of Germans hoisted eight of the dynamite kegs on their shoulders and down into No. 5 hold with them.

Mean time the Germans saw us up on the boat deck and came up after us. "And over went the Limeys. But I waited and one or two more waited with me. When the Germans came up to us they had their revolvers out and were waving them around and yelling, "Gott strafe England!" and talking about "schweinhund." Then, the first thing I knew, I was kicked off into the sea. I slipped off my trousers and coat and clogs, and believe me, it was not a case of all dressed up and no place to go!

Then I swam hard and caught up to the Limeys who had jumped first. They were asking each other if they were downhearted and answering, "Not a bit of it, me lads," and trying to sing. "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag," only they could not do much singing on account of the waves that slapped into their mouths every time they opened them. That was just like Limeys, though.

Some of the boys were just climbing

up the Jacob's ladder on the Moewe when the old Georgic let out an awful roar and up went the deck and the hatches high in the air in splinters. One fellow let go his hold on the ladder and went down and he never came up. The Germans were making for the Moewe in the lifeboat and we reached it just before they did. Up the ladder we went and over the side and the first thing we caught sight of was the German revolvers in our faces drilling us all into line.

The lifeboat brought back the ship's papers from the Georgic and we had roll call. They kept us up on deck in our wet underwear and it was very cold indeed. Then the first mate and the old man and one of the German officers called off the names and we found we had fifty missing.

The Boche commander had gall enough to say that he was not there to kill men but to sink all ships that were supplying the allies! He said England was trying to starve Germany, but that they would never succeed and that Germany would starve the allies very soon.

After roll call some of us asked the Germans for clothes, or at least a place to dry ourselves in, but Fritz could not see us for the dust on the ocean and we just had to stand there and shiver till we shook the deck, almost. Then I went and sat down on the pipes that feed the deck winches. They had quite a head of steam in them and I was beginning to feel more comfortable when I got a good clout alongside of the head for sitting there and trying to keep warm. It was a German garby and he started calling me all the various kinds of schweinhund he could think of and he could think of a lot.

Finally they mustered us all on another part of the deck, then drilled us down into the forecastle and read the martial law of Germany to us. At least I guess that is what it was. It might have been the "Help Wanted—Dog Catchers" column from the Berlin Lokal Tagblatt for all most of us knew or cared. It shows what cards the Germans are—reading all those four-to-the-pound words to us shivering garbies, who did not give a dime a dozen whether we heard them or not. Fritz is like some other hot sketches—he is funniest when he does not mean to be. Every German is a vaudeville skit when he acts natural.

There were hammocks there and we jumped into them to get warm, but the Germans came down with their revolvers and bayonets and took the hammocks away and poured water on the decks and told us to sleep there. They could not have done a worse trick than that.

Then they put locks on the portholes and told us that anyone caught fiddling with the locks would be shot at once. This was because we might sight a British or French man-of-war at any time and as the Moewe was sailing under the British flag and trying to keep out of trouble they did not want us at the ports signaling our own warships for help. If they had bucked any of the allied ships and had a fight we would have died down there like rats.

The Moewe had already captured the Voltaire, Mount Temple, Cambrian Range and the King George and had the crews of these vessels between decks with us. These men told us how the Germans were treating them and it looked to me as though the evening would be spent in playing games and a pleasant time would be had by all—no!

The crew of the Mount Temple were on deck working when the raider suddenly opened fire on them. Two or three men jumped into the water and the Germans turned a gun on them while they were swimming and killed them. That was just a sample of what had happened to them.

The men now began running up and down in a line to keep warm, but I took a little run on my own hook and treated myself to as much of a once-over of the ship as I could. I do not believe the Moewe had more than a three-fourths-inch armor plate, but be-

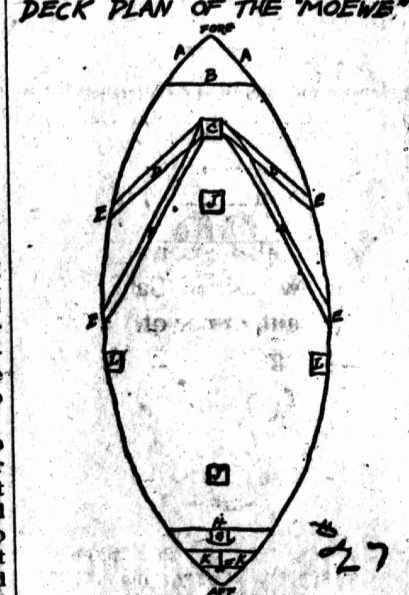
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Some of the boys were just climbing



DECK PLAN OF THE "MOEWE"  
 A—Armor plate drops, placing 6-in. guns.  
 B—Forecastle peak.  
 C—Ammunition hold.  
 D—Torpedo tube, rails.  
 E—Torpedo tubes.  
 F—Poop deck.  
 G—Aft wheelhouse.  
 H—Deck house.  
 J—Holds.  
 K—Disappearing guns aft, mounted on elevator.  
 L—Sea gates.

us, whether we were caught between decks or not. I went aft as far as the sentry would let me and I saw that she had three spare six-inch guns under the poop deck and two six-inch pieces mounted astern. The guns were mounted on an elevator and when the time came they ran the elevator up until the guns were on a level with the poop deck, but otherwise they were out of sight from other ships.

For our first meal they slung a big feed bag half full of ship biscuit—hardtack—to us and some dixies of



The Huns Were Running Up and Down the Deck.

tea. After this festival we began roaming up and down the deck again, because it was the only way to keep warm. I guess we looked like some of the advertisements in magazines, where they show a whole family sitting around a Christmas tree in their underwear and telling each other that Wholes Unions—the Roomy Kind—were just what they wanted from Santa. Only we did not have any Christmas tree to sit around. We must have looked funny, though, and I would have had a good laugh if I had not been so cold.

We could not go to sleep because the decks were wet, nor could we sit down with any comfort for the same reason. Besides, we thought we might buck up against a British or a French cruiser at any minute and most of us thought we would stay up and get an eye full before we started for Davy's well-known locker.

About two bells the following morning the Moewe's engines began to groan and shake her up a bit and we could hear the blades jump out of the water every once in a while and tear away. She went ahead in this way for some time and we were hoping she was trying to get away from a cruiser and some of us were pulling for the cruiser to win and others hoping the Moewe would get her heels clear and keep us from getting out.

The Huns were running up and down the deck yelling like wild men and one of our men began to yell too. He was delirious and after he yelled a bit he jumped up and made a pass at the sentry, who shot at him but missed. The shot missed me too, but not very much. Then they dragged the delirious man up on deck and Lord knows what they did with him, because we never saw him again. But we did not hear any sound that they might have made in shooting him.

Then the Huns began shelling and they kept it up for some time.

Then they ordered us up on deck to see the ship they had been firing at and when we came up the companion way they were just bringing the other ship's skipper aboard. It was the French collier St. Theodore, hove to off the starboard side with a prize crew from the Moewe aboard and wiggling to the raider.

Then the Huns began shouting and they roused us below deck again. The place where we had been with filled with smoke, from what or why I do not know, but it was almost impossible to breathe in it. When the smoke cleared up a bit the Marathon started again, for we were still in our underwear only. One of the boys had asked Fritz for clothing and Fritz said the English had tough enough skins and they did not need clothing. Then he said: "Wait until you see what our German winters are like."

The following morning the engines began to tear away again and the guns started firing. After a while the firing stopped and the engines too, and after an hour they had the old man of the Yarrowdale aboard. She was a British ship chartered by the French and bound for Brest and Liverpool with a very valuable cargo aboard—airplanes, ammunition, food and automobiles.

When they roused us on deck again the St. Theodore was still in sight, but she had the Yarrowdale for company. Both were trailing behind us and keeping pretty close on. While we were on deck we saw the German sailors at work on the main deck making about ten rafts and when they began to place tins of hardtack on the rafts, a tin to each, we imagined they were going to heave us over the side and let us go on the rafts. But instead they began telling us we would land in the States and then they roused us between decks again.

We had only been there a short time when some of the German officers came down and asked if any of the men would volunteer to go firing on the Yarrowdale and we almost mobbed them to take us. They began putting

down the names of the men who went to go and I talked them into putting mine down too. Then I felt about five hundred pounds lighter.

Five o'clock came and by that time I had forgotten to do any worrying. We received our usual rations and most of us who had volunteered figured that we would receive clothes and shoes. In the morning an officer came down below, and read out the names of those who were to go and I felt even lighter when he called mine. We were each given a life belt and mustered on deck.

The sea was pretty nasty and some of the men had narrow escapes from falling between the Moewe and the lifeboats when the swell rocked us. One man fell from the ladder and broke his neck on the gunwale of the lifeboat. They took over board after boat to the Yarrowdale until finally we were all there. Then they mustered us on deck and warned us not to start anything, because they had a time bomb in the engine room and two on the bridge. Meantime they had brought over several hundred of hardtack and we threw it into No. 2 hold. This was to be our food for some time.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Landed in Germany. They had a cozie crew on the Yarrowdale and when they routed them on deck the coolies began to pray, and though it is nothing to laugh at I could not help but chuckle at the way some of them went about talking to their various gods. They were beginning to smell danger and were pretty nervous. Every one of the coolies had a cane and a pair of Palm Beach trousers. The Huns were loading them in the lifeboats to be taken back to the Moewe with their sea bags and one of them got too nervous and was slow about getting into the lifeboat, so the Germans shot him without saying a word.

Then the Germans called out the names of those who had volunteered to go stoking and this included me. We were drilled down the fiddle into the fire room. The fiddle is a shaft that runs from the main deck of a ship to the engine room. I looked around a bit and saw a German standing not very far from the fiddle, so I asked him if we would be given shoes. He said no. Then I asked him if we had to fire in our bare feet and he said yes—that we did not need shoes. Then he went into the engine room.

I looked at the narrow passage he went through and at the narrow passage of the fiddle to the main deck and I talked to my feet like I used to at Dixmude. I said: "Feet, do your duty." They did it and I flew up the fiddle. I never wanted to see that stoke hole again.

I sneaked up to where the rest of the fellows were and the guards drilled us into No. 4 hold. There was



"Feet, Do Your Duty."

nothing but ammunition in it. They battered the hatches down on us, which made the hold waterproof. And as that made it practically airtight the only air the 580 of us got was through the ventilators. That hold was certainly foul.

They next day some of the men had got cigarettes somewhere. In a few minutes they as well as the rest had lit up and were puffing away in great style. I divided a cigarette with another fellow. Remember, we were sitting and standing on ammunition all this time. It shows how much we cared whether school kept or not.

The Germans saw the smoke coming out of the ventilators and they were crazy with fright. A gang of them laid below and roused us out with whips.

They lined us up on deck and read us the riot act. They drilled us down into the coal bunkers. It was simply terrible there. Coal dust to breathe and eat and sleep on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Do You Sell Yourself to Others?

In an editorial note, the editor of American Magazine says: "Some people fall utterly when it comes to selling themselves to others. They arouse antagonism. They are constantly in hot water. They don't make friends. Their associates dislike them and do all they can to block them. Yet selling yourself to other people is the most important sale you can make. The ordinary man is no king. He can't order folks to bend the knee. He can't break their necks if they refuse to do it. He must win them to him, get them with him, gain their loyalty by careful handling. Many a man in business needs, above everything else, some good hard practice in the gentle art of coming off his perch."

### Uplift of Coyote.

The despised coyote has lived to see the day when his pelt is sought in the fur markets of the world as one of the prizes of the trapper's pack. The skin of the prairie wolf today brings a price up to \$15, according to the quotations in the fur buyer's list. Up till last year this fur was a drug on the market.—Dawson News.

## AGED RECLUSE HAD \$40,000 IN SHACK

### Fortune Discovered Scattered About Room of Little Hut in Parkersburg.

Parkersburg, Pa.—Neighbors broke into the miserable little shack occupied as a home by Edwin J. Moore, and found him lying unconscious on the floor. Scattered about the small, shabby room were gold coins, bank notes and national currency long since out of general circulation. The money amounted to \$40,000 and represented 40 years of hoarding.

Moore lived the life of a hermit and, while it was believed he was "well off," townspeople had no idea that the man kept \$40,000 hidden in his miserly home.

Edwin Moore was popularly supposed to have given up the girl with whom he was in love on account of his mother. Moore and his mother lived



Found Him Lying Unconscious.

In Norwood years ago, but moved to Parkersburg when the Pennsylvania railroad established shops there. Moore became clerk in a store and, although his romantic attachment to one of the belles of the town became remarked, Moore often said that as long as his mother lived he would not marry.

For many years he taught music and from this source, with his earnings in the store, is supposed to be the hoarded fortune found by neighbors. Moore was overcome by paralysis as he was counting his money, it is supposed. Moore's fortune will go to a niece. His mother died a few years ago.

## WIFE CHARGES HUSBY WAS SIMPLY TOO GAY

Chicago.—According to a bill filed for divorce by Mrs. Adele R. Erickson of this city Emery T. Erickson, her husband, whose salary is \$7,500 annually, had a specialty for costly dinners, gay little trips to the theater, jaunts in automobiles and expensive gifts. "The trouble is they were all for 'the other woman,'" who, in this case, the bill says, is Mrs. Edyth Starkel.

## BOY STARTS A "SNEEZEFEST"

Box of Pepper Placed on Hot Stove Interrupts Church Services at Jerseyville.

Springfield, Ill.—Services had just been started in a small country church at Jerseyville, near here, one Sunday recently, following the influenza epidemic restrictions, when somebody in the congregation let go a vociferous "kacho." He braced himself, shook his head and breathed again. Then some one else started and in less than a minute a volley of sneezing reverberated through the room. With a look of consternation and fright the officiating parson raised his hand to dismiss the gathering, but before he could do so he had to reach for his own handkerchief to stifle a sonorous "who-ls-he." Perplexed, he gazed about. Suddenly his eyes rested on a hot stove where he perceived a small box of pepper peppering away from the heat. Frankish boys had placed it there. On its removal services were resumed.

## GUM AND BEESWAX GIVE CLUE

Novel Scheme Employed to Trap Thieves Who Had Ransacked Cottages at Lake Charlotte.

Albany, N. Y.—A piece of chewing gum that had been worked overtime, a block of beeswax, some plaster of paris and a little detective work netted a bag of prisoners to state troopers here recently. Cottages at Lake Charlotte were being ransacked. The troopers made an investigation. A big wad of chewing gum was found in one of the deserted cottages. A plaster of paris cast was made of the gum. An impression of some one's front teeth was revealed. Spencer Ham, a youth of nineteen, was under suspicion. One of the state troopers asked Ham to bite into beeswax. Ham did. The impression was the same as that shown on the gum and the plaster of paris cast. Ham confessed.

### Coughs Up Plan.

Virginia, Ill.—Seized with a fit of coughing, Beatrice Davis, aged thirteen, disclosed a large pin which she had swallowed two years ago. It was fattened and tarnished when recovered.

### Had Money to Burn.

Kankakee, Ill.—John M. Hughes had money to burn. He threw \$250 in currency and a note for \$750 in a burning stove. Now a sanity commission says he's insane and he has been incarcerated in the state institution here.

## SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weakness, nervousness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in joints and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs of the urinary system which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor "new discovery." For 200 years they

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisons which cause your fresh strength and health will come and continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not delay a minute. Delay is especially dangerous in kidney and bladder trouble. All druggists sell GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. They will refund their money if not CATARRH MEDICINE. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories in Holland. They are prepared in correct quantity and convenient form, are easy to take and are positively guaranteed to give prompt relief. In three sizes, sealed packages. Ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL. Accept no substitutes. Adv.

A Doubtful Indorsement.

"Did your late employer give you a testimonial?"

"Yes; but it doesn't seem to do me any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men the firm ever turned out."—Stray Stories.

Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Indigestion, are cured by taking May Apple, Aloes, Sassafras into Pleasant Tablets (Dr. Moore's). Adv.

Betrayed His Weakness.

"Is he a tightwad?"

"Is he? Say, listen: When he came to propose to me he thought he'd have to get down on his knees, and, would you believe it, he came in the oldest pair of trousers he had!"

RECIPES FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. Adv.

Financial Arrangement.

"What does nature do when moisture falls due?"

"I suppose she collects it by means of grassy banks."

Not Much.

Recruiting Sergeant—"Are you single?" Will-Be Rookie—"Do I look like twins?"—Leatherneck.

## WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the trouble of it is that the majority of them are on the wrong side.

Probably the most dangerous men are those who have honest motives and dishonest practices.

Cravenettes and roll-top desks hide a great many things from the public.

After the "Flu"

—Fever or Cold

Clean the Acidity and Toxic Poisons

Out of the Digestive Tract

Millions are now suffering from the after effects of the deadly "flu," a fever or a cold. Their appetites are poor; they are weak, and they are waiting for their strength to come back.

If these people could only realize that the return to health and strength would be greatly helped by giving attention to the stomach—that is, removing the acidity and toxic poisons from the entire digestive tract, making it act naturally, so that the body will receive the full strength of the food eaten—a great deal of suffering would be saved to humanity.

Everyone knows that the disease itself, and the strong medicines that have been taken, upset the stomach, leave it hot and feverish, the mouth dry, the tongue coated, a nasty taste, and no desire to eat. This is a poor foundation to build new strength on.

Now, tens of thousands of people all over this country are using EATONIC for the purpose of cleansing the stomach after-effects of the "flu," and these results—so wonderful: that the amazingly quick benefits are hardly believable, just as shown in the remarkable letter which is published upon the request of this study old Civil War veteran. He is 77 years old. Read what he says EATONIC did for him:

"I am an old soldier, just over seventy years. I had the flu, fever, and it left my stomach

This is only one case out of thousands. You should make the EATONIC test in your own case at once. You have everything to gain—not a penny can you lose, for we take all the risk. Your own common sense, your own feelings, tell you that a good appetite, good digestion, a good stomach, with the fever poisons and effects of strong medicines out of your system, will put you on the road to strong, robust health again.

You want to enjoy life again after you have battled with the "flu," fever, or cold, or any other illness that has taken your strength. You want to get back your old-time vigor, be full of pep and enthusiasm—be able to work with ease, instead of listlessly, half-heartedly dragging out a mere existence.

So be sure to take a box of EATONIC home with you today. We cannot urge this too strongly. If EATONIC fails to give you positive beneficial results, it will not cost you a penny. There is no risk—the benefit is surely all for you.

EATONIC

FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

NOTE—Over 50,000 drug stores throughout the United States sell and guarantee EATONIC. If you cannot obtain EATONIC quickly at your drug store, do not be distressed. Write at once to E. A. Add. S. L. Kramer, Pres., EATONIC REMEDY CO., 1024 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

have been a standard household remedy. They are the pure, original imported Haarlem Oil your great-grandmother used, and are perfectly harmless. The healing, soothing oil soaks into the cells and lining of the kidneys and through the bladder, driving out the poisons which cause your fresh strength and health will come and continue the treatment. When completely restored to your usual vigor, continue taking a capsule or two each day; they will keep you in condition and prevent a return of the disease.

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