# WHY YOUNG GIRLS GROW PALE AND WEAK

## The Blood Supply is Deficient and Unless the Trouble is Remedied Consumption May Follow.

When girls grow weak, pale and miserable, then is the time for parents to take prompt steps. Delay means danger—perhaps consumption. The girl in her teens cannot develop into a happy, robust woman without an abundant supply of rich, red blood in her veins. It is the lack of this good blood that is the great trouble with nine girls out of every ten. They grow weak and depressed; lose their appetite, are breathless after the slightest exertion, and suffer from headaches and backaches. When girls are in this condition there is no medicine can compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the use of these Pills there is splendid vigorous health, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, for every unhappy fragile girl who is struggling on to womanhood in a wretched state of health. This is why thousands of girls and women, now robust and attractive, are constantly recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to their suffering sex. Miss Edith Brousseau, Savona, B.C., says: "At the age of fourteen I became very anaemic. I was as pale as a ghost, suffered from headaches, severe palpitation of the heart at the slightest exertion. I had little or no appetite, and seemed to be drifting into a decline. I was attending high school in Vancouver at the time, and the doctor advised me to stop. I did so and took his treatment for some time, but it did not help me in the least. Upon the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a very short time they gave me back complete health and enabled me to resume my studies. I have enjoyed the best of health since, and owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# THE GERMANS TORTURED A SCOUT

### CUT ONE EAR OFF WITH HOSPITAL SCISSORS.

**Heard and Recorded by the Famous Correspondent, H. Hamilton Fyfe.**

When we came into the hospital ward a throng of soldiers in dressing-gowns was gathered round a bed on which sat a pleasant-faced fellow with his head in bandages telling them a story. They fell away with courteous movement to give us room. We saw that the pleasant face and the bandaged head belonged to a young man, who looked older, the Russian peasant Corporal Porfiro Panasuk, who as long as he lives will bear marks of torture and will bear witness also to the savagery with which Germans wage war.

When I read the first account of it I said, although it apeared in an official despatch, "It is incredible." It was hard to believe that a group of ten officers could have consented to the deliberate, cold-blooded torture of a brave soldier who, true to his duty, refused to betray information about the Russian positions. Not until I had seen and talked to their victim was I completely convinced.

Since the beginning of the war Panasuk has been employed as a scout. He speaks Polish like a Pole, though he is a Russian. Disguised as a peasant, he has been frequently within the German lines, and has seldom failed, I am told, to bring back useful information.

The Germans when they caught Panasuk might have accepted his disguise as genuine and hanged him as a spy if they had any evidence that he had been spying. Civilian spies are liable to be hanged. But they knew he was a soldier. He was recognized as the man who had so often tricked them.

I have told in telegrams what happened after this brave fellow fell into the hands of an enemy patrol near the East Prussian frontier. He was deep in the German lines. His captors took him to the nearest staff headquarters.

"I was offered cigarettes, but I said I did not smoke," he told us. "They asked me if I would like a cup of coffee. I said I did not need it. Then they said that if I liked I could be a rich man and have my own land. They would give me money if I would tell all I knew about the Russian forces and positions. I told them I knew nothing. Then the officer who was speaking to me became angry. He took me into a room where nine other officers were.

**Cut Ear Off.**

"They said that if I did not give them the information they would cut off my ears and nose, then hang me up head downwards.

"I repeated that I could not tell them anything because I had nothing to tell, though I could have told them a great deal. Then they sent for a pair of scissors such as are used in hospitals, and, after threatening me again, one of them cut off the soft part of my ear (the lobe). It bled all down my neck. Then, after a time, the same officer cut off another piece around the edge of my ear. He did this several times. He also struck me in the face with his fist. He broke my nose across the bridge, which makes it stick out still. He hit me on the jaw and swore at me.

"At last they said I was to be locked up until the morning. They sent me with a sergeant and two men. I felt that my chance to escape had come. I struck out at the two men. The sergeant was behind. I ran, scrambled over a fence, and found myself in the fields. Shots were fired, but it was too dark for them to see me. I ran on until I could run no more. Then I hid in a deep hole.

"I stayed there for a long time—all the next day I think. Then I went on towards where I knew the Russian lines must be. It took me four days to reach them. They gave me this medal and sent me to the headquarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief. He gave me another medal." Here he parted his hair to show us a long scar. "My ear, too?" he asked. "Yes, if the sister allows." The sister herself unwound the bandage. I saw the mutilated ear. It was cut just as he had described. "It is healing now," she said.

"Yes; it does not pain me much now," Panasuk added. "I can't hear very well with that ear, but I have the other. It might have been worse."

Yes, it might have been worse for him, poor fellow. If he had not escaped he would surely have been hanged or shot next day. The ruffians had no idea of letting the tale of their infamy be told. How many more cases of torture there have been we shall never know.

# TYPES OF RUSSIAN SAILORS

The Russian naval fighters are rather stolid, but sturdy in physique, and smart-looking in uniform. Russian warships carry more men, as a rule, than British vessels.

### SAFETY IN TRAVELLING.

The all-steel colonist cars built by the C.P.R. fill the bill to a nicety. On the long journey to the West, these cars have to be eating and sleeping and living rooms combined. They must have cooking conveniences, for one thing; and there is always more or less danger when several people are using the stove that accidents may happen. For that reason alone the all-steel car comes in handy, as there is absolutely nothing to burn. Well, there are the cushions on the steel seats; but they could not do much harm even if they did take fire. The seats, floor, roof, sides—every bit of the car—is of steel. The fire stoves are fixed to steel frames. Every detail has been carefully thought out. The cars fill a much-felt want, being, as they are, roomy, comfortable and safe, while for three or five days the life is lived as it would be in a permanent residence with hardly an oscillation to remind one that the cars are on the rails, and that they are running at the rate of 40 miles an hour.

**Ought to be Glad.**

Old as the hills was the subject of their quarrel. She had been spending more money than he thought she ought to.

"Did you spend as much as this before you married me?" asked the young husband, in the thick of the fight.

"Certainly I did," replied his wife, drawing herself up coldly. "Father—"

"Then I'm blest," interrupted her husband—"I'm blest if I know why your father made such a fuss about me taking you from him."

**Adapting It.**

"Now, boys," said the school master. "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can you get another example?"

Nobody appeared very anxious to do so until little Johnny Snaggs, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly:

"Yes, sir; I can. Umbrellastan—the place of umbrellas."

# NEWS FROM ENGLAND

### NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

**Occurrences In the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.**

During the present war there have been 51 Victoria Crosses conferred.

A serious fire in Richmond Park has destroyed eight acres of rhododendrons and gorse.

Owing to the war, many of the principal agricultural shows in Lancashire have been abandoned.

Miners in the Manchester district are demanding a 20 per cent. increase in wages or a war bonus.

Sheffield manufacturers are to abandon the trade term "German Silver," and substitute the words "nickel silver."

A new coal shaft 880 yards deep, has been completed at Rossington, near Doncaster, for the Sheepbridge Coal and Iron Company.

Sir H. H. Raphael, M.P., the only millionaire serving in the ranks of the British army, has been promoted from private to corporal.

The war office has been asked by Jamaica if it will accept two or three hundred men, passage paid and medically certificated.

The Queen's "Work for Women" Fund has reached a total of $772,980. Another mile of pennies has been completed and realized $1,100.

The number of deaths from measles in London during two weeks recently, was 243, as compared to 34 the corresponding period of last year.

A hundred recruits for the Royal Air service were enrolled in Birmingham. Flight-Lieut. Murphy said the recruits were the finest batch he had inspected.

A county meeting at Dorchester unanimously decided to represent to the War Office that a national scheme of compulsory service is immediately desirable.

The operatives of various cotton mills in the Manchester district are foregoing their usual picnics this summer and giving the money to local charitable funds.

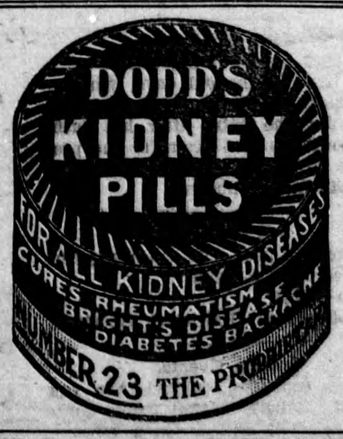
Capt. Vilandi, master of the Danish steamer Robert, was fined $50 at Blyth on a charge of having attempted to take photographs as his ship was entering the harbor.

Whilst unhitching cows in a shed at Lype Farm, Charlton, near Malmesby, Frederick Stoneham, a boy of thirteen, son of Edward William Stoneham, was gored to death by one of the animals.

The Treasury has agreed to loans of $75,000 to Stepney and $175,000 to Woolwich for extension of the municipal electricity concern in order to meet the requirements of war contractors for additional power.

At a conference of the National Union of Clerks at the Hotel Cecil it was announced that out of a total membership of 8,118 no fewer than 1,044 had joined the colors.

In view of the fact that the Gateshead Corporation are releasing as many men as possible for the army, they have issued a notice requesting householders and shopkeepers to do their own street sweeping.





# Death Nearly Claimed New Brunswick Lady

**Was Restored to Her Anxious Family When Hope Had Gone.**

St. John, N.B., Dec. 15th.—At one time it was feared that Mrs. J. Grant, of 3 White St., would succumb to the deadly ravages of advanced kidney trouble. "My first attacks of backache and kidney trouble began years ago. For six years that dull gnawing pain has been present. When I exerted myself it was terribly intensified. If I caught cold the pain was unendurable. I used most everything, but nothing gave that certain grateful relief that camef rom Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Instead of being bowed down with pain, to-day I am strong, enjoy splendid appetite, sleep soundly. Lost properties have been instilled into my blood—cheeks are rosy with color, and I thank the day that I heard of so grand a medicine as Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Every woman should use these pills regularly, because good health pays, and it's good vigorous health that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

# GERMANS ARE CLOSE TO ROYALTY

### MANY PROMINENT TEUTONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

**Many Titled Financiers in Britain are Also Germans Naturalized and Otherwise.**

The public rage in Great Britain against Prince Louis of Battenberg and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, because of their German birth, touches very close to the throne. In addition there are the Duchess of Albany and the Duchess of Connaught, also members of the King's immediate family, who are of German blood, as well as the wife of ex-King Manuel of Portugal, a Hohenzollern princess, who has become an intimate friend of the King and Queen since she came to London as a bride a year and a half ago.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, since his resignation as First Sea Lord, has spent most of his time out of London. Princess Louis of Battenberg is the eldest sister of the Czarina of Russia and the Grand Duchess Serge, but these connections with Britain's ally do not offset the fact, as far as the English people are concerned, that she is also the sister of Princess Henry of Prussia, and of the Grand Duke of Hesse, an officer in the German army.

Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has been a naturalized British subject for thirty-nine years, but he has remained very German in his mode of life, which is now unbearably offensive to his former friends in England, besides which his only living son is an officer in a Prussian regiment. The eldest son gave his life to Great Britain in the Boer War, but the younger son, Prince Albert, the heir to the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, the German Empress's brother, threw in his fortunes with his father's native country, although Prince Albert was himself born in England. His sisters, Princess Victoria and Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, have been indefatigable in working for the British soldiers.

**A Disloyal Prince.**

The Duchess of Albany, who was Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, a small principality under the administration of Prussia, is the widow of Queen Victoria's youngest son. Her only son, Duke of Albany in Britain, is the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburk-Gotha, relinquishing the British title for the more important one of a German sovereign. He, too, is fighting for Germany, and his mother's position in England has not been made more comfortable by his outspoken desire to see Great Britain defeated. The Duchess of Albany draws an annuity from the taxpayers of Britain of 30,000 a year, which is anything but pleasant to them just now.

The Duchess of Connaught, a Hohenzollern princess, and first cousin to the Emperor William, is the sister of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, who married the sister of the Empress.

Sir Ernest Cassel, King Edward's banker, who alleviated all the King's multitudinous financial difficulties, is only one among several German born bankers in London who are being attacked.

Baron Bruno Scroeder, whose title is German and who has a son in the German army, became a British subject after war was declared last August, as well as his banking partner, Julius Ritterhaussen.

Sir Felix Schuster, the Governor of the Union of London and Smith's Bank and a member of the Council of India, is a native of Frankfort, while Sir Carl Mayer, a director in the National Bank of Egypt, was born at Hamburg. Sir Max Waechter, a banker and steamship magnate, came to London from Stettin, a Baltic Province of Germany. Sir George Albu, one of the mining magnates in British South Africa, hails from Berlin. All have long been naturalized as British subjects and have received titles from the Government in recognition of valuable political and financial service. But all are now objects of savage criticism.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

**A Wise Precaution.**

Very few people are ambidextrous; that is, able to use the left hand as readily and skillfully as the right. But there is an amusing story of one Irishman who was careful to cultivate that art. When he was signing articles on board a ship he began to sign his name with his right hand, and then changed the pen to his left hand and finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer.

"Yis, sorr," replied Pat. "Whin I was a bhoy me father (rest his soul!) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails wid yer left hand, for some day ye might lose yer right!"

**No Escape.**

Even the magistrate smiled at the look of misery on the face of the wizened little man who was asking for protection from his wife, a burly, square-jawed woman.

"In the first place," asked the magistrate kindly, "where did you meet this woman?"

The little man glanced apprehensively at his wife, as he replied:

"I—I didn't meet her, sir. She—she kind of overtook me!"


**Sore Corns Go!**

**Absolutely Painless**

No cutting, no plasters or pads to press the sore spot. Putnam's Extractor makes the corn go without pain. Takes out the sting over-night. Never fails—leaves no scar. Get a 25c. bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor to-day.


**Nothing Doing.**

As the summer sun filtered through the lace curtains, the boarding house sittingroom looked almost cosy and attractive. The brightness and comfort thawed the heart of the oldest lodger.

In an expansive moment he turned toward the landlady, who was his only companion in the room, and, clasping her hands fondly, murmured:

"Will you be my wife?"

The woman did not start nor blush. No maidenly coyness shone from her clear, cold eyes.

"No, sir," she replied, with calm deliberation. "I'm sorry, but I cannot marry you. You've been here four years and are much too good a boarder to be put on the free list."

**Breaking the Record.**

The regiment was drawn up ready for inspection. Smartly the men were standing, chests out, eyes front, etc. Round about an admiring crowd had gathered.

A sergeant, anxious to show off before the spectators, approached one of the latest recruits, and asked him:

"Well, Jones, suppose you were on outpost duty, and you saw the Germans approaching in massed formation, what would you do?"

Private Jones looked stolidly ahead, but his answer came clear and loud to the listeners:

"A mile a minute, sir—a mile a minute!"


# INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY

Wanted capital to develop one of the most valuable natural resources in the Dominion, unlimited quantity of raw material to be manufactured into a commodity for which there is an almost unlimited demand. If you have one hundred to five hundred dollars or more to invest where your investment will be well secured, then write for particulars and prospectus which will convince you of the absolutely sure and large returns. Address P.O. Box 102, Hamilton, Ont.


**A Good Suggestion.**

"And you say that Jorkins was cured of a bad case of insomnia by suggestion?"

"Yes; purely by suggestion. His wife suggested that since he could not sleep he might as well sit up and amuse the baby. It worked like a charm."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Every able-bodied male in the German Empire is liable for military service for a period of one, two, or three years. If he can pass the one-year volunteer examination he serves only one year, otherwise he serves two years with the infantry or artillery, or three with the cavalry or horse artillery.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The man with a cool million always gets a warm reception.


WEAR FLEET FOOT Shoes for every Sport and Recreation

Sold by all Good Shoe Dealers

**Not to Blame.**

Mrs. Blueblood—John, who was that man who just bowed to us?

Blueblood—Er—that is my tailor.

Mrs. B.—Such impudence. You should make him keep his distance.

B.—I've done my best, my dear. I've stood him off now for two years.

Minard's Lirtment Cures Distemper.

**In Its White Shroud.**

Luncher—Is this meant to be shortcake?

Waitress—Yes, sir.

Luncher (sarcastically)—Then for heaven's sake take it away and berry it.


**Sore Eyes** **Granulated Eyelids,** Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free ask Druggists or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago


Soldiers on active military duty, and sailors at sea, need not make wills but may dispose of their property by verbal declaration, made in the presence of witnesses.


Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him permanent good.

Yours, &c.,
WILFRID GAGNE.
Prop. of Grand Central Hotel,
Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.


These self-made men insist on talking shop.

More money is spent on drink in the United Kingdom in eight days than was contributed to the National Relief Fund in eight weeks.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IF LOOKING FOR A FARM, CONSULT me. I have over Two Hundred on my list, located in the best sections of Ontario. All sizes. H. W. Dawson, Brampton.

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