

A SEVERE CASE OF NEURALGIA

Cured After Long Years of Suffering by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

There is an excellent reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the most severe cases of neuralgia, sciatica, and other complaints in the group that are known as disorders of the nerves. This group also includes St. Vitus dance and paralysis, and the common state of extreme nervousness and excitability. Each of these complaints exist because there is something the matter with the nervous system. If the nerves have tone—are strong and healthy, you will not have any of these complaints. The reason Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders is that they restore weak, run-down nerves to their proper state of tone. They act both directly upon the nerves and on the blood supply. The highest medical authorities have noted that nervous troubles generally attack people who are bloodless and that the nerves are toned when the blood supply is renewed. It is thus seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders by curing the cause of the trouble.

Mrs. J. C. Adams, Norris Lake, Man., says: "I am writing you at my husband's request to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to him. He is a river driver and therefore much exposed to all kinds of weather and wetting. As a result he had an attack of rheumatism, and then to add to his misery a severe type of neuralgia set in, locating on the left side of the face, and causing him such terrible pain that it would drive him almost wild. He was treated by several doctors, and finally went to Winnipeg, where they blistered his head and applied hot plasters which really only added more to his misery, and he returned home still uncured. In this way he suffered for nearly six years, trying all sorts of medicine, but never finding a cure. One day while he was suffering I went to a store to get a liniment, but they did not have the kind I wanted, and the storekeeper asked me what I wanted it for. I told him about my husband and how he suffered, and he placed a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the counter saying, 'Take my advice, this is what your husband should take.' I took the Pills home with me and my husband started taking them. I am not sure how many boxes he took, but one thing is certain, they completely cured him, and he has never since had a touch of those torturing pains. You can tell how much he suffered when I say that the hair on the side of his head in which the pain was located turned quite gray. It looks odd, but he says it does not matter since the pain is gone. I believe he would not have been living now had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not cured those terrible pains, and you may be sure we gratefully recommend them to all our friends and all suffering ones."

Sold by all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FOOD TELEPHONES STOMACH.

Dainty Morsel Announces Its Coming by Wireless Method

Sir James Crichton Browne described recently at the end of a dinner in London, how a delicate morsel, perfectly served, of delicious flavor and good aroma, will send to the stomach, before it is swallowed, a telephone message to say that it is coming.

Such a morsel, he said, not only sets the mouth watering by stimulating the salivary glands, but it also induces a flow of the gastric juices by acting on the glands of the stomach. These glands it brings into play before any portion is swallowed. It is, in fact, telephoning down to the stomach to say that something good is coming, and the stomach immediately prepares itself for its reception.

A nasty or insipid dish has no such effect. If it is nasty the stomach rejects it; if insipid, it receives it with comparative indifference. It is of the utmost importance, he held, that good flavor and good aroma should prevail, for nice food is more easily assimilated than that which is flavorless, and good cooking not merely tickles the palate, but it also contributes to the great work of nutrition.

Homoeopathic doses of hospitality seldom do much good.

A soft answer seldom turns away the book agent.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON. MARCH 19.

Lesson XII. Defeat Through Drunkenness. (Temperance Lesson). 1 Kings 20. 12-21. Golden Text, Prov. 31.4.

Verse 12. This message—He and the other leaders of the immense army (estimated at 130,000 men) were so confident of their superiority, that they were wasting their time and strength drinking in the pavilions, or temporary booths set up for the exigencies of war.

In array against the city—This would include the establishment of the war-engines before the walls, battering-rams and catapults, being the chief instruments of a siege. Ladders would be set up, and archers would be placed in commanding positions. It must have looked dark to the king and his people cooped up in the city. Should the walls fall, it meant that desolation and destruction were sure to follow.

13. A prophet—Though his name is not given, he probably was one of the schools of the prophets, who seem to have acted in concert. The name of Elijah curiously enough is not mentioned in this entire chapter.

15. Young men of the princes of the province—Their number, two hundred and thirty-two, was nothing as against the great multitude of the Syrians and their allies. But this prophet wished by the comparison to throw in relief the fact that the victory was to be a supernatural one. The sterling youth of the nation were picked out to lead the attack. The older men had already failed and been driven within the refuge of the city, and were as a result filled with fear. The wretched state to which the city itself had been reduced may be conjectured from the small number of men who could be mustered to follow behind the youthful leaders—only seven thousand.

16. They went out at noon—This was a master stroke. At this hour, under the scorching Syrian sun, everything would be at a standstill, heavy armor being cast aside, and the soldiers lounging about in careless relaxation. The king continued his brutish drinking with the vassal kings and so rendered himself more and more helpless.

17. The young men . . . went out first—This was a ruse intended to deceive the unwary foe. And it succeeded. The drunken king thought the little band were coming out to make terms of peace, and he exclaimed, in a spirit of bravado, Whether . . . for peace, or . . . for war, take them alive (18).

20. They slew every one his man—The motley army outside the walls were totally unprepared for any onslaught. Their leaders were stupid with drink, the chariots and horses were unharnessed and unready, the army itself, besides being at ease, lacked homogeneity and any sense of loyalty to a common interest. A panic was exactly the thing to look for. It was Jehovah's victory, but the Israelites had to exercise the right sort of ingenuity in order to meet conditions as they were. These conditions, of course, could only grow worse under the sturdy attack of the young men and their aroused followers, so that it is little wonder that the proud forces of Ben-hadad suffered utter rout, and he himself was obliged to escape on a horse.

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AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE FOR ALL BABIES

Mrs. R. McEwen, Thornloe, Ont., writes: "I think Baby's Own Tablets an invaluable medicine for little ones. I used them for my own child when he was small and last summer when I had a baby visitor whose food did not agree with him, I sent for another box of the Tablets and they quickly helped him." It is testimonials such as this that have made Baby's Own Tablets popular—that have shown them to be an invaluable medicine for little ones. The Tablets always do good—they can never do harm. Once a mother has tried them for her little one she will have nothing else. For with the Tablets she feels safe. They are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst to contain no harmful drugs. Baby's Own Tablets may be had at medicine dealers or at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The meanest man in a community usually attracts more attention than the best one.

OKRA VALUABLE FOOD.

Tropical Plant Famous "Gumbo" of Southern States.

The famous gumbo, or gombo, of the Southern States and of all southern countries, particularly of the western hemisphere, is really a nickname for okra, or ochro, as it is sometimes spelled, for while the dish is composed of several and varying ingredients, okra is the foundation, the body, and likewise furnishes the "frill," the remaining component parts being so blended with it that they lose their individuality in its all pervading mucilaginous beginning and end, beguiling and delicious from first to last.

The okra is known botanically as the hibiscus esculentus, being a near relation of the flowering hibiscus, whose brilliant blossoms are so familiar.

In the tropics okra seeds, matured and dried, are cooked very much as a barley in northern climates. The mucilage of the roots is said to be free from the slightest odor and perfectly white when powdered, superior to even the powder of the marshmallow, and around Constantinople the okra is much cultivated for the root powder as a base of confections.

Medicinally the root made into a decoction, is given to allay irritation and inflammation internally and parts of the plant made into poultices to apply externally.

As food this mucilaginous quality (the gombine) renders the plant of much value. It is so easily digested, so acceptable to all the organs which take up, disintegrate and distribute food through the system that it may be readily understood why it has become such a favorite in the tropics, where heaviness is instinctively avoided in form of nourishment.

WHY DO CHILDREN LIKE ZAM-BUK?

A Chat With Mothers.

"Whenever my children have any sore places, cuts, or skin troubles, they ask for Zam-Buk. They can always depend upon it doing what is needed."

So says Mrs. A. Alce, of 170 Chatham Street, Montreal.

A missionary, writing from the West Coast of Africa, says: "One boy who was treated for a bad case of ulcer, came back recently and said, 'I like best that green medicine.' The 'green medicine' was Zam-Buk."

Now, why should children, all the world over, show such a marked preference for Zam-Buk?

Children like Zam-Buk because, as soon as applied to a burn, a cut, or a sore, it stops the pain and then gradually, but surely, it heals.

Mothers might look a little more deeply into the action of Zam-Buk. First, it is highly antiseptic. As soon as applied it stops all danger of festering, blood-poisoning and inflammation. Second, it is soothing. It cools the wound or sore; allays the irritation; stops the pain and smarting. Then, thirdly, it stimulates the cells, beneath the injured part, to healthy action, and creates new, healthy tissue.

Just try Zam-Buk for cuts, or burns, or cold sores, or eczema, ulcers, rashes, bad leg, piles, varicose ulcers, or any inflamed or diseased condition of the skin. Its effect will highly satisfy you. All druggists and stores 50c. box, or free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Try Zam-Buk Soap, too. 25c. tablet.

SHOOTING A TIGER.

In the Days of the Muzzle-Loading Musket.

The shooting of big game is not so much a matter of risk and adventure to-day as it was in the days of muzzle-loading, smooth-bore muskets. Modern improvements in firearms have given the hunter too great advantage for sport, to say nothing of fair play. What the business was more than fifty years ago General Ruggles tells in his "Recollections of a Lucknow Veteran."

One day a native came in and told me that a large tiger was lying down on the ground on the opposite side of a small stream that ran at the bottom of the parade ground. As there was no jungle there, only a few scattered bushes, Priestly would not at first believe him, but the man persisted that the tiger was there.

Accordingly Priestly came to me, and we agreed to go in pursuit. In order that our dogs might enjoy the sport, we decided to let them go with us. Two recruits armed with smoothbores and some small dogs setting forth to shoot a tiger!

On our way we picked up one or

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HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Statement for the Year Ending December 31st, 1910

Premiums	\$1,664,896.45
Losses	\$892,094.69
Expenses	657,232.70
Interest and other receipts	\$1,549,327.39
Profit on Year's Trading	\$163,812.51
Assets	\$2,016,670.59
Unearned Premiums and other Liabilities	999,740.73
Surplus to Policyholders	\$1,016,929.86
Losses paid since incorporation in 1833	\$14,470,408.91

Directors, Robert Blockeridge, M.P.; E. W. Cox; D. B. Hanna; John Heskin, K.C.; LL.D.; Alex. Laird; Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D.; W. B. Meikle; Geo. A. Morrow; Augustus Myers; Frederic Nicholls; James Kerr Osborne; Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, C.V.O.; E. R. Wood.

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two others, who were anxious to be in at the death.

There was no doubt in our minds that we should kill the tiger if he were there. All our talk was of what we should do with the claws, the teeth and the skin. Poor tiger! I wonder if he had any inkling of what was coming.

Before we reached the parade-ground we met Major Biddulph, who wanted to know what we were up to. We said that we were going to shoot a tiger, and then told him what the native said. He, too, would not at first believe that a tiger could be there; but at last, after listening to the native's report, he said, "If the tiger is there, and you attack him by yourselves, mark my words, there will be no shooting him, but he will make a meal off you and your dogs. Wait till I get my rifle and I'll come with you to see fair play."

Now we should have liked to do it all ourselves; but as the major was an old hunter, and one who had shot big game of all kinds, we were glad to have him with us, as he said, "to see fair play."

We none of us wished to take an unfair advantage of the tiger. When Biddulph joined us, we set off again, and soon arrived at the small stream which was crossed by a bridge. Here the native stopped, and declined to go any farther. Pointing to a small bush about a hundred yards distant, he said, "If the tiger has not moved, there is where you will find him."

By this time our dogs were in a very low-spirited condition—I suppose they scented the beast; no more joyous barks and capers. They came along close to our heels, their tails between their legs.

The major marshalled us in skirmishing order, himself in the centre, and he begged us to be cool and not to fire recklessly. If the tiger came out, those on the right were to fire first, so that all the guns would not be unloaded at the same time.

When we got to within about forty yards of the bush, we saw him, that is, his head only, as he looked up. Did we remember all we had

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been told? Not a bit of it! We fired a volley that would have done credit to any regiment in the service, and some one hit him on the jaw.

That routed the tiger with a vengeance. He lightly jumped over the bush, and came and laid himself down in the open, preparatory to a charge. Biddulph now fired and wounded him mortally, but not sufficient to stop his charge. Down he came direct at the major, who, not having a second barrel, knelt down and raised his rifle, holding it in front of him, horizontally, with both hands, and rammed it into the tiger's jaws. They both rolled over together, and when he got up the tiger was dead. I never went out tiger-shooting on foot again.

UP-TO-DATE.

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