

3 YEARS INDIGESTION AT A CHINESE HOSPITAL

3 Boxes Little Digesters— Entirely Cured
It was a lucky day for Mr. Pava, whose portrait appears below, when he saw a "Little Digesters" advertisement in the paper, for it marked his first step on the road to health. Read what he says about it himself:



King, Ont., Nov. 13, 1909.
THE COLEMAN MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen,
Having suffered for three years with indigestion, nothing could relieve me, having seen your advertisement in the paper for "Little Digesters," I took three, was entirely cured. I feel convinced that anyone suffering with same will not fail to try "Little Digesters."
PHILIP PAYN, Junior.
"Little Digesters" are dainty little tablets compounded of the purest and best ingredients for the relief of stomach troubles. They are positively guaranteed to cure even chronic cases of indigestion or dyspepsia or money will be refunded.
In little red boxes—25c. from your druggist or by mail from Coleman Medicine Co., Toronto.

THE CELESTIALS HAVE A PROFOUND BELIEF IN DOCTORS.

Doctors and Drug Shops Abound Everywhere—How a Hospital Was First Opened in Amoy by an English Physician.

The Chinese have a profound belief in doctors and in medicines. The conditions in which they spend their lives largely account for this. During the greater part of the year they are engaged in a perpetual conflict with diseases that threaten their lives, and they fly to anyone that will give them a prospect of relief. The most trying times are during the hot months, when the sun glares down with terrific heat on the insanitary cities and on the narrow alleyways, and the crowded dwellings, which, unswayed and uncleaned, are reeking with the germs of disease and death.

It is often a surprise to foreigners, from countries where sanitation is looked on as a science, that the Chinese are not swept off in larger numbers than they are. Their houses are always dirty; those of the poorer classes are filthy in the extreme. No language can adequately paint the picture of a Chinese home, with its dust and dirt and little heaps of refuse, both inside and outside the door. The Chinese never dream of believing that such a state of things has any danger in it. Germs, bacilli and bacteria are terms unknown to them, and even the word infection is so loosely understood that when people are warned against coming in contact with fever or cholera or even plague patients, a look of amusement flashes across their yellow faces, as though the idea were an exceedingly comical one.

To meet the needs of the community, doctors and drug-shops abound everywhere, and are patronized with unwavering faith by all classes. It must be premised here, however, that from a Western standpoint the greater number of the medical profession are not only illiterate, but they also grossly ignorant in regard to the subjects they profess. They have absolutely no knowledge of physiology, they have never studied anatomy, and the delicate and subtle functions of the various organs of the human frame are a mystery that they have never attempted to solve. The reason for this is obvious. Throughout the length and breadth of China there has never been any system for the education of medical men; no universities where students could be trained in the knowledge of medicine, and no schools of minor importance where doctors of reputation could instruct those desirous of becoming masters of the healing art.

It must not be inferred, however, that the Chinese are destitute of plans for the training of their doctors. They believe that they have a system which places China in the forefront of every other country in the world in its proud attainments in medical science. The professors who have silently lectured to the profession during the centuries are the famous Aesculapiuses who appeared in the dawn of Chinese history, and left their writings and prescriptions for the benefit of posterity. These, unlike the treatises in the West, never need revising, and daring would be the man who would venture even to suggest that succeeding ages could possibly improve on them.

You go into a druggist's shop to buy some medicine, and there ensnared as a god you see the image of one of those famous doctors, as the presiding genius of the business. He is a squat little figure, and typical of the men who lived in the dawn of the Empire's life. A few incense sticks are stuck in front of him, and their fragrance as they burn fills the grimy, musty room with a pleasant odor. The treatise that he wrote lies open on the counter, to be referred to in case of need, and when a difficult problem comes as to what medicines should be given in some obscure disease, the dispenser places his two hands together in an attitude of prayer, and bows reverently to the silent image, as though pleading for inspiration to enable him to come to a decision.

When an English doctor first planned to open a hospital in Amoy, his initial difficulty was to find a house suitable for this work. After considerable delay one was offered him, and eagerly accepted as the best that could be hoped for. It was as forlorn and dilapidated as could be. It was fifteen feet in length, and so shadowed by other houses that only a feeble glimmer of light entered at each end, whilst the centre was always enshrouded in gloom. The most distressing thing, however, was its insanitary condition. The walls were black with accumulated dirt. The earthen floor was ill-smelling, and had been worn into ruts and little hollows and miniature mounds. A number of coolies were employed to clean out this Augean stable, and on the day appointed the doctor was in readiness for his patients. His placards, posted in conspicuous parts of the town, had been received with suspicion. The well-to-do would have nothing to do with him, as they were quite able to employ the native doctors, who, they believed, were far better qualified than this barbarian doctor to deal with disease. The scholars, the thinkers of the country, who hold the key of knowledge in their hands, looked on his action as a piece of unmitigated impertinence which they were bound to resent. The doctors of the town were up in arms, and warned people of the danger they would incur were they to put themselves in the hands of a man who, being a barbarian and untouched by the civilizing influences of the Middle Kingdom, had neither the knowledge nor the benevolence to qualify him to cope with disease.

An hour or so before the opening men began to verge towards the new hospital. They did this in a careless and unostentatious kind of way, as though they were there by the merest accident. At first they seemed like the ordinary crowd which gathers quickly in China when anything new is going on, but a closer look at them revealed that there was a distinct difference between them and the men one usually meets on the street. A few of them had the opium tinge dyed into their faces, others had the keen and shifty look of gamblers, while the rest were loafers; but every man in the group was there for a purpose, to discover what was the real design of this barbarian doctor in inviting the sick of the town to come to him to be cured.

By-and-by the patients began to appear, and as they edged their way through the knot of people at the entrance the door-keeper pointed to the empty benches and invited them to be seated. This they did until twenty-four bona-fide cases had gathered. The first to come up to the doctor's table was a man with inflamed eyes. He was forty years of age, and belonged to the working classes. He was very poorly clad in the cotton cloth woven by the women all over the country districts, and dyed with the popular blue color that has a charm for the people of China. In reply to the doctor he gave him a few details as to how long he had been troubled with his eyes, and what were the peculiar sensations. There was comforted with the assurance that there would be no difficulty in giving him relief, and the doctor proceeded to drop a little lotion into his eyes. The man was terrified for the moment with the sudden pain that rushed through them. He felt convinced that all the warnings of his friends and neighbors, that the barbarian would destroy his eyesight if allowed to touch his eyes, were about to be realized. The excitement among the spies at the door was intense. When they saw the man writhing with pain, they felt they were on the verge of a great discovery and would soon unmask the evil designs of this foreigner. Somewhat to their disappointment, the man began speedily to recover from the spasms of pain, and to assure the doctor that his eyes already felt easier, and that the burning sensation had considerably subsided. With a friendly clap on the shoulder the doctor assured him that if only he carried out his orders he would be all right in a few days, and his eyes would be as well as ever.

The next patient was a slim, delicate-looking man, with a face out of which all the blood had seemed to run, so that there was not a trace of the color that nature in her kindest moods delights to infuse into it. He was narrow-chested, and had a permanent stoop that prevented him from holding himself erect. By occupation he was an artificial flower maker, and the sedentary life that this demanded had evidently induced a disease only too common among the Chinese. The doctor made up a mixture for the poor sufferer, and said: "I am very sorry that I can do so little for you. Your disease demands generous food, freedom from over-exertion, and as much of the open air as possible. Medicine can only give you a temporary relief. What you ought to do is to go away for a holiday, and do absolutely nothing for several months. Just ramble about on the hills and get as much fresh air as you can."

The doctor might just as well have told the man to take a journey to the moon to consult the lady that the Chinese believe to be the presiding genius there. As for going off to ramble about where he would not be able to work and earn money, that was an original idea that seemed to him full of the subtlest humor. The Chinese never dream of taking a change for mere health's sake. There are no seaside resorts and no watering places to which crowds flock when they feel run down. For the masses it is one eternal grind, unbroken by any Sunday rest, for heathenism knows nothing of such a day; and it is only when disease overtakes a man that he lays down his tools and waits sadly and patiently for better health.

While the doctor was attending to the rest of the patients, and winning golden opinions from all by his pleasant manners and sympathy, a little comedy was being enacted at the door—a comedy invariably played in every place where the foreign physician first begins to treat the Chinese after Western methods. The actors in it were the men who had gathered there in order to fathom the evil designs of the barbarian doctor. Some of them did not dare to enter the building, lest an evil eye should be cast on them, and they should come under the spell of magical powers and be whirled away into some far-off space from which they could nevermore return. As each patient came out of the hospital he was pounced on by this public-spirited group and closely questioned. "What have you got there?" they asked the man with the inflamed eyes. He held up his bottle and showed them the lotion. "We strongly advise you," said one of them, a sharp-featured, villainous-looking fellow, "to throw that away instantly. Don't you know that that liquid has a most fatal effect on the eyesight, and that in a few days your eyes will be entirely destroyed? Pour it out at once, and be thankful that you have someone who knows how to advise you."

The man was so nervous and excited by this confident statement that he dashed to the ground the bottle containing the lotion that would have cured him, and hurried home congratulating himself that he had escaped imminent peril. This process was tried with each patient, and with almost equal success. The men with the quinine powders were so terrified when assured that they contained a most deadly and subtle poison that they scattered them on the mud of the street. Fortunately the patients suffering from ulcers and abrasions, which had been washed and bandaged by the doctor, giving instant relief, could not be influenced by the men at the door, and so they passed on to give a favorable verdict to their friends and neighbors as to the value of the new system of medical treatment.

In course of time the prejudice against the foreign doctor began slowly to melt away, so that men soon recognized the hospital as a benevolent institution. The cures effected had been so marvellous and so well authenticated, and so much suffering amongst the poor had been alleviated, that the old antagonism died out of the hearts of those most violently opposed to it. Its reputation, too, had spread to the towns and villages in the interior, and patients there who had despaired of ever being healed of their diseases came from far and near to be treated. As the result of this change in public opinion, it was found possible to obtain the large and commodious building now used as a hospital.

The hospitals established by the missionary societies in China are a veritable godsend to the sick and diseased. With the poorer classes life is a very distressful thing, marked by continual struggles to make ends meet. It is, however, when a man falls ill that his true sorrows begin. There is really no room for him in the narrow quarters into which a family is crowded, and as the Chinese are heavy sleepers, and have never been accustomed to night nursing, it may easily be imagined how long and weary the nights are to the sufferer with only the sounds of the sleeping figures around him. The hospital

methods by which the sick should be treated. A man has a whole bed to himself in a room that for space and cleanliness might be part of a royal palace. Then, too, he is waited on with an attention that he has never had in his life, and if he is seriously ill, watchers attend during the whole of the night to moisten his lips with tea and to give him little comforts that will ease his pain. It is an undoubted fact that the Chinaman is seen at his best when lying in hospital suffering from some severe physical test. You feel then that he has an immense amount of character to enable him to endure what men of a feebler race would absolutely collapse under. No hero in the world ever bore pain more grandly than do these common laboring men and women. It is pitiful sometimes to see, and yet it raises one's estimate of our common humanity, how a man will endure the severest agony without showing by any audible sound that he is suffering. Not a cry will break from him, and hardly a sigh escape his lips. The only signs that would let one know that he is in the direct extremity of pain is the green-yellow hue that suffuses his countenance, the twitching of the muscles of the face, and the occasional grind of his teeth. Beyond these expressions of pain he lies like a log, without exhibiting other symptoms that he is passing through a tremendous revelation as to the new the severest trials to which the human frame can be exposed.

The hospital, now that it has spread into many provinces of the Empire, has become a most beneficent power in the lives of the people wherever it has been established. It is the one unselfish force, that takes no thought of character or position, but, filled with a mighty pity, aims only at mitigating human agony and human sorrow. It is the handmaid of the Gospel, and many are the men and women in the church to-day who first had their hearts captured by the thrilling story of Christ's love as it was told to them so eloquently in the practical benevolence of the hospital wards.

The Leavening of the Mass.

Review of Leavens.
America has been the meeting-place, for the first time in history under entirely favorable conditions, of the two great opposing branches of the Christian faith. The Protestants were first upon the ground and put into actual practice the contention which was largely responsible for their historic origin at the period of the Reformation, freedom to worship God as the individual conscience dictated. Into the nation thus established have come great numbers of Roman Catholic immigrants. In the passage of the Atlantic and the freer air of the republic, the narrowness of their religious convictions has been greatly decreased, and the modifying effect of the two great elements each upon the other appears to have been in general highly beneficial to the nation, and probably unique in the world's history. Meantime, if the census returns are to be accepted as trustworthy, these influences have been at work in the manner described without affecting the enthusiasm and religious activities of the community. In 1906 almost exactly half of the population above the age of ten years were members of religious bodies. In this period of alleged lack of interest in things spiritual the future of the republic continues full of promise when so large a proportion of its citizens are identified with institutions the sole aim of which is to elevate and benefit the human race.

The Historic Bridge of London.

For centuries Old London Bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters. Holbein lived and painted there; Osborn, the pretence lad, leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewel, to the rescue of his William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and, by winning her for his wife, laid the foundation of the Ducal house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books, and gossip with the waggish shopkeeper. "Croker's Dictionary" was printed "at the Looking-glass on London Bridge"; and gigantic corn-mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland. Such in brief outline was the London Bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century, and which, when it was on its last tottering legs was removed within the memory of many still living to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which it said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's Cathedral."

How a Nun Knew to Brady.

In the Kilmahnam Gaoth the "Invincibles" concerned in the Phoenix Park tragedy were confined and executed. One of these was Joseph Brady, led into the conspiracy by the infamous James Carey, who afterwards betrayed his dupes and sent them to the gallows to save his own neck. Down to the eve of his execution, Brady, penitent in all else, doggedly refused to forgive Carey. The aged prison chaplain was greatly distressed, and as a last resort he asked a relative of one of the victims of the tragedy, who was a Sister of Mercy in an adjoining convent, to visit Brady and appeal to him. Brady still proved obdurate. Of powerful physique, he paced his cell like a caged lion as he denounced Carey. Suddenly the lady dropped on her knees and begged the man who had taken part in the murder of her own foster-brother to forgive the base conspirator and informer. The appeal was successful; Brady broke down and wept; the chaplain was sent for, and the unhappy man went to his doom forgiving even Carey.

Nearly 7,000,000 acres of land in Prussia is given over to national forests, and the yield of timber instead of falling off, as in America, is steadily growing. In 1900 it was 20 cubic feet per acre. Now it is 65 cubic feet. The quality is improving also. Net returns have increased from 28 cents to \$2.50 per acre. When forestry began to be practiced in Prussia, the woods were like our American woods now, injured by mismanagement and being replaced faster than they grew. An "egg train" is to travel through West-England and Wales, accompanied by a staff of lecturers to encourage the egg industry.

QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

General Gordon's Blood the Seed of the Church.

Twenty-five years ago the news of Gordon's death reached England. Khartoum had fallen, and in the dawn of that fateful morning the noblest of the Victorian soldiers "neath the blue that burns o'er Libyan sands" "Put off the burden of heroic days." The relief expedition for which Gordon had day after day scoured the northern horizon with his field glasses, from the flat roof of the palace on the Blue Nile, had come within sight of Khartoum, but only to hear the natives on the river banks chanting psalms of triumph over the fall of the city, and to receive an insolent message from the victorious Mahdi bidding them surrender. They were too late. In the eleven months' race the Mahdi had won by two days. None of us in whose time it fell will soon forget the thrilling echoes of that "too late" which closed in the deepest note of Attic tragedy the finest epic of our generation.

The justice of time has wrought a singularly impressive epilogue to the bloody drama of Khartoum. In the centre of the Khedivial Avenue in the now resurrected city stands a statue of Gordon. From the back of a dromedary the hero is looking south to the vast expanse of flat horizon whence the Dervish hordes sprang up as if by magic, and swept over the feebly held defences of the starving town on the morning of January 26, 1885. But the land on which the monument looks is no longer in the grip of a desolating savagery. Gordon's blood has freed and fertilized it. In its avengement his spirit has triumphed almost as splendidly as he himself may have dreamt. The whole land has been reclaimed for civilization, and not only civilization, which is sometimes hideously like barbarism, but for real justice, humanity and loving kindness, inspired by the memory of the martyr-hero to whom it owes its greatest fame. The tribes and the churches are at peace, and the country smiles with bounteous crops, and is happy in the security of a strong and even-handed administration.

Omdurman, the shambles of Mahdism, is now the greatest native market in North-eastern Africa, counting its inhabitants by hundreds of thousands. Khartoum itself, which was levelled with the dust by the Mahdi as a haunt defiled, fit only for the jackal and hyena, is now a handsome, modern city, with broad streets, imposing public buildings, and plate-glass fronted shops, lit by electric light and traversed by electric trams, which, thanks to the judicious administration of the late Governor, Colonel Stanton, earn a large profit in diminution of the local rates. It is, moreover, the seat of a government nominally Egyptian, but really in the hands of a devoted body of Gordon's compatriots, who are not insensible to the stirring example of Gordon's life. Perhaps the most dramatic revenge in this transformation is that the new city is planned in the shape of a double Union Jack. The idea was Kitchener's, and the reason he gave for it to Colonel Goringe, as he chalked it out one day in the shadow of the ruins of the old palace, was that Maxims placed in centres of the converging streets would always be able to hold the town against internal disorder. The late Sirdar is, however, a man of grim humor, and perhaps he felt the need of stamping thus indelibly on the Sudan the flag and the Cross for whose honor Gordon died.

Of the dramatic events of twenty-five years ago the new Khartoum possesses few relics. The battered walls of the old palace, in which Gordon watched and fumed and prayed and ultimately was butchered, were still standing when Kitchener and his avenging army finally smashed Mahdism at the battle of Omdurman. There, under the trees, the memorable memorial service was held by the troops on Sept. 4, 1898, when the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted. The minute guns booming from the gunboats across the swollen waters of the Nile, and mingling alternately with lament of the pipers and "Abide With Me" of the 11th Soudanese band, fitly marked the end of the old and the dawn of the new epoch in Soudanese history. The ruins have now been cleared away, and in their place stands a stately modern palace, wherein Gordon's memory is kept green by a tablet marking the fatal spot where he was done to death.

The chief memorial of Gordon in Khartoum is the Gordon College, which has already obtained for itself a high reputation throughout the Sudan. Its object is to train the sons of Arab and negro Sheiks for commissions in the Khedivial army and minor Government appointments in the Sudan, which are now entirely held by Egyptians. In a sense, too, the Khartoum Cathedral, for the completion of which the Sirdar has just issued an appeal, is also a Gordon memorial. Appreciation of Gordon's deeply religious life could not be more fitly signalized than by a generous response to this appeal. It is almost a scandal that the building should still be roofless for the want of a few thousand pounds. Khartoum boasts of a magnificent church built by the American mission, mosque, a large Coptic church, a Presbyterian and a Roman Catholic church.

They Practised Odd Faith Cure.

A respectfully dressed woman, with an infant in her arms, entered the cathedral at Antwerp one morning when the priest was alone. She addressed him in earnest and affecting manner, and with due humility unfolded her tale of sorrow. Her child was suffering from some mortal malady; the skill of the physician had been in vain, and she was at last convinced that nothing could save her beauteous babe from the jaws of death but being placed for a moment in the arms of her tutelary saint. The saint was up in a niche of the wall with a neat balcony before him, in the form of a goodly marble statue. The priest was moved by her entreaties; he procured a ladder, ascended to the sacred niche, entered a balcony, and placing the babe in the arms of the statue, asked the grateful mother if she was satisfied. "Perfectly so," said that lady; and removing the ladder she walked coolly out of the church, leaving her rosy infant, the astonished priest, and the unconscious saint all equally elevated, there to remain till the next brother of the community should arrive.

Henri Bourassa's new Montreal paper is being used for \$200,000 a year slightly in excess of the first week's profits.

THE BEST
"APENTA"
NATURAL APERTURE WATER
BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

Boils and Pimples.

Whenever your complexion is unattractive, your skin in an unhealthy condition, your face covered with blotches and pimples, when boils and lesions occur about then your blood is bad. You can best cleanse it with that pure vegetable compound, Burdock Blood Bitters, which surely and promptly renovates the blood and invigorates the entire system.

Mr. C. A. Mussen, Dawlf, Alta., writes: "I am compelled to use Burdock Blood Bitters as being the best blood purifier there is. About three years ago I was greatly troubled with boils and our druggist advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters and after taking two bottles I have not had a boil or even a pimple."

Mr. J. Merelotian, Zealand Station, N.B., writes: "My face and neck were covered with pimples, and I tried all kinds of remedies, but they did me no good. I went to many doctors, but they could not cure me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters and I must say it is a wonderful remedy for the cure of pimples." For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Millbrae Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

This Week's Arrivals
—OF—
SUNKIST ORANGES
Are Juicy and Sweet.
Try some from
W. H. Carnovsky,
On the Corner
Brook and Wellington Sts.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Scott's Emulsion
See Face Little W. upper below.
Very small, and as easy to take as sugar.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
DRUGGISTS MUST BE CHARY.

They Sell All Kinds of Hair Preparations, and Fear to Discriminate. Druggists sell all kinds of hair preparations, and as a rule they are wisely chary of giving preference to any particular one, but many of them have come out plainly for Newbro's Hairdressing, the new treatment that absolutely kills the dandruff germ. H. Swannell & Son, Champaign, Ill., say: "One customer of ours who did not have a hair on top of his head when he began to use Herpicide, now has a fair start towards a good head of hair. We believe Herpicide to be by far the best preparation of its kind on the market." Hundreds of similar testimonials from everywhere.

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. One dollar bottles guaranteed. G. W. Mahood, special agent.

J. E. Hutcherson
AUTOCHEMIST AND APERTURIST
A card sent to 517 Albert Street or an order left at 11 Waddington's or J. Henderson's Stores will receive prompt attention. Best references given.

MORE ORDERS ARE ENTERED AND BILLS RENDERED THAN THERE ARE LETTERS WRITTEN. HENCE THERE IS EVEN GREATER NECESSITY OF HAVING IN YOUR OFFICE AN UNDERWOOD BILLING TYPEWRITER THAN THERE IS OF HAVING A CORRESPONDENCE MACHINE. IT IS A MONEY-MAKER.

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
J. R. C. HOBBS,
KINGSTON.

The Moonlight Sonata.
The story runs that Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"—always so called, though he so rarely gave a descriptive name to any of his works—was composed on an occasion when he had been playing to some strange folk by chance. Walking with a friend, he overheard in a humble house someone playing with much feeling a bit of one his sonata. He paused to listen. In a moment the music ceased and a girl spoke longingly of her wish to hear some really good concert. The voice was so appealing that the composer stepped without hesitation to the door and knocked. Admitted to the wondering host, he said, "I will play for you," and played wonderfully till the lamp burned out. Then, with the moonlight filling the room, he began to improvise the mysterious, delicate breathings of the beginning of that wonderful sonata, then the tricky, off-like second part, and the glory of the close.

Dr. John T. M. Johnson, president of a Kansas city bank, writes that J. Pierpont Morgan may be induced to give \$10,000,000 to the laymen's movement for the Christianizing of the world.

The story is in circulation that Mrs. J. B. Taylor, Watertown, N.Y., only child of the late Gov. R. P. Flower, has begun an action in New York for divorce. There are three children.

Effort and grit are elements necessary to achieve success.

Prepare For Lumbago
If You Have "Nerviline" Handy One Rubbing Will Cure the Pain.
Thousands Use Nerviline.
The "strike" of lumbago is like a band of lightning—you never know when it is coming or where it is going to strike. Probably the one certain thing about lumbago is the fact that it can be cured by Nerviline—the only liniment that penetrates deeply enough to reach the congested chords and muscles.

"Years ago I strained my back and suffered considerably with weakness over the spine," writes Darius F. Millan, a well-known farmer, residing near Kingsville.

"Then lumbago attacked the weak spot, and for days at a time I would have to lie up in bed, unable to move or turn. Liniments, poultices and hot applications failed to bring the desired relief, and I was in despair of ever getting really well again. I at last decided to test 'Nerviline.' I got five bottles from the drug store and had it rubbed on three times a day. The stiffness and pain left my back quickly, and by continuing Nerviline I was completely cured of Lumbago."

This is similar testimony to that of nearly five thousand Canadians who have written unstinted words of praise to the manufacturers of Nerviline. For the cure of lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia and rheumatism there is no liniment with one-fifth the pain-relieving power of Nerviline. Large bottles, 50c.; trial size, 25c., at all dealers.