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Dear Mrs. Ladd—I am enjoying better health than I have for eight years, and I think I am entirely cured. I have none of the old symptoms. I am very grateful for my present health, and think Orange Lily is the greatest treatment for women the world knows.



I will send a sample box containing 10 days' treatment absolutely free to any suffering woman who has not yet tried it if she will send me her address.

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Is sending his representative, Mr. J. D. Adams, who is specially gifted in the art of suiting the ladies and knows their needs.

Mr. Adams will be at Randolph Hotel, Jan. 9th and 10th, (Wed. and Thurs.) with the finest stock of hair goods for ladies and gentlemen, for improving the personal appearance; toilet preparations for improving the complexion.

For ladies—Pompadors, waves, switches, etc. For gentlemen—the closest imitation of nature, the Pember toupee—at reasonable prices.

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The TABLE conceals a completely made BED ready to sleep in.

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A Piano of Merit & Quality

This beautiful William Hunter Touch player is very different from the Melodion made 40 years ago, but the quality of the William Hunter is the durability that has proven itself in 40 years' use.

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SERGEANT MCCLINTOCK.

"OVER THERE" The Thrill and the Hell of the Trenches, Described by an American Boy.

Sergeant Alexander McClintock of Lexington, Ky., and the Canadian Army Has Greeting Tale That Every American Will Read, For He Tells the Facts—Unadorned. Wounded, a Distinguished Conduct Medal Man, He Was Invalided Home, but Is Going "Out There" Again to Fight For Uncle Sam and His Allies. An Inspiring, Interesting, Personal Narrative, Full of the Spirit and Atmosphere of the Trenches.

After I had been hit I remember feeling relieved that I hadn't been hurt enough to keep me from going on with the men. I'm not trying to make myself out a hero.

No. 5. Wounded In Action.

By Sergeant Alexander McClintock, D. C. M., 57th Overseas Bati., Canadian Gren. Guards

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Sergeant McClintock, an American boy of Lexington Ky., has seen service in France, was decorated for bravery, wounded and invalided home. He is telling his story, a thrilling one, and this is the fifth article of the series.



It Seemed Almost Certain Death to Start Over in Daylight.

OUR high command apparently meant to make a sure thing of the general assault upon the Regina trench, in which we were to participate.

The Regina trench had been taken and lost three times by the British. We took it that day and held it. We went into action with 1,500 men of all ranks and came out with 600.

The big blunder and what it cost. One of the great tragedies of the war resulted from a bit of carelessness when a couple of days later the effort was made to extend our grip beyond the spot which we took in that first fight.

True patriots work for this country's future, instead of boasting about its past. Even a cheap skate may disgrace much good.

they had a good many casualties en route. They found us as comfortable as bugs in a rug except for the infernal and continuous bombing at our flank barricade.

I got so happily interested in the spread in our particular dugout that I forgot about my wound until some one reminded me that orders required me to hunt up a dressing station and get an anti-tetanus injection.

The Troublesome Machine Gun. "McClintock," said he, "I don't wish to send you to any special hazard, and so far as that goes, we're all going to get more or less of a dusting, but I want to put that machine gun which has been giving us so much trouble out of action."

I started away. He called me back. "This is going to be a bit hot, McClintock," he said, taking my hand.

After our conversation. Both he and my pal Macfarlane were shot down dead that morning.

When we saw the gun had been silenced and the crew disabled Godsal and I worked round to the right about ten yards from the shell hole where we had sheltered ourselves while throwing bombs into the emplacement.

After this fight I was sent, with other slightly wounded men, for a week's rest at the casualty station at Contay. I rejoined my battalion at the end of the week.

I Tumbled in on Top of the Four. The trench he followed us, still holding his hands up and repeating, "Mercy, kamerad!"

McClintock Badly Wounded. "Well, how you know what's the matter with us," said Williams.

The sixth article of this remarkable personal narrative will appear soon. It is entitled: No. 6—Decorated For Bravery; Home and Uncle Sam

my ears, and the detonation which instantly followed shook the slanting sides of the shell hole until dirt in little dusty rivulets came trickling down upon me.

It was about a quarter to 7 in the morning when I was hit. I lay in the shell hole until 12 in the afternoon, suffering more from thirst and cold and hunger than from pain.

As we continued toward the rear we were the targets for a number of humorous remarks from men coming up to go into the fight.

Of the last stages of my trip to Pozieres I cannot tell anything, for I arrived unconscious from loss of blood.

Too many men who run into debt don't even attempt to crawl out. Never judge a man by the size of the artist's painting.



I Tumbled in on Top of the Four.