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Deafness and noises in the head can now be most certainly cured by the newly discovered "French Orlene."

One box is ample to cure any ordinary case, and has given almost immediate relief in hundreds of cases which had been considered "hopeless."

Mr. D. Borthwick, of Dalbeattie, N.P., writes: "Your new remedy, which I received from you some time ago, has completely cured my hearing, after more than twenty years' deafness. I will be pleased to recommend it to all my friends."

Send for one of our equally good reports. Try one box today, which can be forwarded securely packed and post paid to any address upon the receipt of postal or money order for £1. There is nothing better at any price.

Address: "Orlene" Co., H. T. Richards, Watling Street, Dartford, Kent, Eng. Please mention this paper.

JOHN M. PATRICK

Sewing Machines, Umbrellas, Suit Cases, Trunks repaired and refitted, Sewing Machines, Razors honed; All makes of firearms repaired promptly. Locks repaired; Keys fitted. All makes of lawn mowers sharpened and repaired.

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HURRAH

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By Buying Fresh Fish of All Kinds at UNITED GROCERY, 138 Princess Street.

HALIBUT HADDOCK SALMON COD WHITE FISH HERRING SWEETS SHRIMPS HADDIES PELLETS KIPPERED HERRING

Deliveries to All Parts of the City.

United Grocery. 138 Princess St. Phone 247

Keys Wanted

Customers holding keys for the cabinet of silver are asked to return these at once to be fitted, so the cabinet can be awarded to the holder of the lucky key, and keys must be returned to the main store.

Best's

Popular Drug Store. Phone 59. Branch 2018

Dandruff Heads Become Hairless

If you want beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, or it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to brush or wash it out. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most-if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. It is inexpensive and four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you have. This simple remedy never fails.

KEELEY JR., M.O.D.O.

Those people (and they are many) who dread the ordeal of an eye examination are agreeably astonished to find that, as made by us, it causes no pain, discomfort, or inconvenience.

And We Use No Drugs.

Keeley Jr., M.O.D.O. 226 Princess Street

BEHIND THE LINES

The Joys and Sorrows of the Base.

III. — The Beggars of Rouen (A Contrast)

Contributed Exclusively to the Whig by A.M.I.

A beggar is a well known specimen of humanity. You can travel far and wide, and it is doubtful whether you will miss their presence. To those who have rambled through books, the type that Rouen can boast of is by no means unfamiliar. Though the years it has been preserved in its wholeness. The poor fellow you see crawling along the highways and byways by means of his hands and two stumps which were perhaps once human legs, can appeal to the imagination as a mediaeval type. A Sunday stroll around the precincts of Rouen Cathedral will give a study of types that amaze you. They seem to squat themselves down at so many paces distant from one another, and they appear to you with their eyes alone. Of course, they are very careful that you should see their particular deformities. And you marvel that they should be so varied. Perhaps that is one reason why they do not seek localities where they would have the field to themselves, and still catch the eye of the passer-by.

I wonder if by any chance they have a "bride in their deformities," and do they imagine that they get the more pity and sympathy financially, by contact with the lesser or sometimes greater deformities of their fellow unfortunates? It has occurred to me, that they glory in their profession, for most of them may be classed as professional beggars. It is known to have been a custom in European cities, amongst certain classes, to have them to become beggars. And it is not untrue to say that many children have been wilfully maimed or deformed in some way, so as to keep up—shall I say the reputation of the profession. But the class seems to be dying out. They are evolving into a much less picturesque type.

I was strolling along the Rue St. Romain, a favorite haunt of Rouen beggars, one Sunday afternoon, and the picture presented to me recalled old types of beggars that I met with in my travels through "Bookland," when my friend awoke me from my reveries.

"Some quiet beggars, these! Why, they want to go over to the other side and take lessons! Take that fellow over there minus two arms. He wants to get a placard and tell the public he was wounded in the Great War, and then he should string a lot of stuff about a wife and children starving. If they want to play the game, let them at least be up to date. But I suppose it is hopeless, as one of them will not wear off. One day I was looking in a shop window when I felt someone take me by the arm. It happened to be a blind woman. She asked me to buy some bootlaces.

"I think that it will be many years hence that Rouen beggars will take up modern methods. And then we will not see them huddled up by the walls of the churches, but rather outside the many cafes that the city can boast. We will then see the New York or Montreal type hanging around the Brasserie Paul. They might make quite a few francs around the hour of nine—when Bacchus relaxes his reins—and the contents of his subjects' purses on what might be much less praiseworthy than the twentieth century beggar.

"Well," my friend chimed in, "he would spoil the picture. That type is too modern for Rouen, but he certainly cleans up a great deal more than our poor deformed specimens of Rouen. And he gets away with it too." And I had to admit he was right.

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LINKING MALAY STATES.

Five Hundred Miles of New Road in Orient Opens in April.

By the linking up of the Federated Malay States railways (which now extend northward to the Siamese border) with the southern railway system of Siam, through rail-communication has been established from Singapore to Bangkok, a distance of nearly 500 miles. It is proposed to open the line for through passenger and freight traffic in April of next year, this length of time being required for perfecting the road-bed and securing the necessary rolling stock, which has been unobtainable owing to war conditions.

The railway from Prai, opposite the island of Penang, to the Siamese border, is the property of the Federated Malay States Government. The railway from Penang to Bangkok, however, is the property of the Siam Government, and will be operated by the Siamese Railway Department. It is intended, at the opening of the line for through traffic in April next, to commence with a weekly express service in either direction, the journey from Penang to Bangkok occupying 36 hours.

The Federated Malay States Government proposes to construct deep-water wharves at Prai for the use of ocean-going ships, and it is anticipated that as a result there will be a considerable increase of trade between Penang and Bangkok, the present railway connection shortening the distance from Bangkok to Europe by something like five days. It will also shorten the European mail service to Bangkok by causing the mails to be discharged at Penang instead of at Singapore, whence they will be forwarded by rail to Bangkok. Tourists from Singapore and Penang to Bangkok will further have the opportunity of going by train through an interesting and comparatively unknown country, and returning by boat to Singapore to continue their journey eastward.

Deer Roam Exmoor.

Even the war's needs have scarcely touched Exmoor. The uplands remain an unspoiled heirloom of the past—a place where the wearied brain of the city worker finds that the rest of open space and the free sea wind where in every direction the eye ranges over unadulating wild country fading, gold upon gold, to the blue horizon, beyond which even on the clearest days there rise only faint, cloudy outlines of the South Hills distant counties.

On this free table land it is appropriate that the wild red deer should have found in our far south-west one of the last strongholds in Britain. Over a space twenty-five miles in width and many miles in depth the antlered stags still fight for their harems as their ancestors fought before men had learned to fashion weapons of rough stone. They still belittle their prehistoric challenge, and the summit hands gather dutifully to the summons of old times.

When the stags shall have dropped their antlers for the year, and the hinds, conscious of coming maturity, shall be stealing apart to secret places amid the heather and bracken, where they will lay their precious speckled burdens down, will the whirlwind of war be over and our men be coming home again? There has been next to no hunting on Exmoor for many months now, only just enough to keep the stags down and the meets have been ill attended.

Visitors have been few, and the dwellers on Exmoor have had other things to think about. Man here easily becomes merged in his surroundings, and by one of the moving aspects that the buzzard, circling aloft on level pinions and fan-spread, barred tail, looks down upon. Unawares, with scarcely a wing-flap, the great bird patrols the sky, and to the listener below its shrill cry of all the "owls," "a-oi-oi-oi," seems to emphasize the solitude of the scene.

So, too, the croak of the rare raven, perched on some inaccessible summit above a precipitous gorge which the human foot seldom reaches, far below, sounds like the forbidding voice of the guardian spirit of the dook.

Further on, where the headland, created with jumbled crags like a devil's playground, fronts the sea, a litter of white stones mark the "stane" of which luckless seagulls and pigeons are dismembered by a peregrine.—London Times.

"Cat and Fiddle." The house that gave rise to the story that afterwards became the "Cat and Fiddle" was situated in the east end of Piccadilly, and was opened soon after that famous London street was first built. It was occupied by a Frenchwoman who, being passionately fond of her tabby, inscribed over her door the words, "Voici un chat fidèle." Hence the Londoners came to call it "Cat and Fiddle," and many other shops adopted the name.

Probs: Friday, fair and colder.

January A Month of Sales

Friday Bargains

We have already announced a long list of very special attractions that will be augmented tomorrow by

Double Discount Stamps



This special attraction, which represents a saving of 10% on all cash purchases—with our well-known lowest-in-the-city prices, should make this store a most attractive shopping centre for every Kingston woman.

Steacy's - Limited

TANK CRUISE.

Gibraltar and Greville Cross Ypres Canal Easily.

I spent a large part of yesterday with another correspondent in a Tank helping in the salvage of a crippled water Tank from the crater area. Let us call them the good ships Greville and Gibraltar—which is not their names. Both, though splashed with bullet marks from recent fighting, were staunch and sound, but Gibraltar unhappily had an accident to her steering gear, so that while she could go straight ahead she refused to obey her helm.

Having gone straight ahead as far as such a course would take her on the road towards home, she had to leave to wait for help. And to-day Greville hatched on with a 3-inch steel bawler, and with this assistance, both being under their own steam, the crippled ship got safely into port.

It was an interesting ride, for after the stretch of shell-ploughed ground we had to cross the Ypres Canal. Three years of war have made the canal a sad sight, with its battered banks, surmounted here and there with ragged shreds of trees where once was a long leafy avenue. The canal itself is cut up into small sections by a great many bridges and causeways and crossings so numerous that it is not worth while for the Germans to shell any of them. Between these obstacles a short stretch of the canal lies stagnant, half overgrown with reeds and covered with green scum, with all sorts of ugly debris thrusting up from the mud below. It is an unlovely waterway, and it is an amazing fact that Tanks can now unconcernedly tow other Tanks across it by the newly-made causeways in broad daylight.

Then we came by what had once been a country lane, where Gibraltar in some of her ungainly veerings took liberties with the remnants of the hedgerow trees. Then there was open meadow land, somewhat shell ploughed, but still green, with patches of thistles in their down and clumps of ragwort. We ignored the shell-holes and made a sad mess of the ragwort and thistles. At a bit of swampy land the monsters became amphibious and churned their way through mud and water with as little trouble as would a dogcart on macadam.

It was my first trip on something approaching battle ground inside a Tank, and it has immensely increased my admiration for them and for the men who go down in them to battle. For a summer outing a man might reasonably prefer a caravan, for they are not luxuriously appointed. But the manageability of the great beasts is wonderful, and they waddled together in nonchalance over shell-holes and hummocks and things which would make any caravan shed its tires in horror.

As we were about to start a German aeroplane came rather impudently overhead, and seemed to look at us. One of our own airmen came along and the enemy made for home, but we hoped that when he got there he would not tell his gues there was Tank salving going on and the exact place where. Apparently he did not, for apart from the noise of the guns it was a peaceful and very novel, if jolly, summer ride.

Having left our Tank in safe waters we visited poor Ypres, which grows more battered and sadder in its beauty every day.—Cor. London Times.

Occasionally a couple marry and live happily ever after—they are so numerous that they are not counted. If a man never changes his mind, he is either very right or very stubborn. Any two "whizz-bangs" together will cause a soldier to duck.

A major has the shortest temper between two meals. No one may wear more than one gas helmet on the same head. Sergeants who swear in the same manner are equal to one another. When a woman forgives a man she never allows him to forget that she forgave him.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring a circular logo with the text 'DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE' and 'BLOOD-KIDNEY PILLS'.

And We Use No Drugs. Keeley Jr., M.O.D.O. 226 Princess Street