

SNIDER SPENT \$500 WITHOUT RESULTS

Then Takes Tanlac and Health is Restored—Gains Twelve Pounds.

"I have gained back twelve pounds of my lost weight and I don't hesitate to say I believe Tanlac has saved my life," said Frank Snider of 106 Dufferin street, Toronto, recently, in one of the most remarkable statements yet published in connection with the premier preparation in Canada. Mr. Snider is a valued employee of the Chisholm Milling Company, and has lived in Toronto for sixteen years. He is also well known in London, his former home.

"I don't reckon anyone ever had a worse case of stomach trouble than I did," continued Mr. Snider. "During the past five years I went down in health and lost weight until I hardly looked like myself. During the past three years I have spent at least five hundred dollars for treatment and medicine, but kept getting worse instead of better. Several specialists told me they could do me no good and I was given to understand there was no hope for me. I could hardly digest anything properly and I suffered so after meals that I could hardly stand it. I finally got so I couldn't retain anything I would eat and for fifteen months I lived on a diet of milk and the very lightest of foods—but this also failed to help me. There was always a hurting in the pit of my stomach and pains in my sides and back around my kidneys. Sometimes I would get so dizzy while at my work that I would just pitch right over on the floor. Many a morning I have started off to work and before getting a block away would have to turn around, go back home and stay. I was off from my work the greater part of two years. Would work a few days and then be laid up for a week or two and was so weak that I could hardly get around at all. Many a night I have suffered so much from pain from the gas and bloating that I had to get up out of bed and walk the floor for hours.

"Now this is just the way I struggled along for five years and words can't describe my suffering. I tried so many things without getting any relief that I became so down-hearted and discouraged that I told my wife I guessed it was all up with me. Everything had failed to do me any good and my hopes of getting any better had almost all left me. One night while reading about Tanlac I told my wife to send and get me a bottle and it was the luckiest day of my life when I began taking it. The first few doses made me feel better, so I kept on taking it and improving until now I'm feeling better than I have in ten years. My stomach don't bother me any more now, except that it is hard for me to eat enough to satisfy my big appetite. I am free from all pain now and I haven't missed a day's work since a short time after I began taking Tanlac and I certainly do feel very grateful for what it has done for me. My wife and her sister, who lives in Kitchener, and my brother in London, are all taking Tanlac on account of the good it has done me and I will gladly tell anyone that I believe Tanlac is the greatest medicine in the world."

Tanlac is sold in Kingston by A. P. Chown.

In Plevea by Gilbert Ostler. In Battersea by C. S. Clark. In Fernleigh by Ervin Martin. In Ardoch by M. J. Scullion.

—ADVT.

The Telgmann School of Music.

Piano, violin and other stringed instruments; Elocution and Dramatic Art. Fall pupils may begin at any date. Terms on application.

216 Frontenac Street. Phone 1610.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP DRINK GLASS OF HOT WATER

Wash the poisons and toxins from system before putting more food into stomach. Says inside-bathing makes anyone look and feel clean, sweet and refreshed.

Wash yourself on the inside before breakfast like you do on the outside. This is vastly more important because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing illness, while the bowel pores do.

For every ounce of food and drink taken into the stomach, nearly an ounce of waste material must be carried out of the body. If this waste material is not eliminated day by day it quickly ferments and generates poisons, gases and toxins, which are absorbed or sucked into the blood stream through the lymph ducts which should suck only nourishment to sustain the body.

A splendid health measure is to drink, before breakfast each day, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, which is a harmless way to wash the stomach, intestines and bowels, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.



The Going of The Barrel Organ.

"There's a barrel organ carolling way down a golden street. In a city when the sun sinks low." Anybody who has read that truly wonderful masterpiece of Alfred Noyes, will feel a wrench at the news that the old barrel organ, the kind that the curly-haired, black-eyed son of the south wears picturesquely slung across his shoulder as he goes, going just as surely as time will wear out those few that are now in existence. For, old Joseph Molinari, the last of that tribe, is even more select than the Mohicans, has stopped his work of bringing useful life into the cold sides of bright brass cylinders. He has closed his little shop and with a wave of his hand and a touch of his hat, he has fled. Nobody knows where, nobody can tell where, but he has left numbers of hearts desolate. Within a few years all the barrel organs with their queer monkey keys which we occasionally hear and at which we sometimes stop and smile whimsically, will begin to wheeze and crack and sigh, and the lilting tunes of the turning crank will be no more. The sight of the organ in a red cap, capering about at the end of a chain will be obsolete and the species will lose its glamor for us. For a monkey without a grinder and an organ, and a barrel organ at that, has as much right to be seen and enjoyed as an automobile in a part of a caravan in the desert of Sahara.

They say—those who try to find a reason for the departure of old Molinari—that he left because he couldn't make any money at his work. They say that his men no longer came to buy his little organs because of better things in the way of making money. There were streets to be paved and subways to be laid and the generosity of the man with the blue print was great. But we know better. Molinari is gone to the "land where the dead dream go." Maybe it is Italy, maybe it is some other place, but Molinari could not bear the life of the present. He wanted to sing tunes into the hearts of the little boxes that the songs wouldn't come. Tears came instead. There was a world suffering from a war, the like of which had never been seen and the little organs that sang refused to be born. What's more, Molinari couldn't find Italian boys that could pass the test that led to the membership of the Knights of the Singing Road. Yes indeed, there was a test. He had to be gay of heart and lithe of spirit with a song in his heart, and a love for the open road and eager and anxious to see life. There are quite a few who could boast of those qualities now. There are very few who are willing to take the chance of the empty cup and the singing box even though that chance meant the seeing of a new page everyday in the vividly-colored book of adventures. So Molinari, tired and weary, waved his wrinkled old hand, commanded his little gent to lay down their tools and hid himself away with them.

But the old barrel organs are aware of his absence. They had been born out of the magic of his hand and they know that he is gone. They know it and they mourn for him. That's why when you hear them on the street, if you stop a while and listen close, you will hear their voices grow hoarse with sobs and their heads choke up with tears. Some day their grief will grow too great for them and they will stop to sing entirely, and the street will be empty and dull for loss of them. But many people won't understand and call them worn out and sell them for old brass.

But maybe—and this is a wish as much as a prophecy—maybe some day, after the war is over, Molinari may come back or maybe he will send somebody in his place. And then, we'll hear again the barrel organ carolling way down a golden street, "In the city when the sun sinks low."

Consider the Teacher.

Be fair to your teacher, and be frank with him; let him know your state of mind, your doubts and misgivings. When you feel you would like or need a change of teacher, have the courage to tell your present instructor; it will save him and you distress, and will do away with many ill-natured reflections. Demand a square deal and be sure to grant one.

"The Gay Bassoon"

In "The Ancient Mariner" Coleridge speaks of the "gay bassoon." Owing to a peculiar squawk in some of its tones the bassoon sometimes is funny and can be used with humorous effect, but never, with any stretch of the imagination, could it be called gay or abandoned. There is also a contrabassoon, which is of even lower register than the bassoon itself. It is a large instrument, and if you see a very large pipe protruding above the orchestra, with such a lavish outfit of nickel joints and other trimmings that it reminds you of a section of sanitary plumbing, you are gazing upon the contrabassoon. The English horn, bass clarinet, contrabassoon, and piccolo (a small shrill flute) are additions to the regular wood wind quartette. With the original quartette of woodwind instruments they enable a composer to use the wood-choir in various combinations with itself and to produce a variety of exquisite tone colors. The voice of the wood-choir as a whole is exceedingly rich and tender, breathing romance and gentle melancholy.

From Rage To Symphonies

A humorist's definition of a fugue is: "A fugue is a musical composition where the voices come in one by one, and the people go out one by one."

His reason for taking a special interest in Symphonies is explained by a music lover in the fact that the

Music in the Time

great composers always "put their best foot forward" in composing a work of that nature. The beauty and majesty of a Symphony lies in the fact that it is not one idea or mood but several, because it is divided into movements each of which is a complete musical number in itself and may be played detached from the others.

A well known supervisor of music asked a class during the course of a history of music test "what part did Martin Luther play in the history of church music?" A resourceful boy called out "The flute, Sir."

Curiously enough when Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" was first produced in Milan in 1904 the Italian people did not at first take kindly to the Japanese setting. Eventually it became one of the most successful of modern operas not only in Italy, but in Europe and America an considered Puccini's greatest work.

NINE BOILS Kept Coming on Neck One After the Other

Anyone who has ever suffered from boils, knows how sick and miserable they make you feel. When you think you are about cured of one, another seems ready to take its place and prolong your wretchedness. All the poulticing and lancing you may do will not cure them and stop more coming.

Boils are simply bad blood bursting out, and the bad blood must be made pure before the boils disappear.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the greatest blood purifier known. It cleanses the system and removes every particle of foul material from the blood, then never another boil comes and the cure is permanent.

Mr. Geo. Ayers, 302 Gloucester St., Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I wish to tell you what I know about your wonderful Burdock Blood Bitters. In the spring I suppose my system needed a cleaning out, for I had nine boils come on my neck one after the other. I quickly got a bottle of B.B.B., and before it was half finished I felt a great change, and it certainly put an end to my boils, otherwise I might have had a lot more. I recommend B.B.B. to all I can, for I know it to be a great remedy."

Save Your Coal THE SOWARDS COAL CO. Phone 155.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You. Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become over-worked, get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will be set to work. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with bicarbonate of soda, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

Virtue becomes a vice as soon as you begin to boast of it. The man who foots the bills always has a kick coming.

And make it squeak as softly as a tiny little mouse; And then he'll jerk out something With a movement of the hand, And make you think you're listening To a military band. He plays it with his fingers, and He plays it with his toes, And if he really wanted to He'd play it with his nose. He's sliding up and down the bench, He's working with his knees, He's dancing round with both his feet As lively as you please. I always like to take a seat Where I can see him go; Curiously enough when Puccini's "Madame Butterfly" was first produced in Milan in 1904 the Italian people did not at first take kindly to the Japanese setting. Eventually it became one of the most successful of modern operas not only in Italy, but in Europe and America an considered Puccini's greatest work.

The following is what might be termed a good cartoon in words "The Organist" from the pen of Geo. W. Stevens in the Toledo Times: "Wonder how the organist can do so many things: He's getting ready long before The choir stands up and sings; He's pressing buttons, pushing stops; He's pulling here and there, And testing all the working parts While listening to the prayer, He runs a mighty big machine, It's full of funny things; A mass of boxes, pipes, and tubes And sticks and slats and strings; There's little whistles for a cent, In rows and rows and rows; I'll bet there's twenty miles of tube As large as garden hose. There's scores as large as stovepipes, And there's lots so big and wide. That several little boys I know Could play around inside: From little bits of pebbles, That hardly make a toot, There's every size, up to the great Big elevator chute. The organist knows every one, And how they ought to go; He makes them rumble like a storm, Or plays them sweet or low; At times you think them very near, At times they're soaring high, Like angel voices, singing far Off, somewhere in the sky. For he can take this structure that's As big as any house.

Art of Piano Teaching. Piano teaching as an art has made great strides in the last few decades, especially in the branch of psychophysical analysis. Merely trying to establish habits by the look of the movement was the old way. The new way is to study their sensations. Trenchant and destructive criticism by teachers who were not content to work along these old lines, who could logically and scientifically prove their methods, has contributed in no small measure to the great advancement in the art of teaching.

Many great artists have hopelessly floundered in their attempts to convey a clear idea of touch to their pupils. These pupils, if they learned at all, despite their chaotic concepts, did so by parrot-like imitation. The gigantic and monumental technique demanded of a modern pianist makes it imperative that he be intimately acquainted with the underlying principles that govern his art. When these are mastered and crystallized into habit, the pianist is enabled to command infinite varieties of muscular sensations and adjustments, with corresponding tone qualities and speeds at will.

These constantly varying mental muscular discriminations and states are invisible, and yet the competent teacher is instantly able to detect a restrained motion or harmful muscular association caused thereby; the faulty rhythm and indefinite tone qualities usually being the first indication. Many players study for years with faulty muscular conditions, and realize it only when their hands and arms give out through the unnecessary strain put upon them.

The Other Side of War.

You wouldn't think that men would go to war to learn how to be kind, but they do. There's no kinder creature in the whole wide world than the average Tommy. He makes a friend of any stray animal he can find. He shares his last franc with a chap who isn't his pal. He risks his life quite inconspicuously to rescue anyone who's wounded. When he's gone over the top with bomb and bayonet for the express purpose of "doing in" the Hun, he makes a comrade of the Fritz he captures. You'll see him coming down the battered trenches with some scared lad of a German at his side. He's gabbling away making throat noises and signs, smiling and doing his inarticulate best to be intelligible. He pats the Hun on the back, hands him chocolate and cigarettes, exchanges souvenirs and shares with him his last luxury. If anyone interferes with his Fritz he's willing to fight. When they come to the cage where the prisoner has to be handed over, the fellows of these companions whose acquaintance has been made at the bayonet point are often as absurd as they are affecting. I suppose one only learns the value of kindness when he feels the need of it himself. The men out there have said "Good-by" to everything they loved, but they've got to love some one so they give their affections to captured Fritzes, stray dogs, fellows who've collected a piece of a shell—in fact, to anyone who's a little worse off than themselves.—Coningsby Dawson, Lieutenant Canadian Field Artillery, in Good House-keeper.

YE OLDE FIRME Heintzman & Co. Art Piano Because it is better made, better in every essential than any other piano, the Heintzman & Co. Art Piano has earned the title "World's Best Piano." So marked is this superiority, so perfect its tone, its action, and every detail of its construction, that even the novice needs only to examine it to be convinced that it has no equal. It has taken 65 years of continuous effort on the part of three generations of Heintzmans to attain for this piano its proud position. C. W. Lindsay Limited, Kingston, Ont.

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