White Shadows In The South Seas

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By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

XIV.--Man-Eating Sharks in Hanavave

How the Natives Catch the Monsters and How Red Chicken, Wounded by a Sword Fish, Was Cured by a Native Doctor.

Grelet said that the conch I had heard at night sounding off Oomoa must have been in a canoe or whale-boat bound for Hanavave, a valley a dozen miles away over the mountains, but only an hour or so by sea. It might have brought a message of interest, or perhaps would be a conveyance to my own valley, so in mid-forenoon we launched Grelet's whale-boat for a journey to Hanavave.

Eight men carried the large boat from its shelter to the water, slung on two short thick poles by loops of rope through holes in prow and stern. It was as graceful as a swan, floating in the edges of the breakers. Driving it through the surf was cautious, skilful work, at which Grelet was a master. Haupupuu, who built the boat, a young man with the features of Bonaparte and a blase expression, was at the bow, and three other Marquesans, with two Paumotan boys, handled the oars. There was no wind and they rowed all the way spurting often for love of excitement.

We skirted a coast of almost vertical cliffs crowned by cocoas, the faces of the rock black or covered above the waterline with vines and plants, green and luxuriant. Long stretches of white curtain and hugh pictures in curious outlines were painted on the sable cliffs by incrusted salt.

There were half a dozen indentations in the bleak and rugged coast, each a little valley guarded by cliffs on both sides, the natural obstacle to neighborliness that made enemies of the clans. Inhabitants of plains are usually friendly. Mountains make feuds.

We passed the valley of Hana Ui, inhabited when Grelet came, and full of rich cotton-fields, now a waste with never a soul in it. We passed Eue, Utea, Tetio, Nanifepoto, Hana, Puaea and Mata Utuoa, all empty of the living; graveyards and deserted paepaes. Thousands made merry in them when the missionaries first recorded their numbers.

Near Matu Utuoa was a great natural bridge, under which the ocean rushed in swirling currents, foam, and spray. Turning a shoulder of the cliff, we entered the Bay of Virgins and were confronted with the titanic architecture of Hanavave. Alps in ruins, once coral reefs and now thrust up ten thousand feet above the sea. Fantastic headlands, massive towers, obelisks, pyramids, and needles were an extravaganza in rock, monstrous and portentous. Towering structures hewn by water and wind from the basalt mass of the island rose like colossi along the entrance to the bay; beyond, a glimpse of great black battlements framed a hugh crater.

A dangerous bay in the lee wind with a bad holding-ground. We manoeuvered for ten minutes to land, but the shelving beach of black stone with no rim of sand proved a puzzle even to Grelet. We reached the stones again and again, only to be torn away by the racing tide. At last we all jumped into the surf and swam ashore, except one man who anchored the whale-boat before following us.

The canoe that had sounded the conch off Oomoa was lying on the shale, and those who came in it were on the stones cooking breadfruit. The village, half a dozen rude straw shacks, stretched along a rocky stream. Beyond it, in a few acres enclosed by a fence, were a tiny church, two wretched wooden cabins, a tumbling kiosk, five or six old men and women squatting on the ground amid a flock of dogs and cats. This was the Catholic mission, tumbled-down and decayed, unpainted for years, overgrown by weeds, marshy and muddy, passing to oblivion like the race to which it ministered.

Grelet and I found Pere Olivier sweeping out the church, cheerful, humming a cradle-song of the French peasants. He was glad to see us, though my companion was avowedly a pagar. Dwelling alone here with his dying charges, the good priest could not but feel a common bond with any white man, whoever he might be.

The kiosk, to which he took us, proved to be Pere Oliver's eating-place, dingy, tottering, and poverty-striken, furnished with a few cracked and broken dishes and rusty knives and forks, the equipment of a miner or sheep-herder. Pere Olivier apologized for the meagre fare, but we did well enough, with soup and a tin of boiled beef, breadfruit, and feis.

I led the talk to the work of the mission.

"We have been here thirty-five years," said Pere Olivier, "and I, thirty. Our order first tried to establish a church at Oomoa, but failed. You have seen there a stone foundation that supports the wild vanilla vines? Frere Fesal built that, with a Raratonga islander who was a good mason. The two cut the stones and shaped them. The valley of Oomoa was drunk. Rum was everywhere, the palm namu was being made all the time, and few people were ever sober. There was a Hawaiian Protestant missionary there, and he was not good friends with Frere Fesal. There was no French authority at Oomoa, and the strongest man was the law. The whalers were worse than the natives, and hated the missionaries. One day when the valley was crazed, a native killed the Raratonga man. You will find the murderer living on Tahuata now. Frere Fesal buried his assistant, and fled here.

"That date was about the last Hanavave suffered from cannibalism and extreme sorcery. The taua, the pagan priest, was still powerful, however, and his gods demanded victims. The men here conspired with the men of Hanahouua to descend on Oi, a little village by the sea between here and Oomoa. They had guns of a sort, for the whalers had brought old and rusty guns to trade with the Marquesans for wood, fruit, and fish. Frere Fesal learned of the conspiracy, but the men were drinking rum, and he was helpless. The warriors went stealthily over the mountains and at night lowered themselves from the cliffs with ropes made of the fau. There were only thirty people left in Oi, and the enemy came upon them in the dark like the wolf. Only one man escaped—. There he is now, entering the mission."

He stood in the rickety doorway and called, "Tutaiei, come here!" An old and withered man approached, one-eyed, the wrinkles of his face and body abscuring the blue patterns of tattooing, a shrunken, but hideous, scar making a hairless patch on one side of his head.

"I was on the beach pulling up my canoe and taking out the fish I had speared," said this wreck of a man. "Half the night was spent, and every one was asleep except me. We were a little company, for they had killed and eaten most of us, and others had died of the white man's curse. In the night I heard the cries of the Hanavave and Hanahouua men who had lowered themselves down the precipice and were using their war-clubs on the sleeping.

"I was one man. I could do nothing but die, and I was full of life. In the darkness I smashed with a rock all the canoes on the beach save mine. In my ears were the groans of the dying, and the war-cries. I saw the torches coming. I put the fish back in my canoe, and pushed out.

"They were but a moment late, for I have a hole in my head into which they shot a nail, and I have this crack in my head upon which they flung a stone. They could not follow me, for there were no canoes left. I paddled to Oomoa after a day, during which I did what I have no memory of."

"They had guns?" I asked him.

"They had a few guns, but they used in them nails or stones, having no balls of metal. Their slings were worse. I could sling a stone as big as a mango and kill a man, striking him fair on the head, at the distance those guns would shoot. We made our slings of the bark of the cocoanut-tree, and the stones, polished by rubbing against each other, we carried in net about the waist."

"But if that stone broke your head, why did you not die?"

"A tatihi fixed my head. The nail in my leg he took out with a loop of hair, and cured the wound."

"Did you not lie in wait for those murderers?"

Tutaiei hemmed and cast down his eye.

"The French came then with soldiers and made it so that if I killed any one, they killed me; the law, they call it. They did nothing to those warriors because the deed was done before the French came. I waited and thought. I bought a gun from a whaler. But the time never came.

"All my people had died at their hands. Six heads they carried back to feast on the brains. They ate the brains of my wife. I kept the names of those that I should kill. There was Kiihakia, who slew Moariniu, the blind man; Nakahania, who killed Hakaie., husband of Tepeiu; Niana, who cut off the head of Tahukea, who was their daughter and my woman; Veautetau should die for Takiahokaani, who was young and beautiful, who was the sister of my woman, I waited too long, for time took them all, and I alone survive of the people of Oi, or of those who killed them."

"The vendetta between valleys—called umuhuke, or the Vengeance of the Oven—thus wiped out the people of Oi," commented Pere Olivier. "The skulls were kept in banian-trees, or in the houses. Frere Fesal started the mission here and built that little church. There were plenty of people to work among. But now, after thirty years I have been here, they are nearly finished. They have no courage to go on, that is all. C'est un pays sans l'avenir. The family of the dying never weep. They gather to eat the feast of the dead, and the crying is a rite, no more. These people are tired of life."

It was Stevenson who thought that "the calling of the most healthful, if not the most humane, of field sports—hedge warfare—" had much to do with depopulation. Either horn of the dilemma is dangerous to touch. It is unthinkable, perhaps, that white conquerors should have allowed the Marquesans to follow their own customs of warfare. But changes in the customs of every race must come from within that race or they will destroy it. The essence of life is freedom.

Any one who has read their past and knows them now must admit that the Marquesans have not been improved in morality by their contact with the whites. Alien customs have been forced upon them. And they are dying for lack of expression, nationally and individually. Disease, of course, is the weapon that kills them, but it finds its victims ungarded by hope or desire to live, willing to meet death half way, the grave a haven.

Grelet returned to Oomoa in the whale-boat, but I remained in Hanavave for the fishing. My presence had stimulated the waning interest of the few remaining Marquesans, and outside the Bay of Virgins, where we the handful of young men and women went with me often to the sea lay in the blazing sunshine having great sport with spear or hook and line.

We speared a dozen kinds of fish, specially the cuttlefish and sunfish, the latter more for fun and practice than food. They are huge masses, these pig-like tailless clowns among the graceful families of the ocean, with their small mouths and clumsy-looking bodies, but they made a fine target at which to launch harpoon or spear from the dancing bow of a canoe. Keeping one's balance is the finest art of the Marquesan fisherman, and he will stand firm while the boat rises and falls, rolls and pitches, his body swaying and balancing with the nice adjustment that is second nature to him. It is an art that should be learned in childhood. Many were the splashes into the salt sea that fell to my lot as I practised it, one moment standing alert with poised spear in the sunlight, the next over-whelmed with the green water, and striking out on the surface again amid the joyous, unridiculing laughter of my merry companions.

Wearying of the spear, we trolled for swordfish with hook and line, or used the baitless hook to entice the sportful albicore, or dolphin, whose curving black bodies splashed the sea about us. A piece of mother-of-pearl about six inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide was the lure for him. Carefully cut and polished to resemble the body of a fish, there was attached to it on the concave side a barb of shell or bone about an inch or an inch and a half in length, fastened by faufee fibre, with a few hog's bristles inserted. The line was drove through the hole where the barb was fastened and, being braided along the inner side of the pearl shank, was tied again at the top, forming a chord to the arch. Thus when the beguiled dolphin took the hook and strained the line, he secured himself more firmly on the barb.

This is the best fish-hook, as it is perhaps the oldest, ever invented, and I have found it in many parts of the South Seas, but never more artfully made than here on Hanavave. It needs no bait, and is a fascinating sight for the big fish, who hardly ever discover the fraud until too late.

The line was attached to a bamboo cane about fifteen feet long, and standing in the stern of the canoe, I handled this rod, allowing the hook to touch the water, but not to sink. Behind me my companions, in their red and yellow pareus, pushed the boat through the water with gentle strokes of their oars. When I saw a fish approaching, they became active, the canoe raced across the sparkling sea, and the hook, as it skimmed along the surface, looked for all the world like a flying fish, the bristles simulating the tail. Soon the hastening dolphin fell upon it, and then came the tug-of-war, bamboo pole straining and bending, the line now taut, now relaxing, as the fish lunged, and the paddlers watching with cries of excitement until he was hauled over the side, wet and flopping, a feast for half a dozen.

One never-to-be-forgotten afternoon we ran unexpectedly upon a whole school of dolphins a few miles outside the bay, and before the sun sank I had brought from the sea twenty-six large fish. Some of these were magnificent food-fish, weighing 150 to 200 pounds. We had to send for two canoes to help bring in this miraculous draught, and all the population of the valley rejoiced in the supply of fresh and appetizing food.

The Marquesan methods of fishing are not so varied today as when their valleys were filled with happy people delighting in all forms of exercise and prowess and needing the fish to supplement a scanty diet. For many weeks before I came, they said, no man had gone fishing. There were so few natives that the trees supplied them all with enough to eat, and the melancholy Marquesan preferred to sit and meditate upon his paepae rather than to fish, except when appetite demanded it. There is a polynesian word that means "hungry for fish," and today it is only when this word rises to their tongues or thoughts that they go eagerly to the sea or to the tooth-like base of the cliffs.

Often we took large quantities of fish among these caves and rocks by capturing them in bags, using a wooden fan as weapon. The sport called for a cool head, marvelous lungs, and skill. It was extremely dangerous, as the sharks were numerous where fish were plentiful, and the angler must needs be under the water, in the shark's own domain.

The best hand and head for this sport in all Hanavave was a girl, Kikaaki, a name which means Miss Impossibility. She was not handsome, save with the beauty of youth and abounding health, but her wide mouth and bright eyes were intelligent and laughter-loving.

Starting early in the morning, we would go to the edge of the bay, where the coral rises from the ocean floor in fantastic shapes and builds strange grottoes and cells at the feet of the basalt rocks. While I held the canoe, Miss Impossibility would remove her shapeless calico wrapper, and attired only in scarlet pareu, her hair piled high on her head and tied with the white filet of the cocoanut-palm, she would go overboard in one curving dive, a dozen feet or more beneath the sea.

When the water was quiet and shadowed by the cliffs, I could see her through its green translucence, swimming to the coral lairs of the fish that gleamed in the reflected, penetrating sunlight. Walking on the sandy bottom, a hand net of straw in one hand, and a stick shaped like a fan in the other, she would cover a crevice with the net and with the fan urge the fish into it.

Foolish as was their conduct, the fish appeared to be deceived by the lure, or made helpless by fear for they streamed into the receptacle as Miss Impossibility beat the water or the coral. She would have seemed to me well named had I never seen her at the sport.

She would usually stay beneath the water a couple of minutes, rising with her catch to rest for a moment or two with her hand on the edge of the boat, breathing deeply, before she went down again. Losing sight of her among the underwater caves one day, I waited for what semed an eternity. I cannot say how long she was gone, for as the time lengthened seconds became minutes and minutes and hours, while I was torn between diving after her and remaining ready for emergency in the boat. When at last she came to the surface, she was nearly dead with exhaustion, and I had to lift her into the canoe. She said her hair had been caught in the branching coral, and that she had been barely able to wrench it free before her strength was gone.

I went down with her several times, but could not master the art of entrapping the fish, and was overcome with fear when I had entered one of the dark caves and heard a terrible splashing nearby as if a shark had struck the coral in attempting to enter my hazardous refuge.

Even Miss Impossibility had not the courage to face a shark; yet every time she dived she risked meeting one. Red Chicken had killed one at this very spot a few weeks earlier. The danger even to a man armed with a knife was that the shark would obstruct exit from a cave, or come upon him suddenly from behind.

"Aue!" said Red Chicken, one day. "You have never seen a man fight the mako? Epo! Tomorrow we shall show you."

On the following day when the sun was shining brightly, several of us went in a canoe to a place beneath the cliffs haunted by the sharks, and there prepared to snare one. A rope of hibiscus was made fast to a jagged crag, and a noose at the other end was held by Red Chicken, who stood on the edge of a great boulder eagerly watching while others strewed pig's entrails in the water to entice a victim from the dark caves.

At length a long gray shape slid from the shadows and wavered below our feet. Instantly Red Chicken slipped from the rock, slid noiselessly beneath the water, and slipped the noose over the shark's tail before it knew that he was nearby. The others, whose hands were on the rope, tightened it on the instant, and with a yell of triumph hauled the lashing, fighting demon upon the rocks, where he struggled gasping until he died.

There was still another way of catching sharks, Red Chicken said, and being now excited with the sport and eager to show his skill, he insisted upon displaying it for my benefit, though I who find small pleasure in vicarious danger, would have dissuaded him. For this exploit we must row to the coral caves, where the man-eating fish stay often lying lazily in the grottoes, only their heads protruding into the sun-lit water.

Here we manoeuvered until the long, evil-looking snout was seen; then Red Chicken went quietly over the side of the canoe, descended beside the shark and tapped him sharply on the head. The fish turned swiftly to see what teased him, and in the same split-second of time, over his fluke went the noose, and Red Chicken was up and away, while his companions on a nearby cliff pulled in the rope and killed the shark with spears in shallow water. Red Chicken said that he had learned this art from a Samoan, whose people were cleverer killers of sharks than the Marquesans. It could be done only when the shark was full-fed, satisfied, and lazy.

I had seen the impossible, but I was to hear a thing positively incredible. While Red Chicken sat breathing deeply in the canoe, filled with pride at my praises, and the others were contriving means of carrying home the shark meat, I observed a number of fish swimming around and through the coral caves, and jumped to the conclusion that from their presence Red Chicken had deduced the well-filled stomachs and thoroughly satisfied appetite of the shark. Red Chicken replied, however, that they were a fish never eaten by sharks, and offered an explanation to which I listened politely, but with absolute unbelief. Imagine with what surprise I found Red Chicken's tale repeated in a book that I read some time later when I had returned to libraries.

"There is a fish, the Diodon antennatus, that gets the better of the shark in a curious manner. He can blow himself up by taking in air and water, until he becomes a bloated wretch instead of the fairly decent thing that he is in his normal moments. He can bite, he can make a noise with his jaws, and can eject water from his mouth to some distance. Besides all this, he erects papillae on his skin like thorns, and secrets in the skin of his belly a carmine fluid that makes a permanent stain. Despite all these defences, if the shark is fool enough to heed no warning and to eat Diodon, the latter puffs himself up and eats his way clean through the shark to liberty, leaving the shark riddled and leaky, and, indeed, dead."

Should this still be doubted, my new authority is Charles Darwin.

After his display of skill and daring—and, as I thought, vivid imagination—Red Chicken became my special friend and guide, and on one occasion it was our being together, perhaps, saved his life, and afforded me one of the most thrilling moments of my own.

He and I had gone in a canoe after nightfall to spear fish outside the Bay of Virgins. Night fishing has its attractions in these trophics, if only for the freedom from severe heat, the glory of the moonlight or starlight, and the waking dreams that come to one upon the sea, when the canoe rests tranquil, the torch blazes, and the fish swim to meet the harpoon. The night was moonless, but the sea was covered with phosphorescence, sometimes a glittering expanse of light, and again black as velvet except where our canoe moved gently through a soft and glamorous surface of sparkling jewels. A night for a lover, a lady, and a lute.

Our torch of cocoanut-husks and reeds, seven feet high, was fixed at the prow, so that it could be lifted up when needed to attract the fish or better to light the canoe. Red Chicken, in a scarlet pareu fastened tightly about his loins, stood at the prow when we had reached his favorite spot off a point of land, while I, with a paddle, noiselessly kept the canoe as stationary as possible.

Light is a lure for many creatures of land and sea and sky. The moth and the owl whirl about a flame; the seabird dashes its body against the bright glass of the lonely tower; wild deer come to see what has disturbed the dark of the forest, and fish of different kinds leap at a torch. Red Chicken put a match to ours when we were all in readiness. The brilliant gleam cleft the darkness and sent across the blackness of the water a beam that was a challenge to the curiosity of the dozing fish. They hastened toward us, and Red Chicken made meat of those who came within the radius of his harpoon, so that within an hour or two our canoe was heaped with half a dozen kinds.

Far off in the path of the flambeau rays I saw the swordfish leaping as they pursued small fish or gamboled for sheer joy in the luminous air. They seemed to be in pairs. I watched them lazily, with academic interest in their movements, until suddenly one rose a hundred feet away, and in his idle caper in the air I saw a bulk so immense and a sword of such amazing size that the thought of danger struck me dumb.

He was twenty-five feet in length, and had a dorsal fin that stood up like the sail of a small boat. But even these dimensions cannot convey the feeling of alarm his presence gave me. His next leap brought him within forty feet of us. I recalled a score of accidents I had seen, read, and heard of; fishermen stabbed, boats rent, steel-clad ships pierced through and through.

Red Chicken held the torch to observe him better, and shouted:

"Apau! Look out! Paddle fast away!"

I needed no urging. I dug into the glowing water madly, and the sound of my paddle on the side of the canoe might have been heard half a mile away. It served no purpose. Suddenly half a dozen of the swordfish began jumping about us, as if stirred to anger by our torch. I called to Red Chicken to extinguish it.

He had seized it to obey when I heard a splash and the canoe received a terrific shock. A tremendous bulk fell upon it. With a sudden swing I was hurled into the air and fell twenty feet away. In the water I heard a swish, and glimpsed the giant espadon as he leaped again.

I was unhurt, out feared for Red Chicken. He had cried out as the canoe went under, but I found him by the outrigger, trying to right the craft. Together we succeeded, and when I had ousted some of the water, Red Chicken crawled in.

"Papaoufaa! I am wounded slightly," he said, as I assisted him. "The Spear of the Sea has thrust me through."

The torch was lost, but I felt a big hole in the calf of his right leg. Blood was pouring from the wound. I made a tourniquet of a strip of my pareu and, with a small harpoon, twisted it until the flow of blood was stopped. Then, guided by him, I paddled as fast as I could to the beach, on which there was little trouble in landing as the bay was smooth.

Red Chicken did not utter a complaint from the moment of his first outcry, and when I roused others and he was carried to his house, he took the pipe handed him and smoked quietly.

"The Aavehie was against him," said an old man. Aavehie is the god of fishermen, who was always propitiated by intending anglers in the polytheistic days, and who still had power.

There was no white doctor on the island, nor had there been one for many years. There was nothing to do but call the tatihi, or native doctor, an aged and shriveled man whose whole body was an intricate pattern of tattooing and wrinkles. He came at once, and with his claw-like hands cleverly drew together the edges of Red Chicken's wound and gummed them in place with the juice of the ape, a bulbous plant like the edible taro. Red Chicken must have suffered keenly, for the ape juice is exceedingly caustic, but he made no protest, continuing to puff the pipe. Over the wound the tatihi applied a leaf, and bound the whole very carefully with a bandage of tapa cloth folded in surgical fashion.

About the mat on which Red Chicken lay the elders of the village congregated in the morning to discuss the accident and tell tales while the pipe circulated. One had seen his friend pierced through the chest by a swordfish and instantly killed. Numerous incidents of their canoes being sunk by these savage Spears of the Sea were recited by the wise men who, with no books to bother them or written records to dull their memories, preserved the most minute recollections of important events of the past.

"Our fathers never went fishing until they had implored the favor of the gods," said Red Chicken. "I am a Catholic, but it may be the sea is so old, older than Christ, that the devils there obey the old gods we used to worship. If that largest Spear of the Sea that we saw had attacked me or our boat, he would have killed us and sunk the canoe, for he was four fathoms long, and his weapon was as tall as I am."

The tatihi nodded his head gravely. His soul was still in the keeping saw in Red Chicken's wound the vengeance of the unappeased Aavehie.

I was amazed to find that Red Chicken had no fever, and was recovering rapidly. Without modern medicine or knowledge of it, the tatihi had healed the sufferer, and I drew him on to talk of his skill.

His surgical knowledge was excellent; he knew the location of the vital organs quite accurately from frequent cutting up of bodies for eating. He had treated successfully broken bones, spear-wounds through the body, holes knocked in skulls by the vicious, egg-sized slingstones. If the skull was merely cracked, with no smashing of the bone, he drilled holes at the end of each crack to prevent further cleavage and, replacing the skin he had folded back, bound the head with cooling leaves and left nature to cure the break. If there was pressure on the brain or a part of the skull was in bits, his custom was to remove all these and, trimming the edges of the hole in the brainpan, to fit over it a neat disk of cocoanut-shell, return the scalp, and nurse the patient to health.

He had known of cases when injured brain matter was replaced with pig-brains, but admitted that the patient in such cases became first violently angry and then died. Lancing boils and abscesses with thorns had been his former habit, but he favored a nail for the purpose powadays.

Fearing lest fever should attack Red Chicken, he had prepared a decoction from the hollow joints of the bamboo, which he administered in frequent doses from a cocoanut-shell. It was milk-white, and became translucent in water, like that beautiful variety of opal, the hypdrophane. There was a legend, said the tatihi that the knowledge of this medicine had been gleaned from a dark man who had come on a ship many years before, and with this clue I recognized it as tabasheer, a febrifuge long known in India.

A fire had been built outside the straw hovel in which Red Chicken lay, and stones were heating in it, so that if milder medicine did not avail the patient might be laid on a pile of blazing stones covered with protecting leaves, and swathed in clothes until perspiration conquered fever. The patient would then be rushed to the sea or river and plunged into cold water.

But this procedure was not necessary, Red Chicken got well rapidly, and in a few days was walking about as usual, though with a thoughtful look in his eye that promised a soul-struggle with Pere Olivier, whose new gods had not protected the fisherman against the gods of the sea.

WHY ANAEMIA PREVAILS

The Strenuous Conditions of Life To-day Are Responsible.

Mothers who remark that girls to-day are more prone to anaemia than the girls of a generation ago, should look back at the surroundings in which they and their companions lived. They would easily see the reason in life's altered circumstances to-day.

Now the school-girl's life is more strenuous; her more numerous studies are a severe tax upon her strength. Also, girls enter business soon after leaving school —at an age when they most need rest and outdoor life. Their womanly development is hampered by the stress of working hours, hurried and often scanty meals. Girls are more liable to bloodlessness to-day, but there is this consolation that, whereas doctors formerly regarded anaemia as often incurable, the cures are now counted in tens of thousands. Such medicines as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored to good health thousands of weak, anaemic girls and women, simply because they contain the elements necessary to make new, rich, red blood which means good health and vitality.

When your daughter's strength fails and pallor, breathlessness and backache disclose her anaemic condition, remember that you can make her well and assure her healthy development by giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make good, red blood. Remember, too, that for women of all ages Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially helpful in the many ailments that result from watery blood. They make women and girls well and keep them well. This is amply proved by the case of Miss Eva MacKinnon, Glammis, Ont., who says: "As a school girl I grew very pale and would take dizzy spells and sometimes vomiting. My condition was such that I was not able to attend school regularly, and my mother was very much worried about my condition. Finally she decided to give me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I took these for a considerable time, gradually gaining strength until I was perfectly well. It is some years since I took the pills and I have enjoyed the best of health, and I am certain pale, sickly girls will find new health if they give Dr. Williams Pink Pills a fair trial."

You can procure Dr. Williams Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or they will be sent you by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Rich Beyond Dreams.

Now that German East Africa is purged of the horror of German colonization, there is talk of a systematic search for the real King Solomon's mines.

The Portuguese believed that Ophir, from which came the vast treasure of gold for the temple at Jerusalem, was situated in this country, and it is a fact that some years ago Dr. Carl Peters formed a company to finance such a search.

Ophir has been lost to the world for thousands of years, but its mines were rich beyond dreams. In the Bible we are told that there were brought to Solomon from Ophir first 420 and then 450 talents of gold. Seeing that a talent was worth $30,000, here was a trifle of $26,000,000.

W. D. Wilson, chief inspector under the New Brunswick Prohibition Act since 1917, has resigned.

The Belgian coal strike in the central districts has been called off.

CHRONIC CATARRH

Follows Repeated Colds When Blood Is Impure.

Your body suffering from a cold does not properly attend to digestion and elimination. As a result your blood becomes impure, it inflames the mucous membrane and brings about that condition in which chronic catarrh occurs and on which it depends.

Purify your blood, make it clean, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and if your bowels are not healthfully active, take Hood's Pills. These medicines have relieved and prevented thousands of cases of chronic catarrh. Economy is one of the strong points of Hood's Sarsaparilla —100 doses in a bottle. Why not get it to-day?

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Gives Relief From Rheumatism

Cases of chronic or muscular rheumatism are very much benefitted by the application of Chamberlain's Liniment. Massage the parts well with the liniment before going to bed and the relief and sleep you enjoy will be worth many times the cost.

35c. and 65c.

LINIMENT

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