

SUFFERED YEARS WITH ECZEMA

"Fruit-a-lives" Cleared Her Skin

POINTE St. PIERRE, P.Q.

"I suffered for three years with terrible Eczema. I consulted several doctors and they did not do me any good.

Then, I used one box of "Sootha-Salva" and two boxes of "Fruit-a-lives" and my hands are now clear. The pain is gone and there has been no return.

I think it is marvelous because no other medicine did me any good until I used "Sootha-Salva" and "Fruit-a-lives", the wonderful medicine made from fruit.

MADAM PETER LAMARRE.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

GET IT REPAIRED

Sewing Machines, Phonographs, Guns, Rifles repaired and retined. Parts supplied. Sewing Sleds, knives, scissors and edge tools ground. Locks repaired. Keys fitted to all kinds of locks. All makes of Lawn Mowers sharpened and repaired. We can repair anything that is repairable.

J. M. PATRICK

140 Sydenham Street, Kingston Phone 20543.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

A change will be made in Passenger Train Schedules on SUNDAY, APRIL 30th, 1922.

Standard Time, not so-called Daylight Saving Time, will continue to be used for schedules of all trains on the Grand Trunk Railway System.

For particulars apply to J. P. Hanley, C.P. and T.A., G.T. Ry., Kingston, Ontario.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS

St. Lawrence Route, Season 1922 Sailing Lists Now Ready

C. S. Kirkpatrick

Agent - 24 Clarence Street

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

A PURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, SORE THROAT, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS AND BLADDER.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT CURES ALL THESE AFFECTIONS IN A FEW HOURS.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS SAFE FOR CHILDREN AND THE ELDERLY.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS PURE AND UNADULTERATED.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS MADE IN CANADA.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS WORTHY OF THE NAME.

IT IS THE ONLY OIL THAT IS THE ONLY OIL.

Stop Laxatives

Which Only Aggravate Constipation

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated, there is not enough lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action is so close to this natural lubricant. Try it today.

Nujol

For Constipation

SAVED HER FROM AN OPERATION

So Thinks Mrs. Tracey of Ontario, Regarding Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Knightsbridge, Ontario.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the change of life for troubles that women often have at that time. I had not been well for a year and was not really able to do my work. A friend who had taken the Vegetable Compound herself recommended it to me and I think its use saved me from an operation. I highly recommend it to all women who have troubles like mine, and am willing for you to use my testimonial."—Mrs. D. Tracey, Knightsbridge, Ontario.

Some female troubles may through neglect reach a stage when an operation is necessary. But the more common ailments are not the surgical ones; they are not caused by serious displacements, tumors or growths, although the symptoms may appear the same.

When disturbing symptoms first appear take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present distress and prevent more serious troubles.

"THE GREAT WAR AS I SAW IT."

By Canon F. G. Scott, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Quebec, Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division.

CHAPTER 14.

The German Offensive—March, 1918.

Over four months had passed away since my return from Rome, so leave was again due. Immediately after the unveiling of the Artillery monument I started off in a car for Boulogne, and the next afternoon arrived in London.

Conditions there were worse than they had been the year before. The streets were darker and food was scarcer. I went as far North as Edinburgh, but when I arrived at that city I found it cold and wintry and wrapped in mists. There were many naval men there, and I paid an interesting visit to a damaged submarine which was being repaired in the dry-dock. It was of course pleasant to meet friends again, but beyond that my last leave was not a pleasant one. It was time of great anxiety. The Americans had come into the war, but they were not yet ready. Another campaign was before us and issue of it none could foresee.

I was haunted perpetually by the fear of meeting with some accident, not so being sent back from the front. Several times I had had a vivid dream that I had got back to Canada and found that the war was still going on and I could not return to it. I shall never forget the joy of waking on such occasions and looking with dawning consciousness upon my surroundings and feeling that I was still at the front. It was a happy day for me, therefore, when on March 8th I arrived once more at Braquemont, in the midst of my beloved war-family, and able to revisit Lievin, Loos, and Hill 70.

My favorite home in the trenches was the dug-out in the chalk-pit which I have just described, and I often wish I could be suddenly transported there and revive old memories. We were planning at this time to make a big gas-attack along the Canadian Corps' front. Three thousand gas cylinders were to be fired by electricity upon the enemy. As I wanted to see this, I made my way to the chalk-pit. The time fixed for the event was five minutes to eleven at night. If the attack was to come off, the word "Japan" was to come through on the wires; if, owing to the wind being in the wrong direction, the attack had to be postponed, the word "Russia" would be sent. At 10.45 I climbed up the steep steps to the observation post at the back of the chalk-pit and waited. From this point I had a good view of the line towards Lens, I watched the luminous hands on my watch, and they passed the hour of eleven without anything occurring, as the breeze came from the East. I knew that the word "Russia" the name of the country that failed us, must have been sent over the wires. It was a queer sensation to sit up there in the dark with no sound but the soft murmur of the night wind in the ears, and the crash of an occasional shell. In those long dark stretches of waste land around me, thousands of human beings on both sides of the line were awake and active, either burrowing like ants in the ground or bringing up rations and war material along the communication trenches.

I spent four nights that week in the chalk-pit waiting for the attack, and on March 21st, the night of the day when the Germans launched their fierce attack against our Fifth

Army, my patience was rewarded and the wind was propitious. I mounted the observation post and once more peered over the black stretches of country under the starlit sky. Suddenly, at five minutes to eleven, there was a burst of artillery fire, and over our heads with the usual swishing sound the gas-cylinders sped forth. The German lines were lit with bursting shells. Up went their rockets calling to their artillery for retaliation. I could hear their gas bells ringing to warn their men upon them. It must have been a dreaching rain of death, I heard gruesome tales afterwards of desolate enemy trenches and batteries denuded of men. The display of fireworks was magnificent, and the German artillery in the rear were not slow in replying. A great artillery duel like that in the darkness of the night over a waste of ground on which no human habitation could be seen had a very weird effect, and was wonderful to behold. I climbed down into the dug-out and made my way through it to the chalk-pit, and then up to an outpost beyond. Here were four men, and I found that three of them had just arrived from the Base and that this was their first night in the line. They did not seem to be enjoying it as much as I thought they should, so I remembered that it was a beautiful night and pointed out to them the extraordinary romance of being actually out in the front line during such a bombardment. They seemed to get more enthusiastic later on, but the next morning I was awakened in my room by the laughter of men on the other side of the canvas wall, and I heard one old soldier telling, to the amusement of his fellows, of my visit of the previous evening. He said "We were out there with the shells falling round us, and who should come up but the beggar said was, 'Boys, what a lovely night it is.' The men roared at the idea. It was always illuminating to get a chance of seeing yourself as others saw you.

Gathering Clouds.

That day, before I had gone to the



MRS. CLARA BRADLEY, Of Columbus, Ohio, grand president of the ladies' auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, which opens its triennial convention in Toronto on Monday next.

chalk-pit. I heard from a staff officer at Corps of the Germans' attack in the South, and I gathered from his manner that things were not going well. On March 29th we suddenly shifted our headquarters to Chateau de la Hale. Here we were told that we had to be ready to move again at a moment's notice. Very bad news had come from the South, for the Germans were advancing, and our Fifth Army had been pushed back. The enemy had now got the initiative into his hands, and things were exceedingly serious. The Americans would not be ready for some time, and the question was how to stay the onrush of the fresh divisions which the Germans were hurling against us. An order from General Currie, couched in beautiful language, told us that there was to be no retreat for Canadians, and that, if it had to be, we should fall where we stood. There was no panic, only firmer resolve and greater activity in every department. Though I made a point of never questioning our staff about war secrets, I soon became aware that our Division was to be sent South to stem the oncoming tide.

Every night the 4th Divisional concert party gave an entertainment in the theatre, which was crowded with men. A stranger could not have told from the roars of laughter which shook the audience from time to time that we were about to face the fiercest ordeal of the war. The 2nd Brigade was quartered round us first, and one night in the theatre an officer appeared in front of the stage between the acts and ordered all the officers and men of the 5th Battalion who were present to report at once at their headquarters. Instantly the men got up and left, the rows of vacant seats looking quite tragic. The play went on. Again, another battalion, and another, was called off. The audience dwindled. It reminded me of the description in the "Tale of Two Cities" of the condemned men in prison waiting for the call of the executioner. Before the close of the performance the theatre was almost empty. The 2nd Brigade moved away that night and the 3rd Brigade took their places the next day. I knew that they, too, would have to move suddenly, so I arranged that at night we should have a service followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion in the theatre after the play was over. Once again the building was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and after the play was ended I announced the service. To my astonishment most of the men stayed and others crowded in, so we must have had nearly a thousand men present. The concert party had received orders to pack up their scenery immediately and move off; so while I was on the stage getting the altar ready the scene shifters were hard at work behind me. In spite of this disturbance we had a wonderful service. I gave them a short address, and spoke about the high call which had come to Canadians to do big things, and how the eyes of the world were upon us. We were the champions of right, and I asked them to go forth in the power of God and do their duty. Then I began the Communion Service. The colours of the flag which hung over the altar glowed like an inspiration, the two altar lights shone like stars above it. At the back of the stage (but we heeded them not) were the busy men packing up scenery. We sang the hymn "O God our help in ages past," and at the time of communion about two hundred officers and men mounted the stage in turn and knelt in rows to receive the Bread of Life. It was a thrilling moment, and it showed how, underlying the superficial thought-

lessness of the soldier's life, there was the deep and abiding sense of the reality and need of God. The service ended about eleven p.m.

Abbey's EFFERVESCENT SALT

for a throbbing Head or a Back that hurts.

Abbey's will give you quick relief—because it goes to the real cause of these troubles.

Food, not properly digested—Bowels, not moving regularly—the Kidneys congested and not removing waste matter from the blood—and the Blood, not being pure and irritating the nerves—these are the causes of Headache and Backache.



"Abbey's Effervescent" is the ideal preparation for overcoming such conditions.

It is sparkling, refreshing and agreeable to the taste. The action is mild, gentle and certain. "Abbey's Effervescent" is indeed the ideal Health Regulator for every member of the family.



Any Druggist will supply you with "ABBEY'S Effervescent".



MRS. MARION REAM STEPHENS, Chicago heiress, who recently married a poor Pole, and who now will be sued by Mrs. Vonatsky, for alienation of her husband's affections.

Death of Enterprise Lady.

Enterprise, May 5.—Mrs. Rose Lockwood, wife of Edwin Lockwood, Enterprise, died at the Kingston General hospital on April 28th. Mrs. Lockwood was born in the township of Camden. She was a devout Christian and a member of the Methodist church. She leaves four

sons and her husband to mourn her loss.

JONES CAN'T GET ALONE WITH ANY OF HIS WIVES

"He's Drunk All the Time, That's Why," Says No. 3.

Chicago, May 6.—Archibald J. Jones is not a howling success with women who become his wives. He admitted as much in court yesterday, where he was defending himself against a charge of non-support.

"I never had much success with my wives," he sighed. "Somehow I seemed to irritate them. Women get violent when they look at me."

"My first wife, Ethel, drowned herself in Lake Michigan. My second, Clara, shot me and herself. Now Doris, here, my third wife, threatens to kill me. I can't understand it."

"I can explain it, your honor," spoke up Doris. "He is drunk all the time. He beats me when he is drunk, which means that he is constantly beating me. He gets a salary of \$200 a month, but I get none of it to maintain the home."

Judge Adams ordered Jones, who is 32 years old, to pay his wife \$15 a week and advised them to get a divorce.

FEMINISMS

By Annette Bradshaw



WHEN EFFICIENCY HAPPILY STRIKES HOME.

Maude—Yes, I did say I wanted four dresses, but I won't try on any more. This white dress is the one I'll take—and you may make three others just like it in blue, lavender and old rose! That's what I call real clothes efficiency—the just-right dress in different

I thought I had better go off and find a place in which I could spend the rest of the night. With my haversack over my shoulder and followed by Alberta, I entered the gate, and made my way up the avenue till I came to the chateau. It was a large and picturesque building, and stood out nobly against the outlines of the trees in the park. The moon lit up the gray stone front, which was made all the richer by the variegated lights and shade. The mansion, however, showed no inclination to be hospitable. All the windows were tightly closed with shutters, and there was no appearance of life anywhere. I knew we were not far from the advancing Germans, and so I supposed that the inhabitants had all fled. I was so cold and tired that I determined to force an entrance and spend the night inside. I walked round to the back, where I saw a great park richly wooded. A large door in the centre of the building, reached by a broad flight of stone steps, seemed to offer me a chance of getting inside. I walked round to the back, where I saw a great park richly wooded. A large door in the centre of the building, reached by a broad flight of stone steps, seemed to offer me a chance of getting inside. I went up and tried the handle, when, to my surprise, the door opened and I found myself in a beautiful half richly furnished and lighted by a lamp. Antlers hung on the wall, and the place had the appearance of an English country-house.

(Continued on Tuesday.)

She rests while Sunlight works

Sunlight—the world's purest and most famous laundry soap—washes clothes snowy white without rubbing or boiling.

In Sunlight is a blend of pure cocoanut and palm oils. We use no "fillers" or cheap, impure ingredients which harm the clothes and hands. Purity, quality, economy and efficiency go with Sunlight.



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