

It's Best

—for white shoes, both buckskin and canvas.

"NUGGET" White Cleaner

WILL NOT RUB OFF



WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

A Trying Period Through Which Every Woman Must Pass

Practical Suggestions Given by the Women Whose Letters Follow

Detroit, Michigan—"During the Change of Life, I had a lot of stomach trouble, and was bothered a great deal with hot flashes. Sometimes I was not able to do any work at all. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in your little books and took it with very good results. I keep house and am able now to do all my own work. I recommend your medicine and am willing for you to publish my testimonial." Mrs. J. S. LIVERNOIS, 2051 Junction Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Queer Feelings at Middle Age Sheboygan, Wisconsin—"I was roused, tired and nervous. I could not even do my own housework, could not sleep at night and all kinds of queer thoughts would come to me. Finally, I gave up going to the doctor and a friend told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After the first bottle I could sleep better and I have kept on improving ever since." Mrs. B. LAWRENCE, 1639 N. 3rd St., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

Knightsington, Ontario—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the Change of Life for troubles 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 highly recommend it to all women with troubles like mine." Mrs. DANIEL J. TRACY, Knightsington, Ontario.

Let the Compound Help You

The critical time of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 50, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia. Heat flashes or waves of heat appear to pass over the body, cause the face to be very red and often bring on headache, dizziness and a sense of suffocation.

Another annoying symptom which comes at this time is an inability to recall names, dates or other small facts. This is liable to make a woman lose confidence in herself. She becomes nervous, avoids meeting strangers and dreads to go out alone.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women" will be sent you free upon request. Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Massachusetts. This book contains valuable information.

"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.

The 10th Battalion was relieved that night by the 8th, the C.O. of which made his headquarters with the C.O. of the 5th Battalion in a large dug-out by the sunken road. There late at night I shared a bunk with a young machine-gun officer and had a few hours of somewhat disturbed sleep. The next morning, September the 29th, the fourth anniversary of our sailing from Quebec, our men were having a hard time. The German defence at Cambrai was most determined, and they had a large quantity of artillery in the neighborhood. I went back to the road and into the trench beyond the wire and found a lot of men there. The parapet was so low that the men had dug what they called, "Funk holes" in the clay, where they put as much of their bodies as they could, sitting in a bend of the trench where I got a good view of the men I had a service for them, and, as it was a festival, I read out the epistle for St. Michael and All Angels' Day, and spoke of the guardianship of men which God had committed to the Heavenly Hosts. Going down the trench later on, I came to a place from which I could see with my glasses a German machine-gun emplacement and its crew. I went back and asked a sniper. A man who said he was one came up to me and I showed him the enemy and then directed his fire. I could see from little puffs where his bullets were landing. He was a good shot and I think must have done some damage, for all of a sudden the machine-gun opened fire on us and we had to dive into the trench pretty quickly. I told him that I thought we had better give up the game as they had the advantage over us. To snipe at the enemy seemed to be a curious way to spend a Sunday afternoon, but it was a temptation too hard to resist. I crawled back through the trench to the road, and there finding a man who had just lost his hand directed him to the aid post near Battalion Headquarters.

Chapter 22. Victory—November 11th, 1918 They took me to the X-ray room and then to the operating tent that night, and sent me off on the following afternoon to the Base with a parting injunction that I should be well advised to have my foot taken off; which, thank God, was not found necessary. From the C.C.S. at Cambrai two days later I was sent to London to the Endsleigh Palace Hospital near Euston Station, where I arrived with another wounded officer at 2:30 a.m. I was put in a little room on the seventh storey, and there through long nights I thought of our men still at the front and wondered how the war was going. The horror of great darkness fell upon me. The hideous sights and sounds of war, the heart-rending sorrows, the burden of agony, the pale dead faces and blood-stained bodies lying on muddy wastes, all these came before me as I lay awake counting the slow hours and listening to the hoarse footings of lorries rattling through the dark streets below. That concourse of ghosts from the subconscious mind was too hideous to contemplate and yet one could not escape them. The days went by and intimations at last reached us that the German power was crumbling. Swiftly and surely the Divine Judge was wreaking vengeance upon the nation that, by its over-weening ambition, had drenched the world in blood.

Wounded! I accompanied him part of the way and had reached the edge of the sunken road when a major of the Engineers came up to me and said, "I have got a better pair of German glasses than you have." It was an interesting challenge, so we stood there on a little rise looking at the spires of Cambrai and comparing the strength of the lenses. Very distinctly we saw the town, looking peaceful and attractive. Suddenly there was a crash in front of us, a lot of earth was blown in our faces, and we both fell down. My eyes were full of dirt but I managed to get up again. I had been wounded in both legs, and from one I saw blood streaming down through my puttees. My right foot had been hit and the artery in the calf of my leg was cut. I fell down again with a feeling of exasperation that I had been knocked out of the war. The poor major was lying on the ground with one leg smashed. The same shell had wounded in the chest the young machine-gun officer who had shared his bunk with me the night before. I believe an imperial officer also was hit in the abdomen and that he died. The chaplain of the 10th Battalion who happened to be standing in the sunken road got some men together quickly and came to our help. I found myself being carried off in a German sheet by four prisoners. They had forgotten to give me my glasses, and were very much amused when I called for them, but I got them and had them now. The major not only lost his leg but lost his glasses as well. The enemy had evidently been watching us from some observation post in Cambrai for they followed us up with another shell on the other side of the road, which caused the bearers to drop me quickly. The chaplain walked beside me till we came to the aid post where there were some stretchers. I was placed on one and carried into the dressing station at Hayneourt. They had been having a hard time that day, for the village was heavily shelled. One of their men had been killed and several wounded. I felt a great pain in my heart which made it hard to breathe, so when I was brought into the dressing station I said, "Boys, I am going to call for my first and last tot of rum." I was immensely teased about this later on by my friends, who knew I was a teetotaler. They said I had drunk up all the men's rum issue. A General wrote to me later on to say he had been terribly shocked to hear I was wounded, but that it was nothing in comparison with the shock he felt when he heard that I had taken to drinking rum. Everyone in the dressing station was as usual most kind. The bitter thought to me was that I was going to be separated from the old 1st Division. The nightmare that had haunted me for so long had at last come true, and I was going to leave the men before the war was over. For four years they had been my beloved companions and my constant care. I had been led by the example of their noble courage and their unhesitating performance of the most arduous duties, in the face of danger and death, to a grander conception of manhood, and longing to follow them, if God would give me grace to do so, in their path of utter self-sacrifice. I had been with them continuously in their joys and sorrows, and it did not seem to be possible that I could now go and desert them in that bitter fight.

Home One More On Sunday morning, the 4th of May, 1919, on the Empress of Britain, after an absence of four years and seven months, I returned to Quebec. On board were the 16th Battalion with whom I had sailed away in 1914, the 8th Battalion, the Machine-Gun Battalion, the 3rd Field Ambulance and some of the Engineers. Like those awaking from a dream, we saw once more the old rock standing out in the great river. There was the landing and the greetings of loving friends on the wharf within a stone's throw from the place whence we had sailed away. While I was shaking hands with my friends, an officer told me I had to inspect the Guard of Honour which the kind O.C. of the vessel had furnished. I did not know how to do this properly but I walked through the rows of stalwart, bronzed men and looked into their faces which were fixed and immovable. Each man was an original, and every unit in the old 1st Division was represented. For four years and seven months, they had been away from home, fighting for liberty and civilization. Many of them wore decorations; many had been wounded. No General returning victor from a war could have had a finer Guard of Honour.

The troops had to wait on board the ship till the train was ready. All along the decks of the great vessel, crowded against the railings in long lines of khaki, were two thousand seven hundred men. Their bright faces were ruddy in the keen morning air. On their young shoulders the burden of Empire had rested. By their willing sacrifice Canada had been saved. It made a great lump come in my throat to look at them and think of what they had gone through. ploughed roads of France and Flanders. Never again will one see them pouring single file into the muddy front trenches. All that is over-Along the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific, among our cities, by the shores of lakes and rivers and in the vast expanse of prairies and mountain passes the warrior hosts have melted away. But there on the vessel that day the fighting men had

Out of the War. When the doctors had finished bandaging my wounds, I was carried

come home in all their strength and comradeship. I stood on the gangway full of conflicting emotions. The men called out "Speech," "Speech," as they used often to do half in jest and half in earnest when we met in concert tents and estaminets in France.

I told them what they had done for Canada and what Canada owed them and how proud I was to have been with them. I asked them to continue to play the game out here as they had played it in France. Then, telling them to remove their caps as this was our last church parade, I pronounced the Benediction, said, "Good-bye, Boys," and turned homewards.

TO-DAY'S FASHION

By Vera Winston.



The Cape of This Smart Costume of Gray Kasha has a Curved Yoke and Looped-up Straps.

The three-piece costume continues to rule the season and each day some interesting interpretation is seen. Favor is divided between jackets and capes, and the outfit above assures one that capes are very smart.

Of kasha in the softest pearl gray; the dress shows a novel treatment in its very long waistline which curves down at the back. The little cape flutters individually in its curved yoke and looped-up straps.

Of cherry felt, the hat worn to offset the gray is extremely youthful in design. Its brim turns up from the face and extends into long ends which are tied into a saucy little bow at the back.

Sharing the Hospitality An English traveller was being driven around the Killarney district by a typical Irish coachman. It was a hot day, and the traveler being of a kindly nature, gave the "jarvey" a drink at a wayside inn. "Well," he asked, "has that made another man of you, Pat?" "Faith, and it has, sir," answered the Irishman. "And that other man would like a drink, too!"

Mild Epidemic Going Round

It is due to impurities in the water, causes eruptions, diarrhoea, headache. Those who take twenty drops of Nerviline in sweetened water usually get quick relief. It is really wonderful how good old Nerviline fixes up a sour upset stomach, how it stops hiccoughs, how quickly it puts a stop to those nasty attacks of gas. Every home should keep a bottle or two of trusty old Nerviline on hand. 25 cents everywhere.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES. Canadian Made. A fresh, rosy complexion indicates perfect health. To secure this in most cases all that is necessary is to take one to three Royal Yeast Cakes a day for a few weeks. Royal Yeast is a food. It supplies the water soluble vitamins which the diet may lack. Scientists tell us that this vitamin is essential to good health. Royal Yeast is highly beneficial in many cases in which the system seems to be run down. The yeast cakes simply add to the diet. It is a food - not a medicine. Dissolve a Royal Yeast Cake in fruit juices or mix it with cereal and milk, and take it at meal time. The chances are in a few weeks the complexion will be clear. For children reduce the amount to one-half or one-quarter of a cake with each meal. Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health." E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA, MONTREAL.

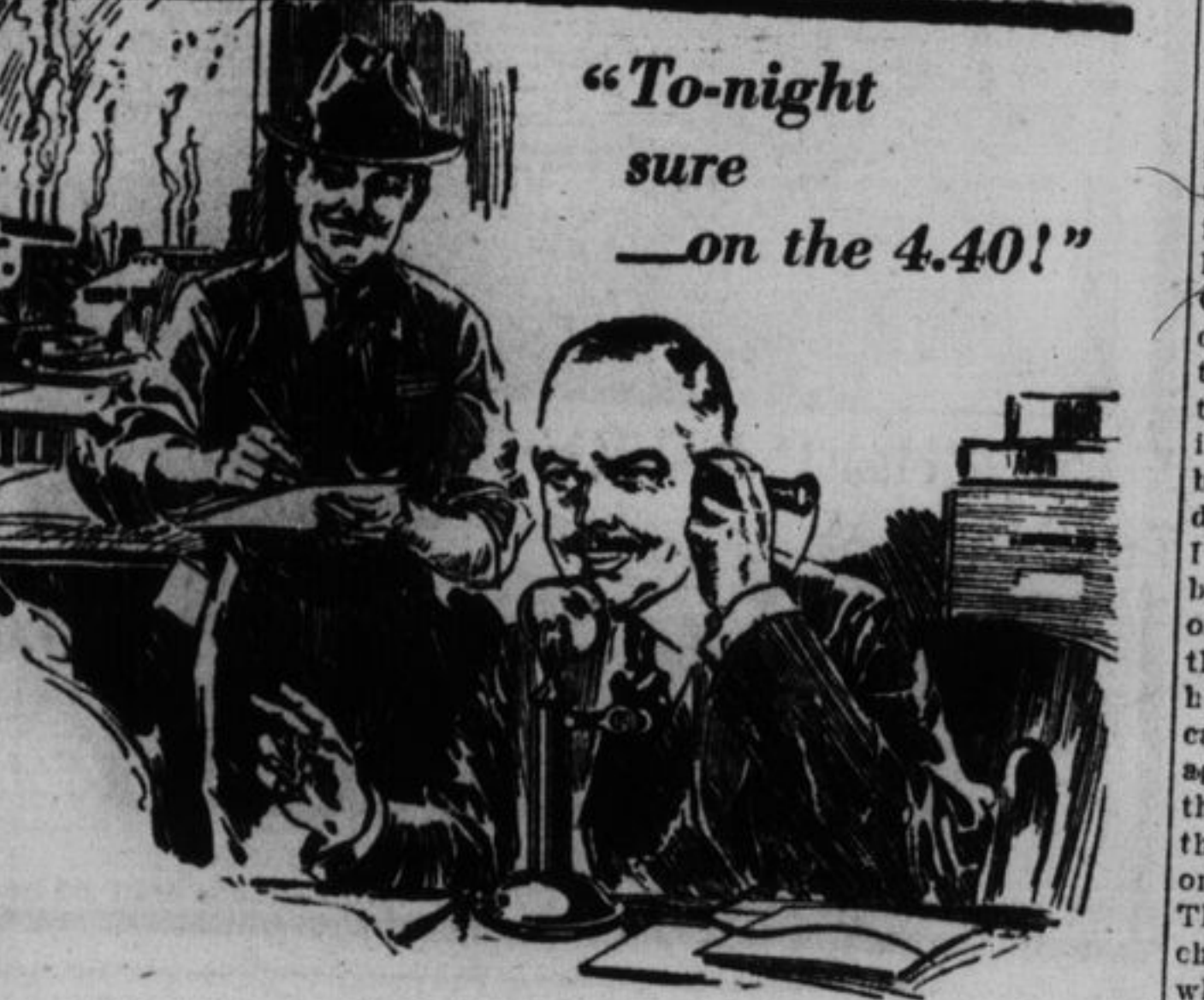
Wedding at Pittsferry. Pittsferry, June 7.—On Wednesday morning about half past ten, a wedding was solemnized at the Methodist parsonage, when Norma Orr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Braden Orr, became the bride of Joseph James Edgar, son of Joseph Edgar. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. C. W. Hollingsworth, a dainty luncheon was served. The bride looked lovely in a gown of silver grey crepe-de-chine, and wore a grey picture hat to match. Miss Elsie Orr, cousin of the bride, attended as bridesmaid, and wore a dress of grey Duchesse satin with a hat to match. Robert McFadden acted as best man. The grooms gift to the bride was a beautiful necklace of pearls and to the bridesmaid a bar pin. The best man received a set of cuff links. The happy couple left, amid showers of confetti and good wishes, for Belleville after which they will return to Pittsferry where the groom is a prosperous young farmer. On Saturday, June 17th. On the above date the Whig's new serial story, "On Wings of Wireless" will start. Don't miss it. It's a dandy. To hate a man for his errors is as unwise as to hate one who, in casting up an account, has made an error against himself. Why is most of the bread cast upon the waters stale? There is only one thing more precious and to a woman's will and that is a woman's won't.

HEALS STUBBORN CASES OF SKIN DISEASE. VAN'S OINTMENT. EXCEMA. I have today had occasion to see Joseph Murphy a boy at the Children's Shelter, who was suffering from Running Eczema, and pronounced incurable by several physicians, and recommended removal to the home for incurables. He was a mass of sores from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. The boy is now well, as a direct result of the use of your ointment (VAN'S OINTMENT). The ointment should commend itself to anyone suffering from this dread ailment. J. W. C. HOBBS, Chairman of the Children's Shelter for the City of Welland. 50c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. FOR ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS.

AS PLEASANT TO TAKE AS SUGAR. MILLERS' WORM POWDERS. THOROUGH IN THEIR WORK. CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS. EFFICIENT AND PROMPT TO ACT.

Special Sale of Folding Ironing Boards. No housewife should be without one of these convenient FOLDING IRONING BOARDS. They are strongly made of fine grained white wood with hardwood frame and when set up are unusually rigid and sturdy. Easy to fold up and put in a small space when not in use. A most attractive offering at \$4.90. Each complete with sleeve board. Regular price of this board is \$5.75. Lemmon & Sons, 187 PRINCESS STREET.

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. A Big Bar. A full-size, full-weight, solid bar of good soap is "SURPRISE." Best for any and all household use. For use in washing machines shave or slice a portion of the "SURPRISE" bar direct to the machine.—It will do fine work.



For the Quick Service that brings repeat orders Use Long Distance

"Let me get him on Long Distance, and I'll soon settle this," says the shrewd business man, as an emergency arises.

His personality, with the persuasive tones that helped him build up his business in the old days, is still the greatest force at his command. It seldom fails to bring the needed results.

Long Distance permits him to retain that personal contact and influence with men in distant places on which his success was built. "If one of our travellers fails to secure an important order, he gets me on Long Distance before the interview is over, and I nearly always land it."

The power of Long Distance as a business-getter is only beginning to be appreciated. "Use the Bell to Sell", and see how economically it produces results.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

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