

STOMACH TROUBLE "INDIGESTION"

Relieved By Burdock Blood Bitters

The sufferer from dyspepsia, indigestion or other stomach troubles who has to pick and choose his food is the most miserable of all mankind. Even the little that is eaten causes much torture, and is digested so imperfectly it does but little good.

Mr. Wm. Kruschel, Morden, Man., writes:—"Some time ago I had quite a serious case of stomach trouble, indigestion. I could scarcely eat anything, outside of some light food, and even then I generally had pains after each meal. I tried many different medicines, but without any improvement, and had almost given up hope of ever being well. A neighbor recommended Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using it a short time I felt much better, so I continued to use it until I was completely relieved. I can honestly say that B. B. B. has done wonders for me after all other medicines failed."

B. B. B. is put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DR. H. A. STEWART Dental Surgeon Wishes to announce that he has resumed his practice, cor. Wellington and Princess Streets. Phone 2092. Dr. H. A. Stewart Corner Princess and Wellington

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She Mixed Sulphur With It To Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wreth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wreth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

Advertisement for NATURE'S REMEDY, featuring a bottle illustration and text: 'To Give an overtaxed and tired system a night of refreshing rest and bright tomorrow, is the work of NATURE'S REMEDY. It keeps body functions regular, improves appetite, relieves constipation. Used for over 30 years.'

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Suffers From Indigestion or Stomach Trouble CUT THIS OUT

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic 'acid stomach,' says a well-known authority. Burning hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis accompanied by dangerous stomach ulcers. Don't dose an acid stomach with pepper or artificial stimulants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the sour, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

It is an error to suppose that man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or to society in some form or other.

IF WINTER COMES

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She once or twice said, without any comment, "But he is writing often to Mrs. Stanley and Lady Grace Haddon and Sophie Basilidon and I hear bits of him from them and know he is keeping well. Of course, I pretend to them that their news is stale to me." Another time, "I've just finished my budget to Tony," she wrote, "and have sent him two sets of those patent rubber soles for his boots. Do you think he can get them put on? Every day I try to think of some new trifle he'd like; and you'd be shocked, and think I care nothing about the war, at the number of theatres I make time to go to. You see, it makes something bright and amusing to tell him, describing the plays. I feel most frightfully that, although of course my canteen work is useful, the real best thing every woman can do in this frightful time is to do all she can for her man out there; and Tony's mine. When this is all over—oh, Marko, is it ever going to be over?—things will hurt again; but while he's out there the old things are dead and Tony's mine and England's—my man for England; that is my thought; that is my pride; that is my prayer."

And a few lines farther on, "And he's so splendid. Of course you can imagine how utterly splendid he is. Lady King-Warner, his colonel's wife, told me yesterday her husband says he's brave beyond anything she could imagine. He said—she's given me his letter—the men have picked up from home this story about angels at Mons and are beginning to believe they saw them. Tybar says he hopes the angels were near him, because he thought he was in hell, the particular bit he got into, and he thinks it must be good for angels, enlarging for their minds, to know what hell is like! As a matter of fact, Tybar himself is nearer to the superhuman than anything I saw knocking about at Mons. His daring and his coolness and his example are a byword in a battalion composed, my dear, with the solitary exception of the writer, entirely of heroes. In sticky places Tybar is the most wonderful thing that ever happened. I like to be near him because his immediate vicinity is unquestionably a charmed circle; and I shudder to be near him because his is always the worst spot."

And always her letters breathed to Sabre his own passionate love of England, his own poignant sense of possession in her and by her, his own intolerable aching at the heart at his envisagement of her enormously beset. They reflected his own frightful oppression and they assuaged it, as his letters, she told him, assuaged hers, as burdens are assuaged by mingling of distress. "There is no good news," he told her, "and for me who can do nothing—and sometimes things are a little difficult with me here and I suppose that makes it worse—there seems to be no way out. But your letters are more than good news and more than rescue; they are courage. Courage is like love. Nona; it touches the spirit; and the spirit, amazing essence, is like a spring; it is never touched but it springs!"

She was working daily at a canteen at Victoria station. She had been on the night shift "but I can't sleep, I simply cannot sleep nowadays"; and so, shortly before he wrote to her of his second rejection, she had changed over to the day shift and at night took out the car to run arriving men from one terminus to another. "And about twice a week I get dog-tired and feel sleepy and send the chauffeur with the car and stay at home and do sleep. It's splendid!"

Northreps had been handed over to the Red Cross as a military hospital. Her answer to his letter telling of his second rejection at the recruiting office—most tender words from her heart to his heart, comforting his spirit as transfusion of blood from health to sickness maintains the exhausted body—her reply told him that on that day-fortnight she was coming down to say of his disappointment what she could so inadequately express in writing. She was going out to war work in France—in Tony's name she had presented a fleet of ambulance cars to a Red Cross unit and she was going out to drive one—and she was coming down to look at things at Northreps before she left.

On the following day Tidborough, opening his newspaper, shook hands with itself in all its houses, shops and offices on its own special and most glorious V.C.—Lord Tybar.

Tybar's V.C. was the first thing Sabre spoke of to Nona when, a fortnight later, she came down and he went up to her at Northreps in the afternoon. His brilliant gallantry, rendered so vivid to him by the intimacy with which he could see that three attractive figure engaged in its performance, stirred him most deeply. He had by heart every line of its official record in the restrained language of the Gazette.

Oh, rare and splendid spirit! Fortune's darling thrice worthy of her dowry! Nona had written of it in ringing

words. She flushed in beautiful ardour of the enthusiasm she joined with Sabre's at his opening words of their meeting; but she ended with a sad little laugh. "And then!" she said.

"What do you mean, Nona, 'And then'?" She took a letter from her bag. "I only got this this morning just as I was coming away. It's in reply to the one I wrote him about his V. C. Oh, Marko, so splendid, so utterly splendid as he is, and then to be like this. Look, he says he's just got leave and he's going to spend it in Paris! One of his women is there. That Mrs. Winfred. He's taken up with her again. He says, 'Poor thing. She's all alone in Paris. I know how sorry you will feel for her, and I feel I ought to go and look after her. I know you will agree with me. I'll tell her you sent me. That will amuse and please her so.'"

She touched her eyes with her handkerchief. "It rather hurts, Marko. It's not that I mind his going. It's just what he would do. But it's the way he tells me. He just says it like that deliberately to be cruel because he knows it will hurt. So utterly splendid, Marko, and so utterly graceless." She gave her little note of sadness again. "Utterly splendid! Look, this is all he says about his V. C. Isn't this fine and isn't it like him? He says, 'P. S. Yes, that V. C. business. You know why I got it, don't you? It stands for Very Cautious, you know.'"

They laughed together. Yes, like him! Tybar exactly! Sabre could see him writing the letter. Delighting in saying words that would hurt; delighting in his own whimsicality that would amuse. Splendid; airy, untouched by thought; fearless, faithless, heedless, graceless. Fortune's darling, invested in her robe of mockery.

Nona's laughter ended in a little catch at her breath. He touched her arm. "Let's walk, Nona."

IV

He thought she was looking thin and done up. Her face had rather a drawn look, its soft roundness gone. He thought she never had looked so beautiful to him. She spoke to him of what she had tried to say in her letters of his disappointments in offering himself for service. Never had her sweet voice sounded so exquisitely tender to him. They spoke of the war. Never, but in their letters, had he been able thus to give his feelings and receive them, touched with the same perceptions, kindled and enlarged, back into his sympathies again. With others the war was all discussion of chances and circumstances, of this that had happened and that that might happen, of this that should be done and that that ought not to have been done. Laboratory examination of means and remedies. The epidemic everything and the patient upstairs nothing. The wood not seen for the trees. With Nona he talked of how he felt of England:

"Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand. He told her that. She nodded. "I know. I know. Say it all through, Marko." He stumbled through it. At the end, a little abashed, he smiled at her and said, "Of course, no one else would think it applies. Richard was saying it in Wales where he'd just landed, and it's about civil war, not foreign; but where it comes to me it is the loving of the soil itself, as if it were a living thing that knew it was being loved and loved back in return. Our England, Nona. You remember Gaunt's thing in the same play:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptre'd isle, This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea, This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England . . ."

She nodded again. He saw her dear eyes were brimming. She said, "Yes—yes—Our England. Rupert Brooke said it just perfectly, Marko:

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away . . . Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given; Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day; And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness, In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

She touched his hand. "Dear Marko—" She made approach to that which lay between them. "This heart, all evil shed away, Marko, in this frightful time we couldn't have given back the thoughts by England given if we

Advertisement for MINTINE COUGH REMEDY, featuring a bottle illustration and text: '1880 1922 Popular for Over 30 Years A proven remedy for COLDS COUGHS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS for persons of all ages Especially suitable for children. It is so pleasant to take. MINTINE COUGH REMEDY. For Sale at All Druggists. Mintine Coy. Ltd., Toronto. Sole Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 18-19 McCahill St., Toronto.'



IF IT WERE NOT FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN THERE WOULD BE NO LIFE INSURANCE — LIFE INSURANCE SERVICE

made her think Freddie was there. Effie said that every night she went into Young Perch's room and tucked up the bed and set the alarm clock and put the candle and the matches and one cigarette and the ash-tray by the bed; and every night in this performance she said, "He said he's certain to come in quite unexpectedly one night, and he will smoke his one cigarette before he goes to sleep. It's no good my telling him he'll set the house on fire one night. He never listens to anything I tell him." And every morning, when Effie took her in a cup of tea very early (as Freddie used to), she always said, "Has Freddie come home in the night, Effie, dear? Now just go and knock on his door very quietly and then just peep your head in." (To be Continued.)

To Hold Four-Day Fair, Brockville, Feb. 5.—A decision to hold a four-day fair on August 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th was reached by the board of directors of the Brockville Fair Association, various other important matters being discussed, including the issuance of free tickets to all pupils of public and separate schools in the counties of Leeds and Grenville. An extremely cold wave is prevailing in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Winnipeg thermometers registered 32 below zero Saturday morning. Ex-Mayor John M. Hughes, Syracuse, N.Y., is paying a visit to Kingston and is being warmly welcomed by everybody.

Advertisement for DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD and PRINCESS PHARMACY. Text: 'My Heart Would Palpitate, I Had Weak Spells' Mrs. L. Whiting, 202 King St. West, Brockville, Ont., writes: "I took very sick with my nerves and stomach, and seemed to be all run down. At times my heart would flutter and palpitate so and I would take such weak spells in the pit of my stomach that I sometimes thought I would never get better. I had almost given up hope when a friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I did not stop until I had taken twenty-five boxes. It has done wonders for me and I want to recommend it to everyone." DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD 50-Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. PRINCESS PHARMACY FILLS ANY PRESCRIPTION FROM ANY DOCTOR ON ANY BLANK. WE STOCK QUALITY CHEMICALS, AND GIVE CAREFUL, PROMPT, PERSONAL ATTENTION TO EACH CUSTOMER. WARD & HAMILTON Dependable Druggists. "WHERE PRINCESS AND DIVISION CROSS"