

Had Bad Pains In Her Heart Nerves Were Very Bad

Mrs. John Case, R. R. No. 4, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "I wish to say that I have been bothered very much with my heart and nerves. I doctored with two different doctors, but did not find much relief. I would have such bad pains in my heart, at times I would be almost afraid to move or breathe, and at night I could not sleep. If the pains in my heart were gone, my nerves would be so bad I could not sit still and would only get a little sleep by being tired out. My stomach was also very bad and I could eat but very little, and then only certain things or I would have so much distress which always made my heart worse.

I had been suffering for nearly two years until one day I was talking to our druggist about the way I felt. He advised me to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair trial. I have now taken five boxes and am feeling so much better. I am able to do my own work, and can eat anything I wish. I cannot praise

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BACK ACHED TERRIBLY

Mrs. McMahon Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

IF WINTER COMES

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He had sat down and was about to pour himself out some tea. He put down the teapot and got up. "Look here, do me a favour. They're dead, both of them. Don't say anything more about them. Don't mention the subject again. For God's sake."

He went out of the house and got his bicycle and set out for the office. At the top of the Green he passed young Pinnock, the son of Pinnock's Stores. Some patch of colour about young Pinnock caught his eye. He looked again. The colour was a vivid red crown on a khaki brassard on the young man's arm. The badge of the recruits enrolled under the Derby enlistment scheme. He dismounted. "Hullo, Pinnock. How on earth did you get that armband?"

"I've joined up." "But I thought you'd been rejected about forty times. Haven't you got one foot in the grave or something?" Young Pinnock grinned hugely. "Don't matter if you've got both feet in, or head and shoulders neither, over at Chovensbury today, Mr. Sabre. It's the last day of this year Derby scheme, an' there's such a rush of chaps to get in before they make conscripts of 'em they're fair letting anybody through."

Sabre's heart—that very heart!—bounced with an immense hope. "D'you think it's the same at Tidborough?" "They're saying it's the same everywhere. They say they're passing you through if you can breathe. I reckon that's so at Chovensbury anyway. didn't hardly look at me."

Sabre turned his front wheel to the Chovensbury road. "I'll go there."

At Chovensbury the recruiting station was in the elementary schools. Sabre entered a large room filled with men in various stages of dressing, odorous of humanity, very noisy. It was a roughish collection: the men mostly of the labouring or artisan classes. At a table in the centre two soldiers with lance corporal's stripes were filling up blue forms with the answers to questions barked out at the file of men who shuffled before them. As each form was completed, it was pushed at the man interrogated with "Get undressed."

Sabre took his place in the chain. In one corner of the room a doctor in uniform was testing eyesight. Passed on from there each recruit joined a group wearing only greatcoat or shirt and standing about a stove near the door. At intervals the door opened and three nude men, coat or shirt in hand, entered, and a sergeant bawled, "Next three!"

Sabre was presently one of the three. Of the two who accompanied him one was an undersized little individual wearing a truss, the other appeared to be wearing a suit of deep brown tights out of which his red neck and red hands thrust conspicuously. Sabre realized with a slight shock that the brown suit was the grime of the un-bathed. Across the passage another room was entered. The recruits dropped their final covering and were directed, one to two sergeants who operated weights, a height gauge and a measuring tape; another to an officer who said, "Stand on one leg. Bend you toes. Now on the other. Toes. Stretch out your arms. Work your fingers. Squat on your heels." The third recruit went to an officer who dabbed chests with a stethoscope and said, "Had any illnesses?" When the recruit had passed through each performance he walked to two officers seated with enrolment forms at a table, was spoken to, and then recovered his discarded garment and walked out. The whole business took about three minutes. They were certainly whizzing them through.

order was given. The sergeant then discharged: "All recruits past the doctor proceed to the room under this for swearing in. When sworn, to office adjoining for pay, card and armband. And get a move on with it!"

VIII The most stupendously elated man in all England was presently riding to Penny Green on Sabre's bicycle. On his arms blazed the khaki brassard, in the breast pocket of his waistcoat, specially cleared to give private accommodation to so glorious a prize, were a half-crown and two pennies, the most thrillingly magnificent sum he had ever earned—his army pay. His singing thought was, "I'm in the Army! I'm in the Army! I don't care for anything now. By gad, I can't believe it. I'm in the war at last!" His terrific thought was, "Good luck have thee with this honour; ride on . . . and right hand shall show thee terrible things."

He burst into the house and discharged the torrent of his elation on to Mabel. "I say, I'm in the Army! They've passed me. Look here! Look at my Derby armband! And look at this. That's my pay! Just look, Mabel—two and eightpence."

He extended the coins to her in his hand. "Look!" She gave her sudden burst of laughter. "How perfectly ridiculous! Two Two and eightpence! Whyever did you take it?"

"Take it? Why, it's my pay. My army pay. I've never been so proud of anything in my life. I'll keep these coins forever. Where shall I put them? He looked around for a shrine worthy enough. "No, I can't put them anywhere yet. I want to keep looking at them. I say, you're glad I'm in, aren't you? Do say something."

"Well, what do you expect? You just come rushing in and telling me without ever having said a word that you were going. And for that matter you seem to forget the extraordinary way in which you went off this morning. I haven't."

"I had forgotten. I was upset. I went off, I know; but I don't remember."

"No, you only swore at me; that's all." "Mabel, I'm sure I didn't." "You at swearing. For God's sake, I call that swearing. I don't mind. It's not particularly nice for the servants to hear, but I'm not saying anything about that."

His brows were puckered up. "What is it you are saying?" "I'm simply saying that behaving like that, it's not quite fair to pretend that I'm not enthusiastic enough for you about this Lord Derby thing. It isn't as if you were really in the Army."

He wished not to speak, but he could not let this go. "But I am in." "Yes, but not properly in—yet. And perhaps you won't ever be. It doesn't seem like being in to me. That's all I'm saying. Surely there's no harm in that?"

He was at the window staring out into the garden. "No, there's no harm in it." "Well, then what are we arguing about it for?" He turned towards her. "Well, but do understand, Mabel. If you think I was a fool rushing in like that, as you call it. Do understand. It's a Government scheme. It's binding. It isn't a joke."

"No, but I think they made it a joke, and I can't think why you can't see the funny side of it. I think giving you two and eightpence like that—a man in your position—is too lovely for words."

He took the coins from his pocket, and jerked them on the table before her. "Here, pay the butcher with it."

IX But as he reached the door, his face working, the tremendous and magnificent thought struck into his realization again. "I'm in the Army! By gad, I'm in the Army. I don't care what happens now." He strode back, smiling, and took up the money. "No, I'm dashed if I can let it go!" He went out jingling it and turned into the kitchen. "I say, High, Low, I'm in the Army! I've got in. I'll be off soon. Look at my badge!"

They chorused, "Well, there now!" He said delightedly, "Pretty good, eh? Isn't it fine! Look at this—that's my pay. Two and eightpence!" The chorus, "Oh, if ever!" High Jinks said, "That armband, sir, that's too 'lose. It don't half show down on your 'elbow, sir. You want it up here."

"Yes, that's the place. Won't it stay?" "I'll put a safety pin in, sir; and then to-night shift the buttons. That's what it wants."

"Yes, do, High. That's fine." He held out his arm and the two girls pinned to advantage the splendid sign of his splendid triumph.

"There, sir. Now it shows. And won't we be proud of you, just in khaki and all!" He laughed delightedly. "I'm jolly proud of myself. I tell you now, then Thumbs, I don't want bayonets in me yet!"

Glorious! Glorious! And what would not Nona say!

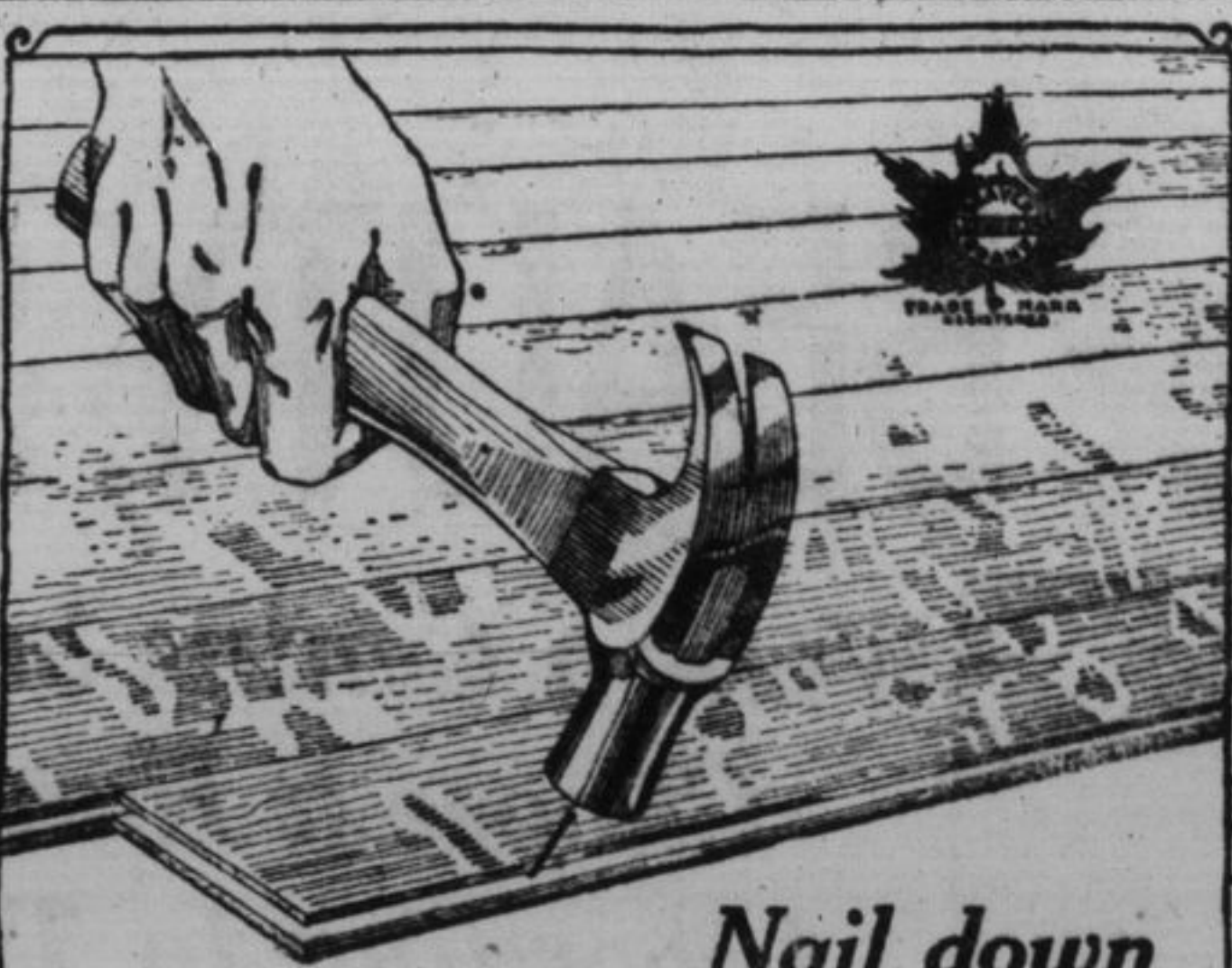
CHAPTER IX I Life, when it takes so giant a hand

in its puppet-show as to upturn a caudron of world war upon the puppets, may be imagined biting its fingers in some chagrin at the little result in particular instances. As vegetation beneath snow, so individual development beneath universal calamity. Nature persists; individual life persists. The snow melts, the calamity passes; the green things spring again, the individual lives are but approached more nearly to their several destinations.

Sabre was called up in his Derby Class within eight weeks of his enrolment,—at the end of February, 1916. He was nearly two years in the war; but his ultimate encounter with life awaited him, and was met, at Penny Green. It might have been reached precisely as it was reached without agency of the war, certainly without participation in it. Of the interval only those few events ultimately mattered which had connection with his life at home. They seemed in the night of the war transient as falling stars; they proved themselves lodestars of his destiny. They seemed nothing, yet even as they flashed and passed he occupied himself with them as the falling star catches the attention from all the fixed and constant. They were of his own life; the war life was life in exile.

And, caught up at last in the enormous machinery of the war, his feelings towards the war underwent a great change. First in the training camp in Dorsetshire, afterwards, and much more so, in the trenches in Flanders, it was only by a deliberate effort that he would recapture, now and then, the old tremendous emotions in the thought of England challenged and beset. He turned to it as stimulant in moments of depression and of dismay, in hours of intense and miserable loathing of some conditions of his early life in the ranks, and later in hours when fatigue and bodily discomfort reached degrees he had not believed it possible to endure—and go on with. He turned to it as stimulant and it never failed of its stimulation.

"I'm in it. What does this matter? This is the war. It's the war. Those infernal devils . . . If these frightful things were, being done in England! Imagine if this was in England! Thank God I'm in it. There you are! I'm absolutely all right when I remember why I'm here." And enormous exaltation of spirit would lift away the loneliness, remove the loathing, banish the exhaustion, dissipate the fear. The fear—"And thy right hand shall show thee terrible things."—He was more often than once in situations in which he knew he was afraid and held fear away only because, with his old old habit of introspection, he knew it for fear,—a horrible thing that sought mastery of him and by sheer force of mental detachment must be held away where it could be looked at and known for the vile thing it was. In such ordeals, in Flanders, he got the habit of saying to himself between his teeth, "Six minutes, six hours; six days, six months, six years. Where the hell will I be?" It somehow helped. The six minutes would go, and one could believe that all the periods would go,—and wonder where they would find one.



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he read on to Mabel's further reflections on the new enterprise: "Of course she's not our class but she's quite ladylike and on the whole I think it just as well not to have a lady. It might be very difficult sometimes to give orders to any one of one's own standing."

He didn't quite like that; but after all it was only just Mabel's way of looking at things. It was the jolliest possible idea. He wrote back enthusiastically about it and always after Effie was installed inquired after her in his letters.

Montreal Sells Coal Stocks. Montreal, Feb. 7.—With the advent of the mid-winter season and with the knowledge that it was opportune now to ease the coal situation in Montreal, it was announced at the city hall that the city authorities had begun to sell coal from their supplies, said to be 5,000 tons of American anthracite. The price is \$16 a ton, the buyer accepting delivery at the yards of the city in the west end St. Henri suburb. About 256 tons have already been sold, not more than five tons being sold to individual buyers.

He was writing regularly to Nona and regularly hearing from her. He never could quite make out where she was, addressing her only to her symbol in the Field post office. She was car driving and working very long hours. There was one letter that he never posted but of the existence of which he permitted himself to tell her "I carry it about with me always in my Pay-Book. It is addressed to you. If ever I get out it will go to you. In it I have said everything that I

have never said to you but that you know without my saying it. There'll be no harm in your hearing it from my own hand if I'm dead. I keep on adding to it. Every time we come back into rest, I add a little more. It all could be said in the three words we have never said to one another. But all the words that I could ever write all would never say them to you as I feel them. There! I must say no more of it. I ought not to have said so much." (To be Continued.)

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