

\$25.00 FOR A LETTER CAN YOU WRITE ONE?

Thirteen Prizes to Be Awarded In a Letter Writing Competition.

Some years ago the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont., offered a series of prizes to residents of Ontario for the best letters describing cures wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Hundreds of letters were submitted in this competition, yet there must have been thousands of users of the pills who did not avail themselves of the opportunity to win a prize. To all these another letter writing competition is offered. Thousands of cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have never been reported. These will furnish the material for the letter to be written in this contest. There is no demand upon the imagination; every letter must deal with facts and facts only.

THE PRIZES:

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont., will award a prize of \$25.00 for the best letter received on or before the 17th day of February, 1917, from residents of Ontario, on the subject, "Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." A prize of \$10.00 will be awarded for the second best letter received; a prize of \$5.00 for the third best letter, and ten prizes of \$2.00 each for the next ten best letters.

THE CONDITIONS:

The cure or benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills described in the letter must be in the writer's own case, or one that has come under his or her personal observation. No more than one cure may be described in the letter, but every statement must be literally and absolutely true. The letter should not be longer than is necessary to relate the benefit obtained from the remedy in the case described.

The letter must be signed by the full name and correct address of the person sending it. If it describes the cure of some person other than the writer of the letter, it must also be signed by the person whose cure is described as a guarantee of the truth of the statement made.

The writer of each letter must state the name and date of the paper in which he or she saw this announcement. Fine writing will not win the prize unless you have a good case to describe. The strength of the recommendation and not the style of the letter will be the basis of the award.

It is understood that The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. shall have the right to publish any letter entered in this contest if they desire to do so, whether it wins a prize or not. The contest will close on February 17th, 1917, and the prizes will be awarded as soon as possible thereafter. Do not delay. If you know of a cure write your letter NOW. Observe the above conditions carefully, or your letter may be thrown out.

Address all letters as follows: Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Letter Contest Department.

The Subconscious Conscience.

Tired and dusty, the excursionists were returning from a day's outing. One of them, a tall man with a big nose, overcome with his day of recreation, dropped off to sleep. In the back seat beside another passenger had deposited a ferocious crab in a bucket and when the little man went to sleep the crab crawled up and crept into the bucket, started exploring. By careful navigation the crab reached the edge of the table. The man's head fell down, alighting on the little man's shoulder. Not feeling quite safe it grabbed the voluminous ear of the little man in order to steady itself and the passengers held their breath and waited for developments. But the little man only shook his head slightly. "Let go, Mary," he murmured. "I tell you that I have been at the office all the evening."—New York Times.

PLANS FURTHER EXTENSIONS

The Canadian Pacific has plans for wharves at Vancouver which will cost \$1,500,000. These plans will dovetail into those which the city contemplates to carry out at the port. The latter is growing in value and business all the time. There is great complaint from shippers of congestion, for Vancouver is becoming a great port. The city is going to spend \$5,000,000 on wharf extension in the immediate future, and the railway company, on its own account, has plans for further extension of the wharves which it will use for its own business. Both east and west the Canadian Pacific Railway has now for its shipping interests, facilities which render it absolutely independent—this independence making for better and more efficient service in the ocean carrying business, which the company has notably extended during the past few years. The fleet of the company now numbers, all told, over 100 vessels; but it has especially strengthened its Atlantic and Trans-Pacific service in latter years—recognizing, as it did, the possibilities of increased exchange between this continent and Europe and Asia, an intimacy and largeness of communication which, somewhat hurt by the war, are resuming their urgency and importance from day to day.

PILES.
You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It cures the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings cure. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Pharmacies.
Zam-Buk

TO CANADA.

Our neighbor of the undefended bound, Friend of the hundred years of peace, our kin, Fellow adventurer on the enchanted ground Of the new world, must not the pain within Our hearts for this vast angulak of the war Be keenest for your pain? Is not our grief, That aches with all bereavement, tenderest for The tragic crimson on your maple leaf?

Litter our lot, in this world clash of faiths, To stand aloof and bide our hour to serve; The glorious dead are living; we are writhing, Dian watchers of the conflict's changing curve, Yet proud of human valor, spirit true In scorn of body, manhood on the crest Of consecration, dearly proud of you, Who sped to arms like knighthood to the quest.

From quaint Quebec to stately Montreal, Along the rich St. Lawrence, o'er the steep Roofs of the Rockies rang the bugle call, And east and west, deep answering by deep, Your sons surged forth, the simple, stooping folk Of shop and wheat field, sprang to hero size Swiftly as e'er your Northern Lights awoke To streaming splendor quiet evening skies.

Seek not your lost beneath the tortured sod Of France and Flanders, where in desperate strife They battled greatly for the cause of God; But when above the snow your heavens are rife With those upgazing lustres, find them there, Ardors of sacrifice, celestial sign, Aureole your Angel shall forever wear, Praising the irresistible Divine. —Katharine Lee Bates, in New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The word "Boche," a new one in the French language, introduced since the beginning of the great war as a designation to be applied to a German, is regarded as a most offensive expression when applied by any one to a French man or woman. It now figures frequently in French courts as a term of abuse for which the user sometimes pays a money penalty or as much as eight days of imprisonment. Recently nine women were brought into court, and the complainant, a man, asked for 2,000 francs as damages because these dames had called him a "boche." One definition of the word says that it is a shortening of the word "caboché," which, interpreted into English, means a dunderhead, a nincompoop, a blockhead, a numskull, an ignoramus, a mutton head and several other things which the German is not. It is in no way related to the American word "kibosh," which has not been accepted by lexicographers.

The Word "Boche."

Dangerous Throat Troubles Prevented by Nerviline IT ENDS MISERY OF COLDS QUICKLY. Don't wait till night. Get after your cold now—this very minute, before it grows dangerous you should apply old-time "Nerviline." Rub your chest and throat, rub them thoroughly with Nerviline. Relief will be immediate. Nerviline will save you from lying awake to-night, coughing, choking and suffering from congestion in the chest and acute pain in the throat. Nerviline will break up that dull neuralgic headache—will kill the cold and chill at its very beginning—will save you from perhaps a serious illness. To take way harshness, to break up a grippy cold, to cure a sore throat or bad cold in the chest, you can use nothing so speedy and effective as Nerviline. For forty years it has been the most largely used family remedy in the Dominion. Time has proved its merit, so can you by keeping a bottle handy on the shelf. Sold by any dealer anywhere, 25c per bottle.

WHO AM I?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world. I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the world. I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest of siege guns. I steal in the United States alone, over \$200,000,000 each year. I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike; the young and old; the strong and weak; widows and orphans know me. I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railway train. I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners in a year. I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not. I am relentless; I am everywhere; in the home, on the streets, in the factory, at railway crossings, and on the sea. I bring sickness, degradation and death, and yet few seek to avoid me. I destroy, crush or maim; I give nothing, but take all. I am your worst enemy. I am Carelessness. There is no strength without skill—Nerviline.

Yank Out Those Stumps
The Kirstin method clears your land for the plow.

TURN your sullen, gloomy, profit-eating stump lands into happy, smiling fields that bear rich crops, and put money into the bank for you.

Our Free Book, "The Gold in Your Stump Land," shows you how you can transform your barren stump fields into rich virgin farm land. It shows you photographs of immense stumps it has pulled; it contains letters from the men who pulled them; and it will convince you that the easiest, quickest and cheapest way is with a

Kirstin Stump Puller One Man — Horse Power

The horse power machine for the big jobs, for the fields of many stumps it will pull anything it wishes, and because of its simple power, prevents strain to man, horse and machine. Will clear two acres from a single setting. The One Man Puller gets the biggest stumps. Double leverage gives you a giant's power; a push on the handle means a pull of tons to the stump. Clears an acre from one anchor. Every Kirstin guaranteed for 15 years, few or no flaws, your money back if the Kirstin bond does not live up to its promise. We guarantee the Kirstin method to clear land ready for the plow from 10% to 50% cheaper than any other method.

Money Back Bond
15 Year Guarantee
Warranted saving of 10% to 50% over all other methods.
Profit Sharing Plan

Big Money to those who Order Now. To nearly buyers in each locality we offer a special opportunity to join in our profit sharing plan. No canvassing; just a willingness to show your Kirstin to your neighbors. Don't wait—send the coupon today.

A. J. KIRSTIN CANADIAN CO. 8425 Dennis Street, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Send me free copy of "The Gold in Your Stump Land"

Name.....
Address.....

DON'T GET "BLUE."

They're a Disgrace to the Average Healthy Person.

To give way to the "blues" is worse than folly—it's the quintessence of selfishness; and instead of the sympathy meted out to a person in the doldrums, what he heartily deserves is a thorough good shaking and a real bad time. Truly troubled persons, people who've been through the mill, are the ones who grumble the least; they know when they're well off. The other, and major portion of the community, only think they're badly done by. You'll generally find a cripple or otherwise afflicted person quite cheery. Then think shame of yourself that you, a strong, healthy individual, permit yourself to grizzle and growl, and be your own devil, driving yourself out of your Eden.

"Blues" arise either from liver or selfishness. If the former, take a dose of medicine; if the latter, take yourself seriously to task. Look within; don't try to find out why you're not happy, but why you're not happy, but why you're miserable. Is it that you expect too much from life? The happiest man is he who is content with little from the present, and expects much from the future. Go out into the world, and instead of comparing your misfortunes with other people's successes, realize your own blessings in life as contrasted with some poor thing's downright bad luck.

Don't think so much about what you haven't got, as what you do possess. This is the way not to think "Here am I, twenty—thirty—forty years of age. Not many men have worked as hard as I. I flatter myself I've got my fair share of brains, and I'm only earning a few dollars a week, while

IF YOU CANNOT FIGHT, PAY, PAY, PAY!

Fight or Pay! These are the alternatives that are before the people of Canada to-day. From taking one or the other of them there is no escape for the man of military fitness. All of us must make sacrifices if the war is to be won. That is so self-evident a proposition that it should not be necessary to make it. Yet there are people who even yet do not accept it as applying to themselves. In the matter of financial sacrifice, many a man is beginning to say to himself that he has given as much as he should be expected to give. But where is he to draw the line if he is in earnest about "doing his bit" to win the war?

Plainly, there is one place at which he cannot draw it, and that is where the claims of the Canadian Patriotic Fund present themselves. If there is one fund more than another that must be maintained, at cost of sacrifices, it is this one. The work it has undertaken cannot be allowed to drop. The dependents of our soldiers must be protected against want, privation or unnecessary suffering. All Canada has pledged itself to the men at the front that their families will be looked after, and that pledge must be fulfilled.

For 1917 the call on Ontario will be \$6,000,000. Of this large sum about \$4,000,000 will have to be raised from individuals. It is clear, therefore, that no good citizen can say that his subscription will not be needed. If he cannot fight, it is up to him to pay.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

SONG OF TRUE PATRIOTISM.
Where the wind is without fear and the head is held high Where the wind has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls, Where words come out from the depth of truth, Where fearless striving stretches its arms towards perfection, Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit, Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action! Into that Heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake! He is the first among our spirits who has not refused to live with the world as it is, but who has tried to change it, and that is why we give him love. We are moved because we have met our own image in the Duty to Whom these songs are offered is at once the striving spirit of Creation, and that Creation's eternal source and end.—Rabindra Nath Tagore.

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Are Promptly Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, it is a sure and early sign that your nervous system is at fault. The trouble if not taken in time will develop slowly to a worse stage, and there is no person more to be pitied than one suffering from nervous trouble. You feel unconquerably weak after exertion, lose flesh, turn against food, and suffer palpitations and indigestions after eating. Sometimes sharp pains shoot down your spine and legs, and often you find yourself out of your sleep at night. These are some of the troubles that indicate the presence of nervous disorders. If these are neglected, they result in a complete paralysis of some of the organs. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have won a great reputation in curing all forms of nervous diseases. The nervous system depends entirely upon the blood supply for nourishment. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually increase the supply of rich red blood, fortify the system and tone the nerves, enabling them to perform their functions and dispel all signs of breakdown. Mrs. B. W. Walcott, Beaver Bank, N. S., says: "I was sick" run down and awfully nervous. The slightest noise would startle and annoy me. I suffered pains around the heart, and every particle of color left my face and hands. I always felt tired and sleepless at night. I was so poorly that my friends thought I would never recover. I tried many medicines but they did not help me. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to drop all other medicine and try them. It was fortunate I did, for in the course of a few weeks I found them helping me. I continued taking the pills for some weeks longer and then completely cured me. I earnestly advise every weak woman and girl to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and I am sure they will not be disappointed."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sing Sing's Funny Side.

I got my first laugh in Sing Sing from Johnny Connaughton, our "P. K."—I suppose I ought to write "Principal Keeper," now that he is dead. They had just brought in a man for his first bit and he was spelling for a soft berth by showing off his erudition.

"I'm a linguist," said he, "and I talk 27 languages."

"I've talked Connaughton dry," we talk only one here, and little of that."

The joke was on the newcomer by this time, but soon after the boot was on the other leg and it was our chaplain who got the laugh. He had been talking in chapel about the prodigal son, and of how he was ragged and unshaven and starved, and in desperation he took a job tending pigs.

"And," says the chaplain, "there was nothing to eat and he had to eat the stuff they threw to the pigs."

"Why didn't he kill one of the pigs and eat pork?" asked a convict, so simpleminded that we knew he wasn't kidding.—New York World.

"All things come to those who wait," quoted the Wise Guy. "Well, the fellow who expects to have greatness thrust upon him must be a steady good waiter," added the Simple Guy.

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HELP WANTED.

WANTED—GIRLS TO WORK on knit underwear—seamers and English stitchers preferred. We also teach learners, any girl with good knowledge of plain sewing; good wages; ideal factory conditions. Zimmerman Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Aberdeen and Garth streets, Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT for small family; highest wages; comfortable home. Address, Mrs. John Eley, 25 Homewood Avenue, Hamilton, Ont.

WANTED—WOOLLEN SPINNERS ON Davis and Furber and English Mules. Medium and heavy yarns—about work. For full particulars, apply to the Shagby Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

Science in the Kitchen.

Thomas A. Edison was praising the excellent native dyes of plants that have sprung up since the war, related the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"There was a lot of silly, ignorant talk among us at the beginning," he said. "Who'd have believed that such talk would have borne good fruit—good dye fruit?"

"Yes, the talk was so silly and ignorant at the beginning that it reminded me of the cook who said to her mistress: "That there new butler you've got in is certainly a fine scholar, ma'am."

"Yes?" said the mistress.

"O, yes, ma'am," said the cook. "The servants' sitting-room is certainly a different place of an evening since he came."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He talks science—science—all evening long. It is certainly fine."

"What kind of science does he talk, cook?"

"Well, ma'am, last evening, for instance, he showed us how we was descended from Mr. Darwin."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LIVESHQUE.
St. Joseph P. O. 15th Aug., 1906.

The Brook Cherith To-day.

This desolation doubly desolate is the gorge of the Brook Cherith in the Jordan valley, whose limestone cliffs hid the prophet Elijah from the wrath of Ahab. Here the ravens fed the prophet while the wicked king and the people over whom he ruled suffered the pangs of famine. The rain ceased, the crops failed, the king raged in his impotence but the prophet, solitary and alone beside the dwindling brook, had daily proof of the watchful care of Jehovah whose word he had obeyed. Then, when the brook failed for lack of rain, God led Elijah to the home of the widow of Zarephath. The place is still desolate, and you wonder what living thing the Arab in the foreground can be aiming at. The gorge is now called the Wady Kelt, and in a snug corner of the canyon walls nestles the old Elijah convent, in which Greek monks commemorate the long fast of the prophet of Israel. Possibly instead of ravens, they are fed by tourists—who know?—"Christian Herald."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Breaking the News.

Young Michael and his father were both employed in the same stone quarry. One day a bank caved in and killed the father.

No one cared to break the news to the widow, so the foreman eventually went over to young Mike and said to him:

"Mike, you'll have to go home and tell the mother. It's your place to do it, but whatever you do, boy, break it gently to her. Let her know of it easy like, understand?"

Michael nodded his head, and slowly made his way home. As he came up to the door he saw his mother busy in the garden. He said to her when she looked up with surprise:

"That's a fine gold watch father's ownin', mither."

"He never owned wan in his life!" was the sharp rejoinder.

"Then I'm glad of it, mither, for it 'ud be smashed now under twenty tons of rock!"—Exchange.

Who's to Blame for the High Cost of Food?

It may be the farmer, it may be the middleman, it may be the weather—but never mind—you have **Shredded Wheat** at the same old price, the same high quality, the one perfect, complete food, supplying more real nutriment than meat, or eggs, or vegetables, costing much less and more easily digested. **Cut out the high-price foods. Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast with milk or cream. Eat it for dinner with stewed fruits and green vegetables. A deliciously nourishing meal for only a few cents. Made in Canada.**

Men Wanted for the Navy
The Royal Naval Canadian Volunteer Reserve, wants men for immediate service Overseas, in the Imperial Navy

Candidates must be from 18 to 38 years of age and sons of actual born British subjects.

PAY \$1.10 per day and upwards. Free Kit. Separation allowance, \$20.00 monthly.

Experienced men from 38 to 45, and boys from 15 to 19 are wanted for the CANADIAN NAVAL PATROLS.

Apply to: COMMANDER ARTHUR JARVIS, Naval Recruiting Officer, Ontario Area, 85 BAY STREET, TORONTO, or to the Department of Naval Service, OTTAWA.