Relieve Your Rheumatism For 25c.

NR does it by improving digestion, assimilation and elimination---the logical way.

NR Today—Relief or No Pay

There are three vital processes of human existence,—the digestion of food, the extraction of nourishment from it and the elimination of the waste.

Let anything interfere with these processes—let them be interrupted or improperly carried on, and sickness of some kind follows.

Poor digestion and assimilation means failure to derive full nourishment from food and that in turn often means impoverished blood, weakness, anaemia, etc. Poor elimination means an accumulation of waste matter which poisons the body, lowers vitality, decreases the power of resistance to disease and leads to the development of many serious ills.

Rheumatism,—due to some interference with the process of elimination, failure to get rid of certain body poisons,—cannot be expected to yield to any medicine that fails to correct the condition responsible for it. Could any reasonable person expect to rid himself of rheumatic pain as long as rheumatic poison is allowed to remain in the body.

Think of this. It explains the success of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) in so many cases where other medicines have failed. Thousands are using NR Tablets every day and getting relief. Why pay five or ten times as much for uncertain things? A 25c box of Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets), containing enough to last twenty-five days,—must help you, must give you prompt relief and satisfactory benefit or cost you nothing.

And Nature's Remedy is not only for the relief of rheumatism. It improves digestion, tones the liver, regulates kidney and bowel action, improves the blood and cleanses the whole system. You'll feel like a new person when you've taken NR Tablets a week. You've tried the expensive medicines and doctors, now make the real test. You'll get results this time. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is sold, guaranteed and recommended by your druggist.

E. A. FOSTER, Central Drug Store, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Wholesale Commission Fish Dealers
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Specialties, Smelts, Eels and Clams
Consignments solicited, daily returns, stencils and stationary on application.
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NEW YORK
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Boston

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BURNET & KEENEY, INC.

Wholesale Commission Dealers in

FRESH FISH

Specialties—Smelts, Eels and Clams

6 Fulton Fish Market—New York.

Prompt Returns Consignments solicited, daily ret

2584-11-22MstuEf6wpd

ROBBINS & ROBBINS

2 Fulton Market
New York, N. Y.
Wholesale Commssion dealers in
FRESH FISH
Smelts, eels and clams a specialty
For stencils see or write
E. O. WANSER, Revere Hotel, Charlottetown.

2751-12-5 mtus Efri 3wks pd

Smelts! Smelts! Smelts
BOOTH FISHERIES CO.

28-31 Fulton Fish Market
New York City, N. Y.
Consignments solicited—Prompt Returns
References: any wholesale fish dealer or any bank in Canada or United States.
Stencils on application to Ed. E. Wanser, Clifton House, Summerside

2807-12-6MstuEf3wkspd.

CHESEBRO BROTHERS

Wholesale commission dealers and shippers.

FISH! FISH!

Smelts, Eels, Lobsters and Frogs are specialties.

No. 1 Fulton Fish Market, New York consignments solicited

2708-11-30 mstu Ef 4mos pd

Austin Haley
COMMISSION MERCHANT
Fresh and Salt Fish
Lobsters, Scallops, Clams
176 Atlantic Ave, Boston
Consignments Solicited

A thrifty young fellow named Slater
Through the Want Ads got work as a Waiter,
With the tips that he gleans
Plus his wages, it means
He'll be well-to-do sooner or later.

Woes of Life in Russia Under Bolshevist Rule Described by a German

FURTHER confirmation of recent reports of the desperate situation obtaining in that part of Russia under Bolshevist control is found in an article written for the Frankfurter Zeitung by that leading German newspaper's Moscow correspondent, Alfons Paquet. The German writer begins by describing a "concert-meeting" arranged by M. Lunascharsky, the Bolshevist Commissary for Education, and reports that a scanty audience of 300 in the great Moscow theatre listened apathetically to Lunascharsky's addresses on music and the revolution and to perfect performances by the ex-Imperial Orchestra of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and the overtures to "Tannhauser" and "Faust." Then, as translated by the London Times, Herr Paquet continues:

"Out in the streets of Moscow there is little enough of beauty or freedom. The little group of leaders who are conducting the armed people of workmen, soldiers, and peasants through the gray privations of the class war know that better than anybody. The action of the Czecho-Slovaks on the Volga and the Anglo-French undertaking in the north have cut off the Soviet Republic from the corn of Siberia, the ores in the Urals, the wood in the forests, and the fish in the streams. Moscow, once so luxurious, is starving.

"The people go their way pale, thin, shy, and silent. They are waiting for a long winter without bread and without firing. Those who have clothes and furs are in danger of losing them. The working masses are full of bitterness, because, in view of the everlasting tension of the external situation and the unheard-of rise in prices, they cannot reap the fruits of their high wages and their triumph over the bourgeoisie. In the desolate dwellings of the rich and in the overcrowded houses of the small bourgeoisie terror reigns like a nightmare. There is no end to the searching of houses, the arrests and the shootings, the seizure of dwellings now in this quarter of the town and now in the few shops which are still open. Universal want grips the roots of the people, while the fight of the Extraordinary Commission against the Counter-Revolution destroys everybody's nerves. Brother against brother, father against son, countless families are torn asunder. The Russian Church, with its golden pictures, and its clocks and cupolas towering over the city, is really deprived of all its old power and brilliance; it is weak as a reed waving in the wind, and its priests are under persecution."

Paquet gives an account of public debates on "Christianity and Socialism," and also tells of the increasing vogue of spiritualism, averring that he attended a seance in July at which "something quite extraordinary" had been predicted for Aug. 30, the day on which Premier Nikolai Lenine was shot and seriously wounded. He goes on to say:

"Lenine's wound is such that there is no probability of his taking part in the business of the Soviet for several weeks to come. The firm hand of the outstanding leader will be missed during this time. For some weeks past curiously little has been heard of Trotzky. But at the meeting of the Central Executive Committee which ratified the supplementary treaty to the Brest peace Trotzky delivered a long speech, and was afterward elected President of the Supreme War Council. In the present critical days, however, Lenine's clear and sober sense of facts is missing by the side of the always uneasy, flaming Mephistophelian temperament of the great agitator Trotzky. Even Lenine's enemies recognize the strength of his personality and the breadth of his horizon.

"The little Jewess who shot at Lenine was just as sincerely convinced as was the Jewish student who killed Uritzky that Lenine is destroying Russia, and this conviction does not live only in those who raise their pistols. The conviction that Russia is being destroyed, and that no sun of a new light is rising out of Russia's present tortures, is universal—in spite of musical afternoons in the theatre. War and revolution are still eating Russia away.

"Bread, freedom, and peace were the three words with which Lenine entered on office. And now, after existing for ten months, this Government finds it necessary, in order to effect even a trifling reduction in the fantastic price of food in its capital, to decree that every individual may bring in fifty pounds of food from outside the city. But the Red Guards promptly robbed the poor people at the railway stations of their fifty pounds of flour, potatoes, or turnips.

"The Government promised freedom, and the oppression in Moscow from above is now more severe than it ever was under the czar. The old newspapers of the 'intelligent' are suppressed. For the last six weeks the telephone has not been working. The state of transport is such that it takes hours to go from one end of the city to the other.

"Instead of peace, there is revolution and bloodshed everywhere. On Sunday afternoon I passed the Church of the Saviour. The church door stood open, the bells were ringing, and on both banks of the river shots rang out. The people in the street merely took cover under the walls of the church and waited until the firing stopped. Then they went their way without looking around."

Herr Paquet ends by quoting Lunascharsky as saying that perhaps the Bolsheviki will one day have to disappear, but that in that case they are sure to return. Paquet indicates that the first event is more probable than the latter.

::There was a young lady from Guelph
Who for sometime had been on the shelf
So she placed a Want Ad.
"Wanted man very bad"
Now she's married and proud of herself.

William Morris Hughes, Premier of Australia, Pays Visit to Anzacs

AUSTRALIA'S pride in her troops; her gratitude for their labors, risks and sacrifices; her joy that they fight shoulder to shoulder with the forces of civilization; her faith that they are laying broad and deep foundations of a great nation consecrated to liberty, equality, progress and permanent world peace—these were the burden of his measured and unaffected eloquence. He was a little man—if the gauge be physical. Standing there under the tall poplars by the Somme canal with stalwart Australian soldiers massed in front of him he looked almost lilliputian. He wore a brown tweed peajacket suit and a pale green, soft felt hat. His shoulders were slightly stooped, his head long and narrow, his hair iron gray, moustache brown, face swarthy, seamed, brown and furrowed and eyes dark and penetrating.

He spoke slowly and in a deep voice with a marked quality of resonance. At intervals his right hand shot out and upward, the fingers tightly clenching as the movement ceased. It was almost the orator's only gesture. During the whole speech the intent soldiers were almost as silent as were the green waters of the canal in their dappled garb of sifted sunlight. But when the little man had spoken his last word and

WILLIAM MORRIS HUGHES.

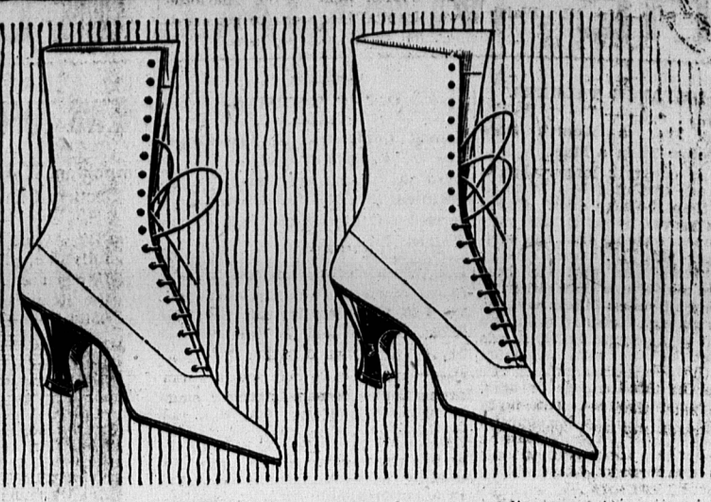
was moving off cheers broke forth under the poplars, sharp cheers of fighting men pointed with individual cries, "Good old Billy!" "Good old Billy."

It was William Morris Hughes, Premier of Australia, and the troops who acclaimed him were a battalion of a brigade of a division of Australian infantry. Hughes was traveling over the battlefields between Amiens and the Hindenburg line, visiting as many units of the Australian corps as was possible. He talked with officers high and low and mixed especially with the men in the ranks.

It was at Bray, on the north bank of the Somme that he made his greatest speech. Also the setting was peculiarly impressive. He spoke in the midst of ruins. Before him was 2,000 war-worn soldiers of the Antipodes. In the heart of the assemblage were 800 Anzacs, men who came around the earth with the first Australian and New Zealand division to fight at Gallipoli. Mr. Hughes had an important announcement to make to these men. He climbed up a ladder to a verandah at the second story of a three-story brick building that before the Germans came was used as a school. On this verandah he stood, his hands resting on the iron railing. In the cobbled triangular area beneath him soldiers were packed together. One leg of the triangle was formed by a strapping double-rowed guard of honor with gleaming bayonets. The building against which Mr. Hughes stood was windowless, gouged and splattered from shellfire. Its roof was shattered. Directly opposite the speaker was a large church, gutted and reeling.

Night was drawing on. Shadows lay over the scene and there was such stillness one might have fancied these ruins deserted of man. In such a theatre, in such stillness and to such an audience Mr. Hughes spoke. Little wonder that there was unrelieved solemnity on his face. Little wonder that all who heard were moved. Words they were of the plainest—short, simple words a child could have understood, but from the circumstances and the atmosphere in which they were spoken they drew a character of great eloquence. As under the poplars the principal note was that of patriotism, pride in and gratitude for what the Australians had done, appreciation of the national and moral significance of their deeds and gratification that their heroism and strength were unified with the heroism and strength of other free men in the struggle for their heritage.

Mr. Hughes is an advanced thinker in socialism. Some may call him revolutionary but he perceives as vividly as does any conservative that the vilest political phenomenon in the world to-day is bolshevism. "That thing must be stamped into the earth," he said. "Every weapon men can lay their hands on should be used against it. Even capitalism should be welcome in the fight against bolshevism. Bolshevism means the disintegration and destruction of law, liberty, justice and civilisation and it means nothing else."



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