## "Doc Bird Says"

VALUES RECEIVED---that's what you get when you buy at this---yes, and a little more than that.

"The melancholy days have come" but—cheer up!

They won't be "the saddest of the year" if you take

**Foster's Laxative Cold Cure**

for that cold or the grippe.

**E. A. Foster**

Central Drugstore
Sunnyside

Headquarters for pickling spice and essence of vinegar etc.

::Before the war started we secured our present splendid stock of tooth brushes. The line is unusually good, as the bristles are all the first quality French make. They are stronger and more durable than the ordinary kind. These brushes have either straight or curved handle, with regular and irregular brush surface, with plain and perforated backs. Price 25c and 35c. MacKinnon Drug Co., Cor. Great George and Kent Streets. Mtf.

## FIELD DAY IN KENSINGTON

..THE KENSINGTON ATHLETIC.. CLUB
Will hold a Grand Field Day

**On THANKSGIVING DAY, MONDAY, October 12th.**

Competition in the different events will start at One o'clock sharp. Admission, 15 cents; children under 12, free.

**Suitable Prizes** will be given the winner of places in each of the following events:—

One Mile Run.
440 Yards Run.
100 Yards Dash.
Boys' (under 16) Half-Mile Bicycle Race.
Boys' 100 Yards Dash.
Putting 16-lb. Shot.
Throwing 16-lb. Hammer.
Running High Jump.
Pole Vault.
Throwing 56-lb. Weight.
Throwing Discus.
Tossing the Caber.
Throwing the Baseball for distance.
Hop, Step and Leap.

All Entries to close on Saturday at 8 p.m., with the Secretary.

F. Z. LINDS, Kensington.
5943-10-7m1i

First Office Boy—"Well, did you ask your boss for a raise right after his lunch, as I told you?"

Second Office Boy—"Yes, and I got fired! He'd forgot to take his dyspepsia tablet."—Puck.

## Crippled With Rheumatism

AND SKEPTICAL AFTER TRYING MANY MEDICINES—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS CURED HIM.

When the kidneys fail to purify the blood the poisons left in the system cause pain and suffering, such as back-ache, lumbago and rheumatism. Read how this skeptic was cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. F. W. Brown, Kingsbury, Que., writes:—"I have been completely cured of backache and lame back by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I also recommended the pills to a man who was a cripple from rheumatism. He was skeptical, as he said that he had tried nearly everything on earth. Finally he consented to try them, and to his surprise was greatly benefited in the first week, and the pains left his legs until he was so supple he could walk without pain or difficulty. Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills have worked wonders in this place, and we think there is no medicine like them."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, 5 for $1.00; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.


**DOMINION TRUST COMPANY**

"The Perpetual Trustee"

Paid up Capital and Surplus over $3,000,000 acts as Executor Trustee under will, as Trustee for Bondholders of Deeds of Trust.

Rents boxes in safe depoist vaults--Acts as Agents for Fire and Casualty Insurance Companies—Offers investments in guaranteed first Mortgage, yielding 5 p. c. and in Municipal Debentures yielding 6 p c.

Maintains offices in Montreal, St. John, Halifax, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminister, Nanaimo, London, England and Antwerp, Belgium.

**DOMINION TRUST COMPANY**

"The Perpetual Trustee"

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

5940-10-7M2i


### LIKE THE FIRES OF HELL.

Gunner Batey (Royal Garrison Artillery) wrote to Mr. Robert Mann, of Kibblesworth, near Gateshead: You will be surprised to hear from me. I have just come back from the front, and I met your son, Gunner F. Spencer Mann, out there. If it had not been for him I would not be here to tell the tale.

I got severely wounded in the severe fighting we had for three days across the Meuse. We had our heavy siege guns in action, and I was hit with shrapnel. When I fell our men drove off, but your son and I had been fighting side by side and he missed me.

It was like the fires of hell and your noble lad came back and carried me to safety, although he was wounded himself, but not dangerously. He gave me two letters, one for you and one for his brother Jim; but I lost them and then I thought of your address. So I thought I would write and tell you. He said if God spared him he would never come back until the war was finished. It is a cruel war, but our lads will win, and you can be proud of your son, as we were all proud of him. He dropped them like sheep in hundreds. Your son was the lad for them. When he laid the gun it played Hell with the Germans. He seemed in his glory, and with such men as him England must win. He fears nothing. He is always cheering, always shouting, "Into them, lads; the sooner we get through the sooner we will get home." The captain is proud of him.

### EUROPE'S SOLDIERS COMPARED.

Private F. Barnes (Royal Warwickshire Regiment) writes: I returned a short time ago from Scutari, Albania, with a detachment of my regiment and during the time there we were stationed in the same barracks with the French and Austrians. The Germans and Italians were a short distance on our left. The Austrian soldiers would give us anything. I have seen them strip their breasts of medals and give them all to us, although of course, they got a breast of medals for going on manouevres in their army. The Germans seemed rather cold towards the others, although they were polite to a certain extent. You would always see a German private salute an English private whether in a hotel or street.

It was very interesting to watch the ways of each country's soldiers. I think the one that is most like a British Tommy is our ally the Frenchman, both in tactics and in sport. We did not know war had been declared until we were taken suddenly to Malta. It appears we had been soldiering together in peaceful harmony while our respective nations were at war.

### THE LAST MATCHES.

Corporal J. W. Cooper (. 16th Lancers) writes: I have now my (fifth horse since we started. Two were shot under me. I could do with some matches. We have about three matches left in our squadron, and when one is struck everybody crowds around. We have had a terrible shelling but it has averaged a hundred German shells to kill three Englishmen.

### A CHASE WITHOUT BOOTS.

Private J. Irwin (Munster Fusiliers) says in a letter: Volley after volley met the Germans as they came on. They retired under the shock of the fire. You should have heard us cheer, and some with boots off gave chase, as well as more with boots on. We gave them a proper "Brian-Boru" cheer which routed them with heavy losses.

### A "COWBOY" HERO IDENTIFIED.

The heroic field artilleryman who was the sole survivor of his battery at Mons, and who continued to serve his gun although wounded until he was ordered to retire, has been identified as a young Isle of Wight man named Butchers, who until about two years ago, was a cowboy on a farm near Sandown. His father, who lives at Brading, an Isle of Wight village, has received a letter in which Butchers modestly tells of the episode.


"If you want what is right in chewing, and smoking tobaccos you will see what we have to offer. Here you will find Irish Twist at 8c an ounce, Shamrock, Clay Pipe, Marigold, Bangor, Ivy, and Master Workman at 10c, and Pedro at 15c. a cut. MacKinnon Drug Co., Cor. Great George and Kent Streets. MEtf.


# TALES TOLD BY MEN IN THE FIGHTING LINES ON LAND AND ON SEA

(CONTINUED.)

All this was prepared for. All this has been done. But what of the half-million "Kitchener" recruits who are joining daily in numbers as large as an entire year's recruiting at normal times? It is essential that they shall be in uniform at the earliest possible moment. Unfortunately there is not enough khaki material in existence to clothe them immediately in war color.

### NEW BLUE UNIFORM.

There are plenty of scarlet tunics in reserve at the various military depots of the country. Could these be dyed blue for training purposes? The experiment was tried but did not prove a conspicuous success. Too many uncongenial shades of blue emerged from the dye-vats.

It was, therefore, decided to issue to some recruits the scarlet tunics just as they are, and to clothe others in blue serge. Arrangements have been made which will, it is hoped, procure this blue uniform at the rate of some 12,000 suits a day. Meanwhile the manufacture of khaki cloth proceeds, and every man when he goes on from his training to active service, will find a suit of khaki waiting for him.

### CIVILIAN OVERCOATS.

Overcoats of civilian cut are being purchased wherever available. The postal authorities have voluntarily transferred to the War Office all the overcoat cloth at their command. All local authorities are empowered to purchase boots and necessaries for the troops wherever suitable supplies can be found. A big business is being done at every centre.

The Admiralty has placed a large order for special clothing for naval gunners. The new garment is a double suit, comprising an inner one of wash leather and an outer one of specially prepared oilskin.

War has affected nearly every industry in the country. Huts are now being constructed for almost half a million soldiers and for many Territorials as well. "As the work of constructing all these huts," says Mr. Tennant, Under-Secretary for War, "is one of enormous magnitude, it is obviously impossible to say on what date all will be ready. The first lot to be started were those at Belton Park, and these were to be ready for occupation by September 25. Others will follow rapidly, but it is unlikely that all will be ready before the end of November. Work is decentralized as much as possible, and every care is being taken to utilize local resources."

Nobody sings the English translation of the Marseillaise—or what he happens to know of it—with more thoroughness or energy than Tommy Aitkins; and nobody thinks more of the French nation—in the bulk. But there must be many Frenchmen to whom the English Tommy is a terrible mystery. They like him; but they must be looking at him with wonder, and shaking their heads.

One letter tells the story.

Boulogne, 10 p. m., Saturday.

We have just finished having supper in a tram. . . I wanted some bread, but couldn't make the fellow understand till my pal told me to put my fingers in my mouth and say "Japan" (du pain.) I got it, but thought myself lucky.

What we wanted most of all, however, was a cup of tea, and, after a search, we happened on an emergency ration of tea and sugar.

Jock put it into a canteen, and told a Frenchman, as well as he could, that we wanted him to make some tea. He looked puzzled for a time, but all of a sudden he smiled, nodded and ran off.

Jock swanked, as it was his French that had done it, and we were a bit jealous till that blinking Frenchman came back with the canteen—filled with cold water.

We all went raving mad, but the Frenchman thought we were delighted. He laughed and shook hands with himself, and Jock wanted to throw the "tea" over him. I've never seen him so mad in all my life, but expect the "French" had something to do with it.

I kept the stuff, hoping we got a chance to boil it up, when the same man came along with a can of boiling water for someone else. Jock thought they had probably sent him for cold water, and we annexed it. We strained the tea and what was left of the sugar off through a piece of brown paper and put it in the boiling water.

We got this sort of picnic every day, for all the Frenchmen who can speak any English seem to have gone to the front.

### DIDN'T LIKE FISTS.

Describing a bayonet charge of the Wiltshire regiment, Private R. N. Hopkins, in a letter from the front said:—

"We got right in amongst them and many of our fellows lost their rifles in the hand to hand scrap which followed. It reminded me of a riot. Those of us who had lost our rifles tackled the Germans with our fists, while those who had fired all their ammunition used their rifle butts. The German's didn't like our fists any more than our bayonets. I think I must have caught hold of half a dozen Germans and flung them to the ground, and passed on, when I fell wounded in the right foot by one of our own bayonets which was lying on the ground."

### HOW WE TOOK TOGOLAND.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Lieut. A. V. Baker, on active service in Togoland:—

"Accra, Gold Coast, August 4.

The Government has taken over all our stocks, and all the white men (with the exception of the Germans who are under orders to go to Lome) were sworn in this morning in a force called the Gold Coast Volunteers, so after all I may get a smack at the Germans. . . . .

"Lome, Togoland, August 13.

I have been given the rank of lieutenant on account of my Yeomanry experience and am in charge of the commissariat (when you are not fighting!) Since I wrote to you last we've had a pretty strenuous time, but I haven't time to go into details now. Things have moved very swiftly here. You have, of course, seen that the Gold Coast forces have taken Loame. While the regular troops were attacking from the sea side the volunteers were ordered to Akuse to defend the Volta. The night we got the alarm (about 2 a. m.) was a lovely scramble; my squad, 25 strong, held Christianborg Castle for two hours before we had any relief. But then we went for them and drove the Germans back after a pretty stiff fight which I shall never forget if I live to be a hundred. We have got a compound at Accra with German prisoners in already.

"Accra, August 20.—We are back in Accra after some pretty tough work in Togoland, as I expect you have heard. We went through the Germans' last line of defence at the wireless station about thirty miles inland from Lome and which they had strongly fortified. We had a good many natives killed, but only one white. The beastly Germans were using soft nosed bullets.


**I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by by MINARD'S LINIMENT,**

Hali ax. ANDREW KING.
Markham, Ont. C. S. BILLING.

**I was cured of Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.**

**Lakefield, Que., Oct. 9, 1907**
**I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.**
**LT.-COL. C. CREW READ, Sussex.**


### "ITCHING FOR A SCRAP."

Here is a cheery letter from a midshipman in one of the British battleships that are waiting for the German fleet to come out of hiding; it appeared in the London Morning Post:—"A rumor got about that we had been sunk, some wooden gear that we had thrown overboard being found. We have not been sunk yet, nor, I am sorry to say, have we sunk any Germans. By the time this fetches up, however, I hope we shall have met them, captured most of them and sunk the rest. We are all itching for a scrap, and this routine is getting rather monotonous. We go to night defence—stations for three and a half hours every night, and sleep in our clothes during our watch off and after daylight. We go into harbor to coal every four or five days. In the daytime at sea we have nothing to do except to rig night defence gear (searchlights are stowed below at daylight), do physical drill, running round the ship, etc., to keep ourselves fit, and occasionally going to action stations. Of course there have been various alarms, when we have had to rush to our stations. But they are generally caused by some hamhanded horse marine firing a gun by mistake, or by some swivel-eyed lookout seeing one of our own ships and thinking it the enemy, of mistaking a treacle tin for the periscope of a submarine. Anyhow, none of them have come to anything; but they tend to relieve the monotony, although at the expense of sleep, which is a rare luxury, especially at night. We have to sleep in the signal house so as to be near our searchlights, and are waked up every two or three minutes by signal men coming in and falling over our feet (I can imagine you saying it serves me right for having such big ones?) It is the only place where they can switch on a light to read signals. But in spite of these little inconveniences, I dare say we come off better than you. I am very sorry for everybody left at home; the war must effect them more than it does us. I expect Hal is taking the war very seriously and thinks it 'balmy' that he can't go to the front or come to sea? I am not allowed to tell you anything, and so will not write any more nonsense."


## CURE HIS DRINKING

**It Can Be Done and Will Save His Future, His Work, His Life.**

Often our best and cleverest are those on whom the drink disease fastens its clutches. It is a disease, for the inflamed stomach sets up that terrible craving that makes men forget their promises and all that is near and dear to them.

Alcura is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. It removes the craving, soothes the nerves, builds up the system, and renders drink distasteful. Alcura can be had at our store, $1.00 per box. Alcura No. 1 is tasteless and odorless and can be given secretly. Alcura No. 2 is the voluntary treatment. Try it to-day. Ask for free Alcura booklet.

**E. A. FOSTER, Central Drug Store, Charlottetown.**


### NEW TANGO GIRDLE.

Everyone wants the new tango girdle. The one made in Roman stripes is the newest and can be crocheted in silk, using black, yellow, blue, red and a pale shade of pink. Anyone familiar with a simple stitch can make it, being careful when working in a new color to place the end of the wrong side and crochet the new color over it.

Repeat like this with each color and add a fringe two inches long. A fringe of silk and beads is very effective or a silk fringe with a large bead at the end.

### Russians Have Concentrated 1,000,000 Men Near Cracow

PARIS, Oct. 6.—The Rome correspondent of the Havas Agency says a dispatch from Petrograd to the Giornale d'Italia states that in the great battle which is imminent in the reggion of Cracow, Galicia, the Russian strength will be 1,000,000 men, with powerful artillery under the command of Generals Rozsky, Brussiloff and Dimitrieff.

Four corps of Bavarians and Saxons have reinforced the Austrians for the purpose of attempting to prevent the Russians from invading Silesia, adds the dispatch.

## ARE THE RUSSIANS A MYTH?

A Newspaper man in Aberdeen, Scotland writes as follows regarding the rumor about Russians passing through Scotland and England en route for Russia:

Aberdeen, like the rest of the country, has shared in the Russian myth. But is it a myth? The French Embassy in London is reported to have told a press representative that no Russians have been landed in France, and if that be so, then the thing is a myth. But. But. That is what you are driven back to. The Embassy may deny it—perhaps it must deny it, because if it doesn't then it seems to admit it—but though it denies it, there are all the assertions we had from so many quarters that Russians did pass through this country, they could only have been going to France or Belgium, It is a fortnight ago—to be exact, one o'clock on Thursday morning a fortnight ago—that the report of the Russians first reached the "Free Press" office. A telephone message came from Manchester asking us if we had heard anything about Russian troops being landed on the East Coast of Scotland. We had not, and we replied to this effect. We thought nothing more of the matter, and heard nothing on the Thursday.

Then on the Friday the myth, if it be a myth, began. "Have you heard about the Russians?" "Is it true about the Russians?" That was the question flung at us by people in the street and by excited telephone inquiries in the country. What could we reply? Nothing but that we had heard the report and knew nothing about it. Then by the Monday the "evidence," the "proof positive" began to pour in. A would stop you in the street. "Well, I don't know about it, but B (mentioning a business man in Union Street) has just had a letter from a friend in Liverpool saying that Russians have been landed there." On all hands one heard about this letter from Liverpool, and soon other people appeared—or, at any rate you were solemnly told about them—who also had had letters from Liverpool, all about the Russians. This Liverpool evidence was the beginning After that we heard of Russians all over the place. Troop trains, 50 of them, passed through Wigan; 30 of them at Newcastle; 20 with the blinds all drawn at Bedford and so on and so on. There was scarcely an important railway station in the country where you didn't hear of Russians being seen. Only the difficulty was that you never actually saw the person who did see them. He was always elusive; always one stage away, as it were.

### SAW THEM ON THE PLATFORM.

And it was the same, even when the myth—if it be a myth—came nearer home, and it was a case, not of Russians at Wigan, but of Russians at Keith and Aberdeen and Kingussie. A now told one that X, the so-and-so at Kingussie, saw the Russians at Kingussie, and the officers got out on the platform." "Where did they come from?" "Why, Cromarty, of course," or it might be Wick or even Stornoway, as one possessor of exclusive information assured us, as if Russians would ever be landed at Stornoway and shipped by MacBrayne's boat to Kyle of Lochalsh. If the Russians went down the Highland, it was, of course, "up to" the Great North to be in the field also, and so we soon heard that the trains had passed through Keith on the Sunday a fortnight ago, and, of course, they duly passed through Aberdeen "with the blinds all drawn." Poor Russians. They were not allowed to see the fair scenery of Scotland. Another version was even worse. The windows of the trains—these were trains at Carlisle or Bradford, or somewhere or other down there—were all varnished, painted like prison vans for Siberia, so that we should not discover the Russians. Blinds drawn were bad enough, but varnished windows were a refinement of torture.

### THAT TRANSPORT SHIP.

So much for the evidence inside the country. Soon it began to come from abroad. A trawl skipper, arriving at Aberdeen, told of being up near the Faroes, or was it the Shetlands?—it doesn't matter, but somewhere up there—and he saw a large vessel with grey canvas round the funnels and over the stern, and of course she was a transport with the Russians from Archangel, else what was such a big vessel doing up there? Witnesses were also forthcoming who had positively seen the Russians in Ostend. We never actually saw one of these witnesses, bnt we heard all about them and were assured that they were reliable. Certainly from all these stories, it did look as if there was something in it; but then suddenly one's faith was shaken when Z told us that he had had a letter from a friend in London saying how clever it was of the Government to land all those Russians at Aberdeen and billet them without anybody knowing about it. Well, if people in London were told and were assuring each other that the Russians had landed at Aberdeen and were billeted there, what sort of truth was there in the stories we were hearing about Russians at Wigan and Kingussie? So we remain in a state of bewilderment. Lord Curzon was asked on Tuesday before his meeting if there was any truth in the story, and he is said to have replied that there wasn't, and that in matters and rumours of this kind at such a moment "all men are liars." But. We come back to that. It mayn't be true, but——— What are you going to make of all these stories? Is it all a myth?


## BABY'S FACE MASS OF ERUPTION

**Spread Over Head and Neck. Caused Disfigurement, Burning and Itching. Could Not Get Any Sleep. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.**

1 Hibernia Ave., West Toronto, Ont.—"First we noticed a rash on our child's face, which soon began to spread all over his head and then around his neck. I thought it was going all over his body. It was in red patches on his face, then pimples began to form which broke and matter was running from them. His face and head was a mass of eruption and it caused a very bad disfigurement, also burning and itching. The child could not get any sleep. I tried several kinds of ointments and powders but with no success for about two months. The rash seemed to get worse. Little blisters would form then burst and a lot of discharge would come out.

"We tried ——— Ointment and ——— but to no good effect. After the child had been suffering about two months we were recommended to try the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After a few applications it gave relief and the child began to get some sleep. In about six weeks Cuticura Soap and Ointment completely healed the trouble and not a scar is left." (Signed) Mrs. Wm. Tucker, Feb. 19, 1914.

**Samples Free by Mail**

A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A."

The best argument for silverware is to say that it has proved its worth through service. That this is true is seen in the wonderful success of

**1847 ROGERS BROS.**

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

It has been for more than three-score years the standard silverware, famous for wearing quality and beauty. Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years. There are other "Rogers" goods, but to get the *genuine*, ask your dealer for **1847 ROGERS BROS.**


### Six Little Schoolhouses All in a Row Now Barracks

The Scheveningen schoolhouses stood there in a row. Six frame buildings, one story high, painted a murky yellow. But reading, writing and arithmetic had flown out of the window in educated horror, and soldiers, strategy and soup had come in at the door. Out with the children and in with the military! Learning had given way before war!! The schoolhouses had become a barracks.

I looked in at the window, a chef was carving a leg of mutton on the teacher's desk. Blankets were rolled up on the benches. Tactics were scrawled over the blackboards. In the schoolyards there were two hundred soldiers, and they were peacefully peeling potatoes.

Troops are quartered in thirty-one schools in The Hague, and the scholars cared for in thirty-one other school buildings. Elaborately deviser part-time systems are in vogue, so that most of the children have only a few hours a week instruction.

"That's why I'm glad my papa is away," said Jan, stabbing a potato through the fence with his sword. "Because when so many papas go away, they have to sleep in the schools and I only have to go for ever-so-little each week. War's a great thing, isn't it, mynheer?"

Will Jan think that war's a great thing ten years from now?

Three other boys with swords and paper hats came around the corner.

"These are my men," said Jan. "It's great to fight, isn't it?"

Looking down at Jan's paper hat, I saw headings about heavy taxes and food shortage, and the wounded, and the killed, and I remembered how a child had cried in its mother's arms in the darkened streets of Antwerp, while the city waited for German bombs from the open sky.

"Yes, it's great to fight, Jan," I said. But it's greater not to fight. Take this home to your blue-eyed mother, and tell her that her blue-eyed son has earned his first pay as a general.'

Jan looked up.

"You've got blue eyes yourself," he said.

And then four pairs of wooden shoes clattered up the street.

HENRY WEST SUYDAM.

### ANOTHER SPECIES GONE.

(Ohio State Journal.)

It is announced by the Audubon societies that the last survivor of the millions of wild pigeons which years ago inhabited the eastern part of the United States has just died in the Cincinnati zoological gardens. It was a female hatched in captivity twenty-nine years ago.

The species have been wiped out, declares the secretary of the national association, "by the traps, nets and guns of American hunters." This is another natural resource sacrificed to a false idea of sport. There is economic tragedy in the death of this ancient bird which had never enjoyed her freedom which her ancestors inherited but could not hand down.

So the wild pigeon goes to join the great auk and the Carolina paraquet; it may soon be joined in turn by the bison and the beaver. Though wiser than our forbears in these matters we still slaughter nature's children unfeelingly. We still sacrifice untold wealth in natural resources.


"You will find here the largest and most complete stock of good tobaccos that any critical smoker could desire. We have Old Chum, Master Workman Sweet Caporal, T. & B., Hickey & Nicholson, Taxi, Regal, Forest & Stream and Prince Albert at 10c a tin. Dills Best, Velvet and Lucky Strike at 15c a tin. Hickey & Nicholson and Sweet Chestnut at 25c. a tin. MacKinnon Drug Co., Cor. Great George and Kent Streets. MEtf


THE GOOD OLD WINTER TIME.

I love the good old winter time;
I love to shovel snow
And fuss around the furnace fire
To try and make her go.
The biting winds, they just suit me,
They cannot blow too cold.
When I confront my coal bin, I
Am hopeful quite, and bold.
I like the good old snappy night
When water pipes all crack.
I love to call the plumber in
The morning to my shack.
I do not fear the plumber's bills,
But pay 'em with good grace;
I meet him at my front door with
A smile upon my face.
I dearly love to slip and slide
And fall upon my ear
When I walk down town every morn
That's crisp and bright and clear.
I love to hear upon the snow
The heavy wagons squeak.
I love to wrap my head up so
I will not freeze my beak.
I love the good old winter time,
Of it I never tire;
But still, I think that I can hear
You softly whisper; "LIAR,"


## Cured of Piles and Eczema

BY USING THREE BOXES OF DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. Abram Buhr, Herbert, Sask., writes:—"I want to say that I was troubled with eczema and piles and suffered greatly from the itching, burning sensations caused by these annoying ailments. I sent for a free sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and this did me so much good that I bought three boxes more, and after using same was cured of both eczema and piles."

This is the kind of letters we receive daily from people who have been cured of these distressing skin diseases by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. No matter how skeptical you might be, you could not read these letters for many days without concluding that Dr. Chase's Ointment is undoubtedly the most prompt relief and certain cure for these ailments.

If you have doubts send for a free sample box and be convinced. It was by use of a free sample that Mr. Buhr was convinced of the merits of this treatment. For sale at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



## Hearing is Restored to Deaf

**Without Mechanical or Artificial Hearing Devices. Deaf Hear With Their Own Ears. A Wonderful English Discovery.**

Thousands of people suffer from catarrhal deafness or poor hearing, who having tried specialists, advertised treatments, artificial ear drums, ear phones, electric vibrators and various mechanical appliances without success have at last resigned themselves to a "world of silence" thinking that nothing can ever restore to them their normal hearing. Yet their case is not hopeless. A remarkable scientific treatment discovered a little more than a year ago in England is making people hear after years of deafness and is also unequalled for quickly stopping the distressing head noises that are so often the companians of defective hearing. This discovery is called Parmint and has attracted widespread notice throughout Europe where reports of the remarkable results it has given to deaf people have come in by the hundred.

The effect of Parmint it seems is by tonic action to produce a stimulous necessary to reduce all inflammation, swelling, enlargement or thickening of the organs of hearing and th stimulate the entire auditory tract.

Parmint is now being sold by many leading druggists in Charlottetown and vicinity and a speedy trial is urged upon all who suffer from catarrhal deafness or headnoises in any degree. Ask the druggist for 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength) and take it home and mix it with ¼ pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day and you should soon find a remarkable improvement in your hearing.