

Kidney-Trouble—Backache; Could Hardly Get Out of Bed

Mother of four is overjoyed at marked improvement only ten days after starting to take Sarnak.

When you have four small children depending on you to get up every morning and attend to their needs, a nagging backache can make life seem a weary, discouraging, hopeless affair.

That's why Mrs. Weldon Simmons, 169 Enterprise Street, Moncton, New Brunswick, was so delighted to discover in Sarnak a remedy which relieved a condition that had bothered her, off and on, for five long years. She writes:

"I can hardly believe that I feel so much better. Sarnak has really been good to me. I feel like working and living now than I have for a long time. For five years I suffered backache which was due to a kidney condition. At times it was so painful that I could hardly get out of bed in the morning and life seemed useless to me. But with four small children I had to be up and a-out. I tried many kinds of pills and remedies without success. Then I started taking Sarnak and within ten days I noticed a marked improvement. Now I feel like my old self again—and it's all thanks to Sarnak."

Mrs. Simmons, however, is only



MRS. WELDON SIMMONS

one of thousands in Canada who have found relief by taking Sarnak, after being kept in daily misery from backache, stomach, kidney and liver upsets, constipation or rheumatic, arthritic and neuritic pains. Sarnak acts fast to relieve this type of pain because it is in liquid form; no tablets or pills to dissolve in the stomach. And the analgesic properties of Sarnak are compounded in the medicine to bring you effective relief from the moment you swallow the first dose.

So get Sarnak today and give it a chance to help you, too.

At All Drug Stores \$1.35

A CASE IN POINT

SYDNEY, Australia — (CP) — To prove a point at the Road Safety Council's show here, a man faked a cycle accident—com-

plete with screams, falls and ambulance. All went well until the victim was carried off. The stretcher broke and the man went to hospital with head injuries.

The Morning Is Near Us

By Susan Glaspell

"Mother - she was sweet," he said doggedly, and as if determined to say it without confusion. "She was lovely to look at, and gentle, and good to us - well, to me she was. Father - I'll tell you one thing - a man never loved a woman more, and there were times that were happy - lots of them," he insisted, "though it ended - like that."

He sat thinking of it, lost to her, and Ivy did not speak. Then she said gently, "Of course, Warren. Of course that must be true. But that's all over now, and you know why it can't be revived. And you know," her voice rising, "you know just as well as I do the reason why Lydia mustn't come back. It must be stopped."

He shook his head. "I can't stop it. And even if I wanted to, Judge Kircher wouldn't approve. Judge Kircher! Is he running our family?"

"It would have run on the rocks without him. Come on, Ivy, let's get to bed. Let's take it as it comes and not worry. After all, Lydia was never much known here. She was only a little girl out in the country. Her coming back isn't going to make much of a stir."

"You are forgetting the cemetery," said Ivy bitterly. "Ivy is right. The cemetery association had plenty to say. It had been expected the Chippman land would be turned over to them that week. Now this Lydia Chippman was coming home. Anyone with a grain of sense would know she couldn't live there. It was just selfishness - spite. Most of all, it was ingratitude."

And this Lydia - how long would she live? She wasn't very old - younger than Warren. Until she moved over into the cemetery there'd be no room for anyone! It was selfish - inconsiderate - ungrateful. The women must be crazy.

The first burying ground had been down by the river, and when the river bed changed and graves were threatened - did the town leave forgotten dead down there in the muck? By no means. They built up the cemetery association - entertainments were given, cakes baked and whatnot, and all dead - many of them unclaimed and forgotten - were decently and expensively moved to Hillside, crowding Hillside. That was why the cemetery needed breathing room.

This Lydia - what a strange looking girl she had been. She didn't look like anyone else - Chippmans or anybody. Odd too, those who remembered her a little said she was odd. Her coming back boded no good. It would all start over again.

The last heard of her had been through Elfreda Meade, and Elfreda was a family connection. Her husband was Ivy Chippman's own brother - that made her some sort of connection of Lydia. Elfreda had seen her in Rome about three years ago - right after the dreadful thing happened. But here was this Lydia with a gay party - not one of them Americans, and she so foreign looking herself that at first Elfreda wasn't sure. But she suspected, and then heard a man talking a very strange language say Lydia - only he said Lee-dea, and sort of sang it. So for the sake of family connections Elfreda went up and spoke to her, stretching a point to be nice to her, saying the town missed her father and grieved for him.

But instead of being grateful this Lydia acted as if she had been struck; she went almost white - though she was too dark for that, and when Elfreda, still wanting to be nice, spoke of seeing her the next day Lydia whispered, "Oh, no," as if seeing someone from her old home - a family connection at that - just wasn't to be thought of! She had almost lost her voice at the horror of seeing Elfreda again, but stammered something about leaving Rome first thing in the morning. She had actually left the restaurant, though she hadn't finished her dinner - as if she couldn't stay in the same room with Elfreda, whom she hadn't introduced to her friends. And that was the last anyone had seen or heard of her.

A pretty business - when the cemetery had made all its plans for landscaping the ground, tearing down the ramshackle old place as John Chippman, sensibly enough, had said was to be done. For it had secrets - the Chippman place - and it was fitting it go. It has been justly condemned to destruction - and now it wasn't going to be destroyed.

Chapter IV

After years of silence Lydia became communicative. She telegraphed from Kansas City: "Very good flight. Hold everything. Arriving by bus Thursday noon. Anxious to get right out home and begin living there. Kindly open windows and get in a little food. Love, Lydia."

Let the dead go somewhere else

Breathing Made Easier Catarrh Given Relief

Instead of lying awake at night sneezing and coughing, why not act now, and break up your cold today?

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What Kind Of Exercise Do You Take

By F. H. MacArthur

Nowadays we read a lot on the subject of exercise. How to take it, when it should begin and where it should stop, but no general rule can be laid down to suit everybody. For many busy professional men such as lawyers, doctors, clergymen, editors, etc.; whose vocations keep them indoors a great deal, the morning may be the only time when exercise can be taken conveniently, a morning

Hold everything. Swell words to flash into the telegraph office, where that Miss Nelson did too much talking!

Well, Warren tried to be jovial with Ivy. Lydia must have been somewhat with Americans or how would she know Hold everything? Ivy advised a reply telegram, "Entirely impractical, strongly advise against coming." He had never seen Ivy so upset. Lydia was crazy - that's all there was to it, for how could she - Ivy - or anybody else on this earth get that place habitable in less than two days' time?

"You can't," said Warren, "and that's that. Lydia will have to be told when she gets here. She won't take one look and see for herself. She can make a little visit with us and then go away - some country we never heard of."

"And is this person called Koula and someone else name Diego to make a visit with us?" Ivy would have him tell her.

"Koula may be a cat," he cheered; "and something tells me Diego is a parrot."

To be continued



walk after, or before breakfast is a good custom.

Skating, rowing, dancing and baseball, may be okay for the younger set who can take it, not for oldersters and those who have reached middle life, some less strenuous form of exercise is perhaps to be preferred.

For the majority of persons, no form of exercise can beat some form of physical labour. For the weaker sex, general housework is admirably adapted to bring into play the different muscles of the body. A noted physician once stated that thousands of young ladies pining under the care of their family physician in spite of all he can do by the most learned and complicated prescriptions, would be greatly benefited in health if they would change places with their mothers for a few months: cooking, dusting, washing, mending, etc., are among the thousand and one little household duties that have made their mothers and grandmothers well and robust before them."

Our farm boys are kept healthy by sawing and chopping wood, doing chores about the farms, working among the livestock, and what have you. Such exercises is not too heavy, varied, oft changing, and answers all the requirements for a good standard of health. I can heartily recommend it from personal experience.

There is no gym in the world which is better to get excellent results from exercise than the workshop, the kitchen, the garden, and the woodyard. These are Nature's gymnasiums and require no outlay for special appliances, and are always fitted up for use.

In ancient Greece, in the balmy days of that empire, physical training was considered as much a part of the necessary education of young men as their mental culture. Every inducement was held out to them to make themselves strong and vigorous. Every school had its gym and the girls, too, were trained along with the boys. Small waists and dainty feet were not prized among the pioneers of civilization. The mothers of great men were not pampered or petted by society; they were accustomed to toil. Their bodies were developed so as to fit them for motherhood and give them constitutions to pass on to their children, who in turn, would be physically fitted to carry on the battles of life.

The women developed by this system of culture were immortalized in marble, and the beauty of their bodies has been the envy of the world from that time to this. That over exercising can be dangerous may be gleaned from the fact that highly developed athletes are not long lived. So it would seem that we should avoid extremes in any direction if we would reach the goals of wealth, fame and all that man seeks after. "A sound mind in a sound body," is as necessary for success in our day as it was when Greece was in the hey-day of her glory and beauty.

HALIFAX, Dec. 2 — (CP) — Halifax Shipyards Ltd. has been awarded the contract for repairs to the Canadian National Steamships liner Lady Nelson, it was learned tonight.

Yard officials said the vessel would go into drydock tomorrow. The Lady Nelson arrived here earlier this week after receiving minor repairs to her hull at Lauzon, Que. She ran aground on a mudbank in the St. Lawrence River while en route to the West Indies on her last voyage from Quebec this season. The repair job will take about three weeks. The cost was not disclosed.

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GOLD OUTPUT
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HERBERT, Sask. — (CP)—Work on Herbert's new \$15,000 arena is going along well. Mayor Herb Wiebe said it will be enclosed for use this winter.

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