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You will realize their value when you read what Mrs. J. P. T. Wedge, of Summerside, P.E.I., writes:

"Gin Pills are the greatest of all kidney remedies and a medicine which is at present doing me a world of good. They are worth their weight in gold to any sufferer."

Get GIN PILLS today at your dealer's. 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial treatment FREE if you write.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Take Irish Traitor With The Germans

London, April 24.—Sir Roger Casement has been captured from a German ship which attempted to land arms in Ireland and was su. k.

This official announcement was made tonight as follows:

"During the period between the afternoon of April 20 and the afternoon of April 21, an attempt to land arms and ammunition in Ireland was made by a vessel under the guise of a neutral merchant ship, but which in reality was a German auxiliary, in conjunction with a German submarine.

"The auxiliary sank a number of prisoners were made, amongst whom were Sir Roger Casement."

Sir Roger Casement before the outbreak of the European war was it the British consular service, having held posts in Portuguese West Africa, the

A Good Medicine For The Spring

Do Not Use Harsh Purgatives—A Tonic Is All You Need

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That is the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite fickle, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble.

Do not dose yourself with purgatives, as so many people do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. Any doctor will tell you this is true. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine makes new blood which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite and makes tired, depressed men, women and children bright, active and strong. L. R. Whitman, Harmony Mills, N. S., says:—"As a tonic and strength builder I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills wonderful. My whole system was badly run down, and although I faithfully took a tonic given me by my doctor I could note no improvement. Then I began Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was soon restored to my old time health. I can most heartily endorse this medicine."

Sold by all medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Congo Free State, Haiti, San Domingo, and Brazil.

In November, 1914 it was reported that Sir Roger, who was the leader of the Separatist faction in Ireland had gone to Berlin and conferred with the German imperial authorities, his intention, it was, being to open negotiations between the German government and the anti-British party in Ireland.

Assurance were said to have been given to Sir Roger that should the German troops land in Ireland all native institutions would be respected by them. Sir Roger's followers in Ireland were, according to the report, to give aid to the Germans. The report of his activities in Germany created a sensation in England, and in February, 1915, Sir Edward Grey announced in the house of commons that Sir Roger's pension as a former member of the consular corps has been suspended pending an investigation of charges of disloyalty against him.

Canadians In Pierce Fighting

(Special to Montreal Star and St John Globe.)

London, April 27.—Never since the famous charge into the orchard at Festubert has there been such fierce fighting. Three times the Germans had gained a portion of half a trench and half a crater which they were defending, but each time they have been driven out. Six officers, including the popular Capt. Donald McGibbon, who was killed, were the casualties. Many men went down, but happily most of them were but slightly wounded. An officer in another battalion who came to the rescue gives me the story:

"The Hun artillery opened up a tremendous bombardment late Thursday afternoon. The men scrambled into hastily constructed dugouts, which afforded slight shelter, but so chance up is the ground in this part that these soon crumbled in. Several officers were buried for a time, but when dug out half-suffocated, they had to go back to the dressing station and fight."

"It was a moral certainty that the Huns were going to attack and an emergency call brought several extra machine guns. These were used to good advantage when the Huns appeared over the parapet and started a sally toward their position. Scores of them went down. Others absolutely stood in the mud, but others still came on. I was told that three German regiments took part in the attack."

"One end of a trench which communicated with an old mine hole was lost for a brief time, but the Germans were heading it in spite of a hail of bombs which isolated a section. I found in some cases that Huns and Canadians were crouching on broken parapets, fighting out with fists, and so close together that the Canadians dare not fire at them."

"Three times the Germans gained a foothold, but were finally driven out and were followed up part of a fresh battalion which came to the rescue and were driven behind the Germans' first trench."

A score of wounded prisoners who were taken were all men of a fine type, and evidently picked for their desperate adventure, which was defeated.

In other parts of the Canadian section there is still heavy fighting with shelling night and day. These attacks are so frequent that it is really a large sized battle which is in progress.

Another Canadian officer who is on the staff tells me that the commanders have had a anxious time, but not as anxious as the grilling days a year ago.

The Casualties Numbered 25

LONDON, April 26.—Twenty-five casualties in dead and wounded resulted from the bombardment of Lowestoft by German warships and the consequent running fight with the British light cruiser squadron and destroyers, so far as can be learned. All the British ships have returned safely two of the light cruisers bearing signs that they had been hit by shells, but not in vital places. A few among the crews or the British warship were wounded, but not seriously.

One of the British destroyers which played a part in a previous battle in the North Sea was again in the thick of the fight. A shot penetrated her engine room and four of her crew were scalded.

After firing into the town of Lowestoft for 20 minutes, the Germans retreated. The casualties aboard the British ships occurred in the running fight which ensued. It is generally believed that the British gunners scored hits on the German warships.

LONDON, April 26.—The Zeppelins which made a raid over the east coast last night remained at a great height probably because they were subjected to violent fire from anti-aircraft guns. The raiders were favored by the darkness of the moonless night and the lightness of the wind, but were forced to flee after a short time.

A correspondent in a town of Essex county says a Zeppelin was picked up by a searchlight at the outskirts of the country as it was sailing in a southerly direction. In a few minutes it was captured and the searchlight was brought to bear on it. The Zeppelin climbed very high, and hovered about for ten minutes. Then it sailed eastward.

No bombs were dropped after the searchlight found it. The number of casualties and the extent of the damage caused by the raid have not yet been ascertained.

Dr Crawford's Family

Dr. Mary M. Crawford, when she returned not long ago from the American Ambulance at Neuilly, had many interesting tales to tell of her soldier patients of different nationalities; but perhaps none was more interesting than her anecdotes of the Turcos—the Arabs from the North African colonies who are serving in the armies of France. Doctor Crawford was the only woman surgeon in the hospital; but there were of course many nurses.

"The furco can't get used to having women in the place," she said. "Women with him are creatures solely of the background; but to have women all about him—worse than all, to have them in authority over him, to have to take their orders—is too much for him to understand. He is childlike, however, in many ways; learns quickly, soon becomes as docile as a pet dog. He then dubs you 'mamma,' and from that minute you can do anything you like with him. You must get the right mixture of friendliness and authority into your manner, and then you will never have any trouble with Arabs. I am the 'mamma' of a great many now—a large and flourishing family!"

One of her "family" had a chum in the hospital; neither an Arab nor a Frenchman, but Pat McCarty, "a wild Irishman, a broth of a boy, whose good spirits could not be extinguished by the loss of his left leg from the hip. He became wonderfully expert with his false leg. I caught him entertaining a sympathetic lady visitor with it one day. She wanted to know which was the false leg, and Pat gravely presented the good one, showing her how stiff and awkward it was, and how much more easily he could move the other."

For this gay and gallant Irishman little Arab, Slugi, had become so much attached that his devotion was almost pitiful. He loved him as a dog loves its master. When his big friend went out, Slugi would perch disconsolately in the window, watching for him until he returned.

"One night Slugi's finger had to be opened, and I gave him chloroform. He had a bad time coming out of it, and kept wailing for Pat. Finally, I sent for Pat, who came and took Slugi's head and shoulders on his knees just like a woman. Slugi would reach up and touch his face in perfect content, and ask to be kissed, and Pat would bend down and kiss him without the least self-consciousness, although kissing is rather unusual among Irish infantrymen."

Warm personal friendships between men of the different allied nationalities are not unusual; but as significant as any such, and even more chivalrous and grateful, was the remark of a Frenchman who gave his blood for transfusion into the veins of a wounded comrade—the first case of the kind in the hospital. He asked for whom it was needed and was told for a fellow country man.

"Ah," he said, "of course I am glad to give my blood to a compatriot, but I should have liked to give it to an Englishman!"—"Youth's Companion."

Germany Hates Ribot and Fears Him Also

Continued from page 4

children were left to the guardianship of M. Ribot, who a few years later made the lady his wife.

Tall, thin, with a broad, receding forehead, and a prominent hooked nose, M. Ribot presents a striking appearance, which has been invaluable to the caricaturist. His career in some respects resembles that of M. Asquith. Like England's premier, M. Ribot had a brilliant scholarly career. Then he became a lawyer, and it was just over half a century ago that he pleaded his first case in the courts. Then, in due course, he entered politics, among the great services he has rendered his country being the completion of the alliance between France and Russia during his period as minister for foreign affairs from 1890-93.

In this respect it is interesting to recall a speech M. Ribot made in the senate in 1913, when he said:

"Germany will make a grave miscalculation if she believes in any change in the direction of our foreign policy. Our alliance with Russia cannot be upset, for it corresponds to our permanent interests, while the entente cordiale was effected because two great countries perceived the necessity of union."

And the alliance now renews and upholds more than ever the value of M. Ribot's work in the great alliance of Russia, France and England.

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