

## A SLUGGISH LIVER CAUSES LOTS OF TROUBLE

When the liver becomes sluggish it is an indication that the bowels are not working properly and if they do not move regularly many complications are liable to set in.

The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, floating specks before the eyes, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, heartburn, waterbrash, etc.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

Mrs. A. Cummings, Manchester, Ont., writes: "I have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills some time, and can faithfully recommend them to anyone suffering from heartburn and liver trouble. I tried a great many other remedies, but they only relieved me for a time. I believe Laxa-Liver Pills to be a valuable remedy for all sufferers from liver troubles."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by the T. Mulburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### BLESSING OF POVERTY.

Butler, Pa., Citizen: Walter Redick, who was held up coming from the store to his home, had nothing taken as he was fortunate enough not to have any money with him.

Disillusioned the bolsheviki threaten to make work compulsory even among their own members. How reactionary!

### Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable, regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor.)

# HOW CAN THE NATIONS PUNISH THE GERMANS

## Their Sins So Black as to Be Quite Beyond the Reach of Punishment---Has Dressed Murder in the Leprous Panoply of Lying Hypocrisy---The Challenge to Civilization Must Be Beaten to Death

(Boston Record.)

There is no light to illumine the black pits of hell, nor is there a song to soften the despair of the damned. There is no punishment for the ultimate in sin, nor can death of the soul find solace in forgiveness.

"How can the nations punish the Hun? A correspondent does us the honor to ask from us a solution of his perplexity, which is the perplexity of the world today. He asks a mighty question.

The evil that the Hun has done, the bleeding wound which the Kaiser has drawn across the face of the world, the tortured soul of civilization torn by the throat of Prussian hate and lust, cannot be restored any more than can the feeble yearnings of mankind lessen the fall of Lucifer or erase from memory the soul's vision of relentless sheol. The maggot brain that planned the desecration of all that was holy in men's minds can be stilled by the gray hand of death; but the scarlet thoughts sent forth there-

from have borne their fruit in the acts which have shamed Satan and mocked at man created in the image of God. The spawn of greed crawling about the muck of a death-rooted throne can be scattered in pieces to the pure winds of heaven, but those winds cannot wipe away the stench that has sickened us of the very thought of the Hun.

### Beyond Punishment.

There are sins so black, sins told in awed whispers in the secrecy of remote night, which are beyond reach of any punishment, which dig deeper into the abysses of horror than the arm of vengeance can follow. These are the sins that the Hun has committed.

Murder? It is an ancient sin, a common crime. But the Hun has made of murder something new, has dressed it in the leprous panoply of lying hypocrisy and has set it upon a staggering charger to trample down the helpless whom even murder had passed by.

## Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

Lust of power? It is the ancient shame of the human race. But the Hun has set it whirling in the frenzy of addled idiocy, blasting as it turns the victim and the lusting alike.

The Hun has committed the physical crimes, the spiritual sins, of dark-storied memory, and has drawn into mercenary service all the abominations that the warped contrivance of mankind could conceive. To these he has added himself. To the commission of crime and the consummation of sin he has brought a new philosophy, that monstrous idea that the Superman of German misconception is the dictator of God, the demoniacal blasphemy that the Gates of Heaven may be stormed to let in the cohorts of hell.

### Cursed by Arrogance.

We have had conquerors and despots by the score who have conquered and devastated in the tremendous madness that afflicts men, century by century, but not until the precarious and anguished birth of Wilhelm has the world been cursed with an arrogance which sought to yoke heaven and hell in the golden harness of prostituted power, not until the dawn of the red day in Prussia has the life-giving sun been commanded to stand still for the purposes of a rape of humanity.

To punish the Beast of Berlin—tates appalled at the problem. If the pride of Lucifer had no worse fate than hell, what can the halting mind of man propose for the mouthing monarch who flouts divinity, patronizes the Almighty and prays in blasphemy for the consummation of sacrilege as a handmaiden of desire?

But this we can do: We can stand shoulder to shoulder, with all the clean-purposed peoples of the world, to destroy the thing which the Hun has built, trench by trench, and shell by shell. We can fight on, million upon million in men and money, sacrifice succeeding sacrifice, until the challenge to civilization is beaten to its death. We can resolve every one of us, to endure any demand that the crisis makes upon us, give all that we have, even to life itself that forevermore this peril of the world's soul shall be ended. Not by parley or prayer can this thing be done. There is no trick of negotiation, no matching of word and phrase, no cleverness of diplomacy that will meet this duty to posterity and to the destiny of the universe. Force, the massed will of the civilized world, must march onward across difficult fields until the Hun as a menace to the world is no more.

And then? Our correspondent looks ahead to the days after the war—days that must be faced, days when the Hun is beaten and humbled. Are we to take the blood-spotted hands of those who have been beaten down? Is the smooth-lying Bernstorff to be greeted as a friend? Is Mackensen to be a war-hero? Shall we do official honor to the offspring of this monstrous Kaiser?

For those who have had a directing part in this years-old horror of the Hun there will remain no place in the world of honest men. If the limits of human imagination falter before the task of punishment in our little world, yet we may not forget, so long as American blood runs through honest hearts, that this horror was the deliberately willed thing of the Hun. The evil which Wilhelm, the Crown Prince, von Mackensen and the others have done is not to be undone; nor is the guilt to be erased by time or forgetfulness.

For the people of Germany, when they see the light—as some of them do see it, and as more will see it some day—the world will take them on probation; but it will not forget. It will be hard for the German people to rejoin the family of nations from which they have torn so many precious things. It will be a tragedy for those Germans who would not have had it so. But they can win back their place—when they are no more Huns, but Germans. But they shall leave behind them the thoughts and the men that for years have played with the fires of wrath. These are to be forever outcasts.

# The Daily Mail

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At lowest market rates.

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## Custom Tailoring

The New Importations for the Coming Season are now on display. An early inspection will assure you of a large and varied selection to choose from.

We are also prepared to fill all orders entrusted to us for MILITARY CLOTHING at a reasonable price. We are sole agents for the Crown Tailoring Company, of Toronto, the largest Military Tailoring Company in Canada.

**WALKER BROS. MERCHANT TAILORS**

QUEEN STREET, WEST END

## PUBLIC NOTICE

For the purpose of conserving coal, electric light and power will be shut off on Sundays from daylight to dark until further notice. It is not anticipated that this curtailment of electric service will continue for more than two months, probably not so long. By order of the Directors of Fredericton Gas Light Co.

HARRY D. WHITE,  
Manager.

51ns

Manager.

# WRIGLEY'S

"Heavy, heavy hangs over  
your head."

"O, I know what it is, daddy!  
You hold it too close and I  
smell it—it's WRIGLEY'S!"

"Righto, sonny—give your  
appetite and digestion a  
treat, while you tickle  
your sweet tooth."

Chew it After Every Meal

The Flavour Lasts!

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