

## Shock Left Her Weak and Nervous COULD NOT SLEEP.

When the system receives a shock of any kind, the heart becomes weakened, the nerves unstrung, the appetite poor, and weak feelings come over you, you can't sleep at night, and you wonder if life is worth living.

To all those who suffer from nervous shock we would recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as the best remedy to tone up the entire system and strengthen the weakened organs.

Mrs. J. J. Bunyan, Pilot Butte, Sask. writes: "I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, after having suffered from a terrible shock to my whole system. I was so utterly weak and nervous I could not sleep at night, and my appetite was very poor. I could not walk across the floor without trembling all over."

I had hot flushes and fainting spells. When I was on the second box of your Heart and Nerve Pills, I began to feel that they were doing me good, so I kept on until I had used six boxes, when I felt like a different person.

I am never without them in the house, and highly recommend them to all who suffer with their heart."

Get a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

### THE PENALTY OF POPULARITY

She was a Motor Corps woman returning from duty in France, and the woman overheard her lamenting to a friend that she had been invalided home because the arches of her feet had fallen.

"I thought you were signed up for a year, and here it is barely three months and you hobbling home with broken arches. How'd you get them? Driving all the time?" asked the friend a bit cattily.

"Well, you see," remarked the Motor Corps lady anively, "I had such a fear-

## EXPLORER STEFANSSON ON VISIT TO MONTREAL

Has Spent Five and a Half Years in Canada's Northland in Charge of a Scientific Expedition—Making Known to the World the Resources of That Region—A Million Square Miles of Prairie Land Which May be the World's Food Reservoir Some Time.

(Montreal Star)

Stefansson, scientist, Arctic explorer and discoverer of the famous white Esquimaux is in Montreal.

With the experience behind him of five and a half years spent in Canada's northland in charge of the largest scientific expedition that ever went into the vast unknown regions of the Arctic, he has set himself the task of making known to the world the great resources of the northern regions that the average Canadian has looked upon as a land of permanent snow and ice.

He tells of a million square miles of prairie land in the Canadian northland which, if his dreams are realized will be one of the world's great grazing countries in the future. He tells of great polar fisheries which may supply the markets of two continents in the future, and of inexhaustible min-

eral resources, the wealth of which can only be guessed.

In his sitting room at the Ritz Carlton this morning he spoke to The Star of the work of his expedition. Thirteen scientists had composed the party, and so exhaustive had been their researches into the nature of the region, that their reports when completed will fill twenty or thirty volumes.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in spite of his Scandinavian name, is Canadian born, and it is in the interest of the Canada Government that he has made his famous trips into the lands that fringe the Arctic. Light of build, fair as his Viking ancestors, quiet and deliberate in manner, Stefansson has all the virility of the explorer, and at the same time all the detached deliberation of the scientific man. His hobby is the north land. He has lived in it, not dashed through it in one spectacular trip as other explorers have done. He has been away for as long as a year and a half at a time from his Arctic base of supplies and he claims that he could as well have been away for ten years and a half in the frozen fastnesses without fear of starvation. For Stefansson has discovered that no Arctic party needs to take its food supplies with it—that the lands between the Canadian mainland and the Pole provide sustenance for the traveller if the traveller knows how to travel.

### Great Food Reservoir

Possibly Stefansson's scheme of utilizing the north country of Canada for the grazing land of a great herd of reindeer, forty million strong, the meat of which would bring vast sums of money into the country, will make a stronger appeal to the public mind than the scientific results of his expedition.

"Those million square miles of prairie in the northern half of Canada will probably be one of the world's reservoirs of food in the future," he pointed out. "That land is popularly but ignorantly supposed to be fit for nothing. As a matter of fact, the climate is very similar to that of Manitoba. The summer season is five months or less depending on how far north one goes. To listen to the average man talk of that land makes it appear that the popular conception bars green grass and vegetation. As a matter of fact most of the prairie land that I speak of is too far north for the profitable cultivation of domestic animals, but it could be made the grazing ground of millions of reindeer. Reindeer meat is a delicacy today in England where it sells at fifteen cents a pound higher than beef."

## RHUM WENT OVER THE TOP

(Chicago News)

"Did I ever tell you about the Jamaican's V. C.?" asked Andy one night as he drained the last of the vin blanc and threw the bottle over the stone wall we were reclining against.

"Don't believe you did, Andy," says I, feeling in my pockets for a cigarette. Andy settled a little lower and, blowing a cloud of smoke in the air, began:

"When e were lying on the lee side of the hill" we had a bunch of Jamaicans bringing up the stores, grub and the rest of it, for us. One of them was Rhumadana, or something like that, and went for 'Rhum' or 'Rummy' for short.

"He certainly did not look like a fighter, being oldish and appearing most at home when he sat cross-legged on the ground and smoked a pipe. But he got the V. C. for extraordinary bravery on the field of battle.

"One night Jerry was real quiet, having got tired of shooting us shells. Occasionally of course, a shell would drone by overhead, just to be sociable but there was not much doing. Old 'Rhum' got real friendly with a jar of his namesake and developed a wonderful jag. And he got it into his head that he was going over and have a look at Fritz. Most all the boys were playing cards in the dugouts and he wandered right up to the front line. There he found a bag of Milla bombs which the bombers had all ready for a raid they were going to make later in the evening. Picking this up he ambled over the top and went rolling out across 'no man's land,' careening like a ship at sea.

"There was a machine gun emplacement about twenty yards in front of Fritz' line that had been giving us a lot of trouble and toward this the old boy's wandering were taking him.

"The first thing we knew about all this was the sharp crack of a rifle. Then garum, garum, garum; and the whole machine gun emplacement went up in the air, gun, Fritzies and all.

"There was the old boy 'Rhum' dancing around like a monkey, throwing two bombs at a time and pulling pins with his teeth. He was having a rip-roaring time of it.

"Well, after running out of bombs, he came in with ten husky Fritzies and with only the top of his left ear missing.

"The first thing he did after clambering back to safety was to grab a drink of rum that one of the lads gave him and fall over.

"The story of 'Rhum's' grand adventure traveled from man to man in the trenches and back to supply. Everybody roared with laughter about it. The story came to the colonel's ears long before the booze-soaked Rhumadana had awakened from his stupor. Intending it only as a joke, the colonel spoke to a visiting staff general about 'Rhum,' suggesting that he be given the V. C. This old boy thinking the colonel was in earnest recommended 'Rhum' so highly that he got the V. C. with great honor and awful embarrassment, because as the best joke of it all, old 'Rhum' when he came to did not remember going over at all. Old 'Rhum' kept the V. C. and never peeped about the booze that won it for him."



Children wake up with a Clean Tongue, Sweet Stomach, Clear Head. All Feverishness, Biliousness and Constipation Gone! Delicious Laxative!

## THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL IS NOW GOING THROUGH A VITAL CRISIS

Budapest, April 22.—This city is going through a crisis worse than that of April 3. There is apprehension that there will be a violent swing to anarchy, with the Socialists losing control to Bolshevik leaders like Bela Kun and chiefs of the Red Guards looting, which hitherto has been held in check, organized as the "nationalization of property," and the assassination of the old political leaders and the aristocrats are feared. Reports are current that Roumanians and Czechs have received orders from the Allies to march on Budapest. This is increasing the uneasiness here. It is felt, however, that the Roumanians are advancing merely to occupy the territories set aside for them by the Allied note of March 20, which resulted in the resignation of Count Michael Karolyi, the former premier of Hungary.

The fact that the communists are unable to prevent the Allies from occupying the districts involved is weakening the influence of Bela Kun and is causing violent hatred against the Allies among the Hungarians.

### SERIOUS RIOTS AT HAMBURG, GERMANY.

Berlin, April 22.—There have been serious disturbances at Hamburg during the week-end. A mob plundered the harbor quarter and clashed with the police, several people being killed and wounded. A despatch to the Vorwaerts says there was a "regular battle" in the suburb of St. Pauli, west of the city, on Saturday. A policeman was killed and several others were wounded, but the rioters suffered worse than the officers. The rioting was renewed today, arms being distributed to mobs in St. Pauli. Several police depots were attacked and one was captured by the mobs.

## GETTING TASKS DONE A SPRING TONIC IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

(Toledo Blade.)

You'll hear it these days at home, where you work, on the street—the same old annual spring complaint: "Oh-hum! My, I feel lazy today. Spring, I guess. I could just take it easy for the rest of the day. Need a tonic, I suppose."

Yes, it's the spring. Nature releases her germs of laziness about the time the sap starts up in the trees and the grass begins to turn green. Nature is a jealous thing and makes her boldest effort now to drive out all thoughts except those that invite mortals to get out and witness the universal wonder of growth. Some sort of tonic is needed to fight off nature's crafty call.

There are tonics—and tonics. Some come as powders, as pills, or potions. Others capable of dealing with the more serious ailments of mankind are the ones that are taken into the mind.

The lethargy of spring yields most readily to these mental medicines. When the season tempts to lessened interest in daily tasks, this is the time to face the little tasks and do them. Grind down for a few minutes on some small task and that accomplished, will lend energy to the larger demands of daily life.

Accomplishment—getting tasks done—is a spring tonic in a class by itself.

## A Good Investment

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