

But they were soon separated in the throng of people awaiting him, and did not meet again until both were on their way home over an hour later.

Bert looked dejected and decidedly cross as Ralph came up to him with beaming face.

"Why, what's the matter, Bert? Didn't you get a picture?" Ralph asked in surprise.

"Picture? No; how could I? I couldn't get near enough to see more than the top of his head myself, let alone a getting a picture. You never got one, did you?"

"Not of the Prince, no; but while the people were following him into the station I got a beauty of his carriage. 'Twas well worth taking, too, with those four white horses and all the decorations. Didn't you think so? And I got one of the crowd, too, that's going to be all right, I guess. I'm going home to develop them now."

"Well, I never thought of that," said Bert, enviously. "I was so provoked about not getting the Prince that I never took even one picture."

When Ralph's two photographs came out in a local paper the following week, to help illustrate an account of the Prince's visit, and accompanying an excellent photograph of the Prince himself, which a local photographer had taken, Bert said to himself disgustedly:

"Now why didn't I think to do that, too? I might have remembered that there's always a next best, if you can't get the best things in this world! Well, I won't be caught napping again, that's sure!"

And he went off to congratulate Ralph on his success.

Alice Miller Weeks.

SOME BOYS I'VE SEEN.

I saw a small boy stealing a ride on the back of a street car. "Not much harm in that?" Well, it is cheating, that's all.

One boy I have seen I would not recommend for any position whatever. He is bright and energetic, he has winning manners, but he is dishonest. What does he do? He cheats in little, mean ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note on the corner of a newspaper, and mails it at newspaper rates; he holds his railroad trip ticket in such a way that when the conductor punches it the boy gets three rides where he should have but two, and then boasts of "getting the better" of the railroad; he borrowed a pencil when he entered an office on trial, and the pencil went away in his pocket. He has no keen sense of honor, he has lost his self-respect, and, worse still, he does not know it.

"John," said a lady in the office where John was employed, "don't you live near the corner of Fifth street and West avenue?" Yes, he did. "Then will you take this parcel around there on your way home?"

John did not quite dare to say "No," but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away. "There's no money in working overtime." He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better

THE PROVING OF THE TRUTH.

Enquiry as to Advertisement in the Press.

Miss Jamison, of Masson, Tells a Reporter She Did Not Give Fruit-a-tives Enough Credit.

(From the Ottawa Journal.)

Many hundreds of people read and marvel at the columns of advertising matter put in the daily papers all over the world in connection with the advertisements of patent medicines. Millions of dollars are spent every year in bringing to the attention of the public the benefits to be derived by the use of the remedies, and it is to the free use of printer's ink that many notable successes have been made. These medicines are advertised in all kinds of ways, but the bulk of the money expended by the exploiters of patent medicines goes into the columns of the newspapers.

But how many people read a glowing account of good done by a patent medicine and take any trouble to find out the bona fides of the case mentioned? The writer admits being something of a sceptic in matters appertaining to patent medicines.

AN ENQUIRY MADE.

A few days ago, however, the writer happened to be stalled at Masson, or, as it is now known, Buckingham Junction, with a wait of a couple of hours for the train. Now Masson is a very pretty little village, but two hours with nothing to do to a newspaper man is a somewhat tedious proposition. The columns of the Evening Journal were carefully run through when one of the patent medicine ads caught the eye of the scribe. It was that given by Miss Jamison, of Masson, for Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets.



In her letter to the proprietors of this remedy under date of November 16, 1904, Miss Jamison said that she "had much pleasure in reporting to you the great benefit I have received from taking Fruit-a-tives, and I feel I cannot say too much for a medicine that has done me so much good." Continuing, Miss Jamison told of suffering from kidney trouble, that her complexion was sallow, with dark rings under the eyes, backache, indigestion, constipation and headaches every morning on getting up. Miss Jamison took the remedy, and, with careful following of the directions as to diet, after taking three boxes she

lost all her ailments and regained perfect health.

VISIT TO MISS JAMISON.

Here was just a suitable case, and favorable opportunity for the newspaper man to look into one of the cases of the genuineness of the advertisement.

Miss Florence Jamison is a charming young lady of about 22 years of age, and she had no hesitation whatever in talking of the merits of Fruit-a-tives.

"Miss Jamison," said the reporter, "I see you have been making statements over your name in the papers giving great credit to the merits of Fruit-a-tives. Might I ask you your reason for giving such a strong testimonial of the efficiency of this medicine?"

"Why, certainly," replied Miss Jamison, "I am only too happy to give you any information I can. I have said nothing about Fruit-a-tives but what is the actual fact. Following sickness and death in the family, when I had a great deal of worry and nursing, I became terribly run down and few of the neighbors thought I should ever be well again.

"I consulted the late Dr. Church and took considerable medicine, but with but poor results. In May of 1904 I started taking Fruit-a-tives, knowing that it was a patent medicine, but having a medical man's authority that it would do me good. Personally I felt it could not do me any harm, and I was prepared to do anything to do me good. I made up my mind to give the medicine a good fair chance, and with this end in view I carefully followed all the directions as to diet. I had suffered terribly with a chronic constipation which caused backaches, and I never knew what it was to get up in the morning without a headache that invariably lasted the whole day. In a very few days I felt the benefit of Fruit-a-tives, and in an incredibly short time the headaches left me and I was cured of my other ailments.

"Why," continued Miss Jamison, getting enthusiastic on the subject, "I had a sallow and muddy complexion, and look at me now! I do not take Fruit-a-tives all the time, but I always have a box handy and take them occasionally. They are worth ten times the price in my estimation if they were only used for the benefit of one's complexion. You cannot say too much for Fruit-a-tives so far as I am concerned, and I am only too pleased to give my experience with the medicine."

A LOCAL CONCERN.

The above inquiry is of more than usual interest, due to the fact that Fruit-a-tives, Limited, is a local concern, and from what is said of the medicine it is bound to become an institution of great magnitude. The medicine is made from pure fruit juices, put up in tablet form, and no difficulty is experienced in taking them. They are the product of the experience of an Ottawa physician, who combined the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, making a compound which strengthens the stomach and makes the liver active. The establishment of a company and the manufacture of the tablets in

large quantities also naturally resulted in the reduction of cost of production, the result being the fact that this household remedy can now be sold for 50c. a box, or a quarter what the original cost had to be.

The sceptical writer who looked into the case of Miss Jamison does not regret the time spent on the investigation, which certainly proved that that young lady not only derived wonderful benefits from Fruit-a-tives, but that she is naturally anxious to let others who are suffering know the facts.

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JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

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