

RHEUMATISM WAS MOST SEVERE

Dreadful Pains All The Time Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. LAMPSON
Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th., 1915.
"I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back, from strains and heavy lifting."

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them, and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your remedy."

W. M. LAMPSON.
If you—who are reading this—have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, or suffer with Rheumatism or Pain in The Back or Stomach Trouble—give "Fruit-a-tives" a fair trial. This wonderful fruit medicine will do you a world of good, as it cures when everything else fails. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Honor Roll, C Company, 149th Batt.

Corrected by Lieut. R. P. Brown.
Lieut. W. H. Smyth, Headquarters
Ottawa.
Lieut. R. D. Swift, Scout Officer.
Lieut. R. P. Brown.
Sergt. W. D. Lamb
Sergt. M. W. Davies
Sergt. S. H. Hawkins
Sergt. R. A. Dadds
Sergt. W. C. McKinnon
Sergt. Geo. Gibbs
Sergt. H. Murphy
Sergt. C. F. Roche
Corp. W. M. Bruce
Corp. J. C. Anderson
Corp. J. Menzies
Corp. S. E. Dadds
Corp. H. Cooper
Corp. C. Skillen
Corp. C. E. Sisson.
L. Corp. A. I. Small
B. Q. S.—B. C. Culley
C. Q. S.—C. McCormick
Pte. A. Banks
Pte. F. Collins
Pte. A. Dempsey
Pte. J. R. Garrett
Pte. H. Jamieson
Pte. G. Lawrence
Pte. R. J. Lawrence
Pte. C. F. Lang
Pte. W. C. Pearce
Pte. T. E. Stilwell
Pte. A. H. Lewis, Band
Pte. G. A. Parker
Pte. A. W. Stilwell
Pte. W. J. Saunders
Pte. A. Armond
Pte. W. C. Aylesworth, Band
Pte. R. Clark, Bugler
Pte. S. L. McClung
Pte. C. McClung
Pte. C. Atchison
Pte. H. J. McFeely
Pte. H. B. Hubbard
Pte. G. Young
Pte. T. A. Gilliland
Pte. D. Bennett
Pte. F. J. Russell
Pte. E. Mayes
Pte. C. Haskett
Pte. S. Graham
Pte. W. Palmer
Pte. H. Thomas
Pte. P. Thomas
Pte. B. Trenouth
Pte. E. A. Shanessy
Pte. W. Zavitz
Pte. W. J. Sayers
Pte. Lot Nicholls
Pte. John Lamb
Pte. Eston Fowler
Pte. E. Cooper.
Pte. F. A. Connelly.
Pte. Edgar Oke.
Pte. White.
Pte. McGarrity.
Pte. Wilson.
Pte. Richard Watson, Can. Engineer.

An insurance report shows that women start most of the fires. The poor things haven't yet learned how to handle cigarettes.

Some ardent reformers will be sorry to hear that a soldier's life was saved by cigarettes—a package of 'em stopped a bullet.

Maybe the shortage, costliness and unreliability of the dyes is responsible for the scarcity of blonds reported from Pittsburgh.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm exterminator, the best remedy of the kind that can be had. m

'16 and '61

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Nell Appleton, a young American who had been to the pan-European war and had been discharged as unfit for service on account of wounds, returned to his home in Maine with a Belgian bride. Appleton was the grandson of a G. A. R. man, and young '16 was swapping stories with old '61.

"The only difference between you and me, grandfather," said Nell, "is that in my case the 1 comes before the 6, while in yours the 6 is before the 1. Come; tell us another yarn about fighting in Virginia."

"There's only one yarn I haven't told you," said the old man, "and that I don't like to tell. It has been a sad memory for me for more than fifty years."

All insisted on hearing the story, and the old man continued: "I'll not make much of a yarn out of it. I'll cut it short. As you know, I was on scouting service during the peninsular campaign. One day I was resting on neutral ground. I was on a hillside from where I could look down on a road running between McClellan's and General Lee's armies. While I was looking down on this road I saw a man on horseback riding in the direction of the Confederates. It struck me that he had been in our lines and was going toward the Confederate lines. Being out for information myself, I was ready to suspect any one else of doing the same thing. He stopped at a house near the road, and a woman and a girl came out to greet him. By this I felt confident that he was a Confederate, for the woman embraced him in a way that told me he was her son. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, but I knew she was trying to persuade the young man to go in and get a rest or something to eat. He demurred for some time, then yielded to her. That yielding cost him his life."

"I reckon he had been to our lines for information and was carrying it to the Confederates. Mounting my horse I rode down to a lower eminence farther northward toward Richmond, where I could see the house he was in much more plainly and waited for him to come out to ride on. I didn't have to wait long. He soon appeared, his mother on one side of him and the girl on the other. He kissed his mother and then the girl, and I knew by that second kiss that they were lovers. It wasn't like the other at all. Then he rode on toward me, looking back and throwing kisses with his fingers."

"I was posted beside the road behind thick bushes. As soon as he came within pistol range I called out: 'Halt! Hands up!'

"He knew he was covered by some one he couldn't see and obeyed the order, though he told me afterward that if he could have seen me he would have opened fire instead. I disarmed him and drove him before me to one of our outposts, where he was searched and information of the utmost importance was found on him. He turned out to be a Confederate soldier and, being in citizen's dress, fulfilled all the conditions of a spy."

"Well, he was tried by drumhead court martial and sentenced to be hanged. Before he was executed he wrote a letter to his mother and one to his sweetheart. I was ordered to deliver them. I'd rather have been hanged myself than obey the order. But I had no choice. Besides, some one must take the letters, and I had to do it because I knew the location of the house."

"I carried also the news that the son and lover had been executed for a spy. Don't ask me to describe the delivery of this news and the letters, for it breaks me up even to this day. This is the last time I shall tell the story."

Young Appleton and his bride looked at each other at the conclusion of the narrative, then suddenly were locked in each other's arms. There was a story between them similar to the one that had been told, but which had resulted differently. Appleton, having relished scouting service, volunteered to go hunting for information in territory that had been conquered by the Germans. Within that territory was the home of the Belgian girl whom he later married and brought to America. Appleton had sought a place of rest and refreshment in the house, for he knew that any Belgian would harbor him. He was eating a supper prepared for him when a company of uhlan's rode up to the house. Their commander dismounted and entered. Appleton had no time to evade the officer and, not being able to give an account of himself, was arrested. On his person were sketches of German works, and death stared him in the face. When he was taken away the girl followed, and when the uhlan's went into a deserted house with their prisoner for the night she set fire to it. This gave Appleton a chance for his life.

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

During the confusion when the uhlan's awakened, encircled in flames, their prisoner, who was wide awake and prepared, got out into the darkness. was joined by his deliverer, and the two disappeared together.

"Grandfather," said the young man, "there's a lot of difference between a man having a girl to help him and one who hasn't. If the girl in your case had known that her lover was in danger of being taken your story might have ended differently."

"I wish she had," said the old man. "I wouldn't have been loaded with the remembrance of the tragedy I had caused."

"You did only your duty."

WATFORD PEOPLE GET INSTANT ACTION

Those who have used it in Watford are astounded at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine etc. as mixed in Adler-i-ka. Because it acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, ONE SPOONFUL Adler-i-ka relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising foul matter that a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Tay or Son, druggists.

THE POWER OF QUIET

By F. A. MITCHEL

Did you ever notice the difference between the quiet of a library and the busy whirl of the outside world? Doubtless you have. In a way it is the difference between a cemetery and that which is without the inclosure. But the cemetery contains the ashes and the living souls are elsewhere, while the library contains the living souls, the ashes being elsewhere.

Yet who has not realized the effect of situations? The influence of the atmosphere of a library once came home to me in a very telling effect. I am something of a dreamer, and doubtless any such influence would draw me more powerfully than another. But that is merely a matter to be noted. It is this effect of the atmosphere of a library upon myself, an effect that influenced my whole after life, that I am going to recount.

After a season of hard work I was enabled to take a rest. Instead of going pleasure hunting I sought a quiet country town where there were no possible means of excitement. The people living there must have been intellectually above the average, for they had established a very good library. It seemed to me that this was the very place I needed, so I went inside. There was not a person there save the librarian, and, since there was no one to disturb, it was not necessary for me to tread softly in going to her desk and speaking to her in a low voice. She doubtless had become accustomed to a uniform tone no matter how few or how many persons were there.

I received permission to nose about among the books and passed the morning doing so.

Frequently during hours when there was no one but the librarian present I went to her desk, ostensibly to ask her a question about some book, but really to chat with her. There was that in her voice, being in keeping with the place, that added to its other influences. Under this spell she grew to be to me a thing of beauty. Perhaps it was because she was the only living thing except myself there. Just as man chooses a representative—even if a stone idol—to symbolize his god, so did I choose the librarian to embody the myriad of thoughts inclosed in the silent books. She became to me the goddess of wisdom, of romance, of science, of poetry.

I spent a month in the place, and nearly every day I was in the library. It is to be expected from what I have said that I was falling in love with the librarian. Whether or no I was, I thought I was. At any rate, I made

love to her. There is a difference between mere making love and making an avowal of love. In other words, I looked love and acted love.

One day the librarian asked me to come to see her at her home. I went in the evening. The house was such as a woman would be likely to live in who was obliged to give all her time for a mere pittance of \$500 or \$600 a year. The furniture was worn, but not in bad taste. The librarian came into the room, and the moment she spoke down fell all the illusion that had been growing up in me for a month.

She spoke in her natural voice. It was not harsh. It was a fair ordinary woman's voice, but it was not the modulated voice of the librarian. I must have shown the change in me by my expression, for suddenly the cordiality of her welcome vanished. I spoke in the voice I had been used to speaking in the library, but since my hostess did not drop to that tone I at once abandoned it. It seemed to me that my embodiment of those who had transcribed their thoughts in the books had vanished and this person who was her wax figure had appeared in her place.

I passed an uncomfortable half hour with her, making an effort to be what I had been to her in the library, then left her.

I did not go to the library again for several days. When I did go there stood my embodiment of the shades of authors set up again on the pedestal on which I had placed her. She spoke to me in her library voice, but did not greet me with the smile she had often greeted me before. I made a few commonplace remarks, then went to an alcove, took down a book and began to read.

But I did not keep it up. I was troubled about my disillusion. I might not have been troubled had not the illusion returned. Which was the real condition, the library condition or the other? If I accepted the one what would I do with the other? I could not accept both. The home condition would be the one I would have to live by if the librarian became my wife. Surely one could not dwell in a library. I left the place and went home. But I did not leave the library or the librarian behind me. I pined especially for the latter. I returned after a while to see her. This time I went directly to her house. After much bungling I made a confession. I admitted that I had fallen in love with her as a librarian, but not as her other self.

She burst into a laugh. "I have been engaged to be married for a long while," she said. "So you see it doesn't make any difference to you whether you love me as a woman or a librarian."

But it did. Her engagement came to nothing, and a year later we were married. Fate decreed that I should get a treasure. As for me, I had nothing to do with my good fortune. I fell in love with a librarian and married a splendid woman.

To Men Who Live Inactive Live.—Exercise is the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the Inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand. m

TEMPORARY INSANITY.

Caused by Mental Trouble Somewhat Akin to Epilepsy.

Is there such a thing as temporary insanity?

Many people think that the expression merely covers the kindly intentions of a jury to save relatives pain, but numbers of doctors who have made a study of mental disorders emphatically declare it is no idle term.

One doctor has stated that temporary insanity is a condition of double consciousness, not dissimilar to epilepsy. A person normally quite sane may have attacks of temporary aberration lasting little more than a few minutes, especially after long bouts of hard, continuous mental work, being particularly liable if insomnia supervenes.

Crimes have been committed in the early morning, when the perpetrator has not really been properly awake and has been horrified to find what he has done. This is a true case of temporary insanity, but it is comparatively rare, and a man in normal health would not suffer in this way.

A specialist in mental diseases has stated that he knew a case in which a person was insane during a certain time each day and that others have been known when the patient was quite normal at ordinary times, but suffered from a temporary fit of mania regularly once a month.—Pearson's Weekly.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Mitchell*

THE NEWEST REMEDY

FOR Backache, Rheumatism and Dropsy.

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid troubles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There, follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints, it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to try "Anuric." Send 10c. for trial package.

During digestion uric acid is absorbed into the system from meat eaten, and even from some vegetables. The poor kidneys get tired and backache begins. This is a good time to take "Anuric," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce for Kidney trouble and Backache. Neglected kidney trouble is responsible for many deaths, and Insurance Companies examining doctors always test the water of an applicant before a policy will be issued. Have you ever set aside a bottle of water for twenty-four hours? A heavy sediment or settling sometimes indicates kidney trouble. The true nature and character of diseases, especially those of the kidneys and urinary organs, can often be determined by a careful chemical analysis and microscopic examination—this is done by expert chemists of the Medical Staff of the Invalids' Hotel. If you wish to know your condition send a sample of your water to Doctor Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and describe your symptoms. It will be examined without any expense to you, and Doctor Pierce or his Staff of Assisting Physicians will inform you truthfully.

KNOW YOURSELF!

Read all about yourself, your system, physiology, anatomy, hygiene, simple home cures, etc., in the "Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book of 1008 pages. Send to Dr. V. M. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 50 cents in one-cent stamps for a cloth-bound copy. Customs prepaid.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Sleepy Time Story About the Fairies of Faraway Denmark.

BLACKSMITH'S QUEER WIFE.

Strange Thing That Happened to Her Neighbors When They Refused to Be Sociable—Some Things of Interest to Little People—Girl on the Beach.

Now, kiddies, said Uncle Ben to little Ned and Polly Ann, I am going to tell—

A DANISH LEGEND.

Once upon a time the daughter of one of the underground people, the Bergmen, was married to a smith who lived in Mors.

Kirstin was a good and most patient wife, although her husband, the smith, was cross and surly and sometimes even beat her when he was in an ill temper.

Kirstin did not like this at all, and one day when he had taken up a stick intending to strike her she seized a great horseshoe which was lying on the anvil and broke it in two without any difficulty.

The smith was astonished. "Are you that strong?" he asked. "Then why have you never resisted when I struck you?"

"Because I love you," said Kirstin. "I'll strike you no more!" said the smith, and he kept his word.

The people of Mors, however, were not friendly to the Bergman's daughter and in spite of her desire to be on pleasant terms with them avoided her and would scarcely even nod to her when they met.

One day, as she and all the people were standing in the churchyard, waiting for the arrival of the minister, Kirstin said to her husband:

"Listen to me—my father is coming to see me, but he is angry."

As she thus warned her husband the Bergman appeared, and a most awe inspiring person he was! Indeed, he was so terrible to look at that the people would have liked to creep into the earth to avoid him.

"My dear daughter," said the Bergman, "I hear the people here will have naught to do with you, so I have come to remedy that!"

"Yes, father," replied Kirstin. "I'll toss them up in the air a bit," said he. "Will you pitch or catch?"

"I'll catch," said Kirstin, for she feared the Bergman would handle the people very roughly.

Then began a merry game. The Bergman stood on one side of the church, Kirstin, his daughter, on the other, and the Bergman tossed all the people in turn over the roof of the church to Kirstin, who deftly caught them.

No one was injured, but every one was badly scared. But the plan worked to a charm, for so long as Kirstin lived she was treated with the greatest respect and consideration.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure. m