PUBLISH TESTIMONIAL

Sufferers Will Take t-a-tives' and Be Cured.

heartfelt gratitude letter. Madame Lan thankful to "Fruit-aoring her to health ar

she gladly allowed h



Valere Langlois. Que, Sept. 23, asure in stating the ed of severe Dyspi Constipation by I was a severe Constipation to ind I tried every remed and also was treated 'Fruit-a-tives' and thi

VALERE LANGLO for \$2.50—trial size 2 sent postpaid on rece Fruit-a-tives Limit

UREATE'S

HORTER POEMS

of England:

beauty pine. Goddes grace. turn my face.

r thence is shed he stars above; when God's name is is heavenly Love.

gentle heart with gentle fire, yes that mirror part stial, fire.

heart from heaven fell,

dew on flowers of spring e hidden drops that swe

savos in my heart,

re, nor e'er shall be; her jby than His

ote thy work and skill d. and thy heart be los ngeth pride, this con-

thy best done is nought, hing well, be it great or e God: but that hath work to bless it for

s of Jacob, an organisant Jewish women in New purchased a tract of they will erect a meto Mrs. Isador Straus, e in the Titanic disaster.

ADIES RK HAT WORKS

VEAR MEN. TYLE VARIETY

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THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

WOMEN'S SECTION 紧紧紧紧

Raggs' Weekly Letter

made!-I wasn't afraid!-I act-

Just as I reached my goal—the fly— The pke and I done grappled—oh,

It was an awful fight—He had to die

prepared to die!
"Alas. I swallowed six young fish to-

day!
"He that has slew, Fate soon, alas,

"Thou'rt but the instrument of a just Fate.
"Think of that when I'm sizzling on

"And, as you choke upon an unseen "Think, 'It is well to have dark deeds

I weighed him-tipped the scales at

For there, within the monstrous pike's

Looking as "natural" as before they

Were those six fish-'tween cruel jaws

we ground 'em—
All but the bones—'bout five pounds
each, we found 'em!

My friends, there is a moral to this

"I caught a two-ounce perch today!

"Sure thing—I caught a fish!"

I Hear It Calling Me!

When all ambition in my soul has died, Save that I may with eager ear Catch sweetest melody the soul may

When I am sad within-bereft inside-

hear.
I hear it calling me.

No longer is my weary head so sadly bowed;

I cry. "Oh, music sweet unto my ear, "Sound once again that, gladsome, I may hear";

I hear it calling me!

Oh. melody for which my being cried. I hear your echo in my own inside; A joy possesseth me too deep to tell—Oh. most melodicus message of the

I hear you calling me!

Yours hastily,

.TODD

M.D.

Pruning

lacs whose new shoots, long, thin and

tapering, are waving high above the

ers take the very best of the life sap

ing now, if not attended to before.

New shoots are springing up from the

base of the root. Do not remove these. These are not suckers, as in the case

fore, shear them off.

pact shrubs

Raggs.

tum) with awe!

saying so, he died. To land

oh my!-

Kawaba, Muskoka, July 21, 1913. My Dear Toronto-Onters: I am on a great big boat, Now, do not sigh so sadly,
As you read this hurried note;
I'm safe, unless the boat is grounded
And sinks, and all aboard, are
drownded. A ten pound two-I'm telling you a He dumped me out of my canoe-(Oh, don't you hope that this here Ed hastily-I swum along the pole,

Wil have the sense to stay afloat) A man who's sitting forninst my seat Travels, I think, that he may cat.

(He has a straggly, long moustache), He's eating eggs and corn-beef hash. Left cold from breakfast. Oh, my Fate had ordained it so, ye see, And fate had given the murd'rous'deed to me! And so we fought—he thrust and parried with his fin!—
And I—I stuck my hatpin into him!—
My gore and his n dyed all the lake Sit still! He's started on a tart.
A leaky jam one Mother o' Mike!
He's talking (Never did I see the

with red,
I thought that never would that fish To a deaf old lady across the aisle With his mouth full of jam and an eggy smile.

(Folks who feed on a boat should be Folks who feed on a boat should be And cried, "Oh human thing, I'm un-Stepped on or smothered in their in-fan-cee!).

Tuesday. I put up a tent this morning.
Assisted by eight of ten.
Of the superstupidest uniphtigallootedest,
Almost workingmen.
I put up a tent this morning
At twenty after ten!

I chopped me three small birches, With several drunken lurches They struck me in the eye! I sat me down in a study brown, And asked myself the Why?

twenty-one.

And as I scaled, and sliced him up the middle,
I heard a small voice, "Save me from the griddle!"

I almost quite relented—then I saw A sight that filled my heart (and turn) with awe! The rest of the job was so to speak,
A nightmare of a kind—
Of a crack on the head and a day in

A black eye nearly blind.
(I put up a tent this morning,
And Fate was most unkind!).

I put up a tent this morning, Alone I done it, by heck! But I've lost my nerve; and catch on to the curve Of my dislocated neck!

Wednesday A. M.

It is a very happy thing to wallow in the "drink"

And teach the children how to swim, And save 'em when they sink.

Their meants, there is a moral to this tale, Of dying fish belike unto a whale: In telling fishy narratives—oh should one

Not stretch the tale a bit and tell a good one? And save 'em when they sink. Their parents say that I had orter I caught a fish today—folks say,
That fishermen can't be
Veracious—can't, with gay
And happy pride, say—"Gee!"
"What do you think?—
"A fishing in the drink,
"I caught a two ourse percent Be skun fer shovin' 'em in the water. I only do it for the fun— I ain't yet drowned a single one!

Raggs' bathing suit, handsome and gay Can be seen when you're quite far

In fact, I've heard sum Say that they've seen it frum The extreme other side of the bay!

Wednesday P. M. A river sweet, A maiden neat, A boy. Two little boats, Each closer floats: An answered call, A kiss—and all Is joy!

One sturdy yank— A boat on bank Is shown. Deserted quite! Now, is this right? Where flown The other boat? Ah! 'Tis afloat

And in it, lad And lass-egad!-And as it goes. She steers, he rows, How clever! She sings "I'll float In your dear boat Forever!"

Thursday Oh. you most fortunate Bank boy at play! Rashly importunate. Come there what may!

Flirtatious, debonair. Kiss a girl anywhere, Brow or casino stair, Bank boy at play! Days seem long gone To the bank boy at play, When he must pawn

The price of a ticket
To take his best queen To a moonlight excursion— In days that were lean. Now the young man

Has the whole blooming lake And a moon to himself And a girl for whose sake He would die ten times over, Or breathe in her ear, "My love, will you wait For a thousand a year?"

Oh you most fortunate Bank boy at play, Rashly importunate While it's today! Back to the tear of it Go, and the wear of it! Joy-have your share of it, Then, while you may!

Friday a.m. She smacked me on the sunburn-

My, that girl's an awful glouch! Cuz I thought I'd ofter shove her in the water, smacked me on the sun-burn-

Arms are all a brilliant red. Also the front part of my head— (Once it was a face, now it's disgrace.

Mortified tears I shed!) Skin's all peeling off my nose; Swelled up eyes will hardly close; My hair has lost its curl, I'm a remnant of a girl.

Unrecognizable to friends and foes! next spring. But cut away all wood that is more than two seasons old. Made the sand my downy couch,
Along then came that girl, who's such
That is more than two seasons old.
That is, of course, in reason.
Prune the weigelia now. Keep these I was dozing with a book and I thought

When she smacked me on the sunburn more than six feet in height.

Daily Fashion Talks

BY MAY MANTON



NOTHING makes a daintier frock lace trimmed. This one is very charm-The insertion of Irish lace gives a bolero effect on the blouse and forms pretty curves on the skirt yet it all very simple for the tucks and trimming are laid on indicated lines. In the back view. the frock is shown with high neck and long sleeves. It can be made in that way if liked but. low neck and short sleeves are charm-ing. Chiffon is pretty made in this way for dancing parties and occa-sions of the kind. Colored voile is pretty with white banding. batiste and lawn are dainty treated in the same

way and a great many girls are wearing crêpe de chine with lace trimming. The blouse is a perfectly simple one with sleeves that are sewed to the

are sewed to the armholes where there is a slight fullness and the skirt is perfectly For the 12 year size, the dress will require 5 yards of material 27, 34 yards 36, 23 yards of insertion, 4 yards of pointed edging and 2 yards of narrow edging.

The May Manton pattern of the 10 to 14 years of age. It will be dress by the Fashion Department of

ceipt of 15 cents. 10 to 14 years. And then, when happy heart with joy No

7854 Girl's Tucked Dress,

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

Marketing Series-No. 4.

THOUGHT you did right well with your marketing for the first time."

Mrs. Hart said again after Edith had told her that she had used the last bit of steak and the final flake of fish as her neighbor had told "Our town," the older housekeeper continued, "is noted for its fine

markets, and all good housekeepers take advantage of them. Still it takes practical experience to know what to buy. Would you like me to tell you "I wish you would," exclaimed the June bride, "I want to be a good housekeeper and buy economically. If I feel I am getting my money's

worth I won't mind dragging home a heavy basket." "Bless you, child, you don't have to do that," said Mrs. Hart, "if you know the market folks. I go to market twice each week and manage so I have all the foods in season of the best quality.

"I know, by actual counting up, and writing down, that I save money "We have public market three days a week-Tuesday, Thursday and Now is the time to look around and see what shrubs need pruning. From Saturday. It lasts from early morning until noon, except Saturday, when is where I am working, I look out of my is in full swing until ten o'clock at night, south window and notice several li-

"On Tuesday morning I take a shopping bag and basket, sometimes only the bag neatly wrapped in a small parcel. I try, in nice weather, to tops of the busines.

| Only the bag neatly wrapped in a small parcel. I try, in nice weather, to Keep these tops well rounded down. | reach the market ly a quarter to eight; then I miss the crowds on the car It is surprising how much may be cut and have first choice of everything. away without damaging the bushes. "You must consider, Edith, wh "You must consider, Edith, what you go to market for; whether to

save money or to secure first class food. With me it is for both reasons. these thin branches will bear blossoms "I make friends with the market people and they try to please me. Be sure to cut off all the seed pods. When mistakes are made I go back and give them opportunity to make These are not necessary to the tree. things right. Usually they do it gladly; if they do not, I never trade with Lilac seed pods are not useful nor them again. ornamental, but only give a ragged,

Remember the more severely this pruning is done the more fresh, pale- to remember where those I buy from live; then, when I want potatous or "Some farmers have their truck farms on this side of the city. I try yellowish green shoots. Each one of heavy vegetables, I buy them of these people, who bring them out for me untidy appearance to the bush. There-on their way home.

"I get butter and eggs at the stand where my mother used to buy them Cut off all shoots issuing from the Cut off all shoots issuing from the lower stems. Work with the idea of making your lilacs well rounded comfor it is the costliest article of food at present." act shrubs.

"Then," said Edith, "you never buy provisions over the telephone?"

Keep down all suckers. Many of "Indeed I do," replied the older woman. "On rainy days and when special

the old-fashioned varieties are dire, sales are advertised I depend altogether on the telephone. sucker-breeders. They cause con-"Now I have told you how I market on Tuesday morning. Saturday stant trouble because they must be I do differently. I wait until evening and take Mr. Hart with me." And kept down continually. she smiled gaily at Edith. "I think that would be fine," said Edith, thinkduring blooming time, bloom cannot ling of her husband's broad shoulders and how easily he would make a way

possibly be so luxuriant. These suck- thru the crowds for her. "Yes," laughed Mrs. Hart, "we make quite a study in domestic amity from the flowers.

The golden bell shrub needs prunpurse and do the bargaining. Tom holds the market basket and stands around while I hold the family

"How would you like to go to the matinee with me Saturday afternoon then we could meet the men folks and all go to market together, after we have a little dinner somewhere down town?" she continued, seeing how the of the lilacs. On the contrary, these will produce hundreds of yellow bells "We'll go, if yeu'll have us, and think it a great "We'll go, if you'll have us, and think it a great lark," declared Edith

in this case. Cut away any ragged location of this bush, which does best flower stems left ever from blossoming time. bushes well within the shrub limit. That is, do not allow them to reach more than six feet in height. See that suckers are kept away from the roots, if you have any desire to change the great.

THE TRIPLE TIE

THE TRIPLE TIE

BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

Continues from Yessersay,

Chapter XXI.

Chapter

as you call me Mr. Kelly I will have to call you Miss Deery, and I am dying to call you—"

"Mr. Bud, then, if you like that name better," said Mildred, with a little toss of her head.

Gordon smiled and held out his hand. She placed her fingers in it and jumped lightly to the ground.

"That certainly has a more familiar sound, but I would much prefer to have you call me Gordon." he said.'

Mildred faced him squarely.

"Bud and this Mr. Gordon Kelly business. Why is there such a mystery over it?"

"There's no mystery that cannot be slightly. Gordon turned his face toward hers and their eyes met.

"They're Engaged.

"Mildred," he said, and his voice was hoarse and passionate. "God knows there is nothing to conceal, and I want to tell you first. I must tell it to you first. It is that I love you. Mildred. Oh, how I love you! That is all I can say now; say it over and over again. From the very first day. Mildred. From the very instant you put your hand in mine and the rain beat down on us. How I love you! Will you take me, Mildred?" His

very easily solved," replied Gordon. "Let us walk over to that big oak, where it is cool and shady, and I will tell you all about it."

They walked slowly and silently side by side until they stood beneath the spreading branches of the huge tree. At their feet ilowed the puring brook, Gordon indicated a place where they might rest, but Mildred shook her head.

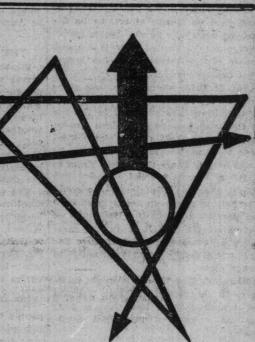
"Before we get too comfortable I want to know about Mr. Bud, or Mr. Kelly, or whatever his name is," she said.

"That is the simplest thing in the world," he replied. 'Bud is a nickname my father gave me. My mother also grew into the habit of calling me Bud.

"Honeybunch." she repeated raising her "Honeybunch."

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