A MARTYR TO HAY FEVER

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured After 15 Years' Suffering

CORNWALL CENTRE, ONT., NOVEMBER 27th 1911.

"I was a martyr to Hay Fever for probably fifteen years and I suffered terribly at times. I consulted many physicians and took their treatment, and I tried every remedy I heard of as being good for Hay Fever but nothing helped me.

Then I heard of "Fruit-a-tives" and decided to try them, and I am thankful to say that this remedy cured me completely.

To every sufferer from Hay Fever, I wish to say—"Try Fruit-a-tives". This medicine cured me when every other treatment failed, and I believe it is a perfect cure for this dreadful disease—Hay Fever"

MRS. HENRY KEMP.

The real cause of Hay Fever is poisoned blood, due to the faulty action of the bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" cleans the blood by regulating bowels, kidneys and skin—and thus relieves the excessive strain on the nervous system. Try "Fruit-a-tives".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, At all dealers or sent on receipt of by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

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Richard Cobden on Total Abstinence.

'The more work I have do,' said Richard Cobden on one occasion, 'the more I have resorted to the pump and the teapot.' The above quotation is a striking testimony of the value of Temperance uttered by a man who, in the course of his career as a political agitator, underwent the most arduous exertions, both of body and mind. And in his letters and speeches we find frequent allusions to the Temperance cause, which he had very closely at heart. For instance, in his letter of October 10th, 1849, to Mr. Livesey, a zealous worker in the cause, he writes: 'You are right in the path of usefulness you have chaulked out for yourself; the Temperance cause really lies at the root of all social and political progression in this country The energy natural to the English race degenerated to savage brutality under the influence of habitual drunkenness, and one of the worst effects of intemperance habits is to destroy that self-respect which lies at the bottom of all virtuous ambitions. . . . . If you could convert us into a nation of water drinkers I see no reason why, in addition to our being the most energetic, we should not be the most polished people. With these sentiments, I need not say how much I reverence your efforts in the cause of teetotalism. I am a living tribute to the soundness of your principles. With a delicate frame and a nervous temperament, I have been enabled by Temperance to do the work of a strong man.'

And in a letter to Combe, by the way of illustrating this matter, he narrates how in the year 1843 he, in company with John Bright and Colonel Thompson, made a tour of Scotland. At the close of the tour, after a large public meeting at Stirling, they adjourned to an hotel where they were joined by a number of Baillies and leading men who sat up till long after midnight drinking toddy.

As the three Englishmen drank only tea it caused some contemptuous comment from the liquor drinkers. But when Cobden recounted the work he and his two companions had gone through, the number of meetings they had attended, very often two in a day, and all without spending a shilling in spirits, beer, or wine, the Baillies were constrained to admit that water drinking was not incompatible with indomitable energy and long perseverance in exhausting labor.

Referring to the rabies scare in Ontario and the muzzling and shooting of dogs in the sections of the Province where mad dogs have been discovered, the Christian Guardian pertinently remarks: 'No doubt the disease (hydrophobia) attacks men occasionally, but it is so rare that it ought not to be an object of very great apprehension. We presume there are very few of our medical men who ever saw a case of genuine human rabies. Still, it is wise to guard against the possibility. But the danger of being killed or wounded by some drunken man is much more imminent, and yet we pat all dogs under lock and key and allow drunkard makers to conduct their business, legal, dishonored and deadly, for a license fee of a few hundred dollars a year. Let us shut up the dogs for fear of rabies; but why not close the saloons for fear of drunkenness and its train of evils?

Cost of a Hat.

Panama hats are worn extensively in America and would probably be used as much in Europe were they not so high priced, amounting often to $15 for a single hat. In Peru and Ecuador the Indians manufacture from the leaves of this plant, besides hats, beautiful cigar cases which fetch sometimes more than $30 apiece. Cogollo is utilized also for making baskets, table mats, bonnets and numerous other fancy articles. Sometimes baskets are made of these palm leaves which are woven so tightly as to serve the purpose of buckets for carrying water.

A vast amount of ill health is due to impaired digestion. When the stomach fails to perform its functions properly the whole system becomes deranged. A few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets is all you need. They will strengthen your digestion, invigorate your liver, and regulate your bowels, entirely doing away with that miserable feeling due to faulty digestion. Try it. Many others have been permanently cured—why not you? For sale by all dealers.

The Ocean's Depths.

The German navy's surveying ship Planet has discovered in the vicinity of the Philippines the deepest known spot in the ocean, 9,780 meters, or 106 feet more than six miles.

This record sounding was made, according to a cable account received at the admiralty, about forty sea miles on the north coast of Minlanano.

The greatest depth hitherto known, 9,635 meters—just under six miles—was found by the United States cable steamer Nero in 1901, to the South of the island of Guam.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropplings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Compromise.

Champ Clark, during the Baltimore deadlock, told a reporter a compromise story.

'Compromises,' he said, 'always strike one as unpleasant and unsatisfactory.

There was once in the Ozarks a boy who, on reaching the age of 15, insisted on having a watch to wear. But his father refused him the watch.

'Can't afford no sech foolishness,' he said.

'Then, by heck, I'll leave home,' said the lad, and he went up to the attic and began to pack his carpet bag.

'At this point the mother in her desperation came out with a compromise.

'Willie,' she called up the ladder—'Willie, stay to hum with us, and you kin wear the clock.'

Eczema on the Head.

Mr. Peterson, South Bay, Ont., writes: 'For years I suffered a sort of eczema on the head. I tried four different doctors, giving each a fair trial, but the disease grew worse and spread to my arm. I got Dr. Chase's Ointment and it has entirely cured me. I give you my name because I want other sufferers to know about this splendid Ointment.'

Fiction prevails in The Canadian Magazine for August. There are in all eight stories by Frederick C. Curry, C. Lintern Sibley, Ashby Ford, M.G. Cook, Ethel Hamilton Hunter and others, with sketches and verses by Professor Archibald MacMechan, Arthur Stringer, Virna Sheard, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Brian Bellasis and W. H. Belford, with articles by P. A. Wightman, W. Arnot Craick, and Vincent Basevi. There are excellent illustrations, particularly the pen and-ink drawings by C. W. Jefferys.

In Dread of Croup.

Every mother dreads croup unless she knows about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Given in frequent small doses, at the first indication of trouble, this treatment loosens the cough and affords relief and comfort. Its use should be kept up until the child is entirely recovered.

Cholly—Doctor, I want something for my head.

Dr. Gruffy—My dear fellow, I wouldn't take it in a gift.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

She—Why don't you wash your face, Willie?

He—Aw gwan! Does you want me to git water on de brain?

Mr. W. S. Gunsalus, a farmer living near Fleming, Pa., says he has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for fourteen years, and that he has found it to be an excellent remedy, and takes pleasure in recommending it. For sale by all dealers.

The farmer who was soaked $1.50 for a shave in New York City knows now just how the barber felt when he bought a basket of potatoes last winter.

'Were all medicines as meritorious as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the world would be much better off and the percentage of suffering greatly decreased,' writes Lindsay Scott, of Temple, Ind. For sale by all dealers.

Fifty thousand dollars' worth of wines and liquors seized by the New York excise officers, were emptied in to the sewer the other day.

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For Years, Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Canadian women are continually writing us such letters as the two following, which are heartfelt expressions of gratitude for restored health:

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of womb and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully for years until I began taking your medicine. I also recommend it for nervousness and indigestion." — Mrs. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ont.

Chesterville, Ont. — "I heard your medicines highly praised, and a year ago I began taking them for falling of womb and ovarian trouble.

"My left side pained me all the time and just before my periods which were irregular and painful it would be worse. To sit down caused me pain and suffering and I would be so nervous sometimes that I could not bear to see any one or hear any one speak. Little specks would float before my eyes and I was always constipated.

"I cannot say too much for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, for there are no medicines like them. I have taken them and I recommend them to all women. You may publish this testimonial." — Mrs. STEPHEN J. MARTIN, Chesterville, Ontario, Canada.

His Reward.

The lady (to the hero who had risked his life to save her little dog from a watery grave and looks for some reward)—Poor fellow, how wet and cold you are. You must be soaked through to the skin. Here—I'll give you some quinine pills; take a couple now, and two more in an hour's time.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT, on my vessel and in my family for years and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,
Schr. 'Storke,' St. Andre, Kamouraska.

'I understand,' began a friend, entering into conversation with a clergyman of our acquaintance, 'I understand that the people of Jimville are anxious to have you take charge of the new church they have just built.

'There has been some talk about it I believe,' answered the reverend gentleman, 'but I don't think that I shall go there.'

'Don't you think that the Lord is calling you to this new field of endeavor?'

'No I don't believe he is. If he were, he would certainly put it into their hearts to offer me a much bigger salary. I perceive no divine call and I shall continue in my present field.'

Children Cry
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A new post office in Stevens county, Kansas, where water is a great scarcity, has been named Niagara.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section along side his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead of pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. COREY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

P. S.—Unauthorised publications of this advertisement will not be paid for. Dec. 29 tf

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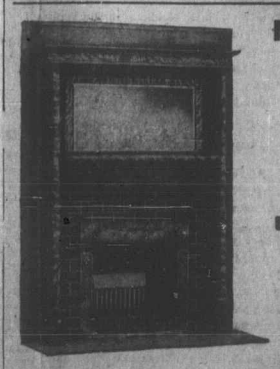

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T. C. HUTCHINSON, Prop., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

A TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT

How Edward Boitle Got the Explanation of Madeleine's Change

Sexton Blake ran his eye over the young man who sat in an attitude of nervous excitement, with his long, thin hands gripping the arms of the client's chair.

"Just back from West Africa?" he remarked, to give his visitor a chance to calm down a little.

Edward Boitle nodded.

"My bronzed look, I suppose?" he remarked, rousing himself. "But it was a risky shot, Mr. Blake. Why not South Africa or Mexico—or anywhere where there is a good sun?"

Blake smiled, and pointed to a scar on Mr. Boitle's left hand.

"The West African spider," he said. "No other animal that I know of bites and leaves a little hole like that."

He lit a cigarette.

"You have had malarial fever, too—though not for some time," he added casually.

"Yes—a year ago was my last attack. But how do you know that?"

"Oh, come," said Blake, "that's easy! Surely everybody knows that malarial fever leaves a series of wrinkles on the victim's neck?"

"I had forgotten my wrinkles. You have sharp eyes, Mr. Blake."

"Part of my stock-in-trade, Mr. Boitle. But come—now you are a little calmer, what is it you wish to consult me about?"

"It's a somewhat unusual case, I am afraid; my doubt is whether, indeed, it is in your line," he answered.

"Let's hear it," said Blake. "It's a love affair, isn't it?"

Boitle sat up with a sudden surprised movement.

"Don't look so astonished," murmured Blake. "It is quite simple. I've been consulted so often, you see. A man who has been robbed, or is under a false suspicion, or wants to find out who murdered somebody, is upset in quite a different way from a man whose heart is aching for a woman."

"That is just the phrase, Mr. Blake. My heart is aching for a woman—for the dearest, prettiest, and yesterday I should have said the truest, woman in the world."

"Go on," said the detective. "Begin at the beginning."

"Three years I have been out there working for her—rubber, you know—and I've made my pile. I came home to marry her, and on the day I sailed I got her last letter—a loving, eager letter, saying she was looking forward to the day of our wedding, first as I was. I wept over it out of sheer joy. Three years out there is rather a strain.

"That was the last I heard of her. During all the voyage I was consumed with impatience for it to end—my heart and my mind were full of her. People chipped me about being so keen on going home to be married that I wouldn't even play a game of deck billiards, but preferred to moon and stare ahead—looking out for the shores of old England, while they were still two thousand miles away. The captain called me his extra look-out, as a matter of fact, but I didn't care. I was so happy—so hungry to get to her, Mr. Blake."

He paused, and Blake waited patiently for him to resume.

"The voyage ended at last, and there was a telegram waiting for me at the docks. That particular ship, by the way, had not got a wireless installation." He pulled a telegraph form from his pocket and handed it to the detective.

Blake read it:

"Sorry, cannot marry you. Will write if you will wire an address. Do not come to see me; and try to forgive me.—MADELEINE."

"You can imagine what a blow it was to me, Mr. Blake," he said simply. "I had been working for her out there for three years, and her last letter said—" He gulped, and the detective turned his eyes away."

"I didn't faint," he went on, "and I didn't wire. I couldn't accept my dismissal like that—so I just took a special train, and demanded an explanation. They tried to prevent me from entering," he added grimly, "but I would not be denied."

"Well?" said the detective.

"She was—she nearly fainted at the sight of me, but pulled herself together, and reproached me for coming. I demanded an explanation, and she said she had none to give. I asked her if all her love-letters had been lies—and she burst into tears. I inquired the name of the man she was going to marry, and she told me—Donald Brayshon. I asked her if she loved him, and she would not answer; I asked her if her love for me was dead, and she would not answer that either. All she would say was, 'Go—go—I cannot marry you!' Oh, Edward, have mercy upon me, and go!'"

His hands were trembling, and there was fire in his eyes—the fire of a strong man's love.

"How could I go?" he cried harshly. "I distressed her—but how could I go? But I could get nothing out of her, Mr. Blake—nothing but the statement that she could not marry me, and that she was going to marry him.

"In the end it was she who went," he continued after another pause. "She ran out of the room—ran away from me. So I looked up Brayshon's address and went to him—and he would say nothing either. I didn't kill him, Mr. Blake—though I wanted to. I offered him money—all I had in the world. I accused him of having some hold over her, and tried to buy him off. But he laughed at me, and rang for his servant, and, together they put me out. I enjoyed that—yes, I enjoyed that; but they got me out in the end. And this morning I thought of you."

"What is it you expect me to do?" inquired Blake, who was keenly interested in the story. The telegram, the special train, the interview with the girl, and then the fierce altercation with the man, ending with a combat in which he shrewdly suspected that Brayshon had sustained considerable damage—in imagination Blake filled in all the details for himself.

"I want you to find out why she is going to marry him, that's all," said Boitle. "Find that out, and let me know."

"Look here," said Blake, "I'll do my best on one condition."

"Name it!"

"That whatever the reason may be, whatever the hold he may or may not have over her, you must pledge me your word of honor not to murder him!"

The two men's eyes met—the eyes of two strong, resolute men.

"There is my hand upon it," said Boitle, at last. "I accept your condition—but find out, and, if possible, prevent the sacrifice—I am sure he hasn't simply cut me out. If I thought that I would take my gruel like a man, but—"

"When is the marriage to take place?" inquired Blake.

"Next week," he groaned.

"I'll do my best for you," Blake promised.

II.

To find out why Madeleine was going to marry Brayshon, and, if she was doing it under compulsion, to discover some way of releasing her—that was briefly the task which Sexton Blake had undertaken, and the difficulties in his path caused the great man considerable uneasiness.

However, Blake was not a man to be easily daunted, and by evening he had established certain facts, at any rate, to his own satisfaction.

It was not to save a father or a brother from dishonor; it was not the usual story of a forgery or the staving off of an impending ruin that had caused Madeleine Meyton to jilt the man who loved her so devotedly at the last moment. Careful inquiry among the servants convinced Blake that all the family, servants included, were astonished at Madeleine's behavior, and considered that she had treated Edward Boitle very badly, and that nobody knew the girl's reasons.

Donald, Blake learned on the following day, was a young man of twenty-seven, with a somewhat lurid past, a man of ungovernable temper, who had once been fined for assaulting a servant. He had plenty of money, and, apart from his one appearance at the police-court, there was nothing serious against him. All the same, he was not the sort of man one would have imagined a beautiful, sweet-natured girl like Madeleine to jilt her lover for the eleventh hour.

So far, in two days out of the seven before the date of the wedding Blake had drawn blank, and he sat up that night smoking pipe after pipe in a vain endeavor to solve the problem of what the man's hold over Madeleine could possibly be.

In the morning—the third day—as Donald Brayshon came jauntily down the steps of his town house, he was very much annoyed with a certain well-dressed stranger who cannoned into him in the clumsiest manner, and sent his silk hat rolling into the gutter.

The well-dressed stranger was full of apologies, and listened meekly to Brayshon's revilings.

"I was lost in a reverie. Do forgive me, sir! It was foolish of me, I know, but pray overlook it!" the well-dressed stranger said humbly.

Brayshon cooled down a little and began to walk on, but the well-dressed stranger kept by his side, still murmuring apologies and refusing to be shaken off. Gradually and skilfully he introduced other subjects, till Brayshon thawed and interested, found himself at last exchanging cards with his new friend.

"I insist," said the stranger effusively, whose card proclaimed him to be Sampson P. Vane. "I insist that you lunch with me to-morrow, sir. Your conversation interests me, and I want to force you as my guest to forget the extremely annoying way in which I made your acquaintance."

"Very well," said Brayshon. "I shall be delighted! We seem to have a great deal in common!"

They parted, and Sampson P. Vane returned to Baker Street, doffed his disguise, and, as plane Sexton Blake, drove to an address in Harley Street.

The specialist gazed at him in amused astonishment as he explained his desire.

"My dear Blake," he exclaimed, "what next?"

"I count upon you, Sir James," returned the detective coolly. "Don't forget your promise over that Ellery sham affair—that if ever you could be of service to me, you would."

"But, Blake—to dress up as a waiter and actually wait upon you and another man at lunch, and what is more, to find a colleague who would also dress up as a waiter—my dear chap, I can't!"

"You must!" said Blake.

"But I don't know how to 'wait.' We should give ourselves away."

"Not you. All you will have to do will be to put things on and take them off. I will arrange with the manager of the restaurant to have them all brought by a proper waiter to the door. It will be quite simple—just think of how you have seen other waiters behave."

And, taking his victim's consent for granted, Sexton Blake promptly retired.

"Cheek!" muttered Sir James. "But I suppose I shall have to do it, and it will be a lark!"

Blake, meanwhile, had gone to Boitle's hotel.

"You mustn't ask questions," he said. "And you must give me your word to leave everything to me. I am lunching with Brayshon at the Ringwood Restaurant to-morrow, and you can sit behind a screen and listen—if you are sure you can control yourself, and will undertake not to make a sound till I give you leave."

Boitle promised, and Blake went off to interview the manager of the restaurant.

III.

"Don't think much of the waiters here," muttered Brayshon discontentedly. "But the cooking's good, I will say that!"

"First-class!" agreed Sampson P. Vane.

"That clumsy brute—the older one of the two—has already dropped two plates," exclaimed Brayshon, "besides spilling some soup on my shoulder."

"Never mind the waiters, old chap," said Sampson P. Vane, soothingly, "have some more champagne. A re-

(Continued next week.)

NA-DRU-CO

Royal Rose Talcum Powder

THE dainty embodiment of the queenly rose's fragrance. Made of best Italian Talc, ground to impalpable fineness, to which are added soothing, healing, antiseptic ingredients, Na-Dru-Co Royal Rose Talcum Powder keeps the skin soft, comfortable, healthy and beautiful. It is a toilet delight.

25c. a tin, at your Druggist's—or write for free sample to

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL. 194

"Cured the Piles, That I Know"

It is not pleasant to think of the dreadful suffering caused by this wretched disease, but it is satisfactory to know that there is a cure, for all who will avail themselves of it, in Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Dan Stewart, Gabarouse Lake, N.S., writes:—"For about two years I had itching piles. Last summer I was working in a lobster factory, but had to give up and go home because the suffering from piles was so great. I was two weeks in bed, and my doctor could help me very little. One night I suffered such agony that I did not know what to do. Next day I wrote for a sample of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and this did me so much good that I ordered a large box, and was entirely cured by its use. That was six months ago, and there has been no return of the trouble. Dr. Chase's Ointment is a sure cure for piles. That I know."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. 60c. a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.