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Choosing Her Husband

A well-known London magistrate, who has just retired from the bench, has a great repertoire of good stories. His favorite one relates to a case in which he appears as counsel. In the course of this case he had to cross-examine the wife of a notorious burglar. "You are the wife of this man?" he asked. "I am," she replied. "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" he proceeded. "I did," she admitted. "How could you possibly marry such a man?" the magistrate demanded. "Well, it was like this," the witness explained confidentially. "I was getting old, and two chaps wanted to marry me. It wasn't easy to choose between 'em, but in the end I married the burglar. The other chap was a lawyer, the same as you, sir!"

VIRGINIA FARMER

Restored To Health By Vinol

Atlee, Va.—"I was weak, run-down, no appetite, my blood was poor, I could not sleep nights and was rapidly losing flesh, but I am a farmer and had to work. Medicines had failed to help me until I took Vinol. After taking three bottles my appetite is fine, I sleep well, my blood is good and I am well again."

—ORLANDO W. BORKBY.
Vinol, which contains beef and cod liver peptones, iron and manganese phosphates and glycerophosphates, is guaranteed for run-down conditions.

Taylor & Son, Druggists, Watford, Ont., also at the best druggists in all Ontario towns.

Marcia's Problem

Being a Story of Literary Education

By BARBARA PHIPPS

The prime cause of the drawing together of Winslow Tymerson and Mildred Swift was that they were both intellectual, both what the dancing set called "booky." Now, intellectual persons may love as well as other persons, and the chances are that when they get down to the "real thing" they will be like other real lovers—lovers dovey—and as real little children talk baby talk, so will these intellectual lovers talk love talk. I don't mean that he will say to her, "Who is the delight of thy heart?" and she will reply "You," or that he will say "Whose pet did'ou are 'ou?" and she will reply "Ours."

What I do mean is that they will say what they really feel, clothing it in language that has been used by lovers from time immemorial.

When Tymerson met Miss Swift he had recently been graduated at one of the oldest universities in America, one in which knowledge had reached a pinnacle so high that the professors, looking down from it upon what was beneath, as a man viewing surrounding peaks from the highest of a mountain range, had begun to take the position that those outside their own ivy clad college walls were mere pinheads in the intellectual world.

Tymerson was a fair representative of his alma mater, and this is a prime reason why Miss Swift was first attracted to him. At the time he was introduced to her there were several persons in the group, including a young man whose intellect had just been hatched under the ordinary collegiate method at a one horse college containing a mere bagatelle of a thousand students and which dated back not more than 150 years. This young man ventured the statement that Mr. Dickens would outlive Mr. Thackeray. Miss Swift noticed the look Tymerson gave the speaker and the delicacy with which he turned the subject without even deigning a reply.

An elaborate lecture on literature could not have given so marked an impression of the superior literary judgment of Mr. Tymerson as this quiet squelching of the person who had ventured an opinion in his presence. But there was an especial reason why it impressed Miss Swift. She, too, was a college graduate and during her college career had contributed to the periodicals issued at her alma mater. More than this, emboldened by her literary prominence while in college she had soon after being graduated aspired to the writing of a story, or, rather, a novel.

The literary atmosphere she had breathed was, like that found in high altitudes, rare. In the school she had been taught to admire cultured families. The imagination was taboed. Dramatic situations were considered as pertaining only to yellow literature. Some writers of this school had attained an elevation where the atmosphere was so rare that only readers with lungs especially prepared for it could breathe at all.

One of the first requirements—or fancied requirements—of literary beginners is criticism. As soon as Miss Swift had become impressed with Mr. Tymerson's literary judgment she was desirous of submitting her work to him to secure his opinion of its merits. But the young authoress knew that when a man of the world is given something to read which has been written by one of his lady friends it is with the expectation that he will say something complimentary about it. Miss Swift, desiring an unbiased opinion, determined to wait for an opportunity to get her novel before Mr. Tymerson's critical eye without his knowing that she was its author.

This preliminary may make it appear that there was no love affair between these two young persons. On the contrary, their hearts struck the love gait as soon as they became acquainted. If there was the coldness of intellectuality between them they met in the season of ethereal mildness, and that is half of Cupid's battle, for it is well known that the little god fires his arrows in the spring with more telling effect than any other season.

A courtship ensued which lasted for a year. Then Mr. Tymerson spoke. From what has been said of him it may be supposed that his proposal was a model of courtliness expressed in the choicest English. This is not so. Love and intellect have nothing to do with one another, and when love asserts itself intellect takes a back seat. The proposal took place in a fashion very ordinary and in which a large number



of proposals are made. Tymerson one evening essayed to kiss Miss Swift. She objected on the ground that he had no such right, whereupon he grew ashamed and gave himself the right by stammering out a disjointed statement that he loved her and would she marry him? It was after the break had been made that love's baby talk came in.

During all this time Mildred Swift kept her literary labors to herself. Six months after she had written her novel she read it, not having seen it in the meantime and it struck her as worthless. She had been doing what most beginners do—copying from others. She realized, too, that she had been laboring to write as she had been taught, the one supreme method approved by the high-mucky-mucks among literateurs. At the time she read her novel she ran across a statement of one of the few real literary geniuses of the nineteenth century that the school in which she had been brought up was a very narrow one.

Miss Swift had accidentally struck a theme for a story that appealed very strongly to her. She determined to throw off the prejudices to which she had been educated, give herself free rein and write a Mildred Swift novel. She soon became engrossed in her work, and by the time she had half finished it she seemed to "walk upon the winds with lightness"—not that she was conscious of the value of this moving without effort. Indeed, she doubted if she were producing anything of value, because it was so easy for her.

It has been said that on Miss Swift's first meeting with Mr. Tymerson she desired his criticism. Now that they were lovers she dared not risk turning his love into contempt by submitting to him any of her literary work. In other matters she leaned on him; this she kept within herself.

When Mildred finished the work in which her whole being was absorbed, she waited a week to give her mind a little freedom from it, then read it over. About the middle of the book she struck a snag. Something went against her. She became dissatisfied with her work, tossed it into a drawer and left it there for some time. Then one day she read it again. It occurred to her she might remedy the blemish that had upset her, and she did so. The next day, without giving herself time to think about it, she started it out on a voyage among publishers. But, principally on account of fear that it might cost her her lover, she concealed the authorship. After her manuscript had been returned with a printed slip by twelve publishers it was accepted by the thirteenth.

Meanwhile Tymerson had accepted a position as book reviewer for a magazine. He found that the stories used by publishers who were in the business to make money were not the kind he admired himself. He soon learned to put his personal opinions aside and speak well of works that sold well. He wrote a few stories, but they were considered too thin for the public taste.

One day among the new books dumped upon his desk for him to read and review was a novel called "Marcia's Problem," by Hester Gwynne. He read it, but hardly knew what to say about it. It was not of the school he considered the acme of literature, and it was not of any other school with which he was familiar. Personally he had no use for it. He resolved to write the only criticism he had ever written, giving free vent to what he preferred to say.

"The book has been put together," he said, "with no regard whatever to literary laws. It cannot be classed with dramatic fiction, with imaginative fiction or with realism. It is a hodgepodge. Generally speaking, it is very bad. Nevertheless there are bits here and there that indicate some ability on the part of the author. She is doubtless a beginner who, if there were literary schools at which she could learn the commonest principles underlying the telling of a story, might some day produce something of value."

Notwithstanding this criticism the public did—though very slowly—take a fancy to "Marcia's Problem." It grew in favor and was read by all classes. That is to say, it appealed to both intellectual and simple minded persons. The reasons assigned for this by those who were disposed to ask the question was that it was human. It was also unique.

It was soon after Winslow Tymerson and Mildred Swift were married that "Marcia's Problem" began to attract the attention of the public, and this occasioned an overhauling of the criticism that had been written on it at the time of its appearance in print. The manager of the magazine with which Winslow Tymerson was connected went into his book reviewer's office one day with a copy of the story and asked him what he had said about it. Tymerson got out a copy of his review. The manager read it and said that

since it had probably been forgotten which was true—Tymerson had better write it up again, giving it a better sendoff. The reviewer had no option on the matter, and, since his name was not signed to his reviews, he wrote a new criticism, beginning with the words, "This remarkable story, which shows especial adaptation to construction on the part of the gifted authoress—"

One day when Tymerson went home after business his wife showed him a check for \$12,000 she had received from her publisher sandwiched between his two criticisms on "Marcia's Problem."

"I wrote that story, dear."

"You wrote it!"

"Yes, I wrote it."

"I never heard of your doing it."

"To tell the truth, dearie, when I first met you I wanted your criticism on my literary work. But I don't value criticism any more. I don't think it possible for any one to say what is high grade literature. Some please what one calls the literateurs, and some please the great uneducated multitude. I have pleased the educated masses, and that satisfies me."

He sat down in an easy chair, looking very much cut up.

"Don't think about it, lover," said the wife, kneeling beside him and putting her arms about him, "but give me one little teeny weeny kiss."

He suffered her to kiss him, then suddenly brightened up.

"How much is that check?" he asked.

"Twelve thousand four hundred and forty-one dollars and twenty-two cents."

"Mr. Hartman!"

GLYCERINE AND BARK PREVENT APPENDICITIS

The simple mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-ika, astonishes Watford people. Because Adler-ika acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour stomach or gas. It removes such surprising food matter that a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-ika is astonishing. Taylor & Son, druggists.

Imagination in Art

Imagination is an element by which artists are able to inflict their wares upon the public. When Millet painted two peasants in a potato patch with bowed heads in an attitude suggesting daily prayer he wisely named the picture "The Angelus." That gave the critic a hunch that a church bell in a distant spire was pealing the hour of prayer. Had he called that truly magnificent painting "Digging Potatoes" the public's imagination would not have carried beyond the potato field, and it might also have made a difference of a few thousands of dollars in the market value of the work. A well chosen title for a picture or book is what mayonnaise dressing is to a salad!—Cartoons Magazine.

Jewels of India

For variety of precious stones no country in the world can rival India. Though she exports annually over \$1,500,000 worth of jewels, she still remains today, as centuries ago, the storehouse for the nations. Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, tourmaline, garnet and many kinds of rare chalcody are mined throughout her many provinces. The diamond industry is carried on to a great extent in the central provinces. Rubies are mined in upper Burma and next to petroleum form the most profitable of the mineral resources of that state.

Woodbury the Composer

Among obscure composers of hymn tunes that have lasted long is Isaac Baker Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., who began his career as a blacksmith's apprentice. He finally studied in Europe and was an associate of the better known musicians of the day. His tune called "Siloam," sung to Heber's "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," is known to most churchgoers.

His Futile Attempt

Mr. Scraggington (in the midst of his recital)—Here is an item about a blasted fool who kissed his wife 2,500 times in one day. Mrs. Scraggington—Of course he was a fool to think he could deceive his wife that way. What does the account say he had been doing?—Judge.

One Reward

"Wealth doesn't bring happiness." "No," replied Miss Cayenna. "But it does help some toward influencing others to put up with your grouchy eccentricities."

The May of life blooms once and never again.—Schiller.

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.

Easily detached casters have been patented to aid in moving washing machines.

A PROMINENT NURSE SPEAKS.

Many Nurses in Canada and Elsewhere Say the Same.

Chatham, Ont.—"Being a nurse I have had occasion to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription quite a lot. I always recommend it to my patients and it has been a wonderful help to many of them. I never knew of a case where it failed. I have a patient who is using it now and she is doing fine since taking it. I have taken it myself and got the very best results. I consider it the best medicine there is to-day for women who are ailing."—Mrs. Edna Moore, 30 Dege St., Chatham, Ont.

THAT WEAK BACK

Accompanied by pain here and there—extreme nervousness—sleeplessness—may be faint spells, chills or spasms—all are signals of distress for a woman. She may be growing from girlhood into womanhood—passing from womanhood to motherhood—or later suffering during middle life, which leaves so many wrecks of women. At any or all of these periods of a woman's life she should take a tonic and nerve prescribed for just such cases by a physician of vast experience in the diseases of women.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has successfully treated more cases in the past 50 years than any other known remedy. It can now be had in sugar-coated tablet form as well as in the liquid. Sold by medicine dealers or trial box by mail on receipt of 50 cents in stamps. Dr. Pierce, Invalida's Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

STORY OF AN ORNAMENT.

The Vallieres and the French Beauty Who First Wore It

Do you know what a *lavalliere* is? You have seen many neck ornaments of more or less elaborate design suspended from chains that were thin or massive, which were sold as *lavallieres*. The traveler who knows his business will tell you that the large and highly ornate ornament made of hand wrought gold and studded with many gems, suspended from a thick chain and resting on the bare skin just above the low cut bodice, is a "stomacher," whereas the "*lavalliere*" is light and delicate in construction, is set with not more than three stones and is on a slender chain.

The heavy ornament was formerly worn on the front of the dress, the entire front part of a bodice, which extended down over the pit of the stomach, being called the stomacher. It was an English mode, whereas the *lavalliere* came into existence in France in 1666, having been designed at the suggestion of Louis XIV. as a gift to Francoise Louise de la Baume le Blanc, when she was made Duchesse de la Valliere. Of all the king's favorites she was the most interesting. She became "queen of the petticoat court" when Louis was but twenty-eight years old and when Colbert and Louvois were making the French treasury and the French army the greatest and most formidable powers in Europe. At thirty she retired to a convent, where she spent her declining years writing that mournful essay, "Reflections on the Pity of God."—Exchange.

DUBLIN IS VERY ANCIENT.

It May Have Been in Existence in the Time of Ptolemy.

Do you know how old Dublin is? Probably not. Few cities tell their correct age, but there is a rumor that the Irish capital, the picturesque city on the banks of the Liffey, at the entrance to Dublin bay, is much older than she pretends to be. In fact, it has been asserted by some ungalant scholars that she was already a buxom girl when Ptolemy sat on the throne of Egypt and that the fair city on the western island was mentioned in the writings of that day. In later times, say about 212 A. D., it already had a history. When the Danes came, some 600 years later, the Celts had been at peace so long that they fell victims to the invaders, but submission was no part of their program.

The inhabitants of the island are Celtic to the very core, and never have they become reconciled to the idea of sharing their beautiful country with either Saxons, Danes, Teutons or Norse. At one time, when the city of Dublin had become pretty thoroughly English in its feeling, the people of the hill country came down and massacred most of the inhabitants in the year 1170. Richard de Clare, known as Richard Strongbow, the second earl of Pembroke, crossed the Irish channel with a great host and captured the city. But he became governor of the island only after he married the daughter of one of the Celtic kings.

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