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MELLE C. GAUDREAU

Rochon P.Q., Jan. 14th, 1915.  
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## A FOSTER CHILD

How a Conspiracy Was Organized to Rob Her

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Ethan Trowbridge, a miner in Colorado, who had been prospecting on his own account, came to his cabin one evening sick and discouraged. He had some time before entered a claim on which he had found evidence of gold and had been endeavoring to show that it was of sufficient value to enable him to secure capital to develop it. While working in the rain he had caught a severe cold and had on this memorable evening come to his home never to leave it again. In a few days he died.

Trowbridge left a wife and a little daughter three years of age. The widow was absolutely penniless. She made every effort to support herself and her little girl, but she, too, soon broke down in health and followed her husband to the grave.

The only person who ministered to her in her last illness was a negro woman commonly called Aunt Sue. At Mrs. Trowbridge's death Aunt Sue carried the little girl to her own home and took care of her the same as one of her own children.

Twelve years passed. Edith Trowbridge, now fifteen years of age and old enough to understand that she was living with a different race from her own, left her foster mother with deep gratitude for her kindness to go forth into the world to earn her own living. The old woman parted with her reluctantly. But her own children were at work, and she realized that it was time Edith should be. Besides, it was proper that the white girl should associate with those of her own color.

Edith Trowbridge found a position as nurse with a Mrs. Kimball, a lady who shortly afterward removed to St. Louis, taking the girl with her. Edith's story interested her employer so far that she sent her to school, where, being very bright, she learned rapidly. At nineteen she had become a member of the Kimball family, though she continued to relieve Mrs. Kimball of many household duties.

Edith Trowbridge was known during the time she lived with Aunt Sue by the name of Springer, that being Aunt Sue's name, so far as she had a name. While with Mrs. Kimball she became known as Edith Kimball. At twenty years of age she was enjoying many social advantages and was a favorite. Among her young men friends was Arthur Ingersoll, who had recently been admitted to the bar and gave promise of a successful career. Ingersoll fell in love with Edith. She reciprocated, and they became engaged.

One day a man appeared at Aunt Sue's cabin and told her that Edward Springer, her master when she had been a slave, had died and left her and her children \$1,000 each. All she had to do to secure her inheritance was to give him a list of her children. Aunt Sue could not write, but she gave the man the names required and, in order to serve her foster child, included Edith. The man took down these names, and Aunt Sue made her mark at the bottom of the list, a neighbor being called in to witness the signature.

It was about this time that a letter came to the St. Louis postoffice addressed to Edith Trowbridge at the Kimball address. Edith opened the letter, wondering who it was who knew her by her real name. The writer asked her if she would sell a four acre lot, of which she was the owner, on Clear creek, near Georgetown, Colo., and if so what price she put upon it.

This was Greek to Edith, who had no knowledge of such lot and believed the writer had made a mistake. So she wrote him to this effect. He wrote back that the land had been pre-empted by one Ethan Trowbridge seventeen years before and it was supposed that she was her father's only heir.

Edith now referred the letters to her lover, who took the matter up and through a correspondent in Colorado discovered that a valuable vein of ore had been discovered, on property adjoining the claim entered by Ethan Trowbridge shortly before his death. The vein was supposed to extend through the Trowbridge claim, and many persons were trying to find the owner of the Trowbridge property in order to buy it.

On learning these facts Ingersoll took the information to his sweetheart, and there was a joyful meeting, Edith having become an heiress. It was arranged between them that he should go to Colorado as her agent and look into the matter. So after Edith had signed a power of attorney to that effect they parted, and the next day In-

gersoll started westward.

That was the last meeting between the lovers for some time. The next word Edith received from her lover was a letter from Colorado in which he informed her that he had received a severe blow, which must also fall on her with equal force. He informed her that he had seen convincing proofs that she was the daughter not of Ethan Trowbridge, but of a negro named Susan Springer, who had certified that Edith was her child.

Of course all was over between them, since he could not bring himself to marry a girl with negro blood in her veins. He was heartbroken.

The shock to Edith was far greater than to Ingersoll. She had lost her lover, she had been disappointed in her inheritance, and Aunt Sue had certified that she was of the negro race. For a time the girl was so far crushed that she was incapable of taking any action; then, when the first anguish had passed, she made her confession to Mrs. Kimball. That lady gave her heartfelt sympathy, and when Edith assured her that she had a faint remembrance of her white mother the lady offered to assist her in securing proof as to her real parentage.

A few days later, having been furnished with what money she needed, Edith started for Colorado. On arriving there she went at once to the cabin of her foster mother, Aunt Sue.

"Bless yo' heart, honey," exclaimed the old woman, "yo' mighty good to come back to see me! Hab yo' got de money?"

"What money?"  
Aunt Sue then told of the visit she had received and the legacy, adding, "I didn't want yo' to lose yo' share, honey, so I tole de man yo' was one o' my own children."

"Oh, Aunt Sue!" exclaimed Edith bitterly.

"Wasn't dat right?"

"Have you and the children received your legacies?" asked Edith, ignoring the question.

"No, and I habn't see de gentleman sence."

"I'm afraid you never will. All he wanted of you was to get your statement that I was your daughter."

"Oh, my goodly gracious!"

Arthur Ingersoll returned to St. Louis a deeply disappointed man. He refrained from attempting to see Edith, but wrote a note to Mrs. Kimball saying that he thought it best he and his former fiancée should not meet again. Mrs. Kimball replied that Edith had gone to Colorado to collect proof that she was of pure white blood and the daughter of Ethan Trowbridge.

Ingersoll was in a quandary. If he endeavored to assist the girl he loved, to prove that she was exclusively of the white race and it turned out that she was not, he would be more deeply involved with her. If, on the contrary, he denied her such assistance and she proved that she was all white it would be tantamount to deserting her in time of trouble. He pondered on the matter, but for a long while came to no decision.

A week's indecision was enough for him. He decided that he would not desert Edith. Having come to this conclusion, he took a train for Colorado.

He found Edith at a hotel in Georgetown. He advanced to meet her with open arms, but she drew back.

"There can be nothing more between us," she said, "till this matter is cleared up."

"You will let me help you clear it up?"

Edith hesitated, but he pleaded so hard that she yielded. She told him of her interview with Aunt Sue and of her suspicion that some one had laid a trap to beat her out of her inheritance. Then they both went to work to unearth the scheme.

They were not long in discovering that a man of the name of William Trowbridge had laid claim to the property in question, claiming to be Ethan Trowbridge's only brother; that he and Ethan had never had a sister; consequently William was sole heir-at-law. Ingersoll saw at once that the proper ground on which to dispute this man's claim was that Edith was Ethan Trowbridge's daughter and consequently heir-at-law. But the enemy had Aunt Sue's statement that Edith was her daughter. The only hope was to prove that in Edith's blood there was no negro blood.

Having filed the necessary papers in the case, the lovers returned to St. Louis, where they consulted physicians and men of science, with a view to discovering whether there was any known test for pure white blood. They were informed that there was, but it would be necessary for Edith to go to the east, where the most advanced specialists were located.

So far as Edith's immediate circle was concerned, there was no necessity for making the journey to submit to such a test, for it was plain to them that there had been a conspiracy with a view to securing her inheritance. But the proving of her case in law seemed to render the matter obligatory to her. Just as she was about to start word came from Colorado that a woman had been found who had known the Trow-

bridge family, had been at the house when Edith was born and had been cognizant of the death of her parents and her removal to the cabin of Aunt Sue.

On receipt of this news the lovers decided to return to Colorado, take the deposition of this woman and file it with the other papers in the case. But Ingersoll insisted before starting that they be married, since he was now satisfied as to Edith's birth. She consented, and they went westward as man and wife.

By this time William Trowbridge, who had secured Aunt Sue's statement that Edith was her daughter and who was not a brother of Ethan Trowbridge, fearing he would be prosecuted for conspiracy and perjury, disappeared. On the affidavit of the person who had known the Trowbridges and other proofs of her identity Edith was put in possession of her inheritance.

It was found that the vein on the adjoining property had been worked clear up to the line of the Trowbridge claim, opening and growing richer as it advanced. Edith before leaving Colorado sold the property for a fortune and returned to her home a very rich woman. She insisted on taking Aunt Sue with her, since the latter was getting old, and installed her in her St. Louis home to work or not as she chose.

### TAKAKE

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### A LIVING TORPEDO.

That Odd Fish, the Electric Ray, is a Terror in His Own Way.

There is a queer fish, bearing the name torpedo, that in its own peculiar way is a good deal of a terror. This is the torpedo, or electric ray, a dweller in the southern seas, which grows to a large size, sometimes weighing seventy or eighty pounds. This peculiar fish has a nearly circular body, a short tail and a very small mouth.

The back is brownish in color, and the underneath parts are white.

The torpedo obtains its name from its power of giving a violent shock, similar to an electric shock, to anything with which it comes in contact. Whenever an enemy approaches the fish emits from its body a kind of electricity, which incapacitates the attacker immediately.

In capturing its food the torpedo finds this power of use. Being very inactive, it cannot pursue the small fish which form its diet, so it lies in wait until they swim close by and then throws out its powerful shock, which instantly renders them helpless.

If a person touches this strange fish he is attacked by cramp, which affects the stomach, producing a kind of convulsion. For this reason the torpedo is sometimes known as the "cramp fish."—London Answers.

### THE YELLOW FLAG.

A Ruse That Once Saved a British Ship From Capture.

An effective ruse de guerre in the way of flag flying was that practiced in the Mediterranean at the beginning of the last century by Lord Dundonald while cruising in the British ship Speedy. This little brig had captured so many of the enemy's merchantmen that a Spanish frigate was specially fitted out, disguised as a merchantman, to bring her to book.

Dundonald, in order to deceive the merchant craft of the enemy, adopted similar tactics and disguised the Speedy as a Danish merchant brig. The two disguised boats soon sighted each other. Dundonald at once gave chase and discovered his mistake when the Spaniard suddenly revealed her true nature and started lowering a boat to examine the Speedy's papers.

But Dundonald was equal to the occasion. He hoisted the yellow flag—signal of sickness. And when the Spanish boat was within hail an English officer in Danish uniform shouted that they were only two days out of Algiers. As the plague was raging in Algiers, the ruse was completely successful.—London Chronicle.

## CASTORIA

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### TWO MINDS THAT DID AS ONE.

When Dr. Anna Shaw and Miss Anthony Lectured Together.

Writing of her lectures for suffrage with Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw says in the Metropolitan Magazine:

We traveled and lectured together so constantly that each of us developed an almost uncanny knowledge of the other's mental processes. At any point of either's lecture the other could pick it up and carry it on—a fortunate condition, as it sometimes became necessary to do this. Miss Anthony was subject to contractions of the throat, which for the moment caused a slight strangulation. On such occasions—of which there were several—she would turn to me and indicate her helplessness. Then I would repeat her last sentence, complete her speech and afterward make my own.

The first time this happened we were in Washington, and Aunt Susan stopped in the middle of a word. She could not speak; she merely motioned to me to continue for her and left the stage. At the end of the evening a prominent Washington man who had been in our audience remarked to me confidentially:

"That was a nice little play you and Miss Anthony made tonight—very effective indeed."

For an instant I did not catch his meaning or the implication in his knowing smile.

"Very clever, that strangling bit, and your going on with the speech," he repeated. "It hit the audience hard."

"Surely," I protested, "you don't think it was a deliberate thing—that we planned or rehearsed it?"

He stared at me incredulously.

"Are you going to pretend," he demanded, "that it wasn't a put up job?"

I told him he had paid us a high compliment and that we must really have done very well if we had conveyed that impression, and I finally convinced him that we not only had not rehearsed the episode, but that neither of us had known what the other meant to say. We never wrote out our speeches, but our subject was always suffrage or some ramification of suffrage, and naturally we had thoroughly digested each other's views.

### LIFE ON A SUBMARINE.

There Are No Comforts, and Sleep Is Almost Impossible.

Speaking of life on a submarine, one of Uncle Sam's naval officers stationed on one of these under sea terrors says: "Every minute the men are in the submarine means the risk of pneumonia and tuberculosis. The entire inside of the boat sweats like a pitcher of ice water on a hot day. Before we are on it three hours our clothes are soaked, and they stay that way. We have absolutely no heat, which means that the boat is the temperature of the outside air. Sometimes we nearly freeze. The doctors say that the men on a submarine never sleep; they merely become unconscious for brief intervals. The air, the odors from the machinery, the constant vibration and the intense strain under which you labor make sleep an impossibility."

"In a storm, when we have to seal up, the air gets worse than anything you can imagine. There are eighteen men and two officers in one of our boats, and at any moment any one of the twenty may cause the death of all the rest. There is no room for mistakes. The space in which the men live is fifty feet long and about ten feet wide. I can stand upright if I pick my place, but most of the time my shoulders are bent. There are no bunks; we all spread our mattresses on an iron deck. The dining room consists of four electric hot plates. Nothing in the nature of a spark is allowed below decks, but we can heat up coffee on the hot plates and occasionally fry things. We can't smoke, and the vibration of the engines makes it impossible to read or even play cards, so when we are not working there's nothing for us to do but sit on the floor and look at each other."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### The Human Brain.

Our brains are seventy year clocks. The angel of life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the angel of the resurrection. Tick-tack, tick-tack, go the wheels of thought. Our will cannot stop them. They cannot stop themselves. Sleep cannot still them. Madness only makes them go faster. Death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever swinging pendulum which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible case-pener that we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.—Holmes.

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### We Are Living in a Wonderful Time

These are tremendous times. The days that have come upon us are too near us to be seen in perspective—they are too close to us to be measured against other times of which history tells us. Yet it must be evident enough to any man who reads the news of the day with a map of the world spread out before him, that the greatest war ever waged on this planet is now in progress; that the contending forces are not only vastly the greatest ever assembled in war, but that the per capita efficiency for destructive purposes of these modern armies is many times greater than in any previous war.

Not only is this war tremendous in its scope, but the issues at stake are in value beyond man's power of estimate. The outcome of this war will determine whether the world for the next century or so, will be governed by the soldier or the citizen.

The military instructions issued to the conquering army that poured into Belgium swept away in a night all the human teachings that had spread over the world in the course of three centuries. The war is being fought with a ferocity for which there is no parallel unless we search far back in history. Not only are whole regiments and armies slain, but civic populations as well. Cities, towns, villages and whole provinces are smashed and left in utter desolation—eminent amid the ruins being old buildings that had survived the wars of eight hundred years.

From the character of the war one gets some idea of the issues at stake in it. If the rapacious forces that have demolished Belgium could proceed in the way they began, if they could do to all France what they did to part of it, if they could do to England what they did to Belgium, one could afford to talk to the United States as they feel inclined to talk even as it is—one can form some idea of the military atrocity that the world would bully the world from Berlin.

These are tremendous times, but people do not realize the fact as yet. The next generation will know better than we what these years, these months, meant in the history of mankind.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Expeller has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

"Quidnunc" is an old term for newsmonger, or one who pretends to know everything.