

DYING FROM GALL-STONES

Doctors Said Only An Operation Could Save His Life—"Fruit-a-tives" Enabled Him To Pass Nearly 200 Gall-Stones.



J. B. HARDING, Esq.

46 Grove Ave., Toronto, Ont., Jan. 10th, 1913.

"I suffered untold agony from GALL-STONES, for the past three years, and tried many doctors without getting relief. I also paid \$5.00 for one bottle of medicine which was useless. At times the pain from these gall-stones was so great that I lost consciousness, and my condition was desperate. I was quite satisfied that I was dying and the doctors said I must be operated upon."

"During one of these very severe, acute attacks, I was given some 'FRUIT-A-TIVES', and after taking a short treatment of this remedy, I passed gall-stones over an inch in length, and as many as one hundred and fifty or two hundred in number. 'FRUIT-A-TIVES' was the only thing that would relieve my pain. They are the greatest medicine in the world, and if there is anyone in Canada, or anywhere else, that suffers from gall-stones, I say 'Let them take 'Fruit-a-tives' and be cured'."

"If this testimonial will further the good work of 'Fruit-a-tives', publish it with my full authority."

Are you wondering how 'Fruit-a-tives'—a medicine made from fruit juices, can cure Gall-stones? We will tell you. The Gall bladder is the reservoir for holding the Gall, or bile, secreted by the liver. If there is insufficient bile, then the bile in the Gall bladder is thick and easily forms stones. When the liver is weak, it secretes very little bile and then the Gall bladder is partially filled with a thick jelly-like mass of bile and thus forms into lumps or stones. 'Fruit-a-tives' stimulates the liver to secrete more bile, and this increased bile softens the Gall-stones and by overfilling the Gall bladder, forces the passage of the stones through the Gall duct—and thus cures the disease.

'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. By a wonderful process, the medicinal properties of certain fruits are greatly intensified—then valuable tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into the pleasant-tasting tablets known in every section of Canada as 'Fruit-a-tives'.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The Triple Tie

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She didn't like him particularly, yet she did, not dislike him. Intuition told her, some months since, that Forrest Cain was trying to make himself agreeable to her. She neither encouraged nor discouraged him. She simply treated him as she had always treated him. That was all there was to it.

Yet, within herself, she felt annoyed that he should come upon her in her quiet contentment. She knew instinctively that he had come to see her and that his alleged business was only a makeshift. She was glad to see him yet she tried to be nice to him, as was her nature. The reason was not far to seek. At that particular time Forrest Cain came as a jarring note against her serene thoughts of Gordon Kelly.

"Let's go for a ride in the car," suggested Cain soon after Mrs. Deery joined them. "You can drive, Mildred; your mother can sit beside you and I'll occupy the rumble seat."

"Oh, Forrest," said Mildred quickly. "We have a runabout here and mother and I know our one solitary road by heart."

Somehow Cain felt he had lost a point, but he assured himself that there was plenty of time to recover it. Soon after he went away, declining an invitation to stay to lunch.

"Do you like Forrest?" asked Mildred of her mother. Elmer was busy elsewhere.

"I don't know, child," replied the mother cautiously. "I had never considered him in the way of liking him or disliking him. Your father and I have known him all his life. His sister and I were schoolmates. She is much older than he is. Why do you ask?"

"On My Nerves."

"Well, lately he has seemed to get on my nerves. There is something about him that doesn't seem just right. I try to treat him as I always have treated him, but I can't get rid of that feeling. 'You may be right, dear, but I think you need not worry about Forrest Cain. This little talk left them both serious. Mrs. Deery went indoors to mix a salad dressing, she said, and Mildred was left to her own troubled thoughts.

Cain came to see Mildred every day, driving to the bungalow in his automobile. If there was any change in Mildred he did not notice it. She treated him the same as she always had treated him. The hours he spent with her were pleasant enough, but he did not feel as if he were making much progress in his campaign. For one thing, Mildred never seemed willing to go within alone. She either took her mother or Elmer with her when they went driving, or fishing, or on a little excursion into the woods, or rambled the hills. The time he had to himself was torture to him. He missed the gay life of the city. He missed his club friends. Under the circumstances he could invite none of his friends to spend a while with him in the mountains. He made his man's life miserable, cursing him out at the slightest provocation. There was no escape for George and that worthy was on the point more than once of throwing up his job and going back to the Pullman Company.

Things went along and finally Mrs. Deery had to go to Atlanta, promising Mildred she would return to the mountains as soon as possible. Deery himself came up for a week-end and took his wife back with him. Thereupon Cain renewed his attentions to Mildred and the lad began to get on his nerves.

"Why is that kid forever hanging around," he demanded impatiently of Mildred one day.

"You mean Elmer?" she replied quietly. "Why, I thought you liked him, Forrest."

An Invitation.

"Well, I do," said Cain, with a scowl as if in mock, "but I never get a chance to say a single word to you unless he is within earshot. They were talking in a low tone."

"When are you going back to Atlanta?" he asked after a pause.

"I really don't know," replied Mildred. "It's getting hot in the city and it's cool and delightful and restful up here. Unless my mother has some other plans for me I would like to stay here all Summer. When do you expect to return?"

"I've got to go back in a few days, but I want you to promise me that before I go you will go driving with me—alone."

Mildred did not answer immediately. "I'll think it over," she said at length.

"I don't know as I ought to. This isn't like the city, you know, and my parents are not with me."

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Cain, using a word he had not employed since he was a boy. "What difference does that you make. I'm not going to eat an I, as though you were Little Red Riding Hood?"

Mildred had to laugh, although her spirits were troubled. A woman's intuition told her what was on Forrest Cain's mind. Suddenly she resolved to have it over with. Why should he stay around and make her unhappy? After a pause she said:

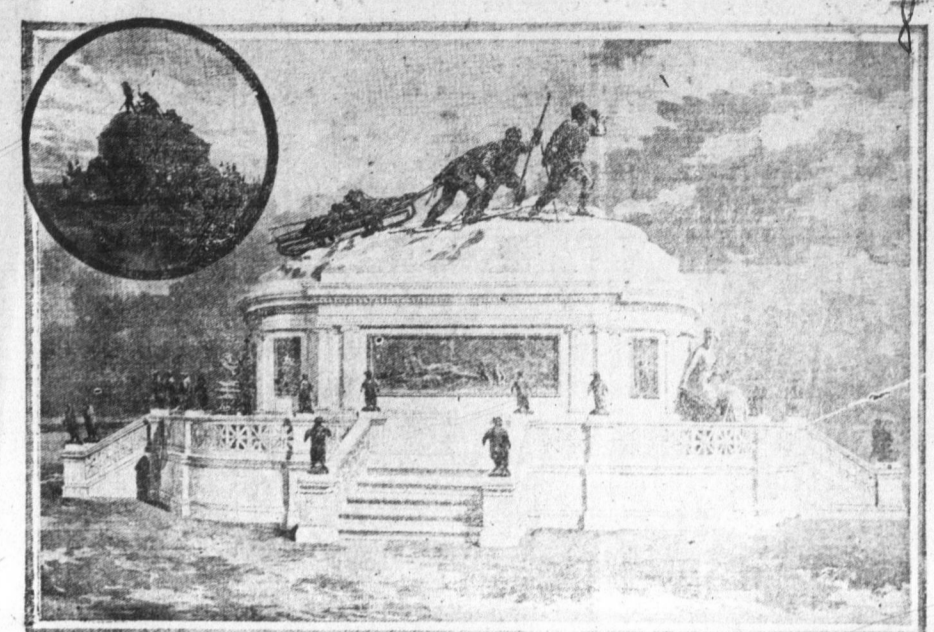
"All right, Forrest, I will take a ride with you, whenever you like."

Cain went away in better spirits than at any time since he had been in the mountains.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Whatever was on Cain's mind had to remain there a while longer. In the first place a furious storm swept over the mountains that night and lasted the better part of three days. A storm of its magnitude and length had no

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO HEROIC ENGLISH ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.



A PROPOSED MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN SCOTT

The above photograph shows a design of a proposed memorial at London, England, to Captain Scott, the explorer, who lost his life in the Antarctic. One of the basic ideas is that the main portion of the design should consist of white marble and bronze. A rough mass of white marble would represent the snow and ice of the Antarctic. Over this sloping mass would be seen a bronze group of Captain Scott and his two companions struggling with their sledge to their final camp. It is proposed that the lower portion of the monument should be of classic design, in the walls of which could be set high relief bronze panels showing other striking incidents of the expedition. The smaller view shows the effect of the monument when silhouetted against the sky.

here in the mountains someone has put up those large granite gateposts and made a splendid road, leading—I wonder where? I must ask Mr. Shephard about it."

"I haven't been here long enough to find out, Miss Deery," he said. "I have been so busy with the property around here that I haven't been north of us at all."

A Fishing Trip.

With Cain out of the way, Mildred began to enjoy life once more. The days, happily passed, were all too short. Two weeks went by. Her mother had written regularly. Mrs. Blake had early been taken to a private hospital and Mrs. Deery had taken charge of her old schoolmate's household. For several days Mrs. Blake's life hung in the balance, but finally the crisis was passed and she began to mend. Cain wrote Mildred that he was coming up to the mountains again in a day or two. She wrinkled her little brow at this and then resolved to have one more good day's fun before Cain made his appearance and spoiled it all.

"Elmer," she called, "I propose that you and I make a day of it tomorrow."

"If you don't stop talking foolishness, replied Mildred over her shoulder. 'I'll go off by myself and leave you behind.' But her eyes twinkled as she said it.

(To Be Continued.)

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment, and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer: Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P 301, Windsor, Ont.

For home reference, please call on or address Mrs. M. A. Kiener, 39 Lancaster West, Berlin, Ont.

CANADA'S RACING CLASSIC

Dunlop Trophy Race, 20th Year



JULY						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



WATERLOO TO PRESTON HILL AND RETURN

(20 Miles)

Dominion Day
July 1st, 10 a.m.

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Entry Blanks obtainable from all Bicycle Dealers

The young folks don't know why, but they just love Kellogg's Corn Flakes—

It owes its rare goodness and appetizing flavor to our secret process of manufacture—

It's good for the children at all times and seasons.

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PRICE, ONE CENT.

CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION MEETING

Conservative Assn Met on Saturday.

DATE FOR ANNUAL MEETING.

Executive Committee of the Conservative Association of Berlin met in Berlin on Saturday for the purpose of holding a meeting and to discuss matters of importance. It was decided to call a meeting of delegates to meet in 2.30 p.m. on July 12th.

Meeting will be called upon by and members of the Executive Committee for the year.

It is asked to consider with approval to constitution and set of

A. Clark, M.P., presiding at a meeting and a ride a

It is understood that the executive committee of the Conservative Association of Berlin will contribute \$50,000 to the project.

It is had a fine day at the falls.

lock on Saturday morning, people gathered at the station on the St. Peter's Y.P.S. Niagara Falls, seven miles from the falls, to see the water, until five o'clock in the morning, when the return trip, there was no incident of any kind, nor the nony and pleasure of the

es of a June Day

WOODFIELD NUPTIALS

wedding was solemnized

at the late Mrs. Thom's

at the late Mrs. Thom's

at the late Mrs. Thom's

at the late Mrs. Thom's

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