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**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

Making A Match

It Was Done on Prac-
tical Principle.

By ELINOR MARSH

Bob Wynkoop was the only son of a mother who doted on him and who was especially fearful that he would make a misalliance. One day Bob fell ill, and his mother was obliged to send for a nurse to attend him. The young woman was comely, and Mrs. Wynkoop was troubled.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Wynkoop when Dr. Sloane was about to leave after a visit of her son, "how is he this morning?"

"The fever has not yet left him, and he is still very weak. By the by, Mrs. Wynkoop, there is a warning I desire to give you. I know that you are particular as to whom your son shall marry. My experience is that a sick man attended by a nurse, seeing no one else, having every need gratified by her, is liable to fall in love with her. I have had many a patient who has married his nurse, sometimes—I may say usually—against the wishes of his family."

"Thank you for the hint, doctor. Miss Wadsworth is a very pretty girl, but not one whom I would choose for a daughter-in-law. I shall attend to the matter."

"In that case I would do so at once. Convalescence is the period of danger."

The doctor departed, and Mrs. Wynkoop gave herself up to thought. The wife she desired for her son was a young woman of common sense and very practical. She was not beautiful—indeed, she was considered homely—but what she lacked in beauty she made up in character. Miss Edith Tweed, the young lady referred to, had never met Bob Wynkoop, and he was unconscious of her existence. Bob's mother had considered bringing them together, but had thus far taken no steps to effect that purpose. The doctor's warning had given her an idea. She called on Miss Tweed and said to her:

"My dear, I am aware that you have no fortune and that you are looking for a position. I have one in view for you."

"What is it, Mrs. Wynkoop?"

"The wife of my son Robert."

"Good gracious!"

"I am a practical woman and so are you. I wish my son to marry and I don't wish him to marry a doll. I wish his wife to be a woman of good hard horse sense. Ten to one unless I manage to make a match for him instead of permitting him to make one for himself he'll fall into the hands of some little fool or some designing woman who will make life hot for him."

"But will your son permit you to choose for him?"

"Not by any means. I have a plan. He is recovering from an illness and about to enter the convalescent stage. The doctor has told me that men patients are prone to fall in love with their nurses. I intend to discharge the nurse who has been attending him and I desire you to take her place."

Miss Tweed, being a young woman of marked equanimity, was not as much taken aback at this proposal as was to have been expected. She made no immediate reply to the proposition, but seemed to be turning it over in her mind. Mrs. Wynkoop went on:

"Robert, I will say—being his mother I should not say it—is a very estimable young man. He has no bad habits, is devoted to his business and I sincerely believe would make any good woman an excellent husband. He has a hundred thousand dollars in his own right and will inherit a hundred thousand dollars from me."

Miss Tweed after further consideration said:

"Mrs. Wynkoop, what you are saying is very complimentary to me. This is virtually a proposition to pay me two hundred thousand dollars for what?"

"For your character, common sense and such other qualities as will conspire to make a good wife, and the price is altogether inadequate."

One morning Bob Wynkoop found himself lying in bed with that sensation of relief which comes with the dawn of convalescence. He had been too ill to notice his nurse, and now was the first time that he had any idea of her appearance. The only thing he noticed about her was that she had no pretense to beauty. Seeing him looking at her with something akin to interest, which indicated that he was better than he had been, she went to him, gazed down upon him sympathetically, laid her soft hand on his forehead, then took his wrist between her thumb and fingers. Having made a note of his condition, she said:

NO ALUM



"Would you like some nourishment?"

"Yes."

"What do you think would taste good?"

"A slice of rare roast beef."

"I fear that would be too hearty for you just now. Shall it be a cereal with cream, a soft boiled egg or a baked potato?"

"All three."

Miss Tweed left the room and returned with a cup of bouillon.

A week passed. One morning when a bright sun shone in through the windows Bob had had his breakfast and with his head raised on pillows was about to peruse the morning paper, which his nurse had handed him. He looked up at her and said:

"Miss Tweed, you're a peach."

"Wait a moment before you begin your paper. I haven't made the record yet."

She took his wrist in her fingers and counted the pulsations.

"I'm sure I should have died had it not been for your care," said Bob.

Miss Tweed noted his pulse and took up the body thermometer.

"You're not only a peach; you're a brick."

Miss Tweed thrust the thermometer into his mouth, thereby stopping these expressions of admiration. Nevertheless he continued to gaze upon her. When she removed the thermometer he broke loose again while she was making the record on the ruled paper used for the purpose. He told her she was the loveliest creature he had ever seen; that her cheeks were roses, her lips corals, her eyes wondrous, through which her pure soul looked from heaven.

He had got thus far when she stopped him.

"You are not saying all this," she said. "It's imagination talking. For a week you have seen no one but me. We nurses are used to this sort of thing. Every sick man we serve says the same thing. You will not have been out ten days before the scales will fall from your eyes and you will see me as I am."

"I will never see in you anything but the loveliest, purest, tenderest woman that ever lived. Haven't you been bored by artists wishing you to sit for a model for a Madonna?"

"I can't say that I have. When you have recovered you'll say, 'How could I ever have considered that girl beautiful?'"

"I'll do no such thing. To prove that I am in earnest, I ask you now to be my wife."

"And in thirty days you'll ask me to release you."

"I swear!"

"Very well. I'll promise to be your wife, but one month after you have regained your health I'll ask you to release me. You will be only too glad to do so."

"You've made me inexpressibly happy," he said, taking her hand in his. He would have drawn her to him for a kiss, but she would not permit.

"Not till you have refused to be released," she said.

"I'll never release you," he said impatiently.

Exactly one month from the day Bob Wynkoop returned to business he received a note from Miss Edith Tweed, inclosing her likeness and stating that as a mere form she asked to be released from what might be considered an engagement. She trusted that he would not consider from her writing him that she attached any importance to a proposal from a sick man to his nurse. The reason for her writing was to relieve his mind in case he felt differently from what he had a month ago about the matter.

Bob took the letter to his mother and said lugubriously:

"Mother, I'm in a hole."

"For heaven's sake, Robert, what is it?"

"That nurse I had when I was ill. I proposed to her."

"Oh, Robert!"

"I think I must have been out of my head."

"Did she accept you?"

"Yes, but with the understanding that she would ask to be released one month after I got out. She's made the request and sent me her picture. There's the note and there's the picture. She's not a Venus, is she?"

Mrs. Wynkoop glanced at the note and looked carefully at the picture.

"There's character in that face, Robert," she said.

"Do you think so, mother?" he asked, looking over her shoulder at the picture.

"I certainly do. What reply are you going to make to her note?"

"That's where I'm in the hole. I swore that I would never release her."

"Robert," said the mother sympathetically, but with a certain firmness in her tone, "I hope my boy will never go back on his word."

"Oh, mother; you don't think I'm stuck, do you?"

"That's not the way to look at it, my son. My advice to you is to write Miss Tweed admitting that a courtship under the circumstances is not a fair test of whether two persons are fitted to make each other happy, but you propose that her request to be released be postponed till both of you know more of each other."

"That will make it easier for me, won't it, mother?"

"Decidedly."

Miss Tweed assented to Bob's proposition, and Mrs. Wynkoop invited her to spend a few weeks with her as her guest. She appeared, instead of in uniform, becomingly dressed, and Bob remarked that she wasn't so homely, after all. Mrs. Wynkoop contrived to leave the two together a good deal during the visit, and they seemed to be at least quite companionable. One day Bob said to his mother:

"That girl has more sense than any woman I ever met."

"Horse sense, you mean."

"Yes, horse sense. She'll never trouble her husband, whoever he may be, with any fool notions."

"And he'll find that a great advantage."

"A woman don't keep her good looks but a few years, does she?"

"The prettiest woman in the world will have no more beauty than your mother in time."

"You don't need beauty, mother; you're just as good without it."

And Bob kissed her lovingly.

Well, the upshot of it all was that Bob married Miss Tweed. She is now forty and just as good looking as she was at twenty. Bob adores her.

MANY IN WATFORD TRY SIMPLE MIXTURE

Many Watford people are surprised at the QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. This simple remedy acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE of constipation, sour stomach or gas. 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, druggist.

A FRUGAL SAILOR.

Great Japanese Admiral Lives a Simple Life.

The great naval hero of the Russo-Japanese War, Admiral Togo, lives at his home of thirty-six years in Kami Rokubancho, Tokio. He is 70 years old. Salto Man writes of him in the Tokio Advertiser: He is but five feet two inches in height, but muscular, weighing about 145 pounds. He lives a quiet life with the Countess. They have three maids and two boy servants.

His eldest son, 32 years of age, is just back from London; and the second son, 28, a graduate of the Naval Cadet School, is now studying in the Gunny College. The latter comes home three or four times a year, and for the rest the distinguished couple lead a lonely sort of life. They do not seem to pay any attention to their personal comfort. Luxury is absolutely unknown in the Togo home. When the Admiral is at leisure, he amuses himself by a saunter in his garden, surrounded by its old style black wooden fence, or playing with his favorite dog.

Since his illness about three years ago he never drinks, except a little foreign wine before he goes to bed. In a small stable near the house are two chestnut colored steeds which were the coronation gift of the Emperor. In the shed adjoining the stable there is a carriage which is always in the neatest state imaginable. Simplicity and cleanliness of habit can be seen in the outside appearance of his home life, we hear from the tradespeople of the neighborhood nothing but most impressive stories of "insignificant bills," always the same fish order and a "very small" meat order.

The barber clips the hero's hair short twice a month, except that he has an extra cut when the Emperor calls for him. He pays 25 cents every time. "I never see him except in cotton clothes, and in the parlor there is nothing that can be called an article of luxury." The rice dealer and the draper tell similar tales. The green grocer was especially reverent. The bills for vegetables seldom go beyond 75 cents a month, but "it would be a great rudeness for a man like me to make any comment about a godlike man like Togo."

When the Admiral entertains, however, the feast is served generously from a nearby restaurant.

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO AND RHEUMATIC TROUBLES.

Dear Mr. Editor—I wish to state that I suffered greatly from backache, lumbago and rheumatic troubles. I used "Anuric," the latest discovery of Doctor Pierce for backache and kidney troubles, and I can cheerfully recommend the "Anuric Tablets" to anyone suffering from any of these maladies.

Yours truly,
J. F. GARBER.

NOTE: It is now asserted with confidence that these painful effects due to uric acid in the system are entirely eradicated. A new remedy, called "Anuric," has been discovered by Dr. Pierce, and is the cause of a drainage outward of the uric acid with which it comes in contact within the body. It will ward off backache, headache, and the darting pains and aches of articular or muscular rheumatism—of those diseases which are caused by too much uric acid, such as gout, asthma, sciatica, renal colic, etc. "Anuric" prolongs life because old people usually suffer from hardening and thickening of the walls of the arteries, due to the excess of uric acid in the blood and tissues.

Dr. Pierce, who is director and chief physician at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has been testing this wonderful medicine for the relief of over-worked and weakened kidneys. The relief obtained by sufferers has been so satisfactory that he determined to place "Anuric" with the principal druggists in town where people could get this ready-to-use medicine. "Anuric" is not harmful or poisonous, but aids nature in throwing off those poisons within the body which cause so much suffering, pain and misery. Scientists assert this remedy is 37 times more potent than lithia. Send 10 cents for large trial package.

"Anuric" is building up a reputation as good as Dr. Pierce's other well-known medicines which have been proved reliable during nearly fifty years, such as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the ills of women, Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the liver regulator, and Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for red blood.

Radium and Agriculture.

A series of remarkably interesting experiments have been recently carried out in the West of England by certain scientists to demonstrate the extraordinary effect on vegetable growth produced by the addition to the soil of radium-bearing and radioactive materials.

It appears that radishes and other root crops are obtained nearly five times as large as those grown in untreated soil at the same time.

If this process could be generally adopted by our agriculturists the increase in the prosperity of the nation would be very large.

The initial cost of such a system has hitherto stood in the way of its general adoption. But the recent discovery by MM. Dettalle and Lafay, the two distinguished French chemists of Paris, and Professor Stannell, M.S.C.I., of Haddleigh, Essex, that coal contains radium, which in the form of "lignite," can be used for the radiumization of the soil, places the process within the reach of every agriculturist in the country. Fruits, flowers, and vegetables can be grown in a much shorter time, in much larger quantities, and of finer quality by the use of "lignite," the cost of the treatment of an ordinary-sized garden being very trifling.

Electric-Motor for Dentists.

Recently, a miniature electric-motor has been devised for the dentist's use which is so small and weighs so little that it may be used as a hand-tool. A light electric-cord connects the motor with a lamp-socket. The motor is one of the smallest ever made for commercial use. Its weight is but 5 1/2 oz., and it is 1 1/2 in. long by 1 1/4 in. in diameter. It operates at a speed of 15,000 revolutions per minute. It can be used either on direct or on alternating current. A control-switch is mounted on the motor where it can be operated conveniently by the hand. The speed of the motor may be controlled by the foot.

Pocket Flash-Light.

For communicating after night, the signal corps of the British army is equipped with an electric flashlight apparatus which is easily portable and very efficient for medium ranges. In size, and to a somewhat less degree in appearance, it is similar to an ordinary camera. It is made substantially with the corners reinforced with metal pieces, and is fitted on the top with a telegraph key. A large lens is provided at the front of the box, inside of which the batteries are carried. The light is flashed by means of the telegraph key, enabling code messages to be transmitted rapidly in much the same manner as by wire.

He Got Furlough.

A young seaman belonging to Cullen, Banffshire, who has been interned at Groningen since the fall of Antwerp, has arrived home on parole, leave having been granted for a few weeks on account of the illness of his mother. He does not look any the worse of his long stay in Holland. A young fisher girl from Cullen is going out with his party, when he returns, to marry one of the Portknockle seamen who are interned at Groningen.