



The Secret of "Fruit-a-tives"

lies in the secret process of making them. The fruit juices are changed, chemically and medicinally—their action on the human system is intensified—their effect on disease made infallible.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the juices of fresh, ripe apples, oranges, figs and prunes—prepared by our secret process, and compressed into tablets.

"Fruit-a-tives" have some wonderful cures to their credit in severe cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

At all druggists. 50c. a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

deed month after month, I worked on those handkerchiefs. It was a severe punishment and I rebelled many times, but I was not released until the one dozen handkerchiefs were once more restored to mother's drawer.

"But what became of the other handkerchiefs?"

"Ah, my dears, my mother took me into the pantry while old Uncle Joe rolled away the barrel, and there, back of it, what do you think we found?"

"What?" cried the children.

"The handkerchiefs deftly woven and twisted into a little nest, and in the nest six little mice!"—Church Standard.

ON GUARD.

You have a little prisoner, He's nimble, sharp and clever; He's sure to get away from you, Unless you watch him ever. And when he once gets out, he makes More trouble in an hour, Than you can make in many a day, Working with all your power. He sets your playmates by the ears, He says what isn't so, And uses many ugly words, Not good for you to know. Quick! fasten up the tiny gates, And chain him while he's young! For this same dangerous prisoner Is just—your little tongue.

A SMALL SOLDIER.

"Nurse, what do you think mamma told me?" asked a little bit of a boy. "I haven't the slightest idea," answered nurse, as she looked up from the stocking she was mending. "Well, she said I might stay up all night. You know, nurse, I've always wanted to." "That is very good of mamma,"

answered nurse. "And where are you going to spend the night?"

"Well, men who camp out, you know, have a fire. I'm going to pretend I'm camping out, and I'm going to spend the night by the parlour fire."

"That's a good idea."

"No, I think I'll be a sentinel, and walk up and down before the fire with my gun over my shoulder."

"But a sentinel must not go to sleep. He must be on watch all the time, and say—"

"I know! 'Who goes there?'"

"And you are going to watch all night?"

"I think I shall," answered Harry, proudly.

It had long been Harry's wish to sit up all night, and he could not help thinking his mamma had been very unkind never to let him. He teased so much that finally mamma said:

"Well, Harry, you may."

At about 9 o'clock Harry, who was usually in bed and asleep at that time, took his stand by the fire. His toy gun was over his shoulder, and on his head he wore his soldier cap.

Why Needed In Every Home.

TO OVERCOME THE MOST COMMON AND ANNOYING OF HUMAN ILLS.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Indigestion, constipation and torpid action of the liver and kidneys are known in every home.

Both on account of the distress and discomfort which accompanies them and as a cause of other ills of a more painful and deadly nature these derangements require prompt attention.

In every home there is needed more or less frequently a treatment which can be depended on to regulate the organs of digestion and excretion.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have become the most popular family medicine extant, because they exactly meet these requirements.

They are unique in that they act directly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and thus ensure a prompt regulating and invigorating of these organs.

The result is good digestion and assimilation, and the prompt removal of the poisonous waste matter from the body.

One pill a dose, at bedtime, two or three times a week soon cleanses the system and removes the cause of pain and ill-health.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

British America Assurance Company.

SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT, 31st December, 1904.

ASSETS.

Table listing assets: United States Government and State Bonds \$137,368 00, Municipal Bonds 642,934 72, Loan and Savings Company Bonds and Stocks 201,056 80, Railway Bonds 282,560 00, Toronto Electric Light Co.'s Bonds 20,200 00, Other Stocks and Bonds 60,904 00, Real Estate—Company's Building 140,000 00, Office Furniture 27,514 23, Agents' Balances 352,938 22, Cash on Hand and on Deposit 158,359 17, Bills Receivable 8,896 00, Interest Due and Accrued 10,947 45.

\$2,043,678 59

LIABILITIES.

Table listing liabilities: Capital Stock Subscribed \$850,000 00, Loss Calls in Course of Payment 14,603 69, Losses under Adjustment 163,595 13, Dividend No. 122, payable January 5th, 1905 20,644 20, Reserve Fund 1,024,042 95.

\$2,043,678 59

Table listing capital and reserve funds: Capital \$850,000 00, Reserve Fund 1,024,042 95.

Table listing security to policy holders: Security to Policy Holders \$1,874,042 95.

Table listing losses paid from the organization of the company to date: Losses paid from the organization of the company to date \$25,868,544 80.

DIRECTORATE:

HON. GEORGE A. COX, President. J. J. KENNY, Vice-President and Managing Director. Augustus Myers, Hon. S. C. Wood, Thomas Long, Robert Jaffray, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., Lt.-Col. H. M. Pellatt, E. W. Cox. P. H. SIMS, Secretary. Offices—Cor. Front and Scott Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

Up and down he walked before the fire, and at first it was great fun.

Whenever he heard a sound he would call: "Who goes there?" and it would be papa coming to look for a book, or mamma. Once, when he called in a very loud voice: "Who goes there?" what do you think happened? The little white kitten ran into the room!

Up and down, up and down, went Harry.

Heavier and heavier grew the gun. Harder and harder it was to keep to the straight line in the carpet.

"I've always wanted to sit up all night, and I'm going to show mamma how much I want to!"

Oh, what a loop from the straight line that time, Harry!

Time went on. Mamma and papa said good-night, and white kitty curled herself up on the rug and went sound asleep.

Harry's eyes began to blink, but he held them as wide open as he could.

Soon he had a lonely feeling. A soldier would be brave, he whispered. "But, why shouldn't I sit down?"

"Because you'd go to sleep," a small voice within answered.

So up and down Harry trudged. Soon something rolled down the sentinel's check. Harry dashed it away, but then another something rolled down the other check.

"I'm a baby!" the little boy sobbed, but still he kept marching.

Everything in the room seemed to swing—and swing—and swing!

His feet were too tired. He tripped and fell upon the soft rug. How soft it was! He couldn't get up. He heard some one.

"Who goes there?" he asked feebly. "The Sand Man," a gentle voice answered, that sounded something like papa's and mamma's combined.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast to keep The larder lean And clean, From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish Of flesh, and still To fill The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour Or rag'd to go Or show A downcast look and soure?

No, 'tis a fast to dole Thy sheaf of wheat And meat Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife— From old debate And hate— To circumsise thy life;

To show a heart grief rent, *To starve thy sin, Not bin, And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Herrick.

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