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Nothing Helped Him Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



ALBERT VARNER
Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.
For seven years, I suffered terribly from severe headaches and indigestion. I had belching gas from the stomach, bitter stuff would come up into my mouth after eating, while at times I had nausea and vomiting, and had chronic constipation. I went to several doctors and wrote to a specialist in Boston but without benefit. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. Finally, a friend advised "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. I am grateful to "Fruit-a-tives", and to everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well".

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Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mr. Dingee's Dinner

Story of a Marriage Anniversary.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The day Silas Dingee married Maud Ball he declared that never before had he known real happiness. He swore that the anniversary of that blessed day which ended his bachelor loneliness would be more to him than all the holidays in the calendar together. A cynical friend at his farewell bachelor dinner the night before had said to him:

"Si, I'm sorry for you. Tomorrow you go to serve your life long term of regulation. Farewell independence. Farewell a jolly night at the club. Farewell cocktails; they'll taint your breath. Farewell cigars; they'll make the curtains smell. Goodby, Si. The matrimonial prison doors will soon close behind you."

"You dried up old bach," was Dingee's reply, "tomorrow will be the happiest day of my life. And let me tell you whenever the anniversary of my wedding comes round I'll have some delicate memento for the dear girl who is to furnish that happiness. I shall on that day remain at home from business and devote it to celebrating my escape from such crusty old bachelorhood as you represent."

When Mr. and Mrs. Dingee were driven away after the wedding festivities, followed by showers of rice and old shoes, it looked as if his promises would be kept. If ever there was a happy man it was Silas Dingee.

One year passed. Mr. Dingee had been made over by his wife from a bachelor to a married man. He had learned to live for some one besides himself. The first anniversary of his wedding had come round, the day that he had vowed he would celebrate above all others.

As Silas Dingee shrugged on his overcoat that morning preparatory to making a dash for the nearest subway station his pretty wife spoke from the dining room door.

"If I'm not at home when you come, dear—"

"Going out this afternoon?" interrupted Dingee peevishly.

"Just to Mrs. Wright's for bridge, honey," she soothed him. "If I'm not here the moment you arrive just get a bite to eat from the refrigerator and read your paper until I come. It won't take me fifteen minutes to get dinner after I arrive—steak and mushrooms, Silas—it's Hilda's afternoon out."

"Seems to be always Hilda's afternoon out and yours, too," grumbled Dingee as he kissed his wife farewell and departed.

As he opened his newspaper on the train he was still thinking of his dislike of being alone. It was one of his peculiarities that he was a restless mortal indeed when Maud was away from the apartment. Maud was an inveterate card player and belonged to two bridge clubs and a band of pinochle enthusiasts. On the evenings when he knew Maud would be late in coming home Mr. Dingee usually went from his office to his club and remained there until his wife's frantic telephone messages assured him that she was home and that dinner was waiting.

On such occasions he usually called a taxi and sped home on the wings of love and rubber tired wheels. Today everything went wrong. In the mail he found several misdirected letters, which had been returned to him. One of them was an important matter, which involved the loss of considerable money.

So he discharged the careless stenographer, scolded his chief clerk, scared the office boy into a state of humility and lunched at his club.

After luncheon things went better. He telephoned to Chicago and found that he wouldn't lose the money after all. When the tearful stenographer came for her money he gave her another trial, and the office boy was emboldened to ask for a raise in his pay.

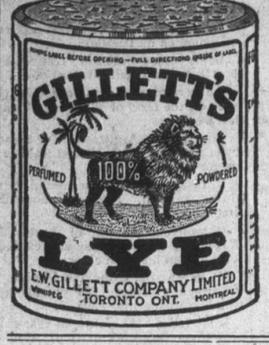
Whether he received it or not is not part of this tale, but at 4:30, when Mr. Dingee closed his desk, he was feeling in high good humor with himself and the world.

He had quite forgotten all about the lonely apartment he must return to and stopped to buy some violets for Maud. While he stood there who should rush up to him with hearty greeting but Tom Finch, Maud's Boston cousin and a particular chum of Silas Dingee's.

"Just going up to your place," remarked Tom.

"Mighty glad to see you!" cried Dingee heartily. "Maud's out this afternoon at some whist bat or other, but she'll be home by 6:30. We can have a bite to eat as soon as we get there."

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



"Good! I'm hungry. Had a little accident coming down. The buffet car and one coach derailed. Nobody hurt. Haven't had a bite since 10 this morning."

"Man alive, hurry!" Dingee hustled Tom into a taxi, and they whirled uptown.

"It's 6 now. Maud will be home in a few minutes," said Dingee as he opened the door with his latchkey.

But the rooms were dark until he switched on the lights and revealed the warm coziness of the place.

"We'll have to forage a bit," said Dingee as they left hats and overcoats in the hall and entered the dining room. "I'll make you a cup of coffee, hey?"

"Just the thing. I'm starved, old man."

They entered Hilda's spotless kitchen and investigated the refrigerator.

"Cold chicken! Not bad for a hand-out," commented Tom Finch as he pounced on the platter. "What's that, Silas—making's of a salad?"

"Yes, and here's the mayonnaise. Take 'em along. Maud certainly has got some goodies put away for me. Let's try the pantry."

The pantry gave up a remarkably dainty loaf of bread and a huge round cake thickly iced with white.

When the men had set the table in the dining room there was a feast indeed.

"This is a regular birthday party," chuckled Tom as he carved the chicken. "Maud needn't bother about getting any dinner. This is good enough for me!"

"Suits me down to the ground," agreed Silas Dingee. "I suppose Maud will scold when she finds I've treated you to a picked up meal when she likes to put on company frills when you come down."

"Humph!" sniffed Tom Finch, who was more interested in the good things before him than he was in the elaborate preparations for any meal. "Seems to me you live pretty high. Didn't I see a steak and mushrooms and some kind of pudding in the icebox?"

"Those are for dinner," said Silas cheerfully.

"What is all this food for then?" "Search me!" retorted Silas. "Have a piece of this perfectly 'splendid' birthday cake?"

Tom Finch looked rather startled and laid down knife and fork. "You are sure—sure it isn't anybody's birthday?" he faltered.

Silas meditated. "Not mine or Maud's. It may be Hilda's or the cat's birthday. They don't count, though. What's that?"

"That" proved to be the buzzer from the dumbwaiter, and Silas Dingee hastened into the kitchen and fussed around a bit. Presently he returned and sat down again.

"Ice cream," he explained. "Maud's evidently going to have it for dessert. Funny, though, she should have ordered such a quantity."

A feeling of apprehension settled over the two men as they consumed the delicious cake, which was rich with fruit.

"If ever I tasted a birthday cake"—Tom was beginning when Silas Dingee interrupted impatiently.

"Hang it all, man, can't you stop croaking? What if we have eaten every hanged thing in the house, eh? It's my house, isn't it? I'll eat the ice cream if I want to!" he ended recklessly.

"Let's save something for Maud," grinned Tom Finch as he pushed back his chair.

As he spoke the door opened hastily, and Maud Dingee, flushed and rather excited from her hurried trip home, came in, followed by a remarkably pretty girl with ermine furs snuggled around her neck.

"Tom Finch!" cried Maud, falling on her cousin's shoulder. And over his shoulder her eyes surveyed the remains of the feast.

Silas Dingee looked at his wife and saw horror in her gaze. She came forward and looked at the remains of the chicken, the evidences of salad, the bare half loaf of bread and finally the damaged cake.

The girl in the doorway looked on with friendly, amused eyes.

"Silas Dingee," shrieked Maud at last, "what have you done?"

"Had a bite to eat, as you told me

to," retorted Silas defiantly. "But—but—you've"—her voice was close to tears now—"you've eaten all the refreshments!"

"Refreshments for what?" "For my party."

"Your party? When?" "Tonight, goose!" she sobbed angrily.

"Didn't you know that this is our wedding anniversary and it's Polly's birthday, and I was going to have the loveliest surprise for you? The Campbells are coming and the Lanes and the Treats."

Silas Dingee was pale, but he held his ground.

"How was I to know, Maud?" he explained.

"You might have remembered the day," she reproached him.

"I did," he prevaricated. "Didn't I bring you violets?" Triumphant he produced the box of flowers.

Still Maud eyed him suspiciously. "You often bring those on ordinary occasions," she said, but her husband's chagrined face quite melted her heart so that presently she smiled and said it didn't matter and remembered to introduce Tom to the pretty Polly in the doorway.

Everything turned out beautifully, after all. Dingee frantically telephoned to a caterer and a florist, and Maud and Polly dashed around and straightened up the rooms for the expected company.

They ate a hurried meal in the kitchen, Tom Finch skillfully making sandwiches for the two girls.

It was a most delightful party. Still, Dingee saw there was one tiny cloud which even the sight of Tom's devotion to Polly could not lift from his wife's heart.

Although he did not ask for an explanation, Silas Dingee is quite sure that Maud was more hurt because he had forgotten that it was their wedding anniversary than she was over the stolen dinner.

However, to be on the safe side, he has carefully noted on his desk calendar the important date for next year, and there isn't any likelihood that he will forget it, especially as Tom and Polly have selected the same date for their own wedding.

WATFORD ASTONISHED BY SIMPLE MIXTURE

Watford people are astonished at the INSTANT action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. ONE SPOONFUL removes such surprising foul matter it relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. Because Adler-ika acts on BOTH lower and upper bowel, a few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Taylor & Sons, Druggists.

A Stubborn Husband

A most interesting phenomenon is the stubborn husband. He is not a bad man. He is contrary, and he has to be managed. He is usually married to a clever little woman, who is constantly devising schemes to accomplish the things which make their joint lives a success. He has no suspicion of this. If he had he would be so mad he could undoubtedly eat her. So all through life she goes on swinging a turnip ahead of his nose to make him go the same as though he were a balky mule. She is a cheery little body, and she chuckles in her sleeve when he is not by. The stubborn husband is as interesting as a bug.—London Standard.

Lore of the Clover

Any one who carries about a four leaved clover will be lucky and will have the power of discovering ghosts or evil spirits. With it under the pillow the lover may insure dreams of the beloved one. A fragment in the shoe of a traveler insures a safe journey. The power of the four leaved shamrock for good is familiar to all from Lover's pretty and once popular song, the speaker in which pictures what she would do should she find the magic plant: I would play the enchanter's part and scatter bliss around, And not a tear or aching heart should in the world be found.—London Globe.

Tomb of Noah

The tomb of Noah is supposed to lie in the small town of Nakhichevan, on the plain of Ararat. The burial place is at the side of the broken walls of an abandoned fortress in the midst of a vast plain which is literally covered with the remains of bygone glories.

Their Relation

"Those two mean brothers in the firm who argue you down to the last cent are twins, are they not?" "Yes; twin screws."

Classified

Her Old Man—Well, you wasn't no spring chicken when you married me, neither. Her—indeed not! I was a big goose.

SUCCESS OF A NEW REMEDY FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEYS, RHEUMATISM

Dear Mr. Editor—I suffered for years with backache. Last March I tried "Anuric" and have used this new kidney medicine recently discovered by Dr. Pierce, and it was wonderful the way it eased the pain and gave me relief in such a short time. I have tried several medicines, but "Anuric" is the only one that gave satisfaction. I feel it my duty to recommend "Anuric Tablets" to any one who suffers as I did. (Signed) MRS. MARGARET E. SNIDER.

NOTE: Folks in town and adjoining counties are delighted with the results they have obtained by using "ANURIC," the newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is head of the INVALIDS' HOTEL and SURGICAL INSTITUTE, in Buffalo, N. Y. Those who started the day with a backache, stiff legs, arms and muscles, and an aching head (worn out before the day began because they were in and out of bed half a dozen times at night) are appreciating the perfect rest, comfort and new strength they obtained from Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. To prove that this is a certain uric acid solvent and conquers headache, kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism, if you've never used the "Anuric," cut this out and send ten cents to Doctor Pierce for a large sample package. This will prove to you that "Anuric" is thirty-seven times more active than lithia in eliminating uric acid—and the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector. If you are a sufferer, go to your best druggist and ask for a 50-cent box of "Anuric." You run no risk for Dr. Pierce's good name stands behind this wonderful new discovery as it has for the past half century for his "Golden Medical Discovery," a general tonic made from roots with pure glycerine which makes the blood pure, his "Favorite Prescription" for weak women and "Pleasant Pellets" for liver ills.

Two Ways of Studying Music

Picture to yourself a little girl of seven or eight seated before that ponderous and portentous mass of iron, steel, wood, wires and hammers which we call a "pianoforte" (sixty pounds of tender, delicate humanity trying to express itself through a solid ton), her legs dangling uncomfortably in space, her little fingers trying painfully to find the right key and at the same time to keep in a correct position, struggling hard the while to relate together two strange things, a curious black dot, on a page and an ivory key two feet below it, for neither of which she feels much affection. And then picture to yourself the same child at its mother's knee or with other children singing with joy and delight a beautiful song.—Thomas Whitney Sette in Atlantic.

A Matter of Money

A wealthy stockbroker who gave an imposing dinner, says the London Telegraph, dilated with much pride, but with mangled English, on the delicacies that he had provided. Everything in season and out of season, he declared, was at the disposal of his guests. "I notice you have no aspirates," observed one of them quietly. "No more I have," replied the stockbroker, with crestfallen visage, "but if money can get 'em," he added, "I'll have some of the best in the market next time you're 'ere."

Not to Be Pitied

Pat (to Mike)—I got a letter from a friend. Mike—Yes? Pat—He says: "Every rib's gone, I've only one shoulder, and I expect my legs will be gone by the time you get this letter." Mike—Poor fellow! Is he in a hospital in France? Pat—No; he's in a butcher's shop.—Exchange.

Mexican Beauties

The most beautiful women in the world are said by experienced and observant travelers to be the Indian women of the isthmus of Tehuantepec, which lies just north of Yucatan, in Mexico. They add to their picturesque attractiveness by wearing whatever fortune they may possess in the form of gold coins strung about the arms and neck.

The Very Ideal

Mr. Woggs—I'm through with old man Bump. I told him we are going to name our baby after some great personage and asked him for a suggestion. Mrs. Woggs—What did he say? Mr. Woggs—He said, "Name it after ours."

Settled

"What profession do you think your boy Josh will choose?" "Law," replied Farmer Cortoswell. "Josh kin talk louder an' longer when he's got the wrong side of an argument than anybody I ever heard."—Washington Star.

A Wise Man

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—Deaz Swift.