

## OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From  
Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.



MADAME ROSINA POISZ.

29 St. Rose St., Montreal.  
"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well."

I was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good. I read about 'Fruit-a-tives'; and tried them. After taking a few boxes I am now entirely well. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

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

have to do is to write to the sheriff of Dufferin County, Dufferin, Iowa, and you needn't trouble yourself into it no further."

"Great Scott!" cried Mr. Guffin. "And you can tell all that from this piece of cord? Why, I always thought those Sherlock Holmes tales were fakes!"

Mr. Gubb smiled a superior smile. "Us gents that is into the detective business," he said, carelessly, "has to learn twelve correspondence lessons before we get our diplomas. And over two pages of Lesson Nine is given over to 'The Inductive, or Sherlock Holmes Method.' The detective mind is educated up to such things."

My Mood  
an emotion. All  
been expressed

ceerful because a  
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ISON  
Soul"

of Anna Case, or  
Albert Spalding,  
world. Music—

s. Edison music  
does not merely  
tires of the New

CO. Ltd.,  
HN, N. B.

YA SCOTIA  
Amherst,  
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idgetown.

Motor Co. Limited, Yarmouth.

Nothing to do but work.  
Nothing to eat but food.  
Nothing to wear but clothes.  
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air.  
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;  
Nowhere to fall but on.  
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair.  
Nowhere to sleep but bed;  
Nothing to weep but tears.  
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs.  
Ah, well, alas! alas!  
Nowhere to go but out.  
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights.  
Nothing to quench but thirst.  
Nothing to have but what we've got;  
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;  
Everything moves that goes.  
Nothing at all but common sense  
Can ever withstand these woes.

The purest of Arab horses are the  
Kothiani, whose genealogy has been  
preserved for over 200 years.

It is proposed to use some of the  
150,000 horsepower available at the  
Aswan dam in Egypt for the production  
of atmospheric nitrogen by elec-

## THE SMILE IN YOUR VOICE

BY DR. FRANK CRANE.

(Copyright, 1918, by Frank Crane.)

Get a smile in your voice.  
When you talk over the telephone.  
When your wife tells you what you ought to have done and you try to explain why you didn't.

When your little boy asks you for something and you have to refuse.  
When a coquettish woman with a scrambled mind is buying at your counter and doesn't know what she wants.

When you're selling tickets at the railway window and an irritating purchaser is asking forty-nine useless questions.  
When you tell the waiter to hurry along with the food, as you have an engagement.

When you call up the grocer and tell him that the things you ordered two hours ago haven't come yet, and here it is about dinner time.

When you're a policeman and tell an automobilist that he can't park there but must go over to the other side of the street.

When you're an usher in a theatre and ask somebody to rise so that some other people may pass.

When you take your husband out into the next room and ask him why he brought those men to dinner without letting you know, so you could have prepared for them.

When you inform the young man that while you cannot love him as he asks, yet you will be a sister to him.

When you tell Willie and the neighbor boys not to rehearse the battle of the Somme on the front porch.

When you're busy and worried and somebody asks you foolish question number ninety-six.

When you meet an old friend unexpectedly.

When the hired girl tells you but the roast is burnt.

When the pup has gone off with your overcoat, or your young son has made ink marks all over an important paper on your desk, or you can't find your hat although you are positive you hung it right there, or the mislaid is not ready and you have barely time now to get to the show if you would see the first act, or you have to tell your clerk the same thing the tenth time, or you have done a fine act with the best of intentions and find you're in wrong and everybody blames you for it.

Smile when you say it, contort your smile! You'd just as well. And don't forget the telephone.

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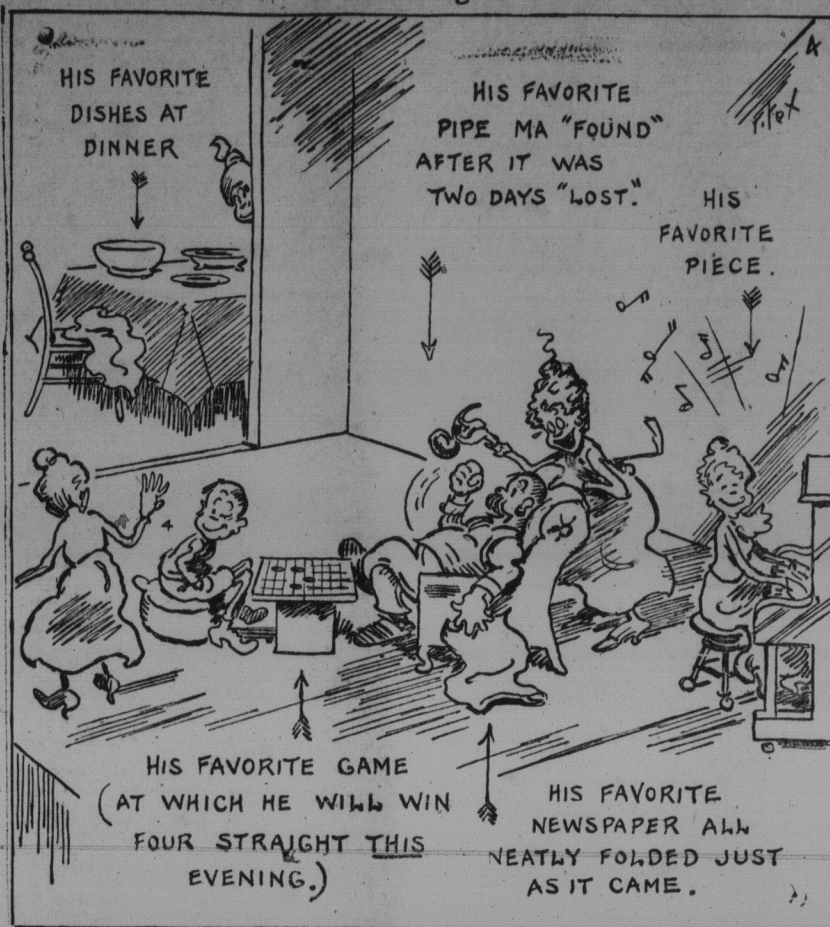
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## They Are Going To Hand Dad Those Christmas Bills This Evening.



## THE EVENING STORY

HOUSEBOUND

(Copyright, 1918, by W. Werner.)

Rachael Tucker had eaten her evening meal of toast and tea and washed the dishes. She had locked the back door and laid a match beside the lamp on the table, where she could lay her hand upon it instantly when she got ready to light her lamp. There was nothing for her to do now except to fold herself in her slaw and sit upon the veranda.

She did not always sit upon the veranda in the evening. Tonight she was tempted by the moonlight. Rachael loved the moonlight. It was on dark nights that she suffered most alone in the house with no one to speak to. She was almost invisible in the dim corner in her brown shawl. Past her in the street flowed the pleasure life of youth and happiness of the town. She looked at the procession wistfully, not understanding. She had never been to a show or ridden in a car. Levi Tucker had held her in the same harsh rein he had at times used on himself.

The chair she sat in had been Levi's.



"I suppose it feels like a real adventure."

The woman stood a moment silent.

"Well, all right," she said. "We'll come after you about 9 o'clock."

Rachael went back to the house. She lit the lamp and sat down with her hands tight clasped. She looked at Levi's chair in the corner. He seemed to be staring at her from it.

She covered her face with cold fingers. "I wish I hadn't," she thought. "But I've changed my mind once. I won't change it again."

She was up early next morning. No far traveller ever felt as nervous about her journey as Rachael did over her trip to the berry patch. She made herself up a little package of lunch. When the women drove up behind the old white horse she sat waiting on the steps with her hands behind her back.

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He believed she would have found him there at her elbow with uplifted cane. She was free, and yet she was not free, for his cruel personality reached out of his grave to clutch her. The house, like the chain-smoker of him. She could not scrub or air it out. It was there, and it was he. The house belonged to him now as much as it ever had. It held her in and confined her just as fast as though there was a bolt on every door, a bar at every window. And in the same way that it kept her in it kept others out.

Twenty feet from her door life flowed in a steady current of joy and happiness. But she was as much out of it all as though she dwelt on the highest pinnacle of Sugar Loaf.

She had never had any life and she did not know how to get it, but she wanted to see and to hear. She had read enough to know that the world was full of wonderful and teachable things—things that lifted and glorified. She wanted some of those things. She had made up her mind. Levi had left her well provided for.

A woman turned from the street and crossed the grass to the veranda. She peered into the shadows and then sat upon the railing. "Miss Tucker! Miss Tucker!" she called impatiently. "I thought maybe you'd be in. I didn't see a light in the house. Say, you don't want to go a-berryin' tomorrow, do you?"

As Rachael did not speak, she hurried on. "Miss Judd and I are going to take the bus to the lake and go up Chipmunk Hollow. There'll be room for you if you'll go. We'll take lunch enough for you. I'll give you a ride home. Probably you won't back till night. They say berries are thick as sputter in the slashing over there."

The impulse of her heart was to go, but it was a thing Levi had no use for "trampin' womenfolk." Therefore she had never "tramped." And she could not "tramp" now. "Tramp" now. "No, I guess I can't," she said. "I'm obliged to you, Miss Slater. It's good in you to ask me. I—I guess I won't."

"Any reason why you won't? You ain't afraid old Mike will run away, are you?" The woman laughed jarringly.

"No—no. I—I guess I won't. Only I—I guess I won't."

"Well, suit yourself," said the woman. "I told Miss Judd I'd ask you, though I said it wouldn't do good. I said you was the most housebound critter I ever saw in all my life."

"I guess I am," murmured Rachael. "I guess I am." She watched the woman go back across the street.

Housebound! Yes, the word explained her. She was housebound. It was as if she were a bird in a cage, and it meant the same thing. Suddenly she sprang up and ran to the steps. Across the moonlit street her voice called in a strange burst of vehemence. "Mrs. Slater!"

The woman turned. "Hello!" She walked back.

"I'll go after all," Rachael gasped. The woman stood a moment silent.

"Well, all right," she said. "We'll come after you about 9 o'clock."

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Come, get in beside Miss Judd. I'll drive."

They started off. Rachael looked back at the house over her shoulder. Every window seemed to glare at her with menace. It was as if she had left Levi within the house, and he was calling after her imprecations.

"What you looking at?" asked Mrs. Slater. "I know, you're looking at that house. I should think you'd be glad to get away from it once. I should think you would. Anyway you can't go back to it, for I won't let you."

She struck old Mike a sharp blow with the stubby whip. He kicked up behind and went cantering on. By the time his driver had saved him down they were well away from the house.