

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHON, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives".

CHANNY FARM KERWOOD

Shorthorn Cattle -AND- Lincoln Sheep ED. DeGEX, Proprietor Kerwood Ontario

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Berlin women and girls are reported as not being over-enthusiastic about the wooden soled shoes which German shoe manufacturers are said to have produced to fill the gap in foot-wear due to the scarcity of leather caused by the war, but the boys are taking to them more kindly. The Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger declares that new shoes with wooden soles are so comfortable "they can be worn by persons afflicted with flat feet or varicose veins." This looks like another German war yarn.

Dropped Down by Asthma. The man or woman who is continually subject to asthma is unfitted for his or her life's work. Strength departs and energy is taken away until life becomes a dreary existence. And yet this is needless. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought a great change to an army of sufferers. It relieves the restricted air tubes and guards against future trouble. Try it.

A Family Secret

It Came Out Gradually and Satisfactorily

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

When I was old enough to desire a child to play with me I said to my mother:

"Mamma, why haven't you another little girl for me to play with?"

She kissed me and told me that I had a little brother whom I had never seen, but he was coming home soon and I would have a companion. I was too young to seek for a reason why this brother, whom she called George, had never been at home since I had been born. I simply accepted the fact and rejoiced that I would have a playmate.

George arrived a couple of days later. He was several years older than I. I asked him where he had been living all the while, and he said that he supposed he had been with his mother, but a few days before he came to us she had told him that she was not his mother and then was sent to us.

Whatever explanation of all these matters was made to us was called forth by our childish questions, and they were answered vaguely. We looked upon each other as brother and sister. We lived in a place in the country where we saw no other children and when we began to be educated were placed in charge of a young woman who taught us the rudiments and as we grew older had tutors.

When I was ten years old something occurred that troubled me. A lady visitor called on my mother. I was in an adjoining room reading a story book and as quiet as a mouse.

"Is Clara still ignorant of the fact that she is not a Clayton?" asked the visitor. My mother's name was Clayton.

"Yes, but she is getting to an age when we shall find it hard to keep the secret."

"How about George?"

"He being older than Clara, we may expect still more difficulty in his case."

"I question it. Boys are not so curious about seeming trifles as girls. A boy's mind reaches out to discover what is going on without—how things are made and all that. A girl is curious about those things which immediately concern her."

I was thunderstruck. I could scarcely refrain from running into the other room and begging my mamma to explain what I had heard. But the presence of the visitor restrained me. I would wait till she had gone. I stole away and upstairs to my room, where I shut myself in and gave myself up to all kinds of (to me) terrible forebodings.

By this time George had grown old enough to crave the society of boys of his own age and was out playing ball with some of his friends. Therefore I did not see him before I had had a conference with mamma. This was perhaps fortunate. As soon as the visitor had gone I went to her and almost with tears in my eyes asked her what the lady had meant by saying that I was not a Clayton.

Mother was evidently quite put out at first, but presently she took me up on to her lap and said:

"I will explain this if you will promise to ask me nothing more till you become eighteen years of age."

I gave a reluctant promise, and she continued:

"Papa is not your real father. Your real father died when you were a baby, and I married papa when you were too young to know anything about it."

This was a great shock to me. Remembering how it affected me, I have ever since condemned the bringing up of children in ignorance of their true parentage. After what my mother told me I was curious to know about George. Forgetting my promise to ask no more questions, I begged mother to tell me about him. She considered for awhile, then said:

"George must soon know about his case, but not now. I will tell you about him if you will promise to keep what I say a secret from him for the present."

I gave the promise, and she continued:

"George is not your brother."

This was not the shock to me that the secret about my papa was. Possibly this was because of George's introduction into the family at a time when I was old enough to take cognizance of his coming. Mother continued:

"George's mother and I were very dear friends. She died when he was two years old, and George was given in charge of a woman who took care



When you till he came here. I would have taken him at the time of his mother's death, but it was then impossible. There had been an arrangement between me and her to that effect, and I carried it out as soon as I was able to do so."

Mother paused here for awhile in order, I presume, to give me time to get somewhat used to what she had told me, then concluded what she was saying.

"And now, my dear little girl, I wish you to be brave and strong and say nothing to papa or George as to what you have learned, but leave it to me to make it all known whenever I find that it will give the least shock."

I made the promise sadly and kept it. This, for a child, great responsibility that was thrown upon me added several years to the few I had lived and made a woman of me earlier than I would have been without it. I presume my papa, as I continued to call him, was told that I had stumbled on the family secrets, but he never mentioned the matter to me nor I to him. There was no change in our treatment of each other except that, having learned that he had treated me as his daughter who was not his daughter, my affection for him increased rather than diminished.

I have since been quite proud of myself for giving mother a free rein as to what course she should take with regard to giving George his part of the family secret. From the day I gave her the promise to keep it I never mentioned it to her or asked her when she would tell him. This I think was more than was to be expected of a child. Month after month, year after year passed, and the matter was never mentioned.

But a time came when the relationship between George and me became a matter of importance. When he was in his eighteenth year and I fifteen he was treating me as a sister, while I knew he was not my brother. The statement of the lady through whom I had learned the facts that a boy looks without rather than within the home circle was verified in this case. George seemed to me to be very stupid about it. Nevertheless there were times when I wondered if he had not fallen upon the secret and was keeping his knowledge of it from me as I was keeping mine from him.

On his return from an absence when I was sixteen he took me in his arms and kissed me. Then, holding me off and looking at me, he saw a blush on my face.

"Look at the red!" he exclaimed, and, drawing me to him again, he gave me another kiss. Naturally this served to deepen the blush. I playfully boxed his ears, which, instead of making the matter appear more brotherly and sisterly, had the reverse effect.

"The last ear box I got for a kiss was for another fellow's sister," he said, and giving me a second kiss, released me. I stood for a moment panting, not knowing what to do or say, then walked away in a dignified manner, followed by a laugh from George, which made me feel that I had come very near a giveaway.

But a worse one followed. A friend of mine, Bessy Lawrence, made me a visit, and George seemed to me to be very much struck with her. This was the first revelation to me of the fact that I did not relish any other girl stepping in between George and me. I tried not to show jealousy, but did not succeed. Bess ended her visit in a huff, and George asked me what in the world was the matter with me. Since I could not explain, I walked out of the room, leaving him to put his own interpretation on my action.

There seemed to be plenty of funds in our family, and, since George was not in a hurry to settle down to business, he concluded to spend a year in travel. He asked me to go with him; but, knowing what I did, of course I declined. He urged me for some time, insisting on my giving him a reason for my refusal. I gave him a number of them—all trumped up—and he laughed at me. When he started on his journey he called out:

"Sis, don't you pick up a fellow while I'm gone?"

"I won't promise!" I shouted. And he drove away, waving his handkerchief till I could see him no more.

He returned in six months, and after the first welcome, when he and I were alone together, he came to me and said:

"Sis, do you know the reason why I came home sooner than I intended?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I couldn't stay any longer away from my dear sister."

"You'll be saying that to some other fellow's sister pretty soon."

"Have you a brother?"

"What a question!"

"If you have I'm saying it to some other fellow's sister now."

I wondered if he could have got the secret.

"Sit down here," he added, drawing me to an easy chair big enough for us both. Then he continued:

"You and I were betrothed the day you were born. I have not known these things as long as you have, but I have known more than you. I have long known that papa and mamma are not my real parents. My real parents I never saw. My real mother arranged with my second mother that I should come into this family and be brought up with you, hoping that we would make a match. When it came time for me to come here mamma settled everything in her own way, and I consider it the right way. She is not to be blamed for anything, though some persons will say that she made a mistake. She certainly gave you a brother and me a sister. It now remains to be seen whether we shall be transformed from the grub brother and sister to the butterfly lover and lovers."

I was surprised at the relief and joy this declaration gave me. The secret between us having taken wings, left me very happy.

The rest would only sound pleasing if given in the terms of the novelist, who causes the hero lover to declare himself in terms that have been carefully written and duly worked over. I need only add that an understanding of the situation, as had been intended years before, and its termination were a relief and a matter of satisfaction to our dear papa and mamma as well as to ourselves.

HOW APPENDICITIS CAN BE PREVENTED

Watford people should know that a few doses of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ka, often relieve or prevent appendicitis. This simple mixture removes such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost any case of constipation, sour stomach or gas. A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. Adler-ka has easiest and most thorough action of anything we ever sold. Taylor & Son, druggist.

Ring Finger the Weakest

The finger on which the wedding ring is worn is anatomically the weakest of the ten. Pianists have to give the third finger twice as much drill as the others. Place both hands together, palms facing, and all but the middle fingers stretched, you will be able to separate all couples easily but the two third fingers. The anatomical explanation of this weakness is that the tendon of the extensor muscle of the third finger is attached by a cross slip to that of the second and sometimes of the fourth. This slip is sometimes cut in violinists, who need all the freedom and power they can get.

A Witty Suggestion

At the time when Thaddeus Stevens was a representative in congress a member of the house who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself neutral asked one day for leave of absence.

"Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself."

English Injustice

An Australian tourist traveling in the west of Ireland asked an old woman how far it was to the nearest town. She sadly looked at him, then sighed and said:

"It was five nice miles two years ago, but some English brute came over with chains and made it seven, and our hearts are broke walking it ever since. Bad luck to them!"

And she disappeared into the house, leaving him there.—Illustrated Bits.

Talking and Looking Backward

Bess—Can't you do this as I do it? Slavery—if I could I'd have your job as president of the company and you'd be looking for the one I gave up when I came here.

Praise With a Purpose

"I heard Mr. Subbubs speaking most beautifully of his wife to another lady on the train just now. Rather unusual in a man these days."

"Not under the circumstances. That was a new cook he was escorting out."

The heart of a loving woman is a golden sanctuary where often there reigns an idol of clay.—Limarac.

The Friend of all Sufferers.—Like to "the shadow of a rock in a weary land" is Dr. Thomas Electric Oil to all those who suffer pain. It holds out hope to everyone and realizes it by stilling suffering everywhere. It is on sale everywhere and can be found wherever acquired for.

PERFECT HEALTH IS EVERY WOMAN'S BIRTHRIGHT.

A Prescription That From Girlhood to Old Age Has Been a Blessing to Womankind.

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, when a woman passes through middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances.

At these critical times women are best fortified by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, an old remedy of proved worth that keeps the entire womanly system in excellent condition.

Mothers, if your daughters are weak, lack ambition, are troubled with headaches, lassitude and are pale and sickly, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just what they need to surely bring the bloom of health to their cheeks and make them strong and healthy.

For all ailing women Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is just the right medicine. During the last fifty years it has banished from the lives of tens of thousands of women pain, misery and distress. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

If you are a sufferer, if your daughter, mother, sister, need help, get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in liquid or tablet form from any medicine dealer to-day. Then address Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and get confidential medical advice entirely free.

Every woman should be careful that the liver is active and the poisons are not allowed to clog the system—get rid of these poisons by taking Dr. Pierce's Pills, which regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside!

How to preserve health and beauty is told in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It is free. Send Doctor Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., fifty cents or stamps to cover wrapping and mailing only.

LURING AN AUDIENCE.

Just a Little Twist in a Shakespearean Title Did the Trick.

There was once a traveling theatrical company, so the tale of venerable age and long improbable veracity goes, that was booked to play in a town a melodrama considered as suitable to the prospective audience. By accident the necessary scenery and costumes were sent ahead to the next stopping place, which was the capital of the state, where a Shakespearean play was to be presented at the governor's special request, and the costumes and accessories for the Shakespeare performance were the ones that arrived. There was no time to right the mistake, but there was time to rush a new set of posters advertising the new play.

"Come one, come all!" they invited the public. "Do not miss the opportunity of a lifetime! The great comic, historic, romantic, emotional drama 'As You Like It, or the Wrestler's Sweetheart', as triumphantly performed before the queen of England at the Globe theater, London, with the distinguished author in the cast!"

Naturally the public inferred that this interesting performance had taken place before Queen Victoria during the last London season rather than in the presence of good Queen Bess some 300 years before. Naturally also the gymnastic suggestions of the ingenious subtitle were not lost upon them. They turned out in force. The town attended almost to a man. They did not think much of the melancholy Jaques, but they would have endured him another seven ages for the sake of Rosalind!—Youth's Companion.

Tongues That Kill

The tongues of some animals are very dangerous weapons. A lion could speedily kill a man by merely licking him with his tongue. The tongues of all the members of the cat family are covered with curious recurring spines formed of tough cartilage. In the common domestic cat these spines are very small, but are sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. In the fiercest animals, such as the lion or tiger, these spines are frequently found projecting up for an eighth of an inch or more with very sharp points or edges. While the mouth is relaxed the tongue is soft and smooth, but when the animal is excited the spines become rigid.

No Wedding Rings Here

In many parts of the world women do not wear wedding rings, but they have other signs which unmistakably show that they are married.

Hindu women paint a vertical red mark in the middle of their foreheads and wear peculiarly shaped bangles.

In Japan married women black their teeth with a dye made from poppies.

In most of the native tribes of South Africa a horn ring encircles the top-knot of the married woman. Among these tribes unmarried women wear no rings, wives wear one, and mothers wear two.

Moorish women arrange their veils in a particular way after marriage.