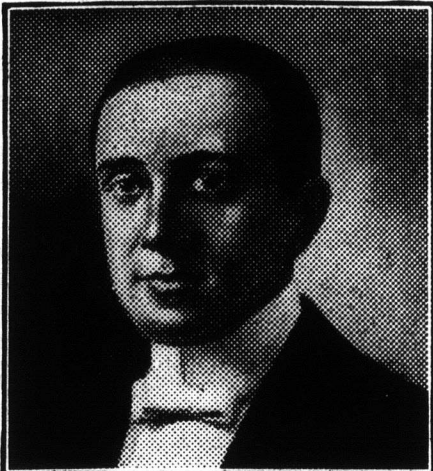


NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advices The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES",
The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MR. ROSENBERG
589 Casgrain St., Montreal.

April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for *Constipation and Indigestion* as 'Fruit-a-tives'. I was a sufferer from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, Music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with *nasty Headaches*, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives', and now for six months I have been entirely well.

I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, to try 'Fruit-a-tives', and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive". A. ROSENBERG.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THIS WOMAN TOLD TO CHOOSE

Between Operation and
Death. Cured by Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound.

Des Moines, Iowa. — "My husband says I would have been in my grave to-day had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and got me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 703 Lyon St., Des Moines.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from highly prized roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The Dream Baby (Continued from page 39)

and then at the woman, and she sniffed and gave a short laugh.

"Take her along—if you fancy thieves at your shop," she said.

"Run and put on your things, my dear," said Foxey's protector.

"You'll leave that new sailor hat behind you!" called Mrs. Tickle shrilly.

Foxey crept down to the kitchen and wrapped the old shawl, that had always been her own, round her head and shoulders; then she went slowly up again, and the kindly woman took her hand and passed out into the street with her. The door behind them closed with a slam that shivered all through Foxey's body. The woman felt the tremor. Another time she would try and tell Foxey about the law of the eighth commandment; now she must put heart into her, and try to make her feel less alone in an unkind world. So she told her all about her married daughter at home and the fine baby boy which belonged to her.

"He's strong and bonny, bless him! and jump-jumping all the time. You'll hev to hold him tight or you'll let him fall."

There was a quick pull at her hand. She looked down smiling. Foxey's eyes were shining like great stars.

"I won't fall 'im!" she said, in a thin, eager voice. "I ken hold a baby; I often—" She stopped short, the dream baby hung limp and vapoury on her memory; the real baby was already living in imagination. "I can carry the big coal-scuttle upstairs by myself—full up!" she substituted.

The errand boys passed up and down the street as usual, and called "Foxey, Foxey!" softly between the area railings. For some days they could not even catch a glimpse of her; then the butcher's boy saw a shadow on the wall and stopped. First he whistled, then he peeped down: the kitchen was in a terrible mess.

"My!" muttered the boy, and he bent lower. "Foxey! Hillo, Foxey!"

The shadow moved and came quickly forward, and through the grimy window loomed a round white face, set in a frizz of untidy hair.

"Well, ye're a pretty bloke!" cried a voice from within. "You are!"

The boy stared.

"Oh, I'm all right, thank yer," went on the shrill voice. "I'm not particular 'igh either—yer can come and liven up this bloomin' ole sometimes, if yer round this way—(Yes!—I'm comin' then—it ain't nobody—)".

The face disappeared from the window, the shadow on the wall dwindled, and the boy realised that "Foxey" must have gone.

At Close of Day

By Mary L. Loomis

Dear little hands, that I can hold
Within the hollow of my palm;
Dear little frame, that I can fold
Within the comfort of my arm:
God grant those hands may ever be
Faithful to Him, and true to me.

Dear tired feet, enchain'd by sleep;
They've traveled miles at home to-day;

I pray that God those feet will keep
Within the paths of truth alway;
Great Guide, that they may ever be
Faithful to Thee, and true to me.

I lay my boy down in his bed,
And kiss the yielding finger tips;
Dream angels throng about his head,
And slumber seals the noisy lips.
God grant those lips may ever be
Faithful to Him, and true to me.

Heart of my heart, my child, my son,
Thy mother's flesh is like to thine;
I yield thee to a mightier One
To keep thee in His strength divine—
My Samuel, to God I bring,
Behold thy servant, Father—King!

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other oil that has its curative qualities.



Lift Corns Out With Fingers Don't Hurt a Bit—It's Magic

Few drops stop soreness, then the corn or callus shrivels and lifts off. Try it and see! No humbug!

This tiny bottle holds the wonder of wonders. It contains an almost magical drug called freezone. It is a compound made from ether.

Apply a few drops of this freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a hardened callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly you will find the corn or callus so shriveled and loose that you just lift it off with the fingers. It doesn't hurt one particle.

You feel no pain or soreness when applying freezone or afterwards. It doesn't even irritate the skin.

Just ask in any drug store for a small bottle of freezone. This will cost but a few cents but will positively rid your poor, suffering feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, or the tough calluses on bottom of feet. Genuine freezone bears the name of Edward Wesley Co.,

Extremely Severe

Dyspepsia

Halifax (N.S.) Sergeant in the C.E.F.
Cured Completely by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

SERGEANT DUNCAN MACNEIL, of the CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, writing from Europe (his home address is 116, PLEASANT STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.) says:—

"For six years I suffered from frequent attacks of Dyspepsia, each attack being more acute than the last. During one of these attacks life would become almost unbearable, and I would have to regulate my diet to liquid foods only, often being in bed for days at a time. I was under the care of a Physician, and tried all the remedies on the market, spending a small fortune, but obtained little or no relief. I became utterly discouraged, and had almost given up all hope of Cure.

"When the war broke out I joined the Expeditionary Force and came to England. I had not been long there, however, when my old trouble returned, and I had to go to hospital. While in hospital a friend told me of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and I decided to try them. The first box brought such pronounced relief that I continued the treatment. To make a long story short, a complete cure was effected.

"Since taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets I have been through hardships almost beyond human endurance, but not once has my old trouble returned to bother me."



Sgt. MacNeil.

The above is the frank, clear testimony of a Canadian soldier. He has been cured of extremely severe dyspepsia, which even the healthful life of the training ground could not overcome, and he wishes to tell others that he owes that cure to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

FREE SAMPLE.

On receipt of 5 cents to cover mailing and packing, a generous free sample will be sent at once. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alternative, and Anti-Spaemic, and the recognised remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anæmia	Wasting Diseases
Infantile Weakness	Kidney Trouble	Palpitation
Neurasthenia	Dyspepsia	Vital Exhaustion

Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Prices: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. War tax, 2 cents per tube extra.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

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