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Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. MARRIOTT
78 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont.,
August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what 'Fruit-a-tives' has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from *Liver and Kidney Trouble*. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 3 1/2 years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. *I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives'*, and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

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

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ICE CREAM made from pure cream just like velvet, put up in sodas and all the latest dishes.

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The oiling of the Main street of Allan Craig this year hasn't proved satisfactory. The cause is attributed to the oil which is believed to have been of too light a quality.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

A Moorish Marriage

It Took Place In Constantinople

By F. A. MITCHEL

If Constantinople is not the most interesting city in the world its situation is certainly the most beautiful. The Roman emperor Constantine built it some fourteen centuries ago and made it the capital of what was called the Eastern Roman Empire. A thousand years later it was conquered by the Turks, who have remained in possession ever since. It remains to be seen whether during the next ten or twenty years the banner of the cross will not displace the crescent, floating again after five centuries on the cathedral of St. Sophia.

In woman's struggle for a proper place in the world there is a vast difference between what she has accomplished in the western and eastern nations. Turkish women, while they have gained much, are still far behind their western sisters. Among certain Mohammedan sects they are still loaded with the customs of antiquity. This is noticeable in the union of the sexes by marriage. The Turk is not supposed to see his bride's face till he lifts her veil immediately after the wedding ceremony. But the most curious bridal among any Mohammedan people is that of the Moors.

A marriage between a Moorish girl and man having been arranged by the parents the bride is carried to her husband at night. The street through which she will pass is lined with people waiting to see the wedding procession. The bride is at home with her parents and the nurse who has had the care of her from the time of her birth. She steps into a box and it is carried out of the house to a mule standing at the door. Then to the sounds of weird music the animal with its burden is led down the street by the nurse between the lines of those looking on. On arriving at her husband's home she leaves the box and enters the house. When in the room where her husband, alone, is waiting for her she throws herself at his feet. He raises her and lifts her veil. There is no formal ceremony, no mutual pledges. The fact of their being brought together and the door shut behind them constitutes a marriage.

In Constantinople there are Mohammedans from many quarters of the globe. There is a Moorish quarter where the denizens practice such ceremonies as are practiced on the northern coast of Africa.

There is a little stream flowing into the Bosphorus called the sweet waters of Asia. Turkish ladies in summer time make excursions to its banks in rowboats. Leaving the boats, they scatter themselves on the land, and it is a pretty sight to see them, clad as they are in their brightly colored mantles. They carry rugs and cushions with them, which they place on the ground, often at the base of trees, which furnish a convenient support. There they chatter and eat candy. Turkish men are near, but do not mingle with the women.

One afternoon a party of Moors were thus enjoying the cool breezes from the Bosphorus. There were women and children, but no men. One of the children, a little boy of four years, took it into his head to toddle away. He was followed by a young girl and found being petted by a young man sitting on the ground against a tree with a book. The girl drew back, but the young man, seeing that she had come for the child, arose, doffed his fez and led the boy to her.

Why the souls of this man and this girl should have rushed together upon this meeting which lasted but a few minutes is one of the many mysteries that pertain to the universe. The young man read his book no more that day. He arose from his seat and went where he could peer upon the girl through an opening in the foliage. He was not noticeable, and any one told that he was near would have had difficulty in finding him. Not so the girl. His face was as plain to her as the sun in heaven. On first seeing him she dropped her eyes, but in a few minutes she raised them, dropped them again, raising and dropping them till at last a responsive look of love darted from them.

When the party to which the girl belonged returned to their home in the Moorish quarter the young man followed them to see where they lived.

It was not long after this that the mother of this girl—Ahesha was her name—received a proposition for her daughter's hand. The family to which the young man belonged was an excellent one, and he would have double

NO ALUM



the amount of property that would be settled upon the girl. A contract was signed, and the young persons were betrothed.

Had this betrothal taken place before the meeting by the sweet waters of Asia Ahesha would likely have received it with indifference. All Mohammedan maidens expect to be married, and they are aware of the fact that they have nothing to say in the choice of a husband. But the announcement made her by her mother, since love had stolen unbidden into her heart, had a crushing effect. She received it without comment, but its blighting effect showed itself in the pallor that overspread her countenance. Her mother saw it and wondered. She had no idea that her daughter had ever met any young man to whom she had given her heart and could only attribute her daughter's emotion to the fact of changing her state from maidenhood to wifehood.

But from the day of the announcement Ahesha grew thin and lost the lovely color in her cheeks for which she had been distinguished. In vain her mother tried to discover what was the matter with her. Doctors were called upon to diagnose her case, but could not find any organic disease. And still the girl pined, and as her wedding day approached there was a blighted look upon her that greatly troubled those who loved her. Shortly before her wedding something happened which threw a gloom over the Moors of Constantinople. A young bride who had gone to her husband in the box used for the purpose was found on its being opened before the door of the groom's house dead with a dagger in her heart. She had committed suicide. The cause was unknown, but it was assumed that she had loved and preferred death to being married to one not the man who possessed her heart.

Ahesha's parents endeavored to keep this tragedy from her, but it was impossible. From the time she heard it she was changed. Her gloom settled into a look of resolve. Only her mother feared the cause. She dreaded lest her daughter had some intention by which to escape the marriage arranged for her. Indeed, so great was the woman's solicitude that she begged her daughter to tell her if there was any reason why marriage was repulsive to her and if so what it was. Then Ahesha confessed her love for the young man she had met by the sweet waters of Asia.

The mother at once went to her husband and told him the secret, proposing to abrogate the marriage contract for their daughter. "What!" said the infuriated Moor. "Go back on the word of a follower of Mohammed! Allah forbid!" The poor woman, realizing that it would be impossible to move her bigoted husband, gave up the struggle and prepared her daughter for her bridal. At last the wedding day arrived. Ahesha stood like a statue while her mother and her nurse arrayed her for the bridal. The box stood ready, and she stepped into it. Her mother kissed her, then closed the door of her cramped conveyance. The nurse took up her load, carried it to the street and, placing it on the back of the mule, fastened it with thongs. Then the concealed bride, the beast bearing her led by her nurse, passed down the street between the lines of spectators convened to see a wedding procession. Those who had an acquaintance with the bride waved to her and shouted messages. Slowly the hidden burden moved from maidenhood to wifehood—or to death? The few who feared a repetition of the recent tragedy held their breaths till the box should be opened.

But there was one who knew. The nurse, who loved Ahesha as well as if she had been her own daughter, could have told them whether the box contained a living being or a corpse. But Asiatics have great self control. The features of the bronzed face were rigid and inexpressive. No one could read them. Perhaps it was because this was the first wedding since the tragedy; perhaps a rumor had been circulated that the bride in the box had a lover other than her betrothed, whatever the

cause, as the little procession approached the groom's house a hush came over the spectators standing near. The waving ceased, the congratulatory shouts died down. The mule was led up before the house, the nurse opened the door. For a moment no descending bride was visible. A chill came over the onlookers.

Then the bride appeared, moving slowly as if scarcely able to drag herself from her hiding place. Her features were concealed by her veil. Supported by her nurse, she entered the house, the door was closed behind her and a sigh of relief came from the spectators.

Ahesha found a wedding party within. They rose as she entered, but spoke no word. Passing through the room she came to a door, which was opened, and in another moment she was alone with her husband. Advancing, he raised her veil, she looked into the face of the young man she had met on the bank of the sweet waters of Asia.

Abdul Aekbar, the groom, having learned the home of the girl he had met, and being his own master, made an application for her hand. He said nothing of having seen her, fearing that the custom of a man not being permitted to meet his bride before marriage might stand in his way of possessing her. He knew nothing of her pining at being intended for another. If he had been aware of her condition he might have surreptitiously conveyed to her a message revealing the fact that they were to be united.

One day Ahesha's nurse had seen her charge engaged upon her wedding costume. The woman watched her and saw that she was making a pocket in her vest. When it was finished she slipped a knife into it. The nurse said nothing, but when she arrayed the bride for her wedding she took out the knife without Ahesha's knowledge.

Great was the rejoicing among those nearest the bride when the great change in her on her reappearance was observed. Meanwhile the nurse had told the mother of the knife that she had removed. The mother told the father. When the old Moor heard it he was silent for a moment, then said: "Allah be praised!" That was his only comment.

MANY IN WATFORD

TRY SIMPLE MIXTURE

Many Watford people are surprised at the QUICK action of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika. This simple remedy acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, removing such surprising foul matter that ONE SPOONFUL relieves almost ANY CASE constipation, sour stomach or gas. A few doses often relieve or prevent appendicitis! A short treatment helps chronic stomach trouble. The INSTANT, easy action of Adler-ika is astonishing.—Taylor & Son, druggist.

Too Much of a Target.

Brown—How did you feel, Jones, when the burglar had you covered with his revolver—pretty small, eh? Jones—Small! Great Scott, no! I felt as big as the side of a house.

Competition.

"When I was first married my wife used to talk, talk, all the time."
"Has she given it up?"
"She had to. We've got two grown-up daughters now, you know."

Highly Excitable.

"Brown is rather an excitable chap, isn't he?"
"I should say he is! Why, he almost got a stroke of apoplexy the other night while watching a chess tournament."

A Mean Hint.

He—Women ought to be so removed from ordinary outside life that men can still look on them as angels.
She—How would the men like them to be recording angels?

Coffee In Java.

It is said that nowhere in the world is coffee, the drink, worse than in Java, where coffee, the bean, is supposed to be at its very best. Javanese distill coffee essence of extreme strength, bottle it and pour a few drops into a cup of hot water when they wish refreshment.—Argonaut.

The Other Way.

"Then you don't want to leave footprints upon the sands of time?"
"Nix," answered the politician guardedly. "All I want is to cover up my tracks."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

SUFFERED FROM BACKACHE RHEUMATISM, DROPSY.

Dear Mr. Editor—I wish to tell you of a recent experience I had when suffering from backache, weak back, rheumatism, dropsy, and congestion of the kidneys. I tried a new medicine called "Anuric," which has recently been discovered by Dr. Pierce, of whose medicines and Surgical Institution in Buffalo, N. Y., you have no doubt heard for years. This medicine acted upon me in a wonderful manner. I never have taken any medicine so helpful in such quick time. I do wish anyone in need of such a remedy would give it a trial. (Signed) G. H. HERR.

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" which makes the blood pure, his "Favorite Prescription" for weak women and "Pleasant Pellets" for liver ills.

JAPANESE GARDENS.

Their Aim is Always to Represent Nature In Miniature.

Every Japanese house of any pretensions must have a garden. The cost of one is invariably reckoned with the estimates for house building, being usually estimated at one-tenth the cost of the house. The Japan Magazine tells of the procedure:

When the niwashi (landscape gardener) gets the contract for a garden he first makes a model—that is, a miniature garden embodying every feature that the final product will have. The first thing to be done in laying out the garden is to select the place for the lake or pond and excavate it. The earth thus obtained is utilized for the construction of an artificial hill and also for a small island, both of these features being considered necessities. Next in importance is the placing of the stone lantern; then comes an artistic bridge to the island. Next comes the placing of trees, rocks and stones with due consideration for the appearance of the garden as a whole.

Japanese do not place much value on a new garden, age being of far greater importance. It is not until a few years have passed that the garden is considered at its best, for the stones and tree trunks must be moss covered and the whole must give the appearance of nature's rather than man's work.

The garden is not laid out according to any scientific plan. It is rather a matter of instinct and experience, the aim of the artist being to represent nature in miniature.

Splendor of Venus.

Venus is the most brilliant of all the planets. When east of the sun she appears in the west after sunset, but when near the western elongation she gives only matinee performances before sunrise. Through the telescope she presents much the appearance of burnished silver without spot or blemish. So dazzling is she that astronomers have been able to discover little concerning our neighbor, except that she is surrounded by an atmosphere filled with clouds, making it doubtful whether any view of the solid body of the planet can ever be obtained. Even through that veil she is sometimes so bright as to cast a distinct shadow.—London Telegraph.

Italian Staff of Life.

To those who know the Italian staff of life only in one or two forms it will come as a surprise that there are some forty-four varieties, all carefully differentiated. Neapolitan macaroni is usually made simply of household flour, well mixed, rolled flat and then shaped by various machines, but the paste may be mixed with other ingredients. Thus tagliatelli is produced by the addition of eggs, and into the composition of gnocci potatoes, butter and cheese enter. Italian children may learn their letters and numerals from edible copies, and leaves and shells are some of the many forms which macaroni takes as biscuits do with us.—London Chronicle.