

CAME BACK FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH



This little English boy, Albert Davies of Hambro road, Streatham, was having his tonsils and adenoids removed under an anæsthetic when his heart failed. An incision was made by the attendant surgeon and the heart massaged. After thirteen minutes without a beat, the heart took up its work again, a most remarkable case, owing to the length of time the heart was "dead." The boy is shown playing with his hoop after his recovery.

Heroes of Sport

Gameness Wins Undying Fame—All Fandom Admires a Courageous Fight

(By Robert Edgren in the Boston Globe)

Gameness is the thing that wins, and where even gameness cannot win against overwhelming odds, there is as much credit in making a courageous fight as there is in winning. The Spartans were wiped out by the Persian hosts at Thermopylae, but the story of the fight they made will last as long as history is printed in books.

"Big Bill" Edwards, in his new book, "Football Days," makes a great point of the way courage is regarded among college football men. The "game man" is always a hero to his college mates, but the man who shows the slightest sign of a "yellow streak" is driven out and soon forgotten.

Football never will be a gentle game. It's a man's game, fit for men to play.

and in it there is no place for cowards or weaklings. In the old days football was little short of war.

Bill Edwards tells many stories of men who played until they dropped. "At Williamstown," writes "Big Bill," "Hotchkiss, who was a wonderful guard, probably as great a football player as ever lived, played with the Williams team on a field covered with mud and snow three inches deep. The game was an unusually severe one and Hotchkiss did yeoman's work that day."

"As we ran off the field after the game I happened to stop, turned, and discovered Hotchkiss standing on one side of the field, with his feet planted well apart, like an old bull at bay. I went back to where he was and said, 'Come on, Bill. What's the matter?'

"I don't know," he said. "There's something the matter with my ankles. I don't think I can walk."

"He took one step and collapsed. I got a boy's sled, laid Hotchkiss on it, and took him to his room, only to find that both ankles were sprained. "He did not leave his room for two weeks, and walked on crutches for two weeks more. It seemed almost unbelievable that a man handicapped as he was could play the game through."

"Arthur Poe," writes "Big Bill," "was

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health and Strength To "Fruit-a-tives"

"FRUIT-A-TIVES," the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices—has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-tives" has long given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-tives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

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

about as game a man as the football world ever saw. He was handicapped in his playing by a knee that would easily slip out of place.

"We men who played with him on the Homestead team were often stopped after Arthur had made a magnificent tackle and had broken up every interference, with the quietest request: "Pull my bum knee back into place."

"After this was done he would jump up and no one would ever know that it had been out."

Garry Cochrane, who wrote a few pages for "Big Bill's" book, said this about Johnny Poe, who was recently killed fighting with the Allies in France: "Johnny Poe was behind the door when fear went by. Everyone knows of his wonderful courage. I remember that in the Harvard '96 game at Cambridge, near the end of the first half, two of our best men (Ad. Kelly and Sport Armstrong) were seriously hurt, which disorganized the team. The men were desperate and near the breaking point. Johnny, with his true Princeton spirit, sent this message to each man on the team: "IF YOU WON'T BE BEAT, YOU CAN'T BE BEAT."

"This message brought about a miracle. It put iron in each man's soul, and never from that moment did Harvard gain a yard."

John Daly at Marathon But there are other things that bring out courage as well as the American game of football.

I remember many instances of gameness quite as fine as those related by "Big Bill," and in many of them the heroes of the tale didn't have the advantages of a college coach, college spirit

Through the Courtesy of Lieut. Col. Sage and His Staff

IMPERIAL, WEDNESDAY, 10 P.M.

A World-Famous Concert Band To Play Here

AMONG THE MANY STRANGE THINGS THIS WORLD HAS SEEN, HEAVEN HAS BROUGHT ABOUT the unexpected visit of one of the best-known musical organizations in the world that has played in all civilized countries and before tens of millions of people. If the war ends within a year it is contracted to play for the great Self-Plato Shows.

THE "WORLD-AT-HOME" BAND

Now in the Service of Our Sovereign King

ATTACHED TO

The 211th Battalion of Calgary

Part of the American Legion for Overseas

THE PROGRAM:

Prelude—"Martha".....Flotow
March—"El Capitan".....Souza
Atlantic, The Lost Continent.....Safarick
(a) A Hymn of Praise.
(b) A Court Function.
(c) "I Love Thee"—(The Prince and Anna).
(d) The Destruction of Atlantis.
A Hunt in the Black Forest—Descriptive.....Voelker
"Trombonium"—A Trombone Novelty.....Lake
Overture—"William Tell".....Rossini
GOD SAVE THE KING.
NOTE—Miscellaneous Numbers as Demanded.

THE CRACK BAND:

Chenette's "World-at-Home" Band has thirty-two experienced professionals, men who have been working together for over eight years in the best class of concert work. They are in reality not a regimental band, but have yielded to the blandishments of the Canadian and American westerners to accompany them to Europe. Being old, seasoned travelers, the band to a man accepted the "dare" and are going. Three high-class players are led by the well-known composer and director, Edouard Chenette, graduate of Highland Park Conservatory and a student at Bush Temple, as well as a pupil of the eminent teacher, A. F. Weiden. His band has won two gold medal first prize awards in international band competitions. M. Chenette's writings are played by bands everywhere. John Phillip Sousa himself using his numbers. As a writer for music journals M. Chenette is a familiar author.

WILL PLAY FOR RETURNING SOLDIERS' FUND

The Disabled Heroes to Arrive Through St. John This Winter

25 CENTS TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE

TICKETS SOLD AT THE DOOR

A Nervous Wreck at 46---A Miracle of Strength And Vitality at 50---Taking Iron Did It

Doctor Says Nuxated Iron is Greatest of All Strength Builders—Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Nervous Folks 200 per Cent. in Two Weeks' Time

New York, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 40 he was in bad health; at 46, careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more or less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable you to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you don't stop or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-cent tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of persons, run-down people who were all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months, without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can easily be absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the fray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M.D.

NOTE—Nuxated iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach, on the contrary, it is the most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have great confidence in Nuxated iron that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by Watson's Drug Store, and all other druggists.



backing the play, long training, fine associations—the things that help so much to turn out a fighting team.

There was John Daly of Ireland, long ago naturalized as an American citizen and living in this country. John Daly was a big six-footer, and in Ireland he was counted a fair sort of a distance runner. John took it into his head to go to Greece to the first revival of the Olympic games. He had little money and it was a hard trip. He didn't get any too much to eat, but the morning of the Marathon race found him on the starting mark with a hundred or so well-trained athletes from various countries. So many started that the men were put in lines across the road, one line behind another. John was in a back line.

At the signal he broke through and went tearing along at a terrible pace. Soon he was far ahead of all the others and he settled down to a grin, dogged attempt to shake off the nearest pursuer. The race was of 26 miles over a hilly road. It was a hot summer day, dry and dusty. John had no attendant to carry along water or refreshments. He was all alone. And he was running in the same heavy brogans in which he had come from Ireland.

Mile after mile he held his lead, but other runners, especially the Greeks, were pressing closer. Exhaustion came. John reeled along, and began to fall. He would lie on his face in the dust for a moment, then rise and stagger along the road.

Athens was in sight. He passed the 25-mile mark. The roads were crowded. He ran down a narrowing lane of people. His tongue was hanging out. The heavy brogans cut his feet until the blood ran over his shins.

He fell again and again, but always staggered to his feet and kept his face toward the goal. Loues, the Greek, caught him.

John Daly made a last desperate rally and ran yard for yard with Loues—a hundred yards—two hundred—then down he went in the dust.

Some Irishmen who had driven out to see the race lifted John into their carriage. Half conscious, he fought like a wild man to get back on the road. And to this day he has never forgiven them for taking him out of the race when the goal was in sight and he still had life stirring in his body.

There are examples aplenty of courage in the ring. One instance I saw at the National Sporting Club of London would class well with any football tale "Big Bill" can tell.

Tommy West fought Joe Walcott 15 rounds. It was a terrific fight, for Walcott was then the hardest hitter in the ring. In the first round Walcott whipped two left hooks into West's body, breaking two ribs and turning the broken ends in.

West, smiling, joking with Walcott not with himself or raise my hand to my head and decided to go to my daughter in Toronto. When examined by Toronto doctors they pronounced me to be in a dangerous condition, threatened with consumption and other ailments and said I would not live for three weeks. One day I was looking

And he had no great college cause to drive him on. He was just fighting for the ideal of Tommy West, an ideal that didn't recognize the possibility of quitting.

Super-Tax for Bachelors. Many bachelors have responsibilities as great and even greater, than those of some married men, but (writes a correspondent of the London Daily News) I number amongst my acquaintances at least six unmarried men who are over military age, who are in receipt of assured incomes of more than £200 per annum, and who are entirely free from responsibilities.

Is it an exaggeration to call these men bad and almost worthless citizens? They have created no homes, have sacrificed no sons on the altar of their country, and, compared with a man with a wife and three children who employs one servant are practically free from the burden of indirect taxation which at present falls with such crushing weight on the household. Is there any cause or just impediment why these persons should not be forced to contribute at least one-half of their incomes to the state?

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Weakened by Anaemia Doctors Gave No Hope

Said She Was Threatened With Consumption, and Gave Her Three Weeks to Live

Anaemia is indicated by this, watery blood. The gums and eyelids grow pale, there is great weakness and fatigue and digestion fails.

Since Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new, rich blood, it is naturally most suitable as a treatment for anaemia. This letter proves its efficiency in the most severe case.

Mrs. J. Adams, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "About six years ago I was taken with very weak spells and though I doctored with the family physician and used other medicines for two years, I got very little relief and, in fact, continued to grow weaker. I was so weak I could not walk on myself or raise my hand to my head and decided to go to my daughter in Toronto. When examined by Toronto doctors they pronounced me to be in a dangerous condition, threatened with consumption and other ailments and said I would not live for three weeks. One day I was looking

through Dr. Chase's Almanac and read about the cure of anaemia by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I began the use of this treatment at once and am now well on the way back to health, after having used the Nerve Food for six months. I want my friends to know that my cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food alone and after my discouragement from the use of other treatments, I feel it my duty to let everybody know about this remarkable cure."

As a restorative for persons who are pale, weak and run down there is no treatment to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Gradually and naturally the red corpuscles are increased in the blood, the color is restored to the cheeks and the strength comes back to wasted nerves and muscles. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Mutt and Jeff—Jeff Was Taking No Chances, So He Took All The Chances

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By "Bud" Fisher

