OUR SHORT STORY

"A Patriot Mother."

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mouthful of food is left in my house. God only knows how I shall find something for my six little ones to eat,"

"It is hard, Mistress Oliver. My own case is as bad as yours, except that I have no little ones to care for," replied Mistress Morey. "What have you taken. thought of doing? There are the Bris-

"And they are twenty miles away. I could make the journey; but the British will give me no pass. Without that, I fear me, any attempt to go there would be worse than useless. There are still the pickets to be met. I un-And Mistress Oliver them? groaned in her despair as she spoke. Truly, the situation was desperate. In that autumn of 1777 Lord Howe and his troops held possession of Philadelphia, the residence of the two patriot been recorded. The common necessaries of life were becoming scant among those who were loyal to the cause of the colonies, and in their determination

ployed by the redcoats were daily beming more stringent. Out in Valley Forge, General Washington and his men were encamped; but they were suffering too much themselves from the scarcity of provisions to be able to render much assistance to their friends within the city.

As if to aggravate the distress of the patriots, the British apparently were possessed of an abundance of good things, and all that was required of the strance. people of Philadelphia to obtain a share vas to declare their allegiance to King ight of the distress of their own families, and the plenty which might almost be had for the asking, had renounced their loyalty to Congress and had been willing to submit to the demands of Parliament. The hope of success for the struggling colonies was dim, and the power of the mother country was apparently too great to be

With the passing of the days the contrast became still more marked. Balls, dinners, parties, and above all, the dissipation of some of the scarlet-clad soldiers were of almost daily occurrence, and served to mark more learly the distress and suffering among hose who were still so obstinate as to ing to the desperate cause for which Washington and the rugged Continentals, were contending, Strange sights vere these upon which the quaint old Quaker town looked in those dark days

the late autumn of 1777. Mistress Oliver and her friend, Mistress Morey, had been among those who still clung to the patriot cause. The husband of each was with Washington at Valley Forge, and the inspiration and encouragement of their example had served to increase the determinaion of the two women. But something more than the courage of a brave man was required to feed six hungry children, as Mistress Oliver had discov-

ered to her own sorrow. herself she cared little. She could endure the privations without a nurmer, and even furnish encourage ment for her hardy husband, who for more than a year had been enrolled among the Continental soldiers. But of late his visits had become very infrequent, for it was dangerous for him to enter into the well-guarded city, and in addition to other perils there was that of being arrested as a spy if he was taken in any other garb than that of a soldier. Left to herself Mistress Oliver had struggled on, doing her best to provide for her six children, but the had almost been reached now, and horrors of starvation were before

In vain she applied for a pass that she might go to the Bristol mills and obtain flour for her hungry little ones. Her petition had been roughly refused on the ground that it was impossible to grant it to one and refuse others, but also because of the fear expressed that the supplies she might secure would be used by the very people whom the British were determined to subdue, by fair means, if possible, but by sterner if neccessary. And Mistress Oliver had been silent, for she was not one to refuse the pleading of others for food so long as a crumb remained in

her own home. Her friend and neighbor, Mistress Morey, had been as determined as she, yet while her own sufferings had been as keen there were no children in her household, and consequently she was saved from the anxiety which pressed more heavily upon the heart of Mistres Oliver than did her own privations

and fears for herself, Mistress Oliver was in severe straits pow and something must be done. Passes had been refused her, her pleas for aid ignored, and at last, rendered desperate by the cries of her children, she had determined to attempt to make her way to the Bristol mills alone and

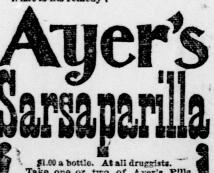
without a permit. She told her decision to her friend, and ignoring her protests, and securing her consent to look well to the children during her absence of two days, she prepared to set forth one bleak morning. Tenderly she kissed each one

> Is This Your Story?

"Every morning I have a bad taste in my "Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast, and what food I eat distresses me. I have a heavy feeling in my stomach. I am getting so weak that sometimes I tremble, and my nerves are all unstrung. I am getting pale and thin. I am as tired in the morning as at night."

What is the trouble? Impure blood.

What is his remedy?



Take one or two of Ayer's Pills each night. You cannot be cured if troubled with constipation.

Price, 25c. a box. Write us freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply. Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

"I have come to the end. Not a fof the little ones, bravely holding back the tears which arose in her eyes as she thought of the possibility of never beholding their faces again. If she remained suffering and perhaps death were in store for them all. On the other hand, if she went, there was just a desperate chance that she might succeed, and that one chance must be

It was early in the morning when he left her home. The day promised to be bleak and dreary, and heavy clouds were passing low across the sky. But louder than the cries of the whistling wind in Mistress Oliver's ears sounded the cries of her hungry little are guards along Vine street from the ones, and spurred by them she walked Delaware to the Schuylkill, and if I rapidly on till she came to Vine street should succeed in passing them, there There she could see the guards passing back and forth on their beats, and th derstand these have been stationed all first problem of her journey presented through the woods, even as far as itself. How could she manage to pass

For a time she waited, almost fearing hat she must abandon her expedition, after all. No way appeared, no solution came, until a party of ten or more men and wemen passed her, and as she romen whose conversation has just saw the direction in which they were going, she instantly joined them. She did not know who they were, and no attention appeared to be given her, as she fell in with the rear of the little to subdue the rebels, the methods em- procession.

On they moved together until they came to the first of the guards, when a man who appeared to be the leader drew a pass from his pocket and they all were permitted to advance. There was no conversation among her companions, and Mistress Oliver soon perceived that apparently they were for the most part strangers to one another. Doubtless that was the reason why her joining them had provoked no remon-

Too well satised with the results of her bold attempt to dwell long upon George. Small cause for wonder is it their failure to protest against her that many of the wavering men, in the presence, the troubled woman remained with them until the woods near Frankford were reached. Then the entire party moved off in a direction opposite the one which was hers, and as the leader turned into the other road, he also turned and hailed her.

"How now, my good woman? Come you not with us? Are you not of the company which is bound for Friend Jonathan's, at Mount Holly?" "Nay, nay," said Mistress Oliver, quickly. "I did but journey with you,

but I am not of your company. I go to Bristol-that is, I go to Frankford," she hastily added in some confusion. "Go you to Frankford? Doubtless, then, you have a permit so to do.

Show me your pass."
"Nay, that I will not," responded Mistress Oliver boldly enough, though her heart was beating wildly as she "I shall talk with the picket guards I may meet on the road, but not with you;" and she turned quickly and walked with apparent unconcern along the road which led toward Bris-

The bold stroke was successful, and as soon as she perceived that she was not pursued, she quickened her pace and ran until she obtained a glimpse of the guard in the road in advance of the soldier. If he saw her, doubtless he gave her but little heed, perhaps

woman. fully repeated her attempts, until at last the pickets had all been passed, and Bristol lay not many miles away. entered the little town. Footsore, weary, hungry and haggard she was, but she was now among friends, and one-half of her perilous attempt had

That night she spent in the village of Bristol, and early on the following norning, with twenty pounds of flour packed in a pillow-case, she began her eturn, and entered upon the far more langerous part of her bold attempt to aid her hungry children. The presence of the pillow-case filled with flour was sufficient of itself to arouse suspicion, and now there might not be any party for her to join.

However, she once more succeeded in passing the pickets; but beyond her lay the last and most dangerous probem. Could she ever succeed in passing almost within sight of home, would be to add to the miseries of her present than Mistress Oliver through perils up the pillow-case after a brief rest, he approached the woods which lay between the pickets of Frankford and the guards on Vine street.

A low cry of fear escaped her lips, hind one of the trees and stopped directly in front of her. As he quickly raised his hand in warning, and advanced toward her, holding forth a letter as he came, the woman became silent, and although her fear had not left her, she watched him curiously. She had never seen him before, that much was certain, and there was nothing in his garb to explain to which side

As she tremblingly reached forth her hand to take the letter, she instantly recognized the handwriting of her husband. Before she could open the mis-

sive, the stranger said:

"Your husband is well, madam. He has requested me to say that he will be with you shortly. Money is not over plentiful among us—I mean among them; but your husband is so strong a patriot that I have consented to become

When he had thus spoken the stranger held for a few pieces of coin, and as ne perceived her hesitation, he added: "My means are ample, madam. Trust me for that, or I should not be so

lavish. "You said my husband would come which is impossible How do you know me I never saw you before, and-"

ow voice, and somewhat sternly. "We are near the British lines now, and must not talk more. Take the letter and the money, and trust me when I say that the American commander is not idle. Already he is forming plans by which you and your husband, as well as others, shall profit greatly. An earthquake or a thunderbolt would be gentle struck out for the farther shore, but in comparison with that which he has he hadn't got more than half-way

Mistress Oliver glanced up to reply, but the man had disappeared. The silent trees stood all about her, but the helped him somewhat, but Ben just letter and the money were convincing proof that she had not been dreaming. landed opposite the old slip at Market Quickly thrusting both inside her dress, street, and then turned and fired once she resumed her journey with a heart much lighter, in spite of the danger she course, nor did Ben hesitate long. He must face before she could see her put spurs to his horse, and dashed into home again. Already it seemed to her the woods, and that was the last the

she could hear the laughter of the chil- redcoats saw of bim. He was soon in

dren. The pinched and hungry faces Valley Forge, and told me the whole would light up with an expression such as she had not seen upon them in "I wish I might thank him for his as she had not seen upon them in

> Rudely startled by the summons, Mistress Oliver looked up and saw a guard standing directly in front of her. To turn and flee was impossible now. The bright dreams had all vanished in

"I have no pass! My children are starving, and I have only—"
"Furies! I've heard the words too many times! Brats to become enemies of their king! That flour is mine, woman! Be off and die with your children, or I'll see to it that you die before that time! Begone

broken-hearted woman was The about to turn away, when the strange messenger she had met a few moments before suddenly appeared again. But his entire demeanor had completely changed. He was now quiet, gentle, almost pleading in his manner, and approaching the guard he besought him to permit the poor woman to pass with the little sack of flour for her hungry

"Who are you?" demanded the guard oughly. "Are you so great an idiot as to try to interfere with his majesty's orders? Be off, or I'll send you to the guardhouse?"

"But the woman is weary. She has walked a long distance to obtain a little food for her starving little ones. Surely ou can let her-

"Fool Idiot!" shouted the guard, low thoroughly enraged. "Begone; I'll arrest you as a spy. Don't wait to anger me more! You will not let the poor woman have her flour?

"No!

"Then, by my country's hope of freelom, you shall! The quiet demeanor was gone in an instant. Leaping forward he seized the astonished guard and hurled him to the ground. Before the prostrate soldier

could rise, the stranger turned to Mistress Oliver and said: "Run, woman, run! Take your flour! Go up Vine street! You'll be safe

Instantly Mistress Oliver obeyed: Grasping the pillow-case and his precious load she ran swiftly along the rough road. Once she turned just in time to see the stranger draw his pistol and fire upon the prostrate guard, who was attempting to rise. She saw him seize the guard's musket and then ound like a deer into the woods. In a moment it seemed to her as if every direction they came, but the terrified woman soon perceived that it was

the stranger and not herself whom the angry redcoats were seeking. 'Shoot him! Shoot him down! Don't let the rebel escape!" were the words she heard on every side. She saw that the stranger had disap-

peared from sight, but his enemies were cries, and the snapping of branches as they dashed forward after him could be distinctly heard. Quickly recalled to the necessity of

action on her own part, Mistress Oliver, with her precious pillow-case clasped close in her arms, sped like a deer up Vine street, which now was largely cleared of its guards, and soon was safe within the limits of the city. That night there was a feast in the

Oliver house, to which, we may be sure, Mistress Morey was invited. Twenty pounds of flour was never before looked upon with such delight as that which the brave woman had brought from the Bristol mills. It provided a banquet | world to a soldier who has wrought her. Hastily turning aside, she made fit for a king-or at least so thought a wide detour, and successfully passed all the children, and perhaps the weary mother was not of a different opinion. "A thousand shall fall at thy side, regarding her as some simple country and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee," re-Oliver in her prayer

was more sincere in his expression than It was almost dark when the woman was the devout and brave woman who quoted his words to her little ones. The money which her strange deliverer had given her would provide for her wants for a time, and the heart of Mistress Oliver was lighter; but again and again her thoughts went back to the brave man who had rescued her from her peril. Had he escaped? Or

had the angry redcoats surrounded and

that night, and it is doubtful whether

the writer of the ninety-first psalm

citing adventure, when one night a man disguised as a country peddler entered the house of Mistress Oliver. His disguise was so complete that for a moment not even the wife recognized the man as her own husband; but when his strange garb was cast aside and Mr. Oliver himself stood forth in he guards on Vine street To fail, when the presence of his family there was a scene such as only those who have known the meaning of sacrifice for Determination, however, has duty or for country could share in. The more than once carried weaker persons | children climbed into his lap, while the weeping woman flung her arms about greater than those which beset the his neek; and there was a softened troubled woman; and resolutely taking light even in the eyes of the sturdy

Continental himself. At last, after the first joy of the meeting had passed, Mistress Oliver related to her husband the story of her adventure, and said: "I can't get the when, soon after entering the woods, thought of that brave man who rescued a tall man suddenly sprang from be- me out of my mind. I'm afraid he

never escaped. Mr. Oliver smiled as he replied: "You needn't have any fears for the fate of Ben Doale. He and his five brothers are able to take care of themselves." "And did you really send him to me? Do you know whether he escaped or

"He was on his way to the city when he rescued you. He had been in town frequently, and at my own request had been here. He knew you well by sight, and it was because he had reported to me that you were in dire straits that he was coming with some money for you that day.'

"Did he escape?" said the wamon, "Yes; he told me all the story. After the pursuit began he ran swiftly through the woods to the bank of the Delaware, where he had a horse concealed. As he ran he came face to face with a man, who called upon him to surrender. Ben shouted in reply that 'A Doale never surrendered,' and before the other man could act, Ben's gun

spoke. "The report was answered by shouts soon to see me. How do you know that on every side of him, but he ran which is impossible How do you know swiftly forward and soon came to the place where his horse was. He instant-"Hush, woman!" said the man, in a ly mounted, but he didn't feel that he was much safer even then. Behind him were the guards, on the north were the Frankford pickets, and on the left the city of Philadelphia, filled with British troops. The only thing he could do was to cross the river, so he urged

his horse straight into the water. "His horse was a noble beast, and struck out for the farther shore, but across the river before Ben saw that twenty boats were in pursuit of him. urged his horse on and on. He finally at his pursuers. They didn't stop, of

goodness to me," murmured Mistress

Oliver. "I have done that already," replied her husband, "and I haven't forgotten One who watches over us all. If I didn't believe God's hand was in this terrible struggle, and that he had called me into the service, I never could bear the thought of being away from you, and my lads and lassies, in your peril. But when he calls, and wherever he calls, the only thing I can do is to obey. If we do our best, the results are in his hands, not in ours; and he will not forsake or forget one of these little ones."-Forward.

THE SIRDAR'S SWORD

A Magnificent Weapon "With Gems and Golden Luster Rich Emblazed."

The privilege of making and decorating the sword of honor which the City of London presents to Lord Kitchener of Khartoum was intrusted to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, and their task was accomplished your request. You fail to specify in a handsome and satisfactory fashion. Particularly striking is the curved blade of the finest steel, which will ear, in due course, an appropriate inscription etched upon its central space. Elaborately damascened with gold in the Oriental manner-that is to say, mattress belonging to M. Pullman, having the gold wrought and beaten in -the upper part is very pleasing to the eye, and the emblems etched upon your obedient servant.' There was the blade in various tones are interesting and appropriate. They serve to recall, by the fez and by the crossed by the cat belonging to M. the proswords and by the display of the arms of the city, both the scene of Lord Kitchener's exploits and the greatness of the city which delights to honor him; and for all lovers of fine work in and upon steel the blade has a peculiar she gazed on that collection of hir-fascination. It is on the hilt, however, sute freaks." that the fancy of the artist in gold and precious stones has run riot with excellent results. It is, so far as real material goes, of solid 18-carat gold. and its head is that of the British lion, The haft, in chased and repousse work bears on the one side a figure of Britannia, on the other a figure of justice Very fine also is the general's monogram, shown in diamonds, rubies and sapphires, on the one side of the hilt and on the other side a panel bearing the road was filled with men. From the British and Egyptian flags enameled, and that most faithfully, in color. Set designs apart, the hilt sparkles with enrichment of jewels. Amethysts are there, and beryl, and lapis lazuli, and jacinth. The scabbard of crimson velvet is heavy with richly-worked gold. Two massive bands encircle it at the upper end, and they are covered with many emblems, including the arms in swift pursuit, and their calls and of the City of London and panels showing the planting of the flags on Gordon's Palace at Khartoum. Lord Kitchener's K.C.B. decoration is also shown. The center band is decorated with palms and mottoes and with the names of the sirdar's victories. The lower end of the scabbard, still of gold. shows trophies of English and Egyptian and Dervish weapons, and bears upon another surface in repousse the orders conferred upon the sirdar and the honors offered to him. On the whole, the sword of honor, while it pos-

sesses those features of barbaric splen-

dor appropriate to the occasion-for it

is the gift of the wealthiest city in the

great deeds-may also be described as

a highly creditable and artistic product

of the craft of goldsmith and sword-

Paine's Celery Compound, the Only Hope of All Suffering From Blood Diseases.

It was nearly a week after her ex- The Great Medicine Quickly Expels All Poisons and Renews the System.

> Scrofula is one of the most terrible and wasting of blood diseases; it usually develops in early life, and in the majority of cases is hereditary. medical men contend that scrofula is the parent of consumption.

When the blood is thin, impoverished, impure and foul, its poisoned condition shows up clearly in pimples, sores, tumore, abscesses, blotches, erysipelas, cancer, white swellings, sore eyes, felone, salt rheum, eczema, etc. Pure blood represents life; foul and poisoned blood means suffering and death. Strength, action and the health

of all parts of the human system are dependent upon the blood. The only true way to cleanse and enrich the blood is to use Paine's Celery Compound. Its vitalizing and purifying effect upon the blood of old and young is magical. The most virulent blood diseases quickly yield to its healing and cleansing power. No other medicine known to man has ever achieved the victories over obstinate

blood troubles that Paine's Celery Compound has accomplished. you have a trace or symptom of blood disease, your life is truly in danger. If you are anxiously seeking for a cure, have a care how you make use of the widely advertised "blood purifiers;" in the great majority of instances they are frauds. Ask your druggist for Paine's Celery Com-pound, the only medicine that can make your blood and flesh clean, pure and healthy.

FRENCH COLONIES A FAILURE. [W. Alleyne Ireland, in the December Atlantic.]

France has obtained little honor and less profit from her colonial ventures. Her ambition has been to achieve in the tropics what England has achieved in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and her other tropical colonies - the founding of hardy dependencies, populated by a race mainly of the home stock, and bound to be the mother country by all the ties of affection and loyalty-dependencies which in the hour of need would prove a source of

strength to the nation. The failure of France is due rather to the fundamental difficulties of tropical colonization than to the evil effects of maladministration; for it is doubtful whether even any of England's tropical possessions, loyal as they undoubtedly are, would prove a source of strength in time of war Frenchmen have not emigrated to the French colonies, because to most white men the tropics offer little inducement as a home. The absence of all those conventions and luxuries which form so large a part of our daily life becomes unendurable as soon as the novelty of a strange land has worn off.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

PADEREWSKI'S

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

In Reply to a Lady Who Wanted Lock of Hair.

An enthusiastic musician of this city tells an amusing and hitherto unprintedanecdote of Paderewski's last Southern tour: "I encountered the pianist and his party when they were passing through Georgia," he says, "and had the pleasure of riding for some distance with them in their private car. At one of the stops Paderewski was handed a letter from a certain grande dame and noted society leader of a large western city. It was the most gushing epistle I ever listened to, and after several pages of what was evidently intended as a tribute to his art, the writer wound up by requesting 'a lock of hair,' and enclosed a stamp for return postage. When the laughter had subsided Paderewski's secretary proceeded to indite a reply, which as nearly as I remember, ran almost as follows: 'Dear madame: M. Paderewski directs me to say that it affords him much pleasure to comply with whose hair you desire, and to avoid error he has secured a sample from each of the staff en voyage-to wit, his manager, his secretary, his valet, his two cooks, and his waiter, together with a small portion from a cat and a proprietor of the coach de luxe which we occupy. I have the honor to be some uproarious sport in collecting the souvenirs, especially that contributed prietaire Pullman, but they were finally secured and the package mailed at the next station. I have often wondered what the emotions of Paderewski's admirer must have been when

THE CLERK **GUESSED RIGHT**

How an Ardent Young Man Was Accommodated.

It was in one of Cleveland's big ho-The principal character in the incident was a young man. From his appearance it was an even money bet the young man was from the country. His pale features and the rather trou bled look in his eyes suggested retire ment in some sequestered spot on the banks of some Ohio "Wabash," as it were. It turned out he came from the vicinity of the Blackfork, in Ashland county. Not a speck of dirt could be

seen on his raiment. He was young. His beardless upper lip sat upon its companion in a grim, straight line. Altogether his face bore an expression of fixed determination. He walked up to the desk, behind which stood the ever-courteous clerk.
"Is there a family by the name of
Hawkins stopping here?" he inquired in an anxious voice "There is," replied the clerk. "Do you

"Yes, sir," responded the young man tremulously, as an expression of pleasure spread itself over his face.
"Your name, please," and the clerk shoved a square of white pastboard at

The young man did not understand, and the clerk explained it would be the proper thing to send his name up in advance, to ascertain if his call would be

young man, for in a bold hand he wrote: "Ezra Snook, Ashland, O." "By the way," said the clerk, "there are two families of Hawkins here. There is Mrs. Hawkins and her daughter, who occupy suite 38, and Mrs. Hawkins' son and wife, who occupy suite Whom do you wish to see?'

A beautiful flush was sitting astride the young man's face. The clerk just noticed it. 'Here, James," to the bell boy, "take this card to suite 38."

TO THE FAT.

A simple remedy for too much flesh has been suggested by Dr. Cathell. of Baltimore, and if it is as effective as it is simple no one will have any ex-cuse for being too fat. It consists in nothing more than drinking a glass of artificial Kissingen water after each meal one day, and a glass of artificial Vichy water after each meal the next day, and so alternately until a desired degree of thinness has been se-The diet should be simple, starchy foods and sweets being es-chewed in great measure. This treatment can evidently do no harm, beyond causing disappointment if it should

The lightest tubing ever made is of

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer.

You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice

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When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner. you have only one choice.

It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

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The Cowan Company, of Toronto, will demonstrate the superior qualities of their COCOAS at T. F. Kingsmill's Drygoods Store every day for the next four weeks, from Nov. 14. Demonstrations all day long. A cordial invitation is extended to the ladies of London to call and sample



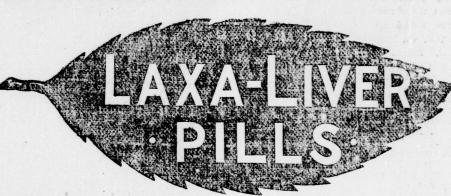
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is often burdened beyond her strength. She realizes it, but sees no remedy. If her duties are properly performed she MUST work, even though her health be at stake.

Padsi Mai Extract The Best Tonic

will supply the needed strength. It will quickly and surely bring back the rosy cheeks, giving a healthy appetite, refreshing sleep, and strength to mind and body.

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AXA-LIVER PILLS are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable remedies for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. They regulate the Liver, correct the tem to healthy, natural action." Stomach, and cause natural, regular action of the Bowels. All the effete or waste matter of the system is removed by the perfect action of these pills, so that they prevent, as well as cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Biliousness, Bad Breath, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Sallow Complexion, and all deranged conditions of the Stomach. Liver and Bowels. They are small

in size, prompt to act, never gripe,

weaken nor sicken.

BILIOUS HEADACHE. MRS. ADDIE THERRIALT, 216 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have corrected the irregularities of liver and stomach, and restored my entire sys-

LIVER TROUBLE.

MRS. C. GRIMES, Hazeldean, Ont., "I had an attack of liver trouble and indigestion last spring and decided to try Laxa-Liver Pills. They had a more lasting effect than any remedy I ever took. I believe them to be the best medicine for liver trouble that is to be found."

DON'T GRIPE.

Mr. NEWTON COSSITT, of the firm of H. H. Cossitt & Bro., Brockville, Ont., says: "I have used Laxa-Liver Pills myself, and my family have also used them. They are the best laxative we have ever used, being free from the griping peculiar to most laxative pills.'

PRICE 25c., ALL DRUGGISTS.

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