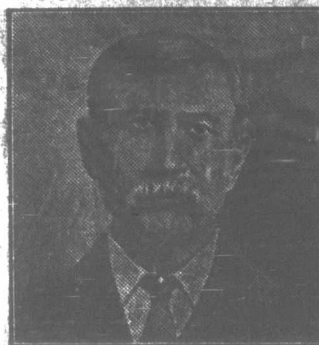


FRIENDS THOUGHT HE WOULD DIE

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Conquered Dyspepsia and Restored His Health.



MR. ROBERT NEWTON.

Little Boy, O. B. "I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and Constipation for years. I had pain after eating, belching gas, constant headaches, and did not sleep well at night. I lost so much weight—going from 155 pounds to 140 pounds—that I became alarmed and saw several doctors who, however, did me no good. Finally, a friend told me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'.

In a week, I was improved. The constipation was corrected, and I was free of pain, headaches and that miserable feeling that accompanies Dyspepsia. I continued to take this splendid fruit medicine and now I am well, strong and vigorous." ROBERT NEWTON, 600, a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

How to Test Colors. The color is solid or with little white plate a sample of it with a strip of white material. Make a strong soap solution. Have it warm, but not hot. Rub and squeeze the goods in this for ten minutes. Rinse in cold water, let it dry. If the color holds fast, the water not colored and the strip of white not stained one may be pretty sure of the color. To test for light, expose a piece of material, in both a wet and dry condition, to strong sunlight for a week. If the goods do not show signs of fading it is reasonably sure they will not do so. If you want various colors for a cotton rug at small expense use Easter egg dyes.

Stopping the Trial. "Gentlemen," said the sheriff, putting his head into the jury room, "if there is no chance of your agreeing immediately on a verdict, the judge will step out to lunch." "Tell his honor he may go to lunch," said the foreman. "I was about to add," continued the sheriff, "that the circus comes into town at two o'clock, and it's twenty minutes to two now." "H'm!" said the foreman, "tell the judge to hold on half a minute."

Here You Find the Proof

Of What People Have Been Telling You About Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

There can be no question that everybody is in need of some restorative treatment at this season of the year.

Particularly if your blood has a tendency to be thin and watery, the changing season is most trying on you and you suffer from tired feeling, lack of energy, failure of the digestive system and general depression of the feelings.

If you could only realize what a complete change you would experience with the use of a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you would not be long in making a trial of this treatment.

The best proof we can offer you is in such letters as the following. There is no reason in this world why you would not obtain just as much benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as has the writer of this letter if your system is in a similar condition.

Mrs. M. A. Coulton, 31 Stanley street, Kingston, Ont., writes: "For a number of years I suffered from a run-down condition of the system, due to overwork. I could not sleep and was restless and worried. I had pains through my back, buzzing in the ears and twitching of my nerves at intervals. I had indigestion and my appetite became poor. I would get drowsy after eating and frequently suffered from great weakness. My circulation was poor, my hands and feet always cold and my heart action weak. I consulted doctors, but they could do nothing for me. Whilst in this condition I decided upon a trial of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After taking eight boxes of this medicine I am relieved of all the symptoms from which I suffered before, and in general I feel like a new woman. I used to be very constipated, so I took Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in connection with the Nerve Food and am completely cured of that trouble too.

It remains for you to test Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in your own case. You will then understand the enthusiasm of others for this great restorative treatment. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75. All dealers or Dr. Chase, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

"Acting Up"

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

(Copyright, 1924, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Mirandy Jenkins folded her checked gingham apron triangle fashion, and tucking the corner in at the belt, rested her arms on the fence railing.

It was summer time in the outlying farm districts of the town of Carrollton and the air was redolent with the green odor of alfalfa. Mirandy distended her nostrils to get the diffusing fragrance. On the crest of the hill, topping the road which led past the house, appeared a none too strong horse. It dragged with lagging feet a zig-zag of doubtful origin. It would have been difficult to tell the occupation of the driver who sat beneath the ragged and sagging top if not for the sack which lay at his feet labeled in letters of warning size, "U. S. Mail." As the outfit started down grade the man raised his crushed hat and made an effort to brush the upstanding hairs into place. A "ribbon," he was next adjusted and to its already numerous stains were added a few more from the dusty hands. When these offices had been performed, he shifted the reins from his right to left hand and waved in recognition of Mirandy's fluttering handkerchief.

"Morin, Mandy," was his greeting, as he drew up before the gate. "Morin," Seth. "Any mail for me?" "Nothin'," kept the county newspaper. "How's yr grandpaw?" "Poorly, poorly, Seth. The doc says he won't last much longer."

"Then we'll get married, Mandy, and no puttin' it off again." Mirandy blushed as if this were the first time the subject had been broached to her. "I, Seth, how you do talk," was the flirtatious response, "but it just seems like we'll never get there. First it was grandmaw who kept us from getting married, what with being so sick and tantakusum, and then you lost yr job—and see, I course we couldn't get married 'til you was appointed this route, and now it be my grandpaw, sick and ailing and eatin' up the revenue."

Seth spat out a generous gulf of tobacco and after replacing it with a fresh supply, shook his head resignedly. "Well, I'll be 'round tomorrow, Mandy—so long." "So long Seth. I'll be expectin' you." And Mirandy's workworn figure drooped as her eyes followed the departing buggy. Sentenced to the hard, manual drudgery of a badly managed farm before securing even such elementary education as the village offered, saddled with aged grandparents who fought off every innovation which might have lightened her labors, and forced by eternally present financial straits to forego any pleasure which involved the expenditure of money, Mirandy's youth had slipped away almost without her knowledge, until she found herself well on the road to forty with a rapid complexion and toll-hardened hands as her only assets.

But in this sacrificing and unheralded martyrdom, to which she had given herself with neither complaint nor hope for reward, there were two pinnacles of joy. One was Seth, whose everlasting credit must be said that none of the obstacles which had delayed his wedding to Mirandy had lessened his fidelity.

Mirandy crept into bed, where despite the straw tick she soon fell asleep. She arose unrested. The morning sun, scarcely awake, suggested another round of tollsome tasks. Perhaps every morning it was the thought of Seth which hastened the always rapid dressing and the chores were well completed as she retreated to her bedroom to "fuss up" before waiting at the fence.

But this morning Seth was destined to wait himself into impatience, for no aproned figure leaned against the gate as he drew up. So he walked to meet her.

"Morin, Mandy." Any mail for me? "Nothin'," kept the county newspaper. "But I got a letter, an' you see, you might as well get used to openin' my mail now, I brought it to you."

Mirandy smiled at the subtle compliment in a style Seth dubbed "prissy."

"Why, it's from the government," Mirandy exclaimed as she took the envelope with its franking privilege stamp. Anything official, frightened her, but perhaps it was woman's intuitive premonition which foretold the bad news her face so patently reflected. "It says, Seth," she muttered, "it says you got to get—you got to get an auto if you want to keep yr job."

And so to meet the government's changes for efficiency went Seth's savings. And though the new system augmented his salary, he soon found that the price of gasoline ran higher than that of oats.

It was again summer in Carrollton, Mirandy was very happy this morning, for had not the wedding date been set just six months off? Six months is a very short time when one has been waiting nigh on twenty years.

"Morin, Mandy."

"Morin," Seth. Any mail for me? "Nothin'," kept the county newspaper, and then with a mock air of surprise, "I declare, why here's a letter for you." Just as if he had not nearly yielded to the temptation to open it ever since it had been placed in his

mail sack at six o'clock that morning. "A letter for me!" echoed Mirandy. But Mirandy's astonishment at seeing a letter did not equal her amazement as she read its contents. On the letterhead of an attorney, it ran: "Your uncle, Ezekiel Barrett, has died intestate. As sole surviving heir, you are entitled to the \$500 he has left. Our solicitor will visit you shortly to secure the necessary signature."

Then Mirandy did a thing unheard of. She altered Seth. "We can get married 'right off now," she gurgled. "Get married, Seth, don't you hear?"

For Seth was already chugchugging down the road. Mirandy stared at the letter.

The next morning the customary exchange of greetings was omitted as Mirandy abruptly asked, "Now we got the money, won't you want to be gettin' married?"

Seth looked up as he rolled a stone with the toe of his boot. His answer came hesitatingly. "Can't you see, Mandy, if I was to marry you now, without a cent of my own, folk'll be sayin' I was marryin' you for yr money?"

"Have you got a mind?" Mirandy asked sarcastically. Seth stood aghast. This was their final quarrel.

Then one morning Seth did not find Mirandy at the gate. She was sick. The doctor had ordered an alarming array of pills and medicines and although Seth faithfully sat at her bedside every evening, Mirandy refused to get well. Seth went about like a shadow of his former self. Never before had he realized just how very much Mirandy meant in his life. And then came the relapse! Mirandy was dying. The doctor contended he could do nothing. Seth sat by the bed and held the worn hands in his own warty, calloused ones. What could he do? Oh, if he could save her!

"Mandy," he called suddenly, "let's get married."

Mirandy stirred. "I heard the doc tellin' you," came in a weak faraway voice, "that I be dyin'."

Tears unchecked traced grimy routes down Seth's tanned cheeks. Mirandy went on. "Folks'll think if you married me now you'll be wantin' to inherit my money."

"Oh, Mandy," Seth choked, "what do we care 'bout folks' round here? I want to 'tend you like a husband while yr here."

Mirandy turned over at the unusual sentimentality of Seth's speech. "All right, Seth, then we'll get married," she answered with a smile.

And Mirandy seemed to improve at once. Perhaps it was Seth's husbandly care, or perhaps it was just something else, but Mirandy got well with surprising rapidity.

It was after the wedding. Mirandy, seated on the arm of Seth's chair, nervously frightened the edge of the lace dolly pinned on the coarse, horse-hair upholstery.

"I got a confession to make," she said.

Seth looked up and took the clay pipe from his mouth. He thought in twenty years he had learned everything in Mirandy's life.

"I mean dyin' that time, Seth," she smiled, "the doc helped to make y see you needed me. I was just actin' up, Seth."

And then Seth did a thing unheard of. He kissed Mirandy.

Bagpipes Are English. It was actually a Scotoman, and no less a man than the lord advocate of the time, who publicly declared 10 years ago that "the bagpipe is an English instrument, essentially English; the English were the original bagpipers."

He pointed out that, while Shakespeare often speaks of bagpipes, he never does so in "Macbeth," and that it is in Lancashire and Yorkshire that he localizes the pipes.

To Chaucer and Spenser also they are English. James IV and other Scottish kings paid for "Ingles ayre-lis" at their court, while Edward I, Edward III, Henry IV and Henry VIII seem to have had native pipers.

The Highlanders never used the pipes in war before the fifteenth century; the bag was Scotland's instrument.

Oldest Chinese Holiday. What is probably the oldest "living" anniversary still is celebrated in China. It is that of the birth of Confucius, and falls on the day known to occidentals as October 1. The Chinese times of that dynasty.

Chinese streets are in their holiday attire today in honor of the anniversary of the birth of Confucius. Shops of Daikang street, Cham Mook lane and Sun Sam Hong present the best appearances. The Chinese schools will have a holiday, holding the ceremony of worship in the morning and feasts in the evening. Wang Ying college in Tientsin, under Principal Chau Chung Kai, will have a whole day of celebration, beginning early in the morning, when they will march to the Confucius temple together.

Floyd Gibbons Story. Floyd Gibbons, the famous correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who lost an eye at the front, tells a good story of an American.

"I met a Kansas boy," said Mr. Gibbons, "among troops fighting in the Villers Cotteret forest, July 19. He was interviewing German prisoners. To one who appeared to be a rather superior type he addressed the question in German:

"What outfit do you belong to?" The answer came promptly—and in good English:

"I am of the storm troops." "The Kansas is shalli laughed and said: "Storm troops, hell. We come from Kansas. We're cypriotes."

TO ALL WOMEN WHO ARE ILL

This Woman Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Personal Experience.

McLean, Neb.—"I want to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who suffer from any functional disturbance, as it has done me more good than all the doctor's medicine. Since taking it I have a fine healthy baby girl and have gained in health and strength. My husband and I both praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. JOHN KOPPELMANN, R. No. 1, McLean, Nebraska.

This famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, has been restoring women of America to health for more than forty years and it will well pay any woman who suffers from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues" to give this successful remedy a trial.

For special suggestions in regard to your ailment write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

Miss Carrie Olsen of Fitchburg, Mass., is a guest of Mrs. R. J. Potts.

COPENHAGEN CHEWING TOBACCO

Copenhagen is used differently from ordinary chewing tobacco. Take a small pinch for a snuff, and put it between the lower lip and gum, in the centre.

Afterwards you can increase the size of the pinch to suit the strength of the chew you desire. Copenhagen is strong, because the tobacco of which it is made is cut into fine grains, which makes it impart its strength thoroughly and quickly.

Hence, a little "pinch" goes a long way, showing that Copenhagen is not only an unusually economical chew, but also one of the most healthy, being made of the best, old, rich, high-flavored tobacco.

LIFT CORNS OR CALLUSES OFF

Doesn't hurt! Lift any corn or callus off with fingers



Don't suffer! A tiny bottle of Trezone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops on the corns, calluses and "hard skin" on bottom of feet, then lift them off. (When Trezone reaches corns from the feet or calluses from the bottom of feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore, tender or irritated.)

HOW YOU CAN TELL GENUINE ASPIRIN

Only Tablets with "Bayer Cross" are Aspirin—No others!



If you don't see the "Bayer Cross" on the tablets, refuse them—they are not Aspirin at all.

There is only one Aspirin, that marked with the "Bayer Cross"—all other tablets are only acid imitations.

Look for the "Bayer Cross." Then it is real Aspirin, for which there is no substitute.

Aspirin is not German but is made in Canada by Canadians, and is owned by a Canadian Company, all rights being purchased from the U. S. Government.

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" have been proved safe by millions for Pain, Headache, Neuritis, Colds, Rheumatism, Lamboleg, Neuritis.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—also larger "Bayer" packages—can be had at any drug store. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada, of Bayer Manufacturing of Monastereimünster of Salzkammerg.



It's better to PAINT than REPAIR



For Home Attractiveness

FOR your own satisfaction and for consideration of your neighbors, keep your home attractive outside as well as inside. Keep it well-painted—use a paint that is more than a "finisher." Get the brand that acts as a "preservative" as well.

B-H PAINT

It isn't the cost of a paint that counts—it's the value it gives per dollar. So, even though B-H is not a cheap paint, it is the most economical of all. You know of no other brand of paint as dependable—B-H endures for the longest capacity or the durability that distinguishes B-H. That's why we sell it—two feet of B-H endures for the same time as other brands of paint. The B-H formula for paint, namely: 70% pure white lead—30% pure white zinc.

C. R. DeWITT HARTLAND, N. B.

Save the surface and you save all



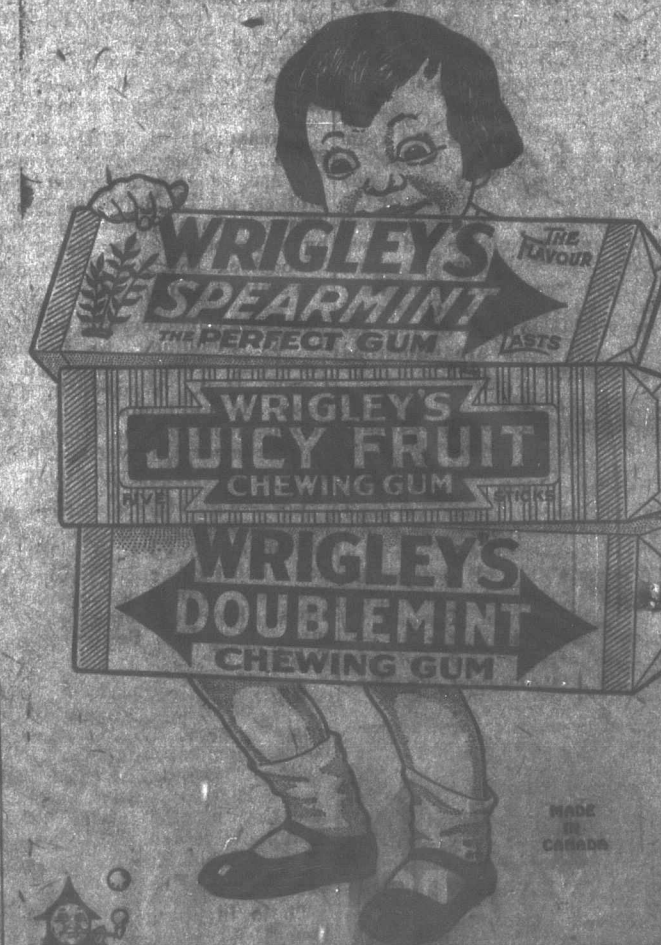
The New Farm Hand.

An unusual industry, perhaps unique, welcomes the return of peace and the resumption of agriculture at the town of Lurais in the Department of Indre-et-Loire, France. In this fertile department, whose name comes down from the days of Louis XIV, Mr. Jules Paillet manages a stock farm of tortoises, which he grows for distribution among French agriculturists. Mr. Paillet's tortoises are of a particular kind, native to Brene and other parts of central France, and very useful as guardians of the farmers' crops. During the day the tortoise, a small fellow with a shell not more than seven or eight inches long at maturity, stays in one place, but at night he travels the

neurotic & watchman, and any farmers of Indre-et-Loire have found it well worth while to employ him in considerable numbers. The new farm hand hibernates in winter, going to bed in November and usually getting up in March. (It must be said, however, that it is not wise to know they are of the right kind for some are very fond of growing vegetation themselves. Mr. Paillet is able to guarantee his tortoises, and therein lies his success as a tortoise-raiser.)

One Resemblance. Wife—are my doughnuts like those your mother used to make? Hub (sampling them)—well,—or—the holes are just the same.

WRIGLEY'S The Greatest Name In Goody-Land



SEALED TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT

The Flavour Lasts