TORY OF THE SHRAPNEL SHELL

RST APPEARED IN THE PEN-INSULAR WAR.

ls Its Own History and Some of the Deeds It Can Do.

am one of the veterans of the ish Army, for I was born in it—ally in it—as far back as the year when my country was in grave ger.

was designed in England, first in England, and first used by ish troops. So I am British gh and through.

those far-off days my name was rical case," though only a little I was, like most children, called my father, Lieutenant—subse-ly Lieutenant-Colonel — Shrap-R.A:

, old as I am, I have changed lit-I am a thin shell containing a-ng charge and a number of bul-about 364, if I am to be fired the eighteen-pounder with our Royal Field Artillery is —and I am provided with a r percussion fuse, which can be burst me either when I strike ject (percussion action), or at pre-determined point in the of my flight (time action).

If the Range Is True.

I am essentially a man-killer. ying objects is the work of my comrade, the high-explosive Consequently, I am usually dis-t to burst in the air in front of in the open. When this is f the range is true, my case all directions, and my bullets, ing their course, but spread-fan-wise, strike down our en-y the score.

bullets will, even at the ex-ange of the gun, kill at 200 om the point of burst, and ep an area of 200 yards by 30 hough half of them will fall first 50 yards of the beaten ut the burst should be at yards from and 50 feet above et.

range is true." There's the you know that guns are such ings that no two shoot alike? now, further, that no instru-existence will do more than approximate range? In s only by observing the hen I burst that the true n be found; consequently I wasted.

In Bygone Battles.

hen I do get on the mark—ter the action of Yu-shu-lin-he Russo-Japanese War, a renth was enfiladed by some mountain artillery, and two shells swept it from end to g every man in it.

appearance was in the Pen-troduced at Vimeiro in 1808 ch an impression that Well-ckly called for more of me. nwa also I did great execu-rially contributing to the ctory that we won.

chief success at this period ps, at St. Sebastian, in I was undoubtedly the ument by which we tri-e concentrated fire of fifty urned upon the enemy, and bullets passed over the r gallant troops, strewing ts with the bodies of the

insula days I have always British troops into the nd South African War I n the breech-loading fif-r, and over and over ported advancing infantry far in the rear and passing eads.

ed by the French.

o say, however, it was the ays keenly alive to any t in artillery, who were ealize my full value in my n. They made great use carrying out Napoleon's at is, shelling the enemy efore loosing the infantry to-day they are employ-conjunction with their 5," to draw "curtains of ect their intrepid troops. can, and frequently do, nt rain of bullets on the

those critics who claim date, I merely state one el forms 80 per cent. of on supply of the field Answers.

ier's Experience.

Kitchener's Army can y souvenirs of the war e P. E. Macintyre, Prin-Canadian Light Infan-ng to his sister in Glas-thsea Hospital, tells her a German bullet that h my coat, jacket and ver touched my skin. x pieces of the shoulder, tunic that were taken in my shoulder. There f shrapnel, and several and shirt. I expect to ugh an operation soon, etal out of my back."

The Markdale STANDARD

is published on Thursday by
C. W. RUTLEDGE,
Markdale, - - Ontario.

Subscription, $1 a year; copies going to the U.S. fifty cents extra for postage. Twenty-five cents added when not paid in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display Advertisements are charged at the following rates per inch for each insertion:

1 Year Contract	10c.
9 Months Contract	10c.
6 " "	12c.
3 " "	12c.
2 " "	14c.
6 Months Contract	15c.
5 " "	16c.
4 " "	18c.
3 " "	20c.
1 " "	25c.

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Correspondence intended for the paper should be addressed to The Standard, Markdale.

Card Clubbing Rates

Globe	$1 75
Mail	2 00
Guardian	2 00
Herald	1 90
Weekly Witness	1 90
Weekly Sun	1 90
Farmer's Advocate	2 50
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Toronto Star	3 00
Toronto World	3 50
Toronto Globe	4 00
Toronto Mail	4 00
Canadian Farm	1 90
Catholic Register	1 90
Canadian Dairy	1 90
Canadian Farm	1 90
American Poultry News	1 40
Western Messenger	1 40
American Countryman	1 50

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. W. PATTON, J.P.
Ont. Issuer of Marriage Business strictly confi.

W. C. DAVIS
Painter and Paperhanger. Estimating and contracting. The latest designs Paper kept and furnished

R. J. SPROULE
Conveyancer, Appraiser, Valuator and Money Lender Mortgages, Leases and Wills Valuations made on notice. Charges very low Office R. J. Sproule, Flesher.

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F. McCULLOUGH
Barrister, Solicitor, etc. Offices—street Markdale. Money to

LUCAS, RANEY & HENRY
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Offices—Lucas Block, Markdale; Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto. B. Lucas, K.C., W. E. Raney, W. D. Henry, B.A.

DENTISTRY.

DR. J. A. MacARTHUR
Dentist.
Office in Artley Block (over Rose' hardware store). Entrance southwest corner of building. Toronto street.

L. G. CAMPBELL
(L.D.S., D.D.S.)
Dental Surgeon! Graduate of Ontario College of Dentistry and University of Toronto. Office over the post office. Office hours, 9 a.m., to 5 p.m. Parties calling after hours please call up residence by private telephone in reception room of dental office.

G. R. MILLER, M.B., M.D., C.M
Rocklyn, Ont.
Graduate of the Medical Faculty of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. Late House Surgeon in the General and Marine Hospital, Owen Sound. Phone 213r3 and 51r3, Rocklyn.

MARKDALE STANDARD

VOL. 36 — MARKDALE, ONT., THURSDAY, DEC. 23, 1915 — WHOLE NO. 1825

FRATERNAL.

A. F. & A. M.
Hiram Lodge, No. 399, G. R. C. Markdale, meets in Masonic Hall, McFarland Block, on Tuesday evening on or before the full moon every month. Visiting brethren cordially invited. Rev. R. M. Phalen, W. M.; H. C. Duff, Secretary.

I. C. O. C. F. No. 399
Court Markdale, Canadian Order Chosen Friends, No. 399, meets fourth Tuesday in the month in Ennis' Hall at 8 o'clock. Mrs. R. R. Smith, Chief Councillor; R. W. Ennis, Recorder.

SAUGEEN LODGE, No. 327, I.O.O.F.
Meets every Friday at 7.30 p.m. in their hall, Main street. Visiting brethren always welcome. W. J. Howard, N.G.; W. C. Davis, Sec'y.

COURT GREY, 1151, C.O.F.
Meets every second and fourth Wednesday of the month in Mathews' Hall, at 8 p.m. Visiting brethren always welcome. Wm. Anderson, C.R.; A. McEachnie, Fin.-Sec.

MARKDALE L. O. L.
No. 1045
Meets in Sargeant's block on Thursday evening on or before full moon in each month. Visiting brethren made welcome. John Johnston, W. M.; John McFadden, Secretary.

DR. I. S. SHEPHERDSON
Veterinary Surgeon
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Faculty of Veterinary Science, University of Toronto. (Dominion Civil Service Veterinary.) Office in Artley Block. Phone 86. 99-25.

AUCTIONEER.

B. H. WALDEN
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey.
All sales promptly attended to. Farm sales a specialty. Arrangements for sales may be made at Standard Office or by Phone 44a. B. H. Walden, Markdale.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED
In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
164 Universities Bldg.

DR. DeVAN'S FRENCH PILLS A reliable Pill for Women. $5 a box or three for $10. Sold at all Drug Stores, or mailed to any address on receipt of price. THE SCOBELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN. Restores Vitality; for Nerve and Brain; increases vigor and memory; a Tonic—will build you up. $3 a box, or two for $5, at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. THE SCOBELL DRUG CO., St. Catharines, Ontario.

For sale at Stephens Drug Store

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years, after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth $300.

The area of cultivation is subject to reduction in case of rough, scrubby or stony land. Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 63382.

Awkward.

An amusing story was told by Mrs. E. Rennie, of Harrogate, England, in opening a bazaar at Eccleshill. A visitor to a hospital for soldiers was surprised to hear one of the patients being addressed by the nurses by his Christian name, it being customary to address patients by their surnames only. Upon inquiry as to why this distinction was accorded to the particular soldier referred to, the reply received was:

"Well, we can't very well call him by his surname."

"But why not?" queried the somewhat astonished visitor.

"You see," was the overwhelming answer, "his surname is Love, and it's rather awkward——"

Quite Formidable.

Tommy—Pa, what is placing a man's life in jeopardy?

Pa—Trying him by jury.

"HAPPY RETURNS"

Mr. Henry Wakeham left the office in a particularly good humor. Christmas was only a week distant, and he was practically certain of a rise of salary with the New Year.

Just now he had a pleasant task in hand. With her usual economy his wife managed to have her birthday coincide with Christmas Eve, so that one present covered both anniversaries. She had often expressed a desire for a ring to wear as keeper to the golden circle which Mr. Henry Wakeham had bestowed upon her less than a year ago, and this desire he proposed to gratify.

He could not afford a very expensive offering, and it had been only by dint of numerous small personal economies that he had been able to scrape together twenty-five shillings for this particular purpose. At a pinch he might go to thirty shillings, but that would mean a very severe strain on the exchequer indeed.

Besides, he knew the ring he wanted. He had noticed it down long ago in Messrs. Goldberg & Schmidt's window. It was plainly marked as to price, so that unless he had been forestalled since that morning the business would not take long.

He entered the shop with a thrilling sense of opulence. A wooden-faced assistant produced a tray of rings, and immediately recommended one priced 30s. Mr. Wakeham carelessly glanced at the proffered article.

"No," said he at last. "I saw something that rather struck me in the window as I came in."

In a few moments the ring in question was brought forth, and Mr. Wakeham examined it.

"Yes, I think this will do," said he. "Will you kindly put it in a case, and the case in a small box, and I will call for it in about half an hour. Twenty-five shillings, I think. Here is the money."

Further up the counter were two opulent-looking gentlemen, being waited on by a venerable, white-haired man, evidently either Mr. Goldberg or Mr. Schmidt in person.

Mr. Wakeham caught the phrase, "You'll knock off the odd five-and-twenty, anyway," and a feeling of awe came over him, accompanied by a slight lowering of self-conceit. How paltry seemed his own purchase in view of these great transactions!

Now, there was no earthly reason why Mr. Wakeham should not have taken the ring with him there and then, beyond the fact that he wished to give himself the opportunity of dropping in again and asking in quite a lordly manner for his "little package."

After a brief half-hour, therefore, he came back. The shop was half-full of customers, all buyers in hundreds and thousands, it seemed to Mr. Wakeham. The Wooden-faced assistant, catching his eye, hastily took a packet from some mysterious receptacle and handed it out.

"Your ring, sir." But no one save Mr. Wakeham himself took the slightest notice.

He left the shop once more, slightly dashed in spirits, but before he had reached his railway-station they had risen again at the thought of his wife's coming pleasure.

He would not give her the ring until the morning of her birthday. At breakfast he would pretend to have forgotten all about it, then, just as he was leaving for business, he would feign to find the ring in his pocket, and hand it to her as a sort of makeshift. Oh, he would be very facetious! He had thought it all out, even to the very words he would use.

The little package remained, neatly tied and sealed, in Mr. Wakeham's private drawer at the office, during the remainder of the week. He did not open it, distrusting his own ability to restore it to its present attractive neatness.

When at last the great morning came he was bubbling with anticipation. He watched his wife covertly as she sat down to breakfast, and noted the little disappointed look that came into her eyes as she beheld the space beside her plate bare, save for a few cards from relatives and friends. These gave Mr. Wakeham his cue.

"Good gracious, Nellie!" he exclaimed, with quite a creditable start of consternation. "Your birthday! And to think that I never remembered! But, really, we have been so busy at the office lately!"

The young wife smiled bravely.

"Oh, it's all right, Harry—don't apologize!" she said; but Mr. Wakeham caught a little tremor in her voice, and almost chuckled once more. By Jove, this was a joke!

The breakfast was a somewhat trying one, though Mr. Wakeham, in order to heighten the impression of neglect, talked volubly of football matches.

Then the great moment arrived. In his zeal Mr. Wakeham had left himself rather shorter time than usual in which to catch his train, and he would have to rush the climax, which was rather a pity. He thrust his arms into his overcoat, then affected to discover the package in his pocket.

"Well, well, now!" he cried. "What a memory, to be sure! I clean forgot that I remembered your birthday, after all, Nellie! Here you are, dear, with many, many happy returns of the day!" And he imprinted a kiss on his wife's lips.

"Oh, Harry, you wretch!" she exclaimed. "How could you? And I—I thought——"

"That I had forgotten," interrupted the delighted Mr. Wakeham. "Of course you did! My little joke, dear!"

And, with another hurried kiss, he was gone.

Mrs. Wakeham opened the packet with tremulous fingers. A ring! She snapped open the lid of the case, and then gave a little gasp. Diamonds—and sapphires!

A little thrill ran through her as she slipped the ring on her finger and flashed it in the wintry morning sun that was just beginning to shine redly through the fog, and she caught her breath once more. The stones couldn't be real! She knew, as every woman does, something of the value of precious stones, and she made a rapid little calculation. Why, these, to be genuine, must be worth scores—hundreds of pounds! A little cloud came across her face. She would sooner have had something genuine, even though it had only been one small jewel.

During the subsequent two hours or so Mrs. Wakeham proceeded with her housewifely duties in a somewhat absent-minded manner, and it was not until the afternoon that she, not without some prickings of conscience, came to a momentous decision.

She would find out the actual value of Harry's present. It seemed a little mean, but feminine curiosity triumphed, and she sallied forth. She knew just the very place to go. A little shop some two miles away, where they bought and sold all kinds of valuables, and she felt sure of being unknown there. She reached her goal a little breathless, and it was with a somewhat furtive air that she entered the shop. An old man in spectacles materialized out of the gloom.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Wakeham, with a rather unsuccessful attempt at offhandedness. "I just wished to ascertain the value of this little ring, if you will kindly give me your opinion."

The old man, after a keen glance at the speaker, took the proffered article, and looked at it closely. Mrs. Wakeham, scarcely breathing, saw his white eyebrows suddenly raised, but he said nothing at the moment. He came around the counter, and examined the ring in the better light of the doorway.

"Hum—ha!" he ejaculated, then looked at his visitor again.

"Do you wish to sell it?" he asked.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Mrs. Wakeham, feeling distinctly uncomfortable under the sharp eyes. "I merely wish to know its value."

"You found the ring, perhaps?"

Mrs. Wakeham flushed a deep crimson.

"Really, I do not know what concern it is of yours!" she returned haughtily. "If you cannot oblige me with an answer to my question I can go elsewhere. Of course, I am willing to pay you a small fee if necessary," she added.

"Not at all—not at all!" replied the old man quietly. "The ring is worth, as far as I am a judge, somewhere about five hundred pounds."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Wakeham, faintly.

Mrs. Wakeham took back the ring with a trembling hand. "You—you are sure you are not mistaken?" she said.

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"I will offer you four hundred pounds for it," he said.

"I shall not sell," replied Mrs. Wakeham curtly. "And your fee?"

"Nothing," said the man, drily.

As soon as she had gone out the doorway the old man hastened to the door of an inner room.

"Isaac!" he cried sharply. "Isaac!"

A sallow youth appeared.

"Hello!"

"You saw that woman?"

"Yes."

"Follow her—quickly! See where she lives. Don't lose her—quick!"

In a moment the sallow youth was on the track of Mrs. Wakeham, who, all unconscious that she was being followed, walked straight home in a mood of profoundest mystification.

Once more in the privacy of her own dwelling, she sat down to gather her thoughts. What did it all mean? Five hundred pounds! More than thrice her husband's annual income! Oh, it was a puzzle! She would think no more about it until her husband returned; then, no doubt, everything would be made clear to her.

As she came to this wise decision a ring at the front-door bell startled her. Running to the window she beheld a stalwart man waiting. He looked like a soldier in private clothes—or a policeman! With a vague foreboding she went to the door.

"Mrs. Wakeham?"

"Yes."

"May I come in for a moment? I am from Scotland Yard, and I wish to make inquiries concerning a ring which you have in your possession."

Mrs. Wakeham grew deathly pale.

"A—a ring?" she stammered. "Why, is it—is it——"

The detective interrupted her.

"I am merely making inquiries," said he gravely.

"You—you do not imagine that it has been stolen?" she asked. "Why, my husband gave it to me this morning as a birthday-present."

The detective's eyebrows rose slightly.

"And your husband is Mr. Henry Wakeham, clerk at Grover & Wetherstone's, Mincing Lane?"

"Yes."

The detective was silent for a moment.

"What time do you expect him home?"

"At any moment now," replied Mrs. Wakeham. "Ah, here he is!"

"Good!" sighed the detective, relievedly.

Mr. Henry Wakeham came up the little path whistling merrily, and, opening the door, called out a cheery greeting. His wife met him in the hall, and the sight of her white face froze the smile on his own.

"Oh, Harry——" she began, but the detective had followed close on her heels, and Mr. Wakeham eyed him in amazement.

"Hello!" said he.

"This gentleman is a detective, Harry," explained his wife, agitatedly. "He—he is inquiring about the—that ring you gave me."

"The ring?" exclaimed Mr. Henry Wakeham, eyeing the detective angrily. "Well, what about it? I bought it and paid for it."

"You paid for it—how much, sir?" inquired the man.

"Well, I don't know what business it is of yours, police or no police," returned Mr. Wakeham; "but twenty-five shillings, if you must know, of Goldberg & Schmidt's in Argyle Street."

"Twenty-five shillings — for this ring?" said the detective, and he held it out.

Mr. Wakeham looked, and gave a gasp of astonishment.

"That—that isn't the ring I bought!" he cried.

His wife looked up, red-eyed.

"Oh, Harry, it is the one you gave me this morning!"

The detective looked from one to the other.

"A very good bargain for the buyer—this twenty-five shilling ring," he said, drily.

"Look here!" exclaimed Mr. Wakeham, angrily. "Tell me just what you are driving at, because, if you doubt my word, we can go to the shop right away, and you can prove the truth of what I say. The fool of a chap in the shop must have handed me the wrong packet, and I never looked to see if it was all right."

"We can easily settle that," said the detective. "I must ask you to come with me to Goldberg & Schmidt's."

Within half an hour the two men entered the shop in Argyle Street. The venerable white-haired man, who proved to be Mr. Schmidt, came forward eagerly in response to a card sent in by the detective.

"Ha!" he said. "Come into my office, gentlemen."

He evidently took Mr. Wakeham for a colleague of the other's.

"Now," he added quickly, "I hope you have got goot news for me."

The detective produced the ring. Mr. Schmidt's eyes glistened.

"Goot!" he exclaimed delightedly. "Very clever; and you haf caught the scoundrels themselves, or their agomplice?" he added, with a glance at Mr. Wakeham, who flushed resentfully.

"I had the ring," he said, sharply; "but that was because your chucklehead of an assistant gave it to me in mistake."

Mr. Schmidt looked at the detective, who nodded.

"That seems to be correct," said he. "Perhaps you had better let this gentleman speak to your assistant."

"I haf four," replied Mr. Schmidt.

"That's the one, nearest the door," said Mr. Wakeham, peering thorugh the glass partition. And the wooden-faced assistant was summoned.

"Ever seen this young gentleman before?" asked the detective quickly, indicating Mr. Wakeham.

The young man looked, and recognition gleamed in his dull eye.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "He bought a ring here one evening. Let me see—why, it was on the same day that——" And he hesitated. "By Jove!" he added, as a shade of animation stirred on his countenance. "You don't mean to say I made a mistake?"

"That will do, Mr. Barker," observed Mr. Schmidt. "You can go now." And the wooden-faced assistant disappeared.

"I think I understand," continued Mr. Schmidt. "The two packets were alike, and I somewhat carelessly omitted to mark the valuable one until too late."

"I don't know about 'too late, sir,' smiled the detective. "It seems to me a very good thing you didn't mark it in time."

"Exactly!" chuckled Mr. Schmidt. "We really have to thank this gentleman for having rendered the mistake traceable, and now I think some explanation is due to him."

It appeared that the two men who had attracted Mr. Wakeham's envious attention had chosen a ring—"as a present for a lady"—to the value of six hundred pounds. One of the pair addressed the other by the name of a very popular aviator, to whose published portraits he bore a strong resemblance. When it came to the question of payment, the presumed aviator produced a blank cheque, which he proceeded to fill in with the amount required. He said he would leave both the ring and the cheque; then in the morning, the latter could be presented at the adjacent bank, and the ring called for about midday.

This seemed eminently satisfactory, and so it was arranged. The cheque was duly presented and pronounced correct. The aviator called for his ring, and presumably received it.

Then, two days later, came a shock to Mr. Schmidt's nerves in the form of a communication from the famous aviator. The cancelled cheque had been returned to him, and he pronounced the whole thing to be a forgery! Nor had he ever been in Messrs. Goldberg & Schmidt's establishment in his life.

The affair had been hastily placed in the hands of the police, and a detailed description of the men and the ring itself circulated among all known dealers. Hence Mrs. Wakeham's unconscious starting of a clue.

"And now, my dear sir," concluded Mr. Schmidt, "you must allow me to make you some recompense for the bother we have caused you. Your ring is lost, it is true, but you have been the means of my recovering one much more valuable. Now, here is one which I hope you will accept in the place of the one you bought. It is worth more than five times as much, and I would like you to give it to your wife. She, too, has been upset."

Mr. Wakeham beamingly took the proffered article.

"I am sure that's kind of you," said he. "I am extremely obliged." Then he chuckled. "I'd like to have seen the faces of those rogues when they opened their prize-packet," said he.

"If ever I see their faces again," remarked Mr. Schmidt fervently, "I shall know them again. Good-evening, sir! And a Merry Christmas to you and your wife."—London Answers.

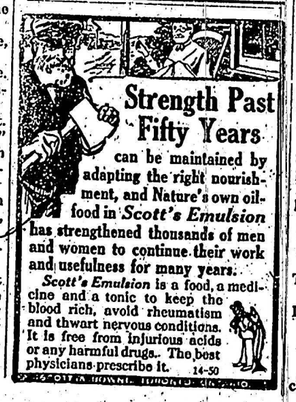
WAR IN THE CARPATHIANS.

Passes Which the Russians Endeavored to Force.

The Carpathian chain, from south of Krakow to the Rumanian border, runs a distance of 300 miles. In the north is Dukla Pass, by forcing which the Russians would clear the way to Barfa or Bartfeld, and the railway line leading through the important city of Kassa to Budapest.

Thirty miles southeast of Dukla lies Lupkow Pass, through which runs the railway from Przemysl, by way of Mezo Lamore, toward the Hungarian capital. Fifty miles southeast to Lupkow is Uzsok, the strategic centre of the Carpathians, through which comes the railway from Lemberg. Thirty-five miles to the south-east lies Beskid Pass, through which the Russians at one time had penetrated as far as Volocz, in Hungary.

Should the Russians ever succeed in forcing their way through the Uzsok gap a march of less than 20 miles will bring them out on the Hungarian plain, while further to the north and south the Carpathian barrier widens out and presents difficult country for a rapid advance.



SHARP ATTACK REPULSED

Dangerous Condition Relieved Just In Time By "Fruit-a-tives"

MR. F. J. CAVEEN

632 Gerrard St. East, Toronto.

For two years, I was a victim of *Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach*. It afterwards attacked my Heart, and I had pains all over the body, so I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of medicines but none of them did me any good. At last, acting on the advice of a friend, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, after using only three boxes. I recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to anyone suffering from Indigestion, no matter how acute". FRED J. CAVEEN.

Simple Indigestion often leads to *Heart Attacks, Cancer of the Stomach and constant distress of mind and body*. If you are bothered with any Stomach trouble, and especially if Constipation troubles you, take 'Fruit-a-tives'.

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

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, DECEMBER 26.

Lesson XIII. — Jehovah's Gracious Promises to Israel. Review. Read Hosea 11.

Golden Text: Psa. 105, 8.

There are some promises that were thousands of years ago that have been faithfully kept, and some that are still waiting to be fulfilled that will be just as faithfully kept. The One who has made and kept these promises never has failed and never will fail to keep his word with his people.

God has made these gracious promises. He made them to his people in the days long ago, sending prophets, priests, and kings to them to deliver messages and to help him in fulfilling the promises. Elijah, Elisha, Jehoiada, Joash, Daniel, Jonah, Amos, and Hosea were among the number through whom God sent and fulfilled some of his promises. We have studied about each of these in the quarter just closing.

Through Elijah, the faithful, fearless prophet God rebuked a wicked king, brought righteousness to pass, and chose a new helper who was to take up the work which Elijah had down.

Through Elisha God fed the hungry, helped the weak, healed the sick, and delivered a city from the enemy.

Through Jehoiada he preserved the life of a little boy who was one day to become a good and great king.

Through Joash the king he destroyed idols, rebuilt the temple, and brought the people back to the worship of the true Jehovah.

Through Daniel he taught the lessons of self-control and fulfilled the promises of reward to those who are constant and steadfast.

Through Jonah, the foreign missionary, he warned and caused the great city of Nineveh to repent and be delivered from an awful destruction.

Through Amos, the home missionary, he reminded the people who were living in luxury at the expense of their helpless fellow creatures that such deeds would bring their own punishment, and he called them to repent and remember his gracious promise to forgive those who turn to him repenting of their sins.

Through Hosea he sent a message of deep love, telling how he longed to have the people turn to him as a child turns to his father, promising them that he would forgive their sins and restore them to a place in his love.

Through Jesus Christ, the King of Love, he fulfilled the promise that he had made of the coming One who should come to redeem the people from their sins and to bring peace on earth and good will to men.

Every promise which God has made he has faithfully kept in the past and is faithfully keeping to-day. He has used people of all types to help him in fulfilling these promises.

Neither One Nor the Other.

This war that causes such distress
Earns neither joy nor treasure.
Its mighty sorry business
And not a bit of pleasure.

Only a very unusually hungry man can eat advice and enjoy it.