CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

Gentleman In Vancouver Owes His Recovery

TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 1st, 1910.

I am well acquainted with a man, known to thousands in Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster, who for nearly a year was practically a cripple from rheumatism. He was so troubled with the disease that he found it difficult to even turn over in bed. His heart appeared so weak that he could hardly get upstairs. Last June, he received a sample of "Fruit-a-tives." He used them and dates his recovery from that time. To-day there is no other man in Vancouver enjoying better health. He was building a house this fall and shingled a good part of the roof in a driving rain storm without suffering any bad effects.

JOHN B. LACY.

"Fruit-a-tives" is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back and all Kidney Troubles, because it is the greatest blood-purifying medicine ever discovered.

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

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FOR CATARRH.

Medicine Free in Every Case Where it Fails to Relieve.

Neglect or pessimism, we believe, is the greatest enemy the public has to contend with when applied to the loss or recovery of health. Practically every case of "consumption might have been cured if hope had been maintained and proper treatment had been resorted to at the first symptom of the disease. Until the advanced stage is reached consumption is curable. Catarrh is responsible, we believe, for many cases of consumption. It is about catarrh we want to talk to you to-day, incidentally consumption, since the two are so closely allied.

We have a medicine made from a prescription of one of the most successful catarrh specialists known. We believe it is positively without an equal. We are so satisfied that we are right, that we will supply the medicine free in every instance where it is used according to directions for a reasonable length of time, should it fail to give satisfaction in every particular. We want every one to try this medicine at our risk. There are no conditions attached to our offer. We put the user under no obligation to us whatever.

The medicine we want you to try is Rexall Mucu-Tone. It is a catarrh remedy that goes direct to the seat of trouble. It is carried by the blood to every part of the system. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones up the mucous cells, and brings about a condition of health and strength that tends to prevent the germs of consumption from getting a start. Besides this, Rexall Mucu-Tone is a wonderful appetizer, digestive aid and flesh builder. Its good effects are often felt from the very first dose. It is one of the largest and most satisfactory selling medicines that we have ever had anything to do with.

We know so much of the great good that it has done that we personally back it up with our reputation and money, which fact should be ample guarantee to satisfy anybody. Rexall Mucu-Tone comes in two sizes, 50c. and $1. We urge you to try it. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies in Kingston only at our store,—The Rexall Store. G. W. Mahood.

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THE WORMWITH PIANO CO LIMITED, 322 PRINCESS STREET.

The Man Behind

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX.

Free of the office for a whole afternoon, James Portland, after a hasty lunch swung down the street, rejoicing in the full splendor of the day and the thought that if he could find Anne he would take her for a walk in the woods. He had been unable to get her on the telephone, but as the 'phone system was out of order, he concluded to go out and see her.

It was not so far a jaunt to the funny old tree-beset place which she and her father lived and would not for the world have modernized, and as the young man strode thitherward he approved their taste. He approved, in fact, of everything, about or connected with Anne—her father, who liked him, her conservative bulldog who was impartial, old Mary, the cook, who detested him because he was a suitor for Anne's pretty brown hand—and, very especially, Anne herself, who was airily and firmly friendly, but whose real heart's opinion of him was evidently not to be come by easily.

There was, however, an item in the surroundings of Anne, which he very thoroughly hated. This was Mr. John Mackintosh, who was apparently in the lead of the girl's not brief procession of lovers.

As James Portland neared the house, he saw that which made him stop suddenly and swear beneath his breath. Out of the driveway came Mackintosh with his blue car; and beside him, trim in the blue suit that agreed with her eyes, laughing and pleasure bent, sat Miss Anne. Again Portland knew himself to be the man behind.

He walked bitterly on past the house, not caring now what became of his precious afternoon. It had been going like this all summer. He had always been too late; try as he would, she was either not there to be asked to go with him, or already promised to some one else—usually Mackintosh. It would have been funny had it not been so tragic—and at 23 tragedy is—tragedy.

But now things had come to the point where he had to do something. He wondered if he was a conceited donkey to feel down in his heart that something in her answered to his appeal? Though frank and free and laughing—it was as if she held him off; she seldom let a silence fall between them; once she had blushed like any rose when suddenly her glance met his adoring gaze in a moment when he had been off guard. He was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve.

Then as he walked alone into the autumn splendor of the woods, he began to wonder whether he had made such a devoted fool of himself that he had no chance with her. His sister had told him that no girl wanted what she could trample under foot. He had tried not to be servile, obedient, worshipping—the hardest task in the world! What should he do? Was the fact that they had been playmates from childhood against him? Was she too used to him? He felt that the old, sweet friendship had been rather lessened and nothing given him in its place.

To increase the trouble of his loneliness, the wooded paths were not for him alone; men and maids in twos, met or passed him, gay, lifting glances to each other, scarcely seeing him. He was even shamed at being alone.

He turned into the woods and cut across a pathless space. Then he sat down, and for comfort put his head against a big birch while he thought it out, closing his eyes to the fight which filtered itself to great yellowness through the leaves above.

What should he do about Anne? Here he had been dangling for years—all his life. She knew he adored her—and she trailed constantly about with a fellow like Mackintosh who had known her less than a year. He denied in Mackintosh anything good save mere brute strength and a disgustingly big bank account. The man was mere "idle rich"—though everybody seemed strangely to like the fellow! Why was it? then the young architect fell into a half-dream of the house he would build for Anne—supposing she would let him. Then—perhaps he slept. He must have for he thought bees were murmuring about him, and then he woke gradually and knew it was a human voice—a girl's.

He opened his eyes, but did not move. But the stranger lovers had not seen him. How could they, considering that they were leaning on each other, searching each other's faces? The man was saying:

"And the three years we've wasted when we might have been happy like this!"

The girl broke in, her voice tense with feeling:

"Your own fault! Could I ask you to—marry me? Could I tell you—I cared—when you didn't ask me? Men are such—geese!"

Then they passed on, and James Portland sat up straight and considered himself in a new light! He was worse than a goose—he was a fool a blithering idiot of an imbecile! Here he had been shadowing Anne like a ghost—and as silent! Come to think of it he had not for ages said he loved her. She had then thought herself too young—had he ever asked her straight out to marry him? No he had not!

On this thought, he rose and brushed the yellow leaves from his hair and clothes, and the cobwebs from his mind. He struck back towards the paths. She was out with Mackintosh—all right, he, James Portland would go and camp on her porch and then claim her on sight. His courage rose so high that he considered taking, rather than asking for, the girl! He would at least put things to the test and get out of his misery.

He struck along the winding path, eager and alert, until he reached the highway through the woods, a hard smooth, fine road for Mackintosh's machine, for instance. And as he walked down it, back toward town, he suddenly turned a corner and beheld that same hated blue car. But it was standing still; and in it sat a girl—alone evidently. Probably Mackintosh was on his back under the thing—he hoped ardently for that sight. Then he quickened his gait that he might the sooner be sympathetic and helpful. Anne's back was toward him and she sat leaning listlessly against the side of the seat not hearing him until he came around the car, and close enough to touch her, had he dared.

"Oh!" she said, and started. "You!"

"Where's Mackintosh," he demanded, peeping beneath the machine.

"Gone to telephone for help—thing's beyond tinkering. I stayed here," she finished a little lamely, and flushed, for there was a new something in the gaze of the man who looked straight into her eyes. Was it—intention—mastery? It was certainly something that would not be denied.

The girl made haste to laugh away the thing that began to grip her.

"Amuse me, Jimmy," she said suddenly. "Have you any marbles or a jack knife? You used to play mumblety peg—remember?"

But he would not be manipulated into distance, mental or actual. He held up a hand to help her.

"Get out a minute, Anne. I'm going to say something that I won't have you answer in—his machine. Come!"

She laughed again, but began slowly to obey him as he held her by one hand to steady her.

When she stood safely beside him under the crimson and brown oak by the roadside, he was still holding to that hand. She pulled.

"When you're—quite through with it, Jimmy. I'd really like to push in some hairpins. It's my hand, you know—and besides somebody might."

"Let them come! It's—my hand, Anne! I take it—I want it—I ask for it, Anne. Please, dear—please, Anne, I've loved you long enough."

"Of course—if you feel that way you might—stop it," she murmured, but his voice was stern.

"I mean I've loved you long enough in silence! I'm not dumb, Anne, you know, and I wouldn't mind asking you from the housetops. Do you love me or not?"

She seemed to consider.

"Come, Anne. Yes—or no—will you answer my question!"

But Anne was yet a woman—she knew the way around. This was what she said:

"Why—didn't—you ask me before?" and then he began to kiss her.

Of course, being blind, they could not see Mackintosh as he approached, but the young Scotchman's eyes began to bulge. And as his heavy shoe struck a stone, they jumped like guilty things and turned just in time to come face to face with him. Anne clung to Portland's arm, as if danger threatened her, the while, hardly knowing what he said the lover remarked inanely:

"We're—engaged, we—"

The other man's face was white but he managed to laugh, and he removed his cap almost reverently.

"I gather as much," he said stiffly. "And—if you're not good to her—I'll," he turned on his heel, his threat unfinished.

Then he crawled under his car and began to tinker. And the two went up the road to the crooked little path to the birch tree.

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The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are absolutely cured by

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Discovered by an Old Railroad Surgeon. All Druggist positively refund money if it fails to cure. 25c, 50c & $1.00

Paris Medicine Co., Celina, Ohio.
Gentlemen: We are requested to say to you that a prominent citizen here—an old soldier—has had a running sore on his leg for a number of years and your DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL cured him. He is prepared to make a sworn statement to this effect.
(Signed) WYCKOFF BROS., Druggists.

Made by E. W. Grove
Maker of Laxative Bromo Quinine

SIDNEY DREW,
In a scene from "Billy," at the Grand, on Monday, Dec. 12th, Queen's theatre night.

FOR BETTER MANNERS.

Forms League With Object of Teaching Politics.

Berlin, Dec. 7.—A "League of Politeness," an organization which aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin, came into being last night. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecelie Meyer, a young woman who was inspired by an an existing organization in Rome.

Fraulein Meyer called a meeting of influential men and women at the Lyceum club, and the consensus of their opinion was that such an organization was badly needed in the German capital. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." These words will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language.

"Any polite person" is eligible for membership of the league. The attempt to supplant politeness for incivility is to be directed especially at tramway conductors, railway ticket collectors, cab drivers, customs "and other officials." It is the invariable impression of foreigners who visit Berlin that politeness is not numbered among the many sterling virtues of the Germans.

CANNED EGGS SEIZED.

Found Swarming With Disease-Bearing Bacteria.

Chicago, Dec. 7.—United States marshals seized 5,000 pounds of "canned" eggs, shipped to Chicago, and which United States District Attorney Sims charged were spoiled. He asserted that test of one teaspoonful of the substance showed the presence of 34,000,000 bacteria, of which at least 1,000,000 were of the disease-producing variety.

District Attorney Sims declared that it was the beginning of a federal crusade against spoiled eggs, both canned and desiccated, which the government officials claim are being shipped here by the ton and sold in various forms to the middle west and east, though much, according to the test, is said to be spoiled and unfit for food. Federal agents are now posted in receiving stations.

Sang in Whispers Only.

Vienna, Dec. 7.—The entire men's chorus has been summarily dismissed from the Imperial Opera for what is called a passive resistance demonstration. The men, numbering forty-eight, were exasperated by the refusal of their persistent appeals for better pay, and, on Saturday, they appeared on the stage as usual, but suppressed their voices to whispers. The conductor's frantic efforts to make them sing were ignored and the audience hissed them. Hence the punishment.

A chorus man's salary is $100 yearly until he has served three years, after which it rises gradually until he receives $350.

Mrs. Ann Jackson, widow of the late George T. Jackson, in failing health for some years, passed away on Sunday morning, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Thorne, College Hill, Belleville. Deceased was sixty-nine years of age.

Mrs. Joseph Lambert, an aged resident of Belleville, died at the hospital on Monday morning. Deceased, who was seventy-five years of age, had lived in the city for at least half a century.

AGRICULTURAL COURSES

To be Inaugurated in Fourteen High Schools.

Toronto, Dec. 7.—Under the auspices of the provincial department of agriculture there will be inaugurated in the early part of the New Year a series of six weeks' agriculture courses in fourteen high schools.

The work of instruction will be under the direction of the agricultural teachers and district representatives in the various localities. The courses are open to all. Since last year the department has extended its operations to the counties of Lambton, Hastings and Durham, the others interested being Essex, Waterloo, Simcoe, Norfolk, Victoria, Peterboro, Ontario, Prince Edward, Dundas, Carleton and Lanark, fourteen in all.

The Famous Rayo

Does Not Strain the Eyes

Don't use a small, concentrated light over one shoulder. It puts an unequal strain on your eyes. Use a diffused, soft, mellow light that cannot flicker, that equalizes the work of the eyes, such as the Rayo Lamp gives, and avoid eye strain.

The Rayo is designed to give the best light, and it does.

It has a strong, durable shade-holder that is held firm and true. A new burner gives added strength. Made of solid brass and finished in nickel. Easy to keep polished. The Rayo is low priced, but no other lamp gives a better light at any price.

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You hear it makes a bigger loaf, that the loaf is sweeter-flavored, more nutritious, more easily assimilated than bread made with other flours.

We can tell you why ROBIN HOOD Flour makes that kind of a loaf, but what ought to interest you more than "why it does" is that "it does."

You can prove what we say as true at no risk of loss to yourself.

It is largely a matter of making up your mind to use "Robin Hood."

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TRAVELLING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL FAIR, GUELPH, ONT., December 5th to 9th.
Round Trip Fare from Kingston $6.35.
Good going Saturday, Dec. 3rd, to Friday, December 9th, good to return until Dec. 12th.

LOCAL BRANCH TIME-TABLE.
Trains will leave and arrive at City Depot as follows:

Going West.

	Leave City.	Arrive City.
Nos 9 Mail	12.25 a.m.	12.57 a.m.
" 3 Express	2.45 a.m.	3.25 a.m.
" 11 Local	9.15 a.m.	9.47 a.m.
" 1 Int. Lmtd.	12.25 p.m.	12.57 p.m.
" Mail	3.17 p.m.	3.40 p.m.
" 43 Local	7.00 p.m.	7.38 p.m.

Going East.

	Leave City.	Arrive City.
Nos 8 Mail	1.40 a.m.	2.17 a.m.
" 2 Fast Express	2.48 a.m.	3.25 a.m.
" 84 Local	8.15 a.m.	8.50 a.m.
" 6 Mail	12.25 p.m.	12.57 p.m.
" 4 Fast Ex.	1.08 p.m.	1.40 p.m.
" 89 Local	7.00 p.m.	7.38 p.m.

Trains 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 run daily; other trains daily except Sunday.

For full particulars and Pullman reservations, apply to
J. P. HANLEY, Agent,
Corner Johnson and Ontario Sts.

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5.00 p.m.—Local for Sharbot Lake, connecting with C. P. R. East and West.

7.45 a.m. Mixed—For Renfrew and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Friday.

Passengers leaving Kingston at 12.01 p.m. arrive in Ottawa at 5 p.m.; Peterboro, 4.38 p.m.; Toronto, 4.55 p.m.; Montreal, 7.05 p.m.; Boston, 7.30 a.m.; St. John, 12.00 noon.

Full particulars at K. and P. and C.P.R. Ticket Office, Ontario Street.
F. CONWAY,
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