

AT LAST, A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-lives Cured Me" Says Mrs. Baxter.

"I was a helpless cripple from Rheumatism for nearly a year. All down the right side, the pain was dreadful and I could not move for the agony. I was treated by two physicians without help. I saw 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised in 'The Telegram' and decided to try them. After I had taken one box, I was much better.

"When I had taken three boxes, I could use my arm and the pain was almost gone. After taking five boxes, I was entirely well again. The cure of my case by 'Fruit-a-lives' was indeed splendid because all the doctors failed to even relieve me. 'Fruit-a-lives' cured me.

Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER, 4 HOME PLACE, TORONTO, DEC. 15, '09.



In hundreds of other cases, "Fruit-a-lives" has given exactly the same satisfactory results because "Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest blood purifying medicine in the world. "Fruit-a-lives" the famous fruit medicine regulates kidney, liver, bowels and skin, and prevents the accumulation of uric acid, which is the prime cause of Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-lives" will positively cure every case of Rheumatism, when taken according to directions. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

THE AMERICAN CAFE

183 Wellington St.

The Up-to-date Restaurant and Eating House. Separate apartments. Well furnished and lighted.

Try our full course dinner, 75c.

THOS GUY, Prop.

Zutoo

Will cure any headache in 20 minutes, will nip a cold in the bud, will relieve the monthly pains of women, and in every case it

Leaves you Feeling Good.

KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Highest Education at Lowest Cost
Twenty-sixth year. Full Term begins August 30th. Courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typing, Graphy, Civil Service and English. Our graduates get the best positions. Within a short time over sixty secured positions with one of the largest railway corporations in Canada. Enter at once. Call or write for information. H. F. Metcalfe, Principal, Kingston, Canada.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADIE MULLEN, 3728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?
For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.
If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

Severe Critics.
New York Park.
Alto—I like Tom immensely, and he's very much the gentleman, but he does like to talk about himself!
Grace—Yes, dear, you might have a thousand T's.

Money And Marriage

William Douglass, manager of Thornybrook, strode to the telephone and rang three times. A lovely voice, with a little yawn in it, answered.
"May I see you a few moments, Miss Anne?" queries Douglass. "It's a matter of importance."
"Yes, William," returned the lovely voice. "Come right over."
Anne Thornton, owner of Thornybrook, awaited the manager in a sun-flooded room in the handsome old house. Miss Thornton was good to look upon. In a ruffled, trailing morning gown, and with dewy eyes that looked forth contentedly on a pleasant world, she was ravishing.
Or so thought William Douglass, anyway. William was in love with his employer.

His homely, trustworthy face was pale and his eyes were dark-ringed. He had not slept much for two nights trying to decide on just what he was going to say. Now he found his speech curiously hard to deliver.
"Miss Anne," he began.
"Yes," encouraged Miss Anne, in a tone of voice she reserved for Douglass alone.
"I am going—I have decided—that is, we—you have a chance to buy some more stock of the Duquoin National bank."
"Well, what do you think of it?"
"It is a good buy," William, on familiar ground, was not embarrassed now. "The bank's well managed and is making money."
"Then buy it, William. You know I trust all those things to you, anyway."
The unhappy William perspired. "That's what I came to see you about, I've been thinking about the bank farm. Shall we pasture it again this summer or plow for corn? We'd better decide, if this weather is going to stay."

Without the low hills were taking on a tender greenery, and two robins made love under the window. Miss Anne, being young and wholesome and pretty, was pulsing beneath the call of spring—and William was talking about plowing!
"Whatever you think best, William." And then, suddenly turning her dark eyes full upon him: "What did you really want to see me about, William?"
Douglass gasped and floundered. Then, rising, he placed a little package of papers in her hand, and said:
"Here's a statement of things—o-farms. I'm going to—leave, Miss Anne."
The old clock in the hall tick-tocked off ages of silence. Douglass kept his stubborn glance on the sunny landscape beyond the broad window. Miss Anne studied the top of her little slipper.

"Going away," she said at last, as if to herself. "You are really going to leave us? Why, William?"
"It's a private matter. I'd well I'd rather not say, Miss Anne."
"Is it salary, William? You know I've tried to make you take more."
"No," returned Douglass, decidedly. "I'm paid more than I'm worth, now."
"But you've done splendidly, William. When we hired you as manager, mother and I had no idea of burdening you with our financial affairs, too. And now we're depending on you to make our investments."
"It's all right, Miss Anne. I've liked to do it."
"Uncle Robert says you've made us richer than ever. And a share of that is yours."
"No," said Douglass, and he meant it. "It isn't money."
"I'm sorry," said Miss Thornton, plaintively. "We've been very happy together. If William had not been so busy watching the love-making robins he would have noticed a little blush tinge his employer's cheeks as she substituted: "Everything's been so harmonious."
"I know, Miss Anne. That's what makes it hard to go. I never can thank you for your kindness. Those papers will explain things to the new man."
"William," interrupted Miss Anne, "please sit down again. I want your advice—for a friend. You're not going to leave us right away?"
"Oh, no; I can stay for—for a little time."
"Three months—four months?" The girl leaned forward eagerly.
"We—el, I hardly think so; I want

to get established before the summer is too far advanced."
"Oh," a pause. "So you're going into business?"
"Yes—es, that is, I think so."
"Is that so personal that you didn't want to tell me?" There was an accusing emphasis on the "me." Douglass did not attempt to answer.
"One of my girl friends doesn't know just what to do, William. You see, she's—she's—in love."
"Oh!"
"That 'Oh' was dreadfully noncommittal, William. Aren't you interested?"
"Why, yes, certainly, Miss Anne."
"Well, she doesn't know whether the young man is—in love with her or not."
"Yes?"
"Oh, there are complications, William. Can't you tell?"
"She isn't sure. She thinks he likes her, but—"

William. She is rich and the young man is poor. She feels he's too proud to speak."
"Oh."
"Well, what is she going to do?—she—she's—cried herself to sleep. I'm afraid, a good many times; and yet there doesn't seem to be any way to make him speak."
William looked up. The dark eyes averted innocently and perplexedly into his own.
"There isn't any way, I'm afraid," he said, with an unconscious sigh. "If the man has self-respect he can't be a fortune hunter. He must make his own way before he can ask the girl to be his wife."
"She's thought of that, too. But it seems so foolish! They may have to wait years, and grow old and withered while he makes a lot of money they don't need. Isn't marriage an equal partnership? Why hasn't the wife the right to bring money to the union as her husband?"
"From an impersonal standpoint, he has," replied William, "but if I were that young man I would feel as sure that you cannot in honor speak while his motives could be misconstrued. Her friends would say—"

"Both her friends!" Miss Anne looked confused when she realized the emphasis she had put on the three words, but only for a moment. Then she added: "That's the way she feels. She says she has a right to her own money, no matter what people think or say. She is satisfied he is not a fortune hunter; that he is upright and honorable, and the man nature intended as her mate. Why can't he be sensible and speak?"
She leaned forward in her chair, her lips drooping in childlike perplexity. Douglass got up hastily and backed away. He did not want to lose his carefully acquired grip and make a fool of himself. That's why he was leaving Thornybrook—to keep from making a fool of himself. He fumbled his hat and turned to the door, and declared Douglass, when his hand had closed on the knob. "It's an impossibility, Miss Anne. If you were in his place you'd realize—" He stopped; he was confusing the other man's case with his own.

"Don't you want to know who the girl is?" asked Miss Thornton, steadily. She had risen and her fingers were intertwined.
"Why, yes," Douglass somehow felt the name of that girl to be the most important thing in the world. The robins had ceased their billing and cooing to listen. But he feared Miss Anne's words would be drowned by the thumping of his heart.
"It's—it's—" Her voice died away. And then it began again, broke and went on to a triumphant conclusion.
"Oh, Billy, you stupid, stupid boy! It's—it's Anne Thornton."
Douglass stared unbelievably, saw in her face what he had never dared hope to see and dropped his hat. He rushed back.

The next moment she was in his arms, half laughing and half crying.
"How I've longed to call you 'Billy'!" she said.
"And how I've longed to call you 'daring'!" said he.

All Right Otherwise.
Chicago Tribune.
Everybody who knows Prof. McGoole is aware that he is the most absent-minded man on the planet. This is what he said to the optician:
"I wish you to see what is the matter with these spectacles. Something has been wrong with them for more than a week."
The oculist examined them.
"There is nothing the matter with these spectacles," he said, handing them back, "except that the glasses have dropped out of them."



LITTLE MOHAIR COSTUME BY WORTH.
White tailored wear promises to have a special vogue for spring; and the coat and skirt suit of white mohair is particularly desirable for warm weather use. This charming little costume by Worth is built of white mohair lined with black. The coat is a jaunty affair having a straight, cutaway front and a high Empire back, a small white satin collar turning back over deep incroyable revers of the mohair. A knotted tie of cyclamen pink satin adds the finishing touch of dressiness to this dainty suit.

FAMOUS NOVELISTS.
What Some Did Before They Took to Writing.

Among those novelists who studied law we have Fielding, Scott, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Washington Irving, George Meredith, Robert Grant, Henry James, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard and Owen Wister. Journalism, which Mr. Kipling once defined as the one legitimate branch of the profession, is represented by Dickens, David Christie Murray, William Black, J. M. Barrie, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Stephen Crane, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank Norris, Richard Harding Davis, and David Graham Phillips. The navy and merchant marine have given us Smollett, Captain Murray, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson. Artists and architects include Thackeray, Du Maurier, Hopkinson Smith, Robert Chambers, Thomas Hardy and William J. Locke. Medicine and theology are not so well

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Knew It Was a Beauty.
An officious shopman was showing a lady some parasols. He had a wonderful flow of language and was ever ready to elaborate on the rare qualities of the goods he was showing.
As he picked up a parasol from the counter and opened it he held it up before the customer and, surveying it with admiring glance, said:
"Now there you are. Isn't it lovely? And observe the quality and finish of the silk. Look at the general effect. Pass your hand over the silk and notice how smooth and nice" and he gave it to the lady. "Really, now," he continued, "don't you think it's a beauty?"
"Yes," said the lady; "that's my old one; I laid it on the counter here."

His Biggest Mistake.
"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"
"Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

The proof of the bluffer is in his failure to make good.

MAGIC

Used by the best Bakers and Caterers everywhere also by Chefs in the large hotels and on Dining Cars, Steamships, Steamboats, etc.
It is wise to use food products that are produced in clean factories.
E. W. GILLET & CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

BAKING POWDER

SUCHARD'S COCOA

The Delicately Rich Flavor
of Suchard's Cocoa has never been equalled by any other brand.
Taste Suchard's—then the best other cocoa you know—and notice how flat the other tastes.
This distinctive Suchard flavor is due partly to the use of the finest cocoa-beans grown, but even more to skill in manufacture. Roasting—blending—grinding—extracting the oil—is carried on by experts, who know just how to bring out to perfection the rich aroma and flavor.
There's pleasure and satisfaction in a fragrant, steaming cup of Suchard's Cocoa.
FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., - MONTREAL.

When the Cook Leaves

don't fret or scold—lay in a good supply of Shredded Wheat—the food that's ready-cooked, ready-to-serve—contains all the nutriment in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked a crisp, golden brown—a food that is good all the way through—tempting in its nutlike flavor—a delight to eat and to serve.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

is without doubt the most perfectly balanced, most easily digested food ever given to man. It is not flavored or compounded with anything—not a "patent-medicine" food—not a "pre-digested" food—just plain, simple, wholesome, steam-cooked whole wheat, shredded and baked. It is better than mushy porridges because you have to chew it, thereby getting from it all its rich, body-building nutriment.

Try it for breakfast with milk or cream (hot milk in Winter). Being in biscuit form it is easy to prepare a nourishing meal with it in a few minutes in combination with fresh or stewed fruits. Always heat the biscuit in oven to restore crispness before serving. Two Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit make a complete nourishing meal. Your grocer sells it.

BISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing whole wheat Toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "THE FAUN," WHO WILL APPEAR AT THE GRAND ON THURSDAY, APRIL 6TH.