

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" WILL CURE RHEUMATISM

McMillan's Corner, Ont., Sept. 30th, 1910. "Your remedy, 'Fruit-a-tives' is a perfect panacea for Rheumatism. For years, I suffered distressing pain from Sciatic Rheumatism, being laid up several times a year, and not being able to work at anything. I went to different doctors who told me there was no use doing anything. It would pass away. Fortunately, about two years ago, I got 'Fruit-a-tives' and they cured me. Since then, I take them occasionally and keep free from pain. I am satisfied that 'Fruit-a-tives' cured me of Rheumatism and they will cure anyone who takes them". JOHN B. McDONALD.



"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago in the world. "Fruit-a-tives" cures, because like fruit juice it purifies the blood—regulates kidneys, bowels and skin—and thus keeps the whole system free of uric acid. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and you will find instant relief and a prompt cure. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

300 Cord's Peeled Pulp Wood

This Wood was peeled and piled under cover to dry. We are offering this Wood to the public at \$5.00 per cord, cut in any lengths. This is the best lot of Wood ever offered for spring and summer use. Try it and be convinced.

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Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine must bear Signature *Carter's Little Liver Pills*

We Are Ready

To tone up your Gas and Electric Fixtures. Have your home wired before house cleaning. We can furnish your home with beautiful and chaste showers and domes. Every home should have Electric Light and Power.

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Should be a source of pride to you. Should call for immediate attention. It should be your aim to get rid of those disagreeable signs of impure blood—quickly, certainly, inexpensively. No outward application will purify your blood.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

helps naturally from within. They cleanse the system and enable your stomach, liver and bowels to work as Nature intended. Try a few doses and see how quickly you will be rid of impurities, and how your blood and your looks will be benefited. Thoroughly tried and proved good this family remedy is

The Best of Beauty's Aids

For females, Beecham's Pills are specially suitable. See instruction leaf with each box. Sold everywhere. In boxes 25c.

OLD TIME RAILROADING

TRIALS OF THE DAYS WHEN THE ENGINES BURNED WOOD.

They Used to Dig Peat for Fuel at Montreal—Veteran Engineer Tells of Early Life on the Old Great Western—A Man Never Knew When He Would Be Back—Anything Was Liable to Happen.

In spite of white hairs and snowy moustache, his eyes shone clear and keen as in the days when on their ceaseless vigilance depended the lives of scores of passengers. As he reminisced to a reporter a far-away look came into those once watchful orbs, and the old engineer imagined himself as of yore, back at the throttle, gazing out of the cab window at the twin ribbons of steel along whose courses the locomotive would rush quivering like a living thing. "Railroading. Ah! It has changed a whole lot since I first started into it as a coal boy over half a century ago in England. I got my first engine when I was only nineteen years old," said the veteran with pardonable pride. "Then, soon afterwards, I emigrated to this country and joined the Grand Trunk. There was no starting in as fireman in those days and working yourself up to engineer as they do now. No, sir, leastways on the old Great Western where you had to know all about it before even the officials would allow him to take a train out."

"They burnt peat in those days running out of Montreal. That was back in '69," said the old railroader. "Some of the officials had got hold of those big peat bog around about the city, and they sold it to the company, and the dirty stuff was handed out to us to fire with. Leaving St. Lambert, we had our tenders to load up with this muddy fuel; but it didn't last long. You can bet the firemen knew how to get rid of it in a hurry, for just as soon as the tender got partly empty we could load on cord wood. You should have seen the way they dumped that peat out by the cart load. It lay so thick in places along the right of way that the company sent about special trains to gather it up. "Well, one fine day, just about the time that every fireman on the road had got good and sick of the dirty, crumbly stuff which was just a mess composed of mud and grass roots cut into little square-like bricks, some fellow on a locomotive threw a piece of blazing cotton waste right into the big stack where over a thousand tons of peat were stacked. The whole thing caught fire. There was an awful blaze, and the windows of passing cars were cracked by the heat. But that was the end of our troubles. No more peat was used on the Grand Trunk."

It was well on into the seventies before Canadian locomotives began using coal to any extent. The years '73 and '74 saw its introduction, but it was not until about '80 that it came into general use. Before that the cumbersome looking old wood-burners familiar only to the present generation from pictures, lugged the trains of box-like cars. "These wood-burners were all smokestack, and they were a terror for puffing out hot cinders," said the old man. "That's why the Government made them put on those wire bonnets on top of the stacks. But they were very serviceable little engines, too, though they only weighed thirty-five tons. In those days each engineer had to look after his own locomotive and try and keep it in repair. He would get down out of the cab and tighten up a nut or adjust a bearing, and generally keep his eyes on the whole machine. You didn't see any hammer marks on the wheels in those days. If the big driver showed the least dint you can bet the engineer would hear about it. We were provided with lead hammers to do our testing, so that we wouldn't mark things."

"How did you ever manage in the days before the air-brake was invented?" asked the reporter. "Oh, we did well enough. The engineer knew his crew, and when he whistled on brakes, the boys were all on the job. It certainly seems pretty crude compared with what we have nowadays—the running along over the top of moving cars, and the twisting and turning of the old 'Armstrong' brakes on the platforms, but we seemed to get along with it. "And let me tell you," said the old man, "up to the time of the Great Western's amalgamation with the Grand Trunk, in '80, we hadn't had a single rear-end collision on my division—St. Thomas to the Falls and Buffalo. And there was lots of freight traffic over that line then, too. That was the great stock route from the American west. In those days there were big herds of cattle on the plains, and hundreds of train-loads used to pass through from Detroit east."

But if collisions were few, accidents of other kinds there were aplenty. "The St. Thomas division was the first to get into the act," said my informant, "and the road was a sure enough rough one then. There was something running off the track all the time. It was only used for freight in the beginning; and I can tell you we freight crews had our own time of it. "A man starting out never knew just when he was going to get back. Once I was a whole week making the round trip. Just think of it. St. Thomas to the Falls and back, seven days. There were five crews tied up all near each other for over a day. We hadn't any provisions with us, and had a hard time foraging for food at one of the few settlers' houses in the vicinity. Twenty hungry men finally deserted their trains and went over in a body to a farmer's place. We were nearly starved, being a good day and a half without food, and I can tell you the pork and potatoes that farmer set out for us fairly melted away when our gang got after them."

The more a man butts in the often he gets kicked out. Occasionally those who say but little talk too much. Bad habits don't seem so bad if they are yours.

A SKILFUL ARCHITECT.

The Canadian Muskrat is Cleverer Than the Beaver.

When it comes to ingenuity in construction and system in domestic arrangements the beaver, master builder of the forest, gives the little Canadian muskrat few pointers. In building its house the muskrat selects a spot on the low marsh land that will be flooded at high tide or high water if on non-tidal margins. The animal tunnels from the bank of the stream or lagoon or pond, as the case may be, beginning below the edge of low water mark, to the site it has selected for its home.

These preliminaries completed, the muskrat cuts with its chisel-like teeth the broad, strong stalks and leaves of the flag and long coarse grasses. These materials the busy little builder carries to the building site, where it braids and twists them together in circular form and builds them layer upon layer, gradually narrowing the structure until a firm, cone-shaped house is the result. The muskrat expects and made comfortable by a liberal mixture of mortar made by the muskrat out of the marsh mud.

The interior of a muskrat's house is always divided into two floors or stories. Sometimes it will have as many as four apartments, one above the other. The number is believed to be regulated by the expected height of the water. Access to them from below is by a chamber or gallery built around the inner edge of the house and rising like a spiral stairway. The muskrat expects and made comfortable by a liberal mixture of mortar made by the muskrat out of the marsh mud.

The Irishman Had Him.

John Tolmie, who represents North Bruce in the House of Commons, tells among his good stories, of the time when the joke was neatly turned on him.

An Irishman, who knew that Mr. Tolmie was Scotch and that he had been a politician for a great many years, asked why it was that Scotchmen showed such great ability in opposite directions. "Scotchmen are either preachers or politicians," said the Irishman.

"The Irish are just as remarkable," said Mr. Tolmie. "They are either policemen or—". The remainder of the remark was drowned by the laughter of the listeners.

Too Careful.

In politics as well as in business it is sometimes necessary to do things with a rather free hand, and it was perhaps the lack of ability to do so that occasioned that made a former occupant of a Cabinet position in the Ontario Legislature, not altogether suited to his position.

When this man was appointed, a newspaper man got from him some information for a write-up. The Minister was asked if he would like a few copies of the paper in which the write-up was to appear, and he said, "Yes, send me a dozen."

The newspaperman saw the Minister a few days later and said: "I've given you a pretty good show in that write-up. Don't you think you ought to get quite a number of papers and send them to some of the country editors?"

"It's a splendid idea," said the Minister enthusiastically. "How many papers did we arrange for you to send me?"

"Oh, we said about a dozen."

"Well," said the Minister in a tone indicating great decision, "send me two dozen, and send the bill to me."

A Lucky Find.

Charles T. Currelly, the well-known Canadian archaeologist, tells of a curious piece of luck which befell him one occasion. He was working with a party of one hundred men on the excavation of a number of important tombs in Egypt, when a native came to him with the story of an interesting discovery some distance away. Leaving the work on which he was engaged, he went to the place described by the native, only to find that it was a wild-goose chase. On his way back, however, from this fruitless expedition he noticed a pile of gravel which appeared to him to be of an unusual arrangement. He stopped and sunk a pit. To his surprise and delight, a tomb was discovered which proved to be that of the Pharaoh "which knew not Joseph."

New Brunswick Amendments.

J. K. Pinder, one of the present members of York County in the N.B. House of Assembly, once did some work for the old Conservative Government on Grand Island Bar in the River St. John, which was very severely criticized by his political opponents. Some years later Mr. Pinder was making some remarks in the House which rather ruffled the temper of a member on the opposite side who called out: "What about Grand Island Bar?"

"I do not wonder at the question," replied Mr. Pinder, "for all of the honorable member's troubles in life have sprung from the work on that island. There is this difference, that there's plenty of water on Grand Island Bar."

RISE OF "DR. TAFFY."

The Little Welshman Who Became a Court Favorite.

We all know that the parents of Queen Victoria—the Duke and Duchess of Kent—were in financial difficulties before the birth of their famous daughter, and that a succession of unexpected events brought them into great prominence. Few know the romantic happenings which occurred at the birth of the little Princess Victoria, and the part that a Welshman played then.

It is first necessary to go back some years. General Sir P. Picton—the hero of the Peninsula war, and Wellington's right-hand man at Waterloo—was a Pembrokehire man, and was home on furlough after many years of foreign service. The grim old warrior was walking in the country roads one day, when he met a fine specimen of a country lad, clad in moleskin trousers, and with an old pair of clogs on his feet.

After some talk, the general was so taken with the boy that he asked, in his usual blunt way: "Well, my boy, whose son are you?" The boy replied promptly: "Mah Shonny Crydler, sir." (Johnny, the blacksmith's son, sir.) "Well, boy, what should you like to be?" "Doctor, sir." "Well, then, doctor you shall be." The old warrior kept his word, as he always did. To his credit he said, he paid for the boy's education at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School at Carmarthen, and sent him to one of the London hospitals, where he passed his examinations with great credit. But just at that time—the irony of fate—Picton was killed at Waterloo, and trouble began. Witness Davies pluckily started a practice in Drury Lane and Seven Dials, at that time the worst slums in Europe. Great popularity attended him, and "Dr. Taffy" became a household word with the wretched inhabitants of this region.

Then Fortune knocked at his door, in a strange way. The Duchess of Kent's coachman's wife was given up for dead in childbirth. Someone suggested "Dr. Taffy," and in despair he was sent for. He saved her life and that of the child. Soon after the royal mistress was in like a desperate case, and the royal doctors gave up hope. The old coachman, however, saved the situation. "Send for 'Dr. Taffy,'" he said confidently; "he'll save her." The advice was acted on. Dr. Davies arrived. When he saw how matters stood with the royal patient he asked, bluntly: "Which do you want me to keep alive, the mother or the child?" The agonized duke instantly replied: "My wife." "Well," he said, deliberately, "I will keep them both alive." And he did. The little Welshman became court physician and the baby became the great Queen Victoria. The debt the British Empire owes to that Welsh doctor can never be repaid.

Known in Every Home.

Sir William Hartley, the head of the famous British jam firm, whose system of profit-sharing is proving so beneficial to his employees, started life at the age of thirteen—by helping his mother in a small grocery shop at Coine, Lancashire, England. In three years the business had prospered to such an extent that he urged his parents to take large premises. At first they set their faces against this enterprise, but at last gave way, and in a surprisingly short time their son was employing a staff of fifty men. Then he started manufacturing jam, and soon Hartley's jam became known in every home. A deeply religious man, Sir William was the first layman for forty years to be appointed president of the Primitive Methodist Connexion. He has given thousands of pounds to the funds of his denomination. A short time ago he said: "Giving away the Lord's money has been my chief hobby and recreation. I try to do it on the same systematic lines that I use in business; and, in fact, to distribute my money is a harder and more anxious task than making it."

Great Men of the South of England.

The southern Englishman is constantly having the men of the north and midland rammed down his throat as examples to himself. But, really, among the prominent men of the present time, the south is by no means without its representatives.

Captain Scott, the great Antarctic explorer, is a Devonshire man; Sir Frederick Treves, the surgeon, and Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist, are both Dorset men; Mr. H. G. Wells was born at Bromley, Kent; Sir William Dunn, who has done so much on behalf of the unfortunate depositors in the Charing Cross Bank, is a Cornishman.

Nor does London show up at all badly. Sir Vesey Strong, the Lord Mayor, was born in St. Bride's; while Sir John Wolfe Barry, the engineer, Lord Halsbury, Sir Rufus Isaacs, and Mr. John Burns are all London men.

A Good Example.

Old Mr. Moulton frankly confesses that he is not a member of any church. "But I go regularly," he invariably adds, "and, what's more, I get to the meeting house on time. It's part of my religion not to disturb the religion of other folks."

Strength of Bank Note.

As illustrating the excellence of the paper (which is made from unused linen scraps) upon which Bank of England notes are printed, it is stated that when one of these notes is twisted into a rope it will sustain a weight of 358 pounds.

Old Mitten Giving.

Giving a glove was, in the Middle Ages, a ceremony of investiture in bestowing lands and dignities. In the reign of Edward II, the deprivation of gloves was a ceremony of degradation.

Beer On the Wane.

Since 1900 the production of beer in the United Kingdom has been decreasing, and is now about 33,000,000 standard barrels annually.

To Prevent the Grip.

Laxative Bromo Quinine removes the cause. There is only one "Bromo Quinine." Look for signature of E. W. Grove, 25c.

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BEAUTIFUL IMPORTED DOLL and LOVELY DOLL CARTRIDGE WITH PARASOL. This is a beautiful gift for a child. The doll is made of fine porcelain and is very lifelike. The carriage is made of wood and is very sturdy. The parasol is made of silk and is very beautiful. This is a gift that will last for years.

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HANDSOME WATCHES. These are the most beautiful watches ever made. They are made of gold and silver and are very elegant. They are also very accurate and will last for years.

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ROYAL JAPANESE PERFUMES. These are the most beautiful perfumes ever made. They are made of the finest ingredients and are very fragrant. They are also very long-lasting and will last for years.

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SUCHARD'S COCOA

Is Suchard's Cocoa on your daily menu? It should be. Children love it. Grown-ups enjoy it more than tea or coffee. People who have been unable to digest ordinary cocoa find that Suchard's agrees with them perfectly. Invalids and convalescents regain strength rapidly when Suchard's Cocoa forms a large part of their diet. Try Suchard's for breakfast—luncheon—afternoon tea—supper—when you come in after an evening's exercise—for refreshments at the party. You'll find its flavor simply delightful. If you are boarding you can easily prepare a delicious cup of Suchard's Cocoa in your own room.

MAKES THE CHILDREN GROW

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Some people the bottom of one. Some pessimists were born that way. Work first, and do your wishing afterwards, if you have time enough.