

CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM

NOW IN PERFECT HEALTH THANKS 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 walk up stairs.
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 man in Vancouver enjoying better health.
He was building a house this fall and slung a good part of the roof in a driving rain, without suffering any bad effects."
JOHN B. LACY.
Mr. R. E. McIl, (assistant postmaster at Knowlton, Que.) also writes: "I honestly believe that "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world". Try it yourself.
5¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25¢. At dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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GO TO THE STEWART HOUSE, LEADING Commercial Hotel Rates, \$1.50 per day.
THOS. STEWART, Prop.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM VICTORIA DAY

MAY 24th, 1911.
Round Trip Tickets will be sold between all stations in Canada, also Detroit, Port Huron, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, etc., at
SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE.
Good going May 23rd and 24th. Return limit, May 26th, 1911.
Tickets sold at intermediate points between Montreal and Toronto will not be good on trains 1 and 4.
Round Trip Homeseekers' Excursions TO WESTERN CANADA.
TUESDAY, MAY 30th.
And every second Tuesday thereafter until Sept. 19th, at very low rates.
Good to return within sixty days.
THE FINEST FARMING COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.
Is to be found along the line of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.
Descriptive literature with beautiful engraved maps, giving full information about FREE HOMESTEADS and how to obtain them free can be had from
J. P. HANLEY,
Corner Johnson and Ontario Sts.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY

In Connection with CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
VICTORIA DAY
One Way First-Class Fare
Good going until May 23 and 24. Return limit, May 26th.
Home-seekers' Excursions
To the Canadian North-West
MAY 10th, 30th.
JUNE 13th, 27th.
JULY 11th, 25th.
AUGUST 8th, 22nd.
Tickets good to return within 60 days.
Full particulars at K. and P. and C. E. R. Ticket Office, Ontario Street, Phone 50.
F. CONWAY,
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Train leaves Union Station, Ontario Street, 4 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) for Tweed, Sydenham, Napanee, Deseronto, Hanoverburg and all points north. To secure quick despatch to Hanoverburg, Maynooth, and points on Central Ontario route your shipments via Bay of Quinte Railway. For further particulars, apply R. W. DICKSON, Agent, Phone No. 2.

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"Punilan," May 19th, June 16th
"Victorian," May 26th, June 23rd
Montreal to Glasgow
"Ionian," May 6th, June 3rd
"Graham," May 13th, June 10th
"Hedon," May 20th, June 17th
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BECOMING ENGLISH

PORTUGAL'S EX-KING WEARS A MONOCLE.

Attends Sporting Events, and is Keen on Aviation—He Seldom Smiles Now.

London, May 22.—Dom Manuel, the former king of Portugal, who lost his throne last year, is fast becoming Anglicized. The young king, after a short stay with his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, at the beautiful English country house, Wood Norton, took up his residence with his mother, Queen Amelia, at Richmond, and around the exiles there has grown up a small colony of Portuguese royalists. While Manuel naturally spends much of his time with his countrymen, his pleasures are largely those of an Englishman. He is frequently at events of a sporting nature, but is particularly keen on aviation, and wherever there is a chance of witnessing any flying the ex-king and his Portuguese friends are invariably on hand. Manuel takes part in most outdoor sports. But he is neither as keen nor as accomplished a sportsman as is the Spanish king. Lately, the exiled king, always most correct in his dress, has taken to wearing a monocle, an affectation which, no doubt, from the Marquis de Soveral, former Portuguese minister in London, great friend of King Edward, and one of the few remaining dandies, who is now acting as Manuel's political adviser.

Although so much out of doors the ex-king looks far from well. He is still quite stout, but is pale and unhealthy in appearance, and is seldom seen with the smile that he habitually assumed before the revolution deprived him of his throne. His friends, however, say he never expresses a desire to return to Lisbon, and it is known that the Marquis de Soveral has advised the royalists not to take part in any intrigues, but to wait quietly for the time when the Portuguese people want the king to return, which, in his opinion, is inevitable. Manuel has not taken up studies at one of the universities, as it was announced he would do. Indeed, it is now said that after the coronation which he will attend "officially," as a guest of King George, he will make a world tour.
The income of the Portuguese royal family will be very materially curtailed by a recent decision of the provisional government. This was to the effect that the money advanced to King Carlos, Queen Amelia, and the Dowager Queen Maria Pia, should be deducted in annual instalments from the income from Manuel's Portuguese properties. An investigation has shown that \$3,600,000 was advanced to King Carlos. The amount advanced to the two queens has not yet been determined.

The Guarantee Passes Easily.

Toronto Star.
The measure for guaranteeing \$25,000,000 of Canadian Northern bonds was announced on May 8th and received its third reading on May 17th. This marvellous celerity and smoothness in legislation contrasts strongly with the slow and anxious path travelled by reciprocity. There is no rest from dissentient liberals; Mr. Borden and the opposition use no obstructive tactics, and there is hardly any discussion. It is when a proposal is made to remove taxation and enlarge the liberties of the people that the fighting spirit of the opposition is aroused. Nine days for Canadian Northern legislation, indefinite obstruction for legislation for the farmer.

13 WEEKS IN HOSPITAL.

No Better—Then Zam-Buk Worked Complete Cure.

Fred Mason, the well-known upholsterer and mattress manufacturer of St. Andrew's, N.B., says: "I had eczema on my knee, which caused me terrible pain and inconvenience. The sore parts would itch and burn and tingle, and then when rubbed or scratched, would become very painful. I tried various remedies but got no better, so I decided to go to Montreal and take special treatment. I received treatment at the Montreal general hospital for thirteen weeks, but at the end of that time I was not cured, and almost gave in. A friend advised me to give Zam-Buk a trial, and although I had little hope of it doing me good I took the advice. Almost as soon as applied Zam-Buk stopped the itching and the irritation. I persevered with the balm, and it was soon evident that it would do me good. Each day the pain was reduced, the sore spots began to heal, and by the time I had used a few boxes of Zam-Buk I was cured."
Eczema, blood-poisoning, piles, ulcers, sores, abscesses, varicose ulcers, bad leg, sore feet, blisters, insect stings, poisoned wounds, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. Zam-Buk Soap should also be used for washing all wounds, eczematous patches and sores. All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at 25¢ per box and Zam-Buk Soap at 25¢ per tablet, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

USING THUMB PRINTS.

To Identify Indians Who Draw Money.

Spokane, Wash., May 23.—Thumb prints of Indians on the Spokane and Colville reservations are being used as means of identification in drawing money due from the government in treaty payments. More than \$1,000,000 has been placed by the United States sub-treasury at San Francisco to the credit of Capt. John McA. Webster, superintendent of the associated reserves, with headquarters at Miles, Wash., and \$500,000 of this amount is available in local banks, the rest being deposited in Eastern Washington banks. Capt. Webster says that the government has abolished the practice of accepting a witness mark and, therefore, substituted thumb prints. This necessitates a duplicate record of prints, one for use at the agency and the other for the bank in which the Indian's money is placed to his credit. The paying of Indians is rather slow work at this time, as many of them are at work in farms, orchards and berry and hop fields in various parts of the Pacific slope country. This money is in payment for lands taken over by the government.

Evidence Against the Merger.

Ottawa Journal.
"A remark was made by the Journal a couple of days ago that the various cement properties included in the Aitken merger were not only not worth nearly thirty millions, the amount of capitalization issued, but probably not anything like sixteen and a half millions, the amount paid in either cash, bonds or preferred stock. The Montreal Witness in this connection points out that the manufacturing census of 1906, a couple of years before the merger, placed the value of the cement industry of the dominion (lands, buildings and working capital), at \$9,000,000.
The fool's money has other affinities.

Breaking Away

By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX.

Kingston Corey, anxious to know his fate, met the mail for the camp. The precious letter was there—he sorted it from the others in a moment and tore it open. His eyes lighted and his head lifted with pride. He tore back through the green woods toward the small group of tents on the lakeside, where Mrs. Tiverton was chaperoning her daughter Leona and a dozen other young people who were camping. His first thought had been of his mother—she would be glad. Then he made his way straight to Leona. His jaw set a little as he remembered that he had left her sitting in her room but desperate way, with Harry Spier. Harry, too, was being dangled. This would decide matters.
He found her seated on a big pillow under a birch tree, her dark head against the white trunk, her saucy eyes bright, her mouth set stubbornly. Harry was just leaving her, his face dark. Kingston walked straight up to the girl and held her out the letter, which she took, reading it lazily. Her face hardened a little and she held out her hand formally.
"Congratulations," she said, "since you seem to be delighted over such a crazy proposition—going to live in a South American wilderness! Won't it be hard to break away?"
"His heart sank, but he eagerly began to explain.
"Why, it's a chance of a lifetime for an engineer. Under Foster, the greatest man of his profession, and at a salary to begin on that makes me independent, with every opportunity to work up. Don't you see, Leona?"
He reached out and took her hand but she drew it back. Anger as well as hurt arose in him. He sprang to his feet.
"Leona, are you going to marry me and go with me? Could you be ready in two weeks? That's all the time we will have."
"You—must be crazy, King! I never thought you were in earnest about going out there! Father could do better for you financially—he'd be glad to."
"You haven't answered me, Leona. You've trailed me for two years; I've been engaged to you all that time, and you've been engaged to me when you pleased, and were not too busy flirting with some one else. I'm a civil engineer, and even if there was work for me in a manufacturer's office, I would not be dependent on my father for anything. I love you as I always have—you know that, I want you for my wife, but if you marry me my life will have to be yours. You can have all I have and all I want, but I shall be myself, not somebody else. Will you go with me? Do you love me enough? You won't have the luxuries you have at home, but you'll have a wide, free life, and love always!" He spoke rather hotly, but he had been patient for a long time.
The girl rose and looked at him. Her first impulse was to yield, to tell him she would follow him anywhere. Then the old pride came up.
"In—two weeks? With no wedding?—scrambling my things together, when you could as well stay in civilization? No, thank you!" She intended to begin as a discussion in which

she would finally be beaten, but for once she was surprised.
"As you wish," he answered coldly. "I have said all I could."
He walked quietly away and left her leaning up against the tree, she thought it out. After supper she would let him seek her out—she would relent, and he would be less masterful, more yielding, but again her plans failed. When she came back to camp she saw the little crowd all standing about him; laughing, congratulating him. He was in business clothes, his suitcases beside him.
"You're all good friends, the very best," he said. "It will be hard to break away. But I shall need every minute I can give mother, and two weeks is a short time to settle my business affairs up in And—leona should not meet all of you in town again before I go, I am going to say good-bye."
He shook hands warmly with every one. Leona was not first of last, but simply among the others. She felt the glance of the others curiously upon her, and was angry and hurt that no one even chaffed her about his going. Did they think she cared? Did they think he had not asked her to go? Did they think her sensitive about him? The plan had been for ten days longer in camp. Spear, delighted at Kingston Corey's departure from the field, devoted himself to Leona, who was glad to show her independence by encouraging his devotion. But the days became irremissible to her, and the nights sleepless. From anger and surprise, she became dismayed, and then her heart sank hopelessly. Had he said his last word to her? Would he not write? She began taking the daily long walks to meet the mail, but there was no word to her from him. He must have meant it. Fear seized upon her, and then grief. Her one effort was to hide it from the others by sheer surface gaiety.
A week passed. She was counting the days—seven—before he went away for always! And without even seeing her again! Could she bear it? The time decided to five, to four days, then to three. It was more than she could endure. She planned quickly, caring nothing of what the others might say or think. On the afternoon mail came a letter from her father wishing she were at home. It gave her an excuse.
"But wants me to come home," she said to Mrs. Tiverton, "and I want to start right away. Could Gray take my things to the station?"
Her face was so pale, her eyes so eager, that the wise woman said nothing and was kindly helpful. She divined something of the spoiled, motherless girl's predicament, had watched her proud treatment of young Corey, who was proud enough too, whose patience had manifestly come at last to an end. No one blamed Corey.
Once in her own room Leona's struggle with herself began. Her reticence was daily chronicled in the papers. Would he come to see her? In other precious day and no word. In secret and feverishly she packed, and disposed of all her many belongings, hardly knowing why. Her father thought she was ill and talked doctor and travel. He dared not ask about Corey, but secretly thought if she had finally seen him away that he, John Scott, had missed a fine son-in-law. Not that he wanted to lose his girl, either, but he wanted her happiness.
Then Leona waked up one morning to know that on the evening of the next Kingston Corey would start for South America, evidently alone—surely without coming to see her, even to bid her good-bye. She did not consider that good-bye would be a hard thing for him to say when his heart had depended on taking her with him.
At noon even her pride deserted her. She went to the telephone, called for a special messenger, and sat down to her desk. She had grown almost thin in her anxiety, and there were shadows about her eyes, her curling dark hair was carelessly knotted and she wore a loose blue morning dress. She began slowly to write to King.
She tried again and again. What could she say? The truth? Could she write: "I am sorry I want to go with you; I don't care about a wedding, or about anything in the world but you?" She tried it, but threw the sheet on the floor of the big living room, and tried it again. "Dear King—I have never loved any one but you—won't you forgive me? This seemed utterly absurd to her. She discarded that also, not daring that the fresh summer wind picked it up and whirled it over the bare polished floor to the door opening upon the verandah, and that the first sheet caught on the edge of a rug.
Again she tried and this time it was shorter yet. She knew the messenger would come in a moment and she had been wasting time in thinking, in trying to save her pride. Now she let it go.
"Dear King," she wrote, "I can't stand it to have you go without me. I can be ready in two days, on in two hours, if you will take me—or I will go just as I am. I don't care for anything but you—" She heard the bell ring and went on writing, not looking up as the maid let some one in.
"You will have to wait a moment, messenger," she said, but a queer feeling came over her, and she lifted her eyes.
Kingston Corey, his face rather stern and set, was deliberately reading a sheet of paper. He stooped and picked up another piece near the rug, and read that. Then, his face alight, he came towards her, but tears filled her eyes, and her vision of him wavered, though she rose and stood waiting, still clutching the unfinished note in one hand.
"Leona—did you mean what is written here?"
"Yes," she said, and gave him the paper in her hand, "and I mean this, too. I was going to send it to you. Oh, it's terrible—not to have any shame or pride or anything!"
"But love? It is—terrible, dear. But it's—the best thing, too, isn't it?"
She nodded her tumbled head, and then sprang away from him.
"Don't you think you'd better telephone dad to come home this minute? There'll have to be some quick work around here."

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