

TRIED EVERYTHING WITHOUT RELIEF

Until I took "Fruit-a-lives"

SARANTA, ONT., Feb. 5th, 1910. I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors but derived no benefit whatever.

Finally, I read an advertisement of "Fruit-a-lives". I decided to give "Fruit-a-lives" a trial and found they did exactly what was claimed for them.

I have now taken "Fruit-a-lives" for some months and find that they are the only remedy that does me good.

I have recommended "Fruit-a-lives" to a great many of my friends and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly.

PAUL J. JONES



"Fruit-a-lives" is the only natural cure for Constipation and Stomach Trouble, because it is the only medicine in the world that is made of fruit juices and valuable tonics. Hundreds of people have been cured, as if by a miracle, by taking "Fruit-a-lives", the famous fruit medicine.

50c. a box, 4 for \$2.50, trial size, 75c. At dealers, or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Advertisement for 'The Army of Constipation' featuring Carter's Little Liver Pills. Includes an illustration of a soldier and text describing the benefits of the pills for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'The American Cafe' at 183 Wellington St. Describes the restaurant's offerings, including a full course dinner, and mentions the proprietor, Thomas Guy.

CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Made Safe by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Grantville, Va. "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." Mrs. CLAS BARCLAY, B.F.D., Grantville, Va.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

CHRISTY'S TRIPLE THANKSGIVING

By CARL WILLIAMS.

He had just come in his car from the Beacon-Hargrave wedding. In Howard Christy's estimation all weddings were bores, but one must be bored in the cause of a merger still hanging fire.

And now, with the ceremony and quickly dispatched reception behind him, he was headed for the office once more. His patient secretary would be waiting him.

"Mother!" In the half gloom, half mist of the oncoming twilight, as his car was wedged in among scores of other vehicles in front of the Grand Central station, he heard that word, and heaven only knows why he leaned forward to see who had uttered it.

He looked straight into the dewy depths of wonderful violet eyes, but they were not fixed on him.

They looked far beyond, across the tangle of wheels, to where a woman with soft brown hair and beautiful gray eyes smiled to the girl from out a mass of furs and violets.

Christy forgot to urge his chauffeur to get out of the tangle somehow. He sat quite still for one long thoughtful minute.

Then he leaned forward with a singularly serene expression on his strong, determined face.

"You can drop me here. I am going out of town."

"Yes, sir," was the man's mechanical reply, and not so much as by the flicker of an eyelash did he betray his astonishment as his master stepped from the car and, immaculate in frock coat, gray trousers, silk hat, soft gray gloves and boutonniere, stalked through the gloom and crowd into the brilliantly lighted station.

Christy had a private car in one of the uptown yards, but he gave it no thought. He bought a ticket for Trumansburg. He was going home for Thanksgiving with "mother."

Years had passed over his head since he had left Trumansburg. He had often thought of going back for a visit, but the second thought was better than the first. It always ended in his sending for his mother to visit him instead.

Christy was not a Napoleon of finance. In all these years he had made no meteoric rise, but he had climbed steadily, and now, as he had acquired a patch of gray over each ear and a trifling stoop of the shoulders, he had turned over his fifth million.

Eminent nerve specialists had warned him that he must cease his endeavors or lose his health, but Christy laughed at them.

Neither urgings of friends nor orders of physicians had any effect. Yet he now yielded to the note of joy in a girl's voice and was going home.

The girl's voice had brought home and mother back to him, and as the train dashed on he smiled softly to himself and planned his arrival at home.

He had taken the fier because it was the first train out. A word to the amiable conductor, and the engineer was instructed to stop at Trumansburg.

The station was dark when, a little after midnight, the train paused just long enough for the single passenger to drop to the platform.

But there was a light in the post-office across the road from the depot, and presently a man came out to take the mail bag slung off by the messenger.

"That train stop here?" he asked incredulously of Christy.

"For a moment," was the amused response. "Do you know where I can get a bed this time of night?"

The mail carrier regarded him with disdain. "Of course," he said loftily. "This town ain't so small that it does not have hotels. You can always get into the Liberty House—if you ring loud enough. It's two blocks north, one east."

In the morning he hunted up the residence of one of the clothing store proprietors and induced him to open his store. Here he selected an outfit less conspicuous than his wedding guest attire and of the sort he had once regarded as the last word of elegance.

He lighted a cigar and strolled over to the church. He knew that the family celebration always started with the morning service, while the most dependable grandchild remained at home to bake the turkey and keep the fire up.

He had not long to wait before the old farm wagon drove up, and it was Christy who helped his mother out and kissed the withered cheek as he held her in his arms for an instant.

repaid by the look of delight in his mother's eyes.

They slipped quietly into the church, and none realized that the man in the cheap suit was the "Christy boy" of whom they had heard so much and seen nothing.

They set him down as one of the distant relatives of the Christys, and only Nan Copeland, seeing with the eyes of her heart, could tell that it was the much talked of millionaire.

It was Nan whom Christy sought when the short service of prayer was done. She laid her hand timidly in his, but her eyes spoke her welcome not to be concealed.

"What in the world brings you here?" she asked in surprise. "We thought that you had quite forgotten Trumansburg."

"I came to see my mother—and you," he answered in a whisper. "I thought it was only mother, Nan, but when I saw you I realized that there were two persons I had come to see. Is there any chance for me?"

For a moment the girl was silent. Once she had dreamed dreams of a home in which she and Howard Christy should live happily ever after.

Then he had made his first sweep in Wall street, and after that there was no time for thoughts of love on Christy's part. The correspondence dwindled down and died.

Now he seemed to have reverted to the Howard Christy she had always loved.

"There may be a chance—in time," she admitted.

"You don't need to be thankful to add that last," FOR," he said humbly. "I didn't suppose that you were going to fall on my neck just because I came back and asked you. But if there isn't any one else I'm going back to town to close up some deals, and then I'm coming home to convince you that I'll make a model husband. There isn't any one else, is there, Nan?"

"Not as yet," she conceded, and Christy smiled radiantly.

"I've three things to be thankful for," he said jubilantly. "You and my mother—and my own old self. Three thanks for one Thanksgiving are a whole lot, Nan, and the best of these is—"

"Your own old self," quoted Nancy, coloring delightfully, and Christy read in her eyes that his probation would not be long.

Thanksgiving Table Decorations. Here are some suggestions for the decoration of the Thanksgiving dinner table:

Instead of the costly flowers for the central ornament of the table make a centerpiece that will delight every one by its novel appropriateness. On a mirror placed on a pumpkin, the yellowest and fairest that ever glowed between rows of fading corn. The top must be cut off and some of the center removed. The space is then lined with smilax, asparagus fern or the hardy angelica fern that every country boy knows under the frost, and can be found as fresh under the snow as when wet by summer rains. Heap the space high with lady apples, graceful bunches of grapes and yet more ferns, allowing a few of the latter to stray down the side and rest their pretty tracery on the white cloth.

Or get a low, round wicker basket and pile it high with rony checked apples, letting three or four of them drop from it on the tablecloth to signify abundance. At each plate place a red apple decorated with a ruff and frilled paper cap and sketch with ink a comic face on the smooth skin. It will create no end of fun for the children.

Or pile a basket with either apples or pears and place a border of autumn leaves around it; also one around each of the plates at the table.

Get a big bunch of yellow chrysanthemums and put them either in an old blue ginger jar or a brown earthenware pitcher. Filling these, a small brown pot such as is used for baking beans will prove a decorative receptacle for them. Place two or three of the chrysanthemums on the tablecloth near it.

A basket piled full of yellow ears of corn is a unique centerpiece. With this should be placed at each plate three grains of corn—to commemorate the time in 1623 when the crops failed and the colonists were threatened with starvation, being put on rations of a few kernels of corn a day. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed then, and directly after, as if in answer, there was a long continued rain-storm, and a vessel arrived laden with provisions. Then is gratitude a day of thanksgiving was appointed about the middle of July. This was observed for some fifty years, when the day was changed to harvest time.—Boston Herald.

A Personal Problem. The turkey whistled softly and said: "I Would Not Live Always" as he gazed solemnly at the calendar and realized that Thanksgiving day was almost here.

"Why so thoughtful, Brother Gobbler?" inquired the patriarch of the flock.

"I was just pondering a question which will be of vital importance in the hereafter," explained Brother Gobbler.

"It is always profitable to dwell upon that time which is inevitable to all of us, but I trust you distinguish between simply idle speculation and the elevating contemplation of the essentials, dear brother," admonished the patriarch.

"Well, I suppose you would hardly call it that," replied Brother Gobbler, reflective scratching at a retching worm. "The fact is, I was just wondering which is the most delicious shift or dark meat."

THANKSGIVING IN THE AIR

By Goodloe Thomas

Copyright, 1911, by American Press Association.

"T'was on the 28th of October, '11, when de frow' an' glamin' of erident de fall, Befo' de sun come up an' e'dah him to show his beak, K'e'w' as plain as anything, without a-gin' down De alaynack an' calendar, Thanksgiving's callin' name."

De c'ah' pres an' squakin', De north win' come a-sinkin', An' down bakin' de haws such man, about his loadin' w'ik, An' callin' out, suggestin' like, "T'wah, t'wah, t'wah, t'wah, t'wah, t'wah."



"T'WAK, T'WAK, T'WAK"

A' soon de sun an' em'ila, an' he gleam along de lead O' green an' yaller p'ankin' dey is haulin' down de road. De caws rows keep a-rustin', an' de rambu ap-pen fall, Fo' e'b'rybody's busy, an' we couldn't pick 'em all.

De chillin' keeps alludin' To plum an' east puddin' Like what dey's easter g'ins' long about Thanksgiving day— Ah tell you signs an' plain' to 't comin' long de way!

"Not as yet," she conceded, and Christy smiled radiantly.

"I've three things to be thankful for," he said jubilantly. "You and my mother—and my own old self. Three thanks for one Thanksgiving are a whole lot, Nan, and the best of these is—"

"Your own old self," quoted Nancy, coloring delightfully, and Christy read in her eyes that his probation would not be long.

Thanksgiving Table Decorations. Here are some suggestions for the decoration of the Thanksgiving dinner table:

Instead of the costly flowers for the central ornament of the table make a centerpiece that will delight every one by its novel appropriateness. On a mirror placed on a pumpkin, the yellowest and fairest that ever glowed between rows of fading corn. The top must be cut off and some of the center removed. The space is then lined with smilax, asparagus fern or the hardy angelica fern that every country boy knows under the frost, and can be found as fresh under the snow as when wet by summer rains. Heap the space high with lady apples, graceful bunches of grapes and yet more ferns, allowing a few of the latter to stray down the side and rest their pretty tracery on the white cloth.

Or get a low, round wicker basket and pile it high with rony checked apples, letting three or four of them drop from it on the tablecloth to signify abundance. At each plate place a red apple decorated with a ruff and frilled paper cap and sketch with ink a comic face on the smooth skin. It will create no end of fun for the children.

Or pile a basket with either apples or pears and place a border of autumn leaves around it; also one around each of the plates at the table.

Get a big bunch of yellow chrysanthemums and put them either in an old blue ginger jar or a brown earthenware pitcher. Filling these, a small brown pot such as is used for baking beans will prove a decorative receptacle for them. Place two or three of the chrysanthemums on the tablecloth near it.

A basket piled full of yellow ears of corn is a unique centerpiece. With this should be placed at each plate three grains of corn—to commemorate the time in 1623 when the crops failed and the colonists were threatened with starvation, being put on rations of a few kernels of corn a day. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed then, and directly after, as if in answer, there was a long continued rain-storm, and a vessel arrived laden with provisions. Then is gratitude a day of thanksgiving was appointed about the middle of July. This was observed for some fifty years, when the day was changed to harvest time.—Boston Herald.

A Personal Problem. The turkey whistled softly and said: "I Would Not Live Always" as he gazed solemnly at the calendar and realized that Thanksgiving day was almost here.

"Why so thoughtful, Brother Gobbler?" inquired the patriarch of the flock.

"I was just pondering a question which will be of vital importance in the hereafter," explained Brother Gobbler.

"It is always profitable to dwell upon that time which is inevitable to all of us, but I trust you distinguish between simply idle speculation and the elevating contemplation of the essentials, dear brother," admonished the patriarch.

"Well, I suppose you would hardly call it that," replied Brother Gobbler, reflective scratching at a retching worm. "The fact is, I was just wondering which is the most delicious shift or dark meat."

FREE



This Magnificent Doll's Piano and Stool and Lovely Imported Doll. We will present ABSOLUTELY FREE this MAGNIFICENT PIANO AND LOVELY PIANO STOOL, imported all the way from Germany, and THIS GREAT BIG MANDARINE IMPORTED DOLL. This piano is more than a toy. It is beautifully decorated, has new and improved features, keys, full size sound producer, and you can play any size notes lovely tones on it. Besides that, the top raises up just like a real piano, and you have a lovely mandarin to play on. THE MANDARINE DOLL IS GIVEN WITH THE PIANO and she is a beauty. Over 100,000 dolls and dolls have been sold, and they are still selling like hotcakes. The lovely bench seat, which is made of the finest material, is given with the magnificent piano, ready to make and handsome and given to you FREE if you will only three dollars worth of the magnificently set National Jewellery Services at only one each. They are handsome novelties, everybody wants them, and you will surely sell them very quickly. Return our money when sold, and we promptly send you all three products complete exactly as represented. By our return postal system we send payment of all delivery charges. DON'T DELAY. Write for the Jewellery to-day. Illustrations enclosed. Address—The National Sales Co., Ltd., Dept. F 125 Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for NA-DRU-CO Tasteless Cod Liver Oil Compound. Includes an illustration of a fish and a bottle of the product. Text describes the benefits of the compound for various ailments and provides contact information for National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited.

Advertisement for Magnificent Piano. Features a large illustration of a piano and text offering a \$100.00 cash prize for a puzzle contest. Includes details about the piano's value and the contest rules.

Large advertisement for Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Includes an illustration of a bowl of the product and text describing its nutritional benefits and ease of preparation. The text emphasizes that it is a 'patent-medicine' food that is simple, wholesome, and easy to digest.