CURED OF THIS HORRIBLE DISEASE

Edmonton Girl saved By "Fruit-a-tives"

EDMONTON, ALTA., Nov. 20th 1911.

"I had been a sufferer from babyhood with that terrible complaint, Constipation.

I have been treated by physicians and have taken every medicine that I heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I concluded that there was no cure for this horrible disease.

Finally, I read of "Fruit-a-tives" and decided to try them, and the effect was marvellous.

The first box gave me great relief, and after I used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good for Chronic Constipation and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—Try "Fruit-a-tives"—why suffer any longer when there is a perfect cure in this great fruit medicine"

(MISS) E. A. GOODALL.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world made of fruit and the only one that will completely and absolutely cure Constipation.

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

THAT TOBACCO

With the "Rooster" on It

Is crowing louder as he goes along. Only 45c per pound. For chewing and smoking.

AT A. MACLEAN'S, Ontario Street.

R R R

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES ASTHMA

The specifics for this disease are the Ready Relief, the Resolvent and Radway's Pills. The Relief must be rubbed on the chest and throat until a burning sensation is produced, and the Pills must be taken freely, to keep the bowels thoroughly open. The Resolvent must be given at short intervals, in small doses, and a dessertspoonful on retiring to rest. Give a teaspoonful of the Resolvent whenever a paroxysm seems. Extraordinary cures of Asthma have been accomplished by these means.

Ask for RADWAY'S and Take no Substitutes

"The Brew that Grew"

Labatt's London Lager

Selling *fast* because made *right*

THE TRUE FLAVOR—AND PURE. TRY IT!

LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

XXX STOUT

Made and matured in the old way

THE IDEAL BEVERAGES

JOHN LABATT LIMITED

LONDON, CANADA

30

JAMES McPARLAND, Agent, 339-341 King Street East.

KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

With CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

No other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 82, Boston, U. S. A.

Ernest Torey, Pierrepont Manor, N. Y., had his right hand filled with shot while duck hunting. He will likely lose the hand.

WAS KING OF JUNGLE

ENGLISH SAILOR HAD AMAZING ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

Engineer on a Freight Liner Took a Holiday to Shoot Big Game on the East Coast and Was Captured by Blacks—Fought the Native Ruler and Got Throne by a Strange Accident—Wives Too Many for Him.

Stranger adventure than that which befel an Englishman on the East Coast of Africa is seldom met with outside the realms of fiction.

While hunting in the jungle he fell asleep, was brought before a tribal king, fought that potentate, became ruler because of the attachment for him of a sacred monkey, and entered into full royal possession, including the dusky harem. His rule was of short duration, for, according to his own account, the "sixteen wives" practically henpecked him off the throne. His escape also makes thrilling reading.

The story of Mr. Hugh Edward Gilhespie is told by The Manchester Dispatch. Mr. Gilhespie is a native of Newcastle, who, after serving an apprenticeship at Hawthorns, entered the service of the Prince Line nine years ago, and at the time of his adventure was, as he still is, second engineer on the Royal Prince, and had long nourished the desire to have some big game shooting.

At Mombassa he obtained the necessary leave, and, with a guide, set out for the jungle. Coming on the trail of elands, they followed it up until the tracks became stronger. The guide suggested their separating so as to come on the game from two sides, and this was done.

Alone, Gilhespie followed the trail until he felt he was either lost or in danger of it, whereupon he tried to get his guide by shouting, but no answer came. Tired, weak and hungry, he sat down to contemplate the situation, but fell asleep.

He was roughly awakened by a number of natives, who took possession of his rifle and revolver, and marched him to their village and before their king.

The natives kow-towed to their monarch, and tried to make the Englishman do the same. This he refused to do, and, as they persisted, he lost his temper and struck out with such effect that three of the natives were on the ground.

The king, evidently incensed at the treatment of his men, made a blind rush for Gilhespie. As he came on with his head down, like a mad bull, Gilhespie stepped aside and delivered a telling blow which laid him on the ground. No fewer than six times did the savage make similar bull-like rushes, each time to receive exactly the same felling blows.

Then he tried close quarters, and for fully half an hour the two fought, wrestled, and wriggled on the ground, each getting a blow in when the opportunity offered. At last Gilhespie delivered the "knock-out," and while he was recovering his breath and generally pulling himself together the strangest thing happened.

A little monkey, which had been sitting at the side of the throne, ran to Gilhespie and climbed on his shoulder.

The natives prostrated themselves face down on the ground and gave utterance to weird cries.

The rest of the story is best told in Mr. Gilhespie's own words.

"An old chap, with a big staff, the head carved in the shape of a strange bird, came towards me and kow-towed. Then he pointed to me and motioned towards the throne. I then began to realize that I was chosen to be their king. I walked towards the throne, and the natives chanted a weird heathen song. When I sat down, with the monkey still on my shoulder, they cheered so loud that they brought the king back to consciousness. He took a good look at me upon the throne, and fled madly into the forest.

"I was duly made king by the chief medicine man. I soon learned how it all came about. The monkey, it seems, was a sort of personification of the god which lived in the depth of the jungle, whom the natives worshipped, and when it jumped on my shoulders they accepted that as a sign that their god chose me as their ruler.

"But my troubles began very soon. All because of the royal wives, of whom there were sixteen. The man who finds himself henpecked by one wife is to be pitied, but think of a man henpecked by sixteen! That was my case.

"These wives wore strings of lions' teeth as necklaces, and they were always wanting more. I sent the hunters of the tribe out to get more, but they were unsuccessful, and my wives yammered and scolded day and night in consequence. After I had been king of the tribe for about three weeks I concluded that the job was not to my liking, and I decided to escape.

"One night, when the sixteen females had nagged me until my head was swimming, I tip-toed out of the hut, stole through the village, and made for the woods. I had not gone far when I heard a noise which made my blood cold. I thought my sixteen wives were on my trail, but when I looked back I saw it was only the sacred monkey. That monkey was my salvation, for it took me in the right direction. About sunset next day, when I was famishing for food and water, I came on the camp of an English hunting party.

"Well, to make a long story short, the Englishmen guided me back to Mombassa, and when I went on board the Royal Prince the crew thought I was a ghost.

"It is a strange story, but it is true. And if Sophia—that is the monkey's name now—could only speak, she would confirm every word of it. I did not inherit royalty; I had it thrust upon me, and I have had sufficient of it."

Evenly Matched.

London has about 9,000 milk shops and about the same number of public houses.

Hum Quon, a prominent Chinese merchant in Ottawa, has been arrested charged with forgery, uttering and conspiracy in connection with the Montreal "Tong" war.

Some men, like wells, are driven to drink.

KNIGHTHOOD ERRORS.

Some Funny Mistakes Have Occurred Over Honor-Giving.

The apportioning of honors to celebrate such occasions as the King's birthday is not an easy one for the Prime Minister and others concerned. Somebody is sure to be aggrieved; somebody sure to be overlooked. And many amusing stories are related about the newly-made knights on these auspicious occasions. For the new knight, in his flurry and agitation, is so likely to do strange or unsuitable things in the presence of royalty that the amusing tales about him have become legion to the general public.

Of the really true ones, however, the following are some of the best. Who can forget the contretemps which occurred when Queen Victoria was about to knight a certain prominent citizen of Leamington, a man whose name remains enshrined to-day in the town as one of its most benefactors? But, just as the Queen was about to knight him, so agitated did he become that he forgot what ought to be done. He rose too soon, and left the room, turning his back on her all the way, and not actually knowing but that the ceremony was over! Needless to say he was never really knighted at all, and right to the day of his death Leamington felt much aggrieved at the mishap.

Then was there not that occasion when Mr. John Thomas, of Buckingham, was included in the birthday honors? Mr. Thomas, who is a well-known paper manufacturer, was made a knight. But the similarity of his name (together with no mention of his town) to that of the famous musician who was for so long the royal harpist, led many people to a very probable error, and Mr. John Thomas, the fine Welsh harper, received more than 1,000 congratulatory messages from friends far and near who took him to be the lucky and worthy recipient of the King's favor.

It falls to the lot of few men to be twice knighted! In fact only once within our own generation has such a thing happened. Some score years or so ago the then Lord Herschel went to Windsor to be invested by Queen Victoria with the Grand Cross of the Bath. On those occasions the Queen was very rapid in her movements, and his lordship, having sunk on one knee to be invested, before anyone present had grasped the error and could interfere, Her Majesty touched him with the sword and gave him the honor of knighthood! She herself overlooked the fact that she had actually knighted him only two years previously.

The celebrated war correspondent of The London Times, Mr. W. H. Russell, had a physical frame nearly as small as his mind was large. Hence his familiar friends used commonly to call him "Little Billee"; and one of the best and most valued of such friends was his late Majesty, King Edward.

Very touching and delightful was the scene when Sir William Howard Russell came forward to be knighted by the sovereign whom he had known so long and served so faithfully, and whose steps as a young man he had guided over the battlefields of the Crimean War when the then Prince of Wales visited that interesting spot.

The famous journalist's small frame and physical infirmities would have made it a trial for him to kneel down before the King. The kind heart of Edward VII. grasped his at once, as the knight in embryo came forward.

"Don't trouble to kneel, Billie! Stoop!" whispered the monarch with a sweet smile.

Russell's eyes filled at this kindly thought of his King and friend. He "stooped," the sovereign touched his shoulder very lightly, and then said just a word in congratulation, as the new knight, with full heart, affectionately kissed the royal hand.

Few Premiers have ever been more cynical than was Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield. The Right Hon. George Wyndham, who knew him well, relates how on one occasion Disraeli was much pestered by a well-known politician to bestow a knighthood on a friend who much desired it.

"Tell your friend that the source of honor in this country is a fountain, not a pump!" was Beaconsfield's laconic answer.

Boys In Parliament.

It is contended that the British House of Commons is the most widely representative legislative body in the world, since it includes not only all social grades, from the miner and the artisan to the scions of ducal houses, but numbers among its members men of all ages, from the youth in his 20's to the veteran of 80 years.

So long ago as the year 1613 there were 40 legislators in the Commons who had not attined their 20th year, and, incredible as it may seem, certain of them were only 16 years of age.

Edmund Waller, the poet and courtier of Stuart days, was a school boy of 16 when he qualified as a member of Parliament. He was, as Clarendon says, "nursed in Parliament," and probably was the only man that ever lived who could look back two-thirds of a century to his debut as a legislator.

New Zealand's Frozen Meat.

While the prosperity of New Zealand is ascribed by some people to its socialistic institutions, economists declare that the cause is due to the frozen meat industry. Since 1882 shipments of frozen meat to England have increased enormously and they now are valued at more than $15,000,000 per annum.

There are six companies engaged in this trade and they pay 6 to 15 per cent. on their capital invested. The meat, once frozen in New Zealand, is kept frozen throughout it long journey and until it is ready for sale to the consumer. The refrigerating process has increased the wealth of New Zealand by $500,000,000.

Burning Good Timber.

Business men of Dawson, Alaska, say that recent fires in the district have destroyed timber worth $100,000,000.

Mrs. Edna Phillip and Thomas J. Sherun, were arrested in Chicago, on the charge of forging money orders for amounts over $50,000. They are said to be the leaders of a gang organized throughout the country.

WINNER OF 240 BELTS.

Wrestling Giants of the Lake District of Rural England.

If you would see the finest of our old English sports at its best, says London Tit-Bits, you should pay a visit to the Lakes when Grasmere is holding her celebrated sports at the foot of her rugged fells; for there you will see such wrestling as is worth traveling a hundred miles to look on. It is true that many an English county, from Lancashire to Cornwall, has its mighty wrestlers, men of iron muscle and portentous girth of chest; but few of them compare in strength and skill with the "lads" of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

And it is but fitting that it should be so, for these Lake counties have been the true home of this fine old sport ever since our Viking forefathers introduced it a thousand years ago. This stern land of fell and dale is nature's nursery of men with strong thighs and long backs, and these thighs and backs are made for wrestling.

In Edward VI.'s time the giant Herd went from Westmoreland to wrestle before the King, and won by his prowess house and home in his native vale. The doings of the "Cork Lad of Kentmore" still echo in the Troutbeck Valley. But it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that wrestling became a fashion as well as a passion. Old and young took part in it. The champion went to church wearing his challenge belt on the Sunday after his victory, and, by way of challenge, displayed his decoration at a neighboring church on the Sunday following.

In these old days the sport had many centres to which its devotees flocked. Stone Carrs, near Greystoke, was the great meeting-place for Mid-Cumbrians Melmerby and Langwathby drew their thousands in the east. Then, a century ago, came the famous Swift's ring at Carlisle, Arcledon, Lorton, and Egremont; and, not content with such Olympias as these for the winning of laurels, there was no barn in the two counties in which the fell-shepherds and farmers did not practice the arts of hype and buttock every week of the year.

For the love of wrestling is in the blood of every true son of the dales. Any schoolboy in Lakeland will tell you, with proud face and flashing eyes, that William Richardson, of Caldback (who was dubbed "Belted Will" by "Christopher North"), won no fewer than 240 championship belts. And was not Charles Dickens among his most enthusiastic applauders when Longmire the Leviathan captured the hundred and seventy-fifth of his trophies?

Prof. John Wilson, known to fame as "Christopher North," the friend of De Quincey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, still has a name to conjure with in Lakeland, for it was he, more than any other man, who made Grasmere the Mecca of lovers of wrestling. This "six-foot Apollo," "whose tread seemed almost to shake the earth," was not content to offer prizes for wrestling and to induce all the local gentry to patronize the sport; he would invariably try a fall himself with the champion of the day, and as often as not come off victor.

A Remarkable Curiosity.

There is in Connaught, Ireland, a remarkable curiosity, which gives an example of official oversight. When the great famine of 1874 was upon the land the Government of the day conceived the idea of opening a line of navigation from Galway to Ballina by way of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, so as to avoid the dangers of the western coast. From Cong a canal was actually made to Lough Mask as part of the general scheme. The work gave a great deal of employment and so far the canal served its purpose. But when it was completed it was found the canal would not hold water. The fact that the rock of the district is of a very porous character had been overlooked.

Bright Pupils.

Here are some answers culled from British school examination papers:

"The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt."

"Julius Caesar was renowned for his great strength. He threw a bridge across the Rhine."

"The Zoidaic is the zoo of the sky, where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead."

"The Pharisees were people who like to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms."

"An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it."

"Algebraical symbals are used when you do not know what you are talking about."—Westminster Gazette.

Another Kind.

The late Justice Wills once made a rather cutting remark to a barrister. The barrister was, in the judge's opinion, simply wasting the time of the court, and in the course of a long winded speech he dwelt at quite unnecessary length on the appearance of certain bags connected with the case.

"They might," he went on pompously—"they might have been full bags, or they might have been half filled bags, or they might even have been empty bags, or"—

"Or perhaps, dryly interpolated the judge, "they might have been windbags."—Answers.

"Paradise Lost."

Milton's "Paradise Lost" was commenced between 1639 and 1642 and completed about the time of the great fire of London in September, 1666. Its author composed it in passages of from ten to twenty lines at a time and then dictated them to an amanuensis, usually some attached friend. It was first published in 1667 by Samuel Simmons, and a second edition appeared in 1674. For these two editions Milton received $50 and his widow $40 more.

Civilized Bengal.

Rigorous smoke abatement laws are in force in Bengal, India.

Edward Bennett, Westport, charged with stealing $47 from James Bennett, was let off on suspended sentence, on making good the money and paying court fees.

Some men are so lazy that they are unable to dodge a slow lure.

FATHER OF COMMONS.

Thomas Burt Has Been Thirty-Eight Years In British House.

Mr. Thomas Burt, who is the "father" of the British House of Commons, and who has represented Morpeth for thirty-eight years, is about to meet with opposition from his own camp in his old age. Mr. Burt's views are not sufficiently advanced to meet the approval of some of the more ardent spirits of the labor section, and the local branch of the Independent Labor party is proposing to run a candidate in opposition to him at the next election.

Mr. Burt has had a very remarkable career, and has carved out for himself a unique position. There is no man in the House of Commons more highly respected, and his winning personality has gained him hosts of friends. He started his life in the pit, and throughout his career he has been the miners' advocate. Except for a couple of years' attendance at the village school Mr. Burt is entirely self-educated. When twelve years old he was working twelve hours a day as a trapper boy. Then he was promoted to the position of donkey-driver at the handsome salary of one shilling a day.

In those days strikes were very common, though the workers were quite unorganized. Thomas Burt was a strong advocate of trade unionism, and though his attitude made him unpopular with employers he gained the confidence of his fellow-workmen. In 1865 they elected him secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Mutual Provident Association, and nine years later sent him to Parliament as their representative.

He was the first miner to enter Parliament, and in connection with his election a good story is told. Mr. Burt was opposed by Major Duncan, and the latter was accorded a most friendly reception. He was thus lured by the expressions of friendliness into seeking a vote of confidence as Conservative candidate at one of the meetings. The vote received no support, which caused the major to comment: "What do you mean? You come in crowds to my meetings; you do not interrupt me; you cheer my speeches; and then you vote against me to a man!"

"Why, aye," was the reply, "we like you weel enough, but we're gan to vote for Tommy Burt!"

Mr. Burt is a Privy Councillor, and has been honored with the Freedom of Newcastle-on-Tyne as well as that of Morpeth.

The Word "Picnic."

Few people know the original meaning of the word "picnic." It is to be found set out in The London Times of a hundred years ago:

"A picnic supper consists of a variety of dishes. The subscribers to this entertainment have a bill of fare presented to them, with a number against each dish. The lot which he draws obliges him to furnish the dish marked against it, which he either takes with him in his carriage or sends by a servant. The proper variety is preserved by the talents of the maitre d'hotel, who forms the bill of fare. As the cookery is furnished by so many people of fashion, each strives to excel, and thus a picnic supper not only gives rise to much pleasant mirth, but generally can boast of the refinement of the art."

A Needle In a Haystack.

"A bottle of hay" was formerly much used in Derbyshire, England, and probably is so still, to denote a bundle of hay, which was taken from a rick to fodder cattle in a field. When it was difficult to find anything that had been lost, the farmer folk were wont to say: "You may as well hunt for it as for a needle in a bottle of hay."

Some times the rope tied round the hay had a piece of wood with an eye in it at one end, through which the rope was passed to tie up the bundle, and a sharp point at the other end, and this piece of wood may have been called a needle; if so a needle of this kind may have been referred to in the proverbial saying.

An Avaricious Woman.

A woman who carried love of money to an incredible extreme was Lady Margaret Jardine, sister of the first Marquis of Queensbury. Although her husband was a rich man, Lady Margaret would actually carry foot passengers across the little river Annan for a halfpenny, and whenever there was a fair or market day she would sit on the banks of the stream all day long waiting for customers. She usually wore rags to save her clothes, but on the rare occasions when she visited anywhere she packed up a few decent garments, which she slipped on before entering the house, exchanging them for her dirty ones when leaving.—London Queen.

Burned at the Stake.

As late as the end of the eighteenth century counterfeiters were publicly burned at the stake in London. On March 18, 1789, Christianie Murphy was executed at Newgate tower, London, for the crime of "coining." She as bound to the stake seated on a stool, the main tie being a cord around the neck. The funeral pyre was then lighted by the executioner and his deputies, one of the latter of whom finally jerked the stool from under the wretched creature, allowing the weight to fall on her neck. Within forty-eight minutes the body was entirely reduced to ashes and buried in a hole on the spot where the execution took place.

Two Archbishops.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of all England and therefore takes precedence of the Archbishop of York, who is only "primate of England." This very nice distinction was made several centuries ago on account of a very bitter dispute arising between the two functionaries as to which should precede the other. The matter was settled by conferring precedence upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, the two titles being also bestowed at the same time.

Controller H. C. Hocken has been chosen mayor of Toronto by the city council in succession to Mayor Geary who becomes corporation counsel.

A woman doesn't have to change her mind in order to change the subject.

Men Over 45 Not Wanted By Corporations

Man With a Good Head of Hair Has Best Chance in Life

Men Over 45 Need Not Apply.

There's the sign that's getting to be a common thing in Canada.

Corporations are retiring men at 50. They are not hiring anyone over 40.

A baldheaded man often looks 10 years older than he is.

A man with gray hair always does.

It is important nowadays that a man look as young as he is; it is vastly important that a man having a family dependent upon him should take care of his hair.

If you have dandruff, get rid of it by killing the germs.

If your hair is falling out, stop it.

If your hair is falling, don't waste any time.

There is one sure remedy that will correct these misfortunes and aid you to remain young.

Parisian Sage, the grand and efficient hair restorer, is guaranteed to permanently remove dandruff in two weeks, or your money back.

Parisian Sage stops falling hair—it prevents the hair from fading. It is not a dye.

It is the best beautifier for ladies' hair, as it makes harsh, lustrous hair fluffy, soft and beautiful and is not sticky or greasy.

Parisian Sage Hair Tonic can be obtained at drug and department stores and at counters where toilet goods are sold for 50 cents. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. J. B. McLeod guarantees it.

COOK'S FRIEND

"The Baking Powder With a Pedigree"

made from pure grape cream of tartar and, containing no alum, ensures healthful and delicious bread, pancakes, pie-crust and other pastry.

All Grocers Sell It

MEN'S HEAVY WEARING BOOTS

Box Calf and Tan Calf, leather lined, double sole, Goodyear welt.

Just the Boot for wet Fall weather.

$5.00 a pair

H. Jennings, - King St.

Every Woman's Complexion

is bound to show whether or not she is in good physical condition. If the complexion is muddy, the skin sallow; if pimples or skin blemishes appear it is then attention must be given to improve the bodily condition. There is one safe and simple way. Clear the system and purify the blood with a few doses of

Beecham's Pills

This well known vegetable family remedy is famous for its power to improve the action of the organs of digestion and elimination. They will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver, tone the stomach and you will know what it is to be free from troubles, from headaches, backaches, lassitude, and extreme nervousness. They will make you feel healthier and stronger in every way. By clearing your system of poisonous waste Beecham's Pills will have good effect upon your looks—these they

Will Beautify and Improve

The directions with every box are of special value and importance to women. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

You Ought To Get In Touch With The Sutherland Shoes

It's as much your advantage as it is ours. We're bound to get together sooner or later. Why not now? You want good shoes—we sell them.

Come in when you're ready.

J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO.

The Home of Good Shoes