

AGONY ON OPERATING TABLE

Did Not Remove Stone in Bladder GIN PILLS Passed it.

JOLLETTE, P. O. CANADA.

"During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in The Bladder. He decided on an operation and was assisted by another doctor. They said the calculus was larger than a bean and too hard to crush and they could not take it out.



I returned home suffering greatly and did not know what to do but was recommended by a friend to try GIN PILLS. I bought a box and found relief from the pain at once. I took a second and third box of GIN PILLS after which I went back to the specialist. He told me the calculus was reduced in size, still he could not relieve me of it although he tried for two and a half hours.

I returned home again and continued to take GIN PILLS as they reduced the pain very much, but I did not expect that they would relieve me of the stone but to my great joy, I passed the stone on October 3rd, and am now a well man and very happy.

I am sending the stone in to you so that you can see for yourself what a great work GIN PILLS did for me. GIN PILLS are the best medicine in the world and because they did so much for me, I will recommend them all the rest of my life."

J. ALBERT LESSARD.

What glorious news to those who are almost going insane from the pain of Stone in The Bladder! Here is ease and comfort! Here is relief! Here is a certain means of getting rid of the stone without being cut to pieces by the knives of a surgeon. GIN PILLS dissolve Stone or Gravel in Kidneys or Bladder because GIN PILLS are the greatest solvent for uric acid the world has ever known.

If your trouble is like Mr. Lessard's, follow his example and take GIN PILLS. Money refunded if they fail to give relief. At all dealers, 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. Sample free if you write us, mentioning this paper.

National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto. If the bowels are constipated and liver torpid, take National Lazy Liver Pills 50c a box.

NAT GOODWIN WRITES BOOK ON HIS FIVE WIVES

Most Married Man in America, Who Has Almost Equalled Record of Henry Eighth, Turns Author—One Spouse Was Like a Mother to Him.

Nathaniel Goodwin, one of the greatest and most beloved (except by his wives) of American actors, has long been promising to write a book which would set forth his rich store of stage and matrimonial experiences.

He has written his book, and in it, if he has not made perfectly clear just why beautiful women marry him, he has made perfectly clear why he has separated from so many of them.

The book is brilliant, full of fascinating anecdotes upon the great and lesser folk of the stage with whom Nat has come in contact in his decades of acting. It will be published during the fall, and will no doubt take first rank among stage memoirs.

He might still have been a happy and deserving once-turned husband, according to his book, had not one wife died and three divorced him. To the sixth wife, who appears in his horoscope, according to grave astrologers, he gives no present thought. He is living, three months after his fifth marriage, on a little island of content.

The following article, taken from the manuscript sheets of the book, is printed by the courtesy of Mr. Goodwin himself. Here is how the five-wives fascinator bares his soul and airs the troubles of a five-ply husband in the book "I Wonder."

The Forthcoming Book. I have been censured, sometimes harshly, for my versatility in the choice of wives, and many have marvelled at my fortunate—or unfortunate—selections. I have already been long on the market of home and wives.

I truly believe that no home is complete without a wife, providing she is of the kind that enjoys, the company of honest and intelligent people. Some men only lease their mates and then prate about respectability. If I have decided at different times to tear down any of the Ephraim domes which I have erected, it is the fact of my destroying them enough to warrant my being known, as was Alexander, as the fool that razed (or was it raised) them?

The three saddest events in my life were the burial of my son, the child of myself and the former Mrs. Nellie Baker Pease; the death of my wife, Eliza Weathersby, and inspecting Her Majesty's theatre, London, with Sir Henry Irving, under the guidance of Beerholm Tree, then the lessee and manager.

The three happiest events were the birth of my son, the presentation of a loving cup to me by the Lambs club, and my first night's performance of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice."

Eliza Weathersby was one of the loveliest women I ever saw, and without doubt the most amiable and capable of the deepest devotion. A superb artist, she entered burlesque to the surprise of all who knew her and to the deep regret of many. The reasons for her entry into the burlesque field was that the salary offered enabled her to support her widowed mother and five sisters, who were left in want by the death of their father. Every week, after our marriage, a certain sum was sent across the ocean out of our joint salaries to the widow and orphans left in London, and, one by one, each succeeding year one of the five sisters would come over to join our happy family.

I was only a stripling when I married this beautiful creature. Moreover, I was unreliable and, I confess, unappreciative of what the fates had been so kind as to bestow upon me. Many have accused me of wanton neglect. I may have neglected her, but only for the companionship of men. She never complained, and during the ten years of our happy married life there was never one discordant note. She was ten years my senior and treated me more like a son than a husband, but, like the truant boy who runs away from school now and then, I was always glad to return and seek the forgiveness that an indulgent mother always gives a wayward child. Our own house near Boston was a little paradise. A loving sister, a dutiful daughter, a loving wife, she is resting in Woodlawn and the daisies grow over her grave.

"There was a brief matrimonial hiatus. Of the resumption of his marriages he says:

About this time I began to weary of the solitude of single life. Living with dear old John Mason, in our flat on 23rd street life became to me a burden. I was very respectable persons, John and I, at that time, and led a most exemplary life.

His Number Two.

It was during these disconsolate hours that I became interested in a Mrs. Nellie Baker Pease, wife of a dilettante, living in Buffalo. She was desirous of entering my profession, and asked me if I would introduce her to Steele Mackaye, who was teaching the Delsarte system in New York. During my week's sojourn in Buffalo I was introduced to her mother, sister, brother and husband. The brother must have emanated from the same pod as the husband, Pease, or perhaps on some coral reef where sponges predominate. He proved a most absorbing person. I wired him once to spend a few days in New York. He wired me that he was coming for a cup of tea—and a popped two years.

I noticed during my visits to her house that she bestowed no love nor even respect upon that dilettante husband. I promised her to assist her to meet Mackaye, and after binding myself with this obligation I took my departure.

I met her afterwards in Boston,

where she told me she was going for a divorce, and in a few days was served with papers from her husband, who charged me with alienating his wife's affections. When the summons came she took it as a joke, saying, "What a great relief from a little incubus." I failed to see the joke and suggested that she furnish some solution for escape from this most embarrassing situation. I realized the publicity and scandal that must surely come. She had met my father and mother in the meantime and they were greatly upset about the matter. I realized the publicity and scandal that must surely come. I put the question directly to her: "What shall I do?" She said: "It is very simple. Go to Buffalo. Buy them off. Come back to Boston and marry me. Your mother has become quite fond of me, likewise your dad, and passionately fond of art. I think you are the most charming of men, and I know I can make you superlatively happy." I fell for this. What else could a true born American do?

Meets Maxine Elliott.

It was at a banquet given by Tim Prawley, in San Francisco, I first met the Juno-like Maxine Elliott, one of the most beautiful women then I had ever seen. Her raven black hair and eyes in delightful contrast to the red hues that formed an aureole, as it were, above her head, was wonderful. There she sat, so lovely, unconscious of the appetite she was destroying, absorbing the delicate little compliments paid her by that prince of good fellows, John Drew. Serene and superior she reminded me then, as many times she

Cured Eczema Like Magic

Suffered for Years—Tried All Kinds of Treatment—Surprised at Results from Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You can soon tell when people are enthusiastic about medical treatment by the language they use. After experimenting with all sorts of ointments in a vain effort to obtain relief and cure, the writer of this letter was astonished at the quick and satisfactory results obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"It worked like magic," she writes "indeed it is surprising the healing that is often effected in a single night by this great ointment. The stinging and itching are relieved at once, and cure is only a matter of time and patient treatment."

Mrs. Clements, 13 Sirange street, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I have suffered from eczema for years, and after using all kinds of ointments at last tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It worked like magic and proved a godsend to me. I would advise anyone suffering from eczema to try one box and be convinced." 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto.

has since, of a Roman senator, and upon her I afterward bestowed that sobriquet.

During my marriage to Maxine Elliott she purchased a house on Duke street, London, without my knowledge. I had previously placed my furniture in a storehouse together with the contents of my wine cellar, which she quietly confiscated. I did not mind the furniture so much but to tickle the palates of her English friends with my expensive St. Emilion and Veauv Cluquot was rude, to say the least. Besides I was never invited to her Duke street house. After I had tried so hard to entertain her at Jackwood, my English home, I think her conduct was most discourteous.

A great many people have the idea that Maxine Elliott divorced me. It was I who began the suit. I was very much embarrassed during the trial when the judge asked me to give him the name of my wife before I married her. I told him I thought it was Hall. He said: "Think? Don't you know?" I said, "That's the name of her brother, who had previously played under my management." When the papers were returned from her attorneys she gave her maiden name as McDermott. I said: "That's the name of her ex-husband." We afterwards discovered that her name was McDermott and that she had married a man of the same name. Hence arose the awkward situation.

(He gives to Edna Goodrich but a few lines. Indeed No. 4 narrowly escapes the oblivion of silent contempt so far as her former husband is concerned.)

My marriage to her was one of the great errors of my career. I realized we were mismatched. I had fallen in love with her while trying to save her from a scoundrel. My zeal outran my discretion. Her mother was a jarring chord. In short the avenues of our lives did not run parallel and the milieu she created in our home became one of trying ordeals rather than domestic felicity. She was marvellously beautiful—so they tell me. But to quote from James Whitcombe Riley, "Pretty is what pretty does."

(After his third divorce drama, in which she played the heroine, Miss Goodrich had little to say of him, only: "When a man is fat and past fifty he would better stop his pursuit of romance," and when in softer mood: "It is a great pity. He was once such a fine actor. What a waste of life!")

Meets His Fifth Fate.

In May, 1913, I again startled the world by marrying Margaret Moreland, and set the buzzards and the gossips to wagging their ears (Nature query: Does a buzzard wag its ears?) and lashing their tongues in spasms of spleen. Irrespective of my love for the lady, her devotion to me during my late illness was worthy a crown of rubies. I only wish I possessed one to place upon her brow. She saved my life and I owe it to her. The trouble has been that I have always admired beauties and they have handed it to me.

I have constantly referred to fate while writing my book, taking my cue from Homer, but had I known he simply used the word fate to save time, and since my course through life was directed by "fates" rather than fate, I should not have marvelled at my many disappointments in the matrimonial field. With those "Three Little Maids From School"—Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos—leading me through life with their silken threads through my nose allowing me to go and then reeling me back again, as one toys with a game fish, I have felt like giving up the game long ago.

Young ladies, you certainly have made it very warm for me.

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THERE'S no mistaking "Swift's Premium" Bacon. It is the juiciest and tenderest you ever tasted.

Slice it where you like—it's perfect all through. Buy it where you will, directly you see the brand "Swift's Premium" you know you may expect the same uniform, savory flavour characteristic of all "Swift's Premium" Bacon.

Look for the "Swift's Premium" brand before buying.

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THE BEST

ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 FOR NEAREST SOLUTION. Somebody Contest telling us WHAT "PROVERB" IS REPRESENTED BY the above Sketches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or \$10 in Gold Money! as stated in the certificate of entry, and in the event of a tie between two or more persons for the prize, a prize identical in character and value with that tied for will be given to each person tied. Try at once. It may be you. Use your Brains. Send no Money. Write your answer on a Postcard or letter, giving name and address plainly. BRITISH WATCH CO., Dept. A Montreal, Canada

This oven test means

bake-day "luck"

If your baking results vary, you may find the reason in the flour. For there is only one way that a miller can assure you constant success. An oven test must be made.

So we take ten pounds of wheat from each shipment delivered at our mills. We grind this sample into flour. Then the flour is baked into bread.

If this bread proves to be the "lucky" kind—high in quality, large in quantity—we use the shipment. Otherwise we sell it.

You buy luck in flour bearing this name.

No need to merely try your luck.

"More Bread and Better Bread" and "Better Pastry Too"

Good Rubbers

Is what the best people want and we have them.

H. Jennings, - King St.

When we clean Gloves, we clean them thoroughly

We do more than remove the spots and grease. Our special cleaning fluids and special machines, take out all the dirt from the smooth surface of a glove. Then each glove is carefully gone over by hand, to clean out the corners and seams. Gloves, that we clean are spotlessly white.

Parker's Dye Works TORONTO.

Kingston Branch: 69 Princess Street.

"ORANGE LILY SAVED MY LIFE"

These words or expressions having the same meaning are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of womb; others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as "Women's Disorders," Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 50c, sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Enclose 3 stamps, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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All the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked into crisp, golden brown Biscuits or little loaves. The world's universal, staple breakfast cereal. Try

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for breakfast or for any meal with sliced peaches and cream or with any fresh fruits. The combination not only gives the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk, but keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active. Always clean, always pure, always wholesome.

Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness. For breakfast serve with milk or cream or fresh fruits of any kind.

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SUPPLE DRAPY SILKS AID IN ACHIEVING THE NEW OUTLINE

Drapy and pliable, crepe de chine is one of the most attractive materials for afternoon shades, as well as in all the newest pattern shades, which are being favored again more or less. One of the smartest shades is a wonderful blue called "perverche."

Dressmakers and corsetiers are putting forth every effort to bring out the absolutely natural lines of the figure. These supple silks aid wonderfully in this, as their folds fall gracefully, tapering gradually down to the narrow line of the hem.

Wide sashes also aid in this effect. They are folded and draped as the fancy pleases. The loose knot, low