

Every Meal Brought Agony But Since Taking "Little Digesters" He Can Eat Heartily

From Osgoode Station, Ont., comes a story of five years of suffering from Indigestion and Dyspepsia—five years of doctoring in vain—then "Little Digesters" and a complete cure. Mr. R. H. Ralph tells the story—his own story—thus: "I have been a sufferer from Indigestion and Stomach Trouble for five years. I had treatment from several doctors. I did not find a cure until I began using 'Little Digesters'." "I can hardly describe how much I suffered at times. Every meal brought with it more or less agony and I seemed to have a complete distaste for food. I had almost begun to think my case incurable when I came across an advertisement in the papers about 'Little Digesters'." "I decided to give them a trial. I am very thankful that I did so for I had not been taking them long when I found them helping me. I can now eat heartily and no longer feel pain and discomfort after eating."

Does Indigestion or Dyspepsia make your life miserable? Take "Little Digesters"—they will cure you or your money will be refunded.

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Every one of them must be good enough to uphold our reputation. There are two kinds—the dainty "Fancy Thin" and the "regular" Dairy Cream Sodas. In sealed packages at 5, 10 and 25 cents, at your grocer's. Every package guaranteed. Send too, in coin or stamps and your grocer's name for the "Fancy Thin" sample package; of some of the other Perrin's Biscuit Delights. **D. S. PERRIN & COMPANY LIMITED**
LONDON, CANADA

GIFTS

In the spring there came a glorious day when Jimmy sat very mute and dejected. For the first time in his school life he did not wait to hear the dismissal bell, because Aunt Martha was coming to visit! Now, Jimmy had never set eyes on mother's sister, Aunt Martha, except in the album, when mother pointed her out as one of the cleverest ladies the Lord ever had set on earth. But he had heard of her especially since the Jimmons moved next door, and mother constantly bewailed the fact that he was not talented, like the Jimson kid, who was a corker, and just like Aunt Martha when she was a child, "clever, oh, very."

"She could play beautifully, Jimmy, when she was your age, just like Algernon Jimson," mother told him "and paint—well—"

Mother paused expressively. "Gracious me, I don't know whether your Aunt Martha will think of you, when she comes Jimmy Brown!"

Jimmy didn't either. He fervently wished he did, as he lagged along from school that fine spring day. He saw Aunt Martha as he turned the corner near home. Mother was showing her where she tucked and daffodils were peeping through Jimmy's window, she should care for things like that, she was so clever. He did. He loved working in the garden, and he wasn't clever. He was frankly puzzled as he drew near. Aunt Martha looked real jolly and she had the dandiest smile! But when mother exclaimed, "Here's Jimmy!" the smile left her face. She just stared at him. Jimmy guessed she was so clever she saw right away he was a dunce. It seemed ages before she said: "Oh, Jane isn't she like Jim?"

She meant Uncle Jim, who had died. Jimmy knew, for whom he was named. As Aunt Martha drew him to her real lovingly—Jimmy hadn't thought clever people could be loving, like mother—exclaiming, "Jimmy, you dear! You're so like another Jimmy, I loved, and I'm so glad I'm mother, though she looked as though she was going to cry, lamented, "He isn't like Jim some ways. He doesn't care a scrap about books and studying. He hasn't a single gift, Martha!"

"No?" Aunt Martha's tone was queer. Jimmy guessed it was all off with him, but just then he did a little for mother was crying as she murmured something about Jim. Jimmy had only seen her cry once—when Uncle Jim died. She had called Jimmy her little comforter. He went to her swiftly, his eyes alight with boyish sympathy. He forgot all about Aunt Martha as he questioned: "Are you awfully sorry about something, mother?"

Mother gave him one of her dandy squeezes as she exclaimed: "All right now, son. She sent him away then, and as he left them Jimmy heard her say: 'He is like Jim, isn't he?'"

And Aunt Martha agreed. "Very," adding, "And you say he has no gift. I think I saw a rare one a moment ago."

After supper Jimmy began to think some clever people were pretty good sorts after all. Aunt Martha hadn't once mentioned school or old piano lessons or painting. They got along so well together! Jimmy's brown eyes were brilliant, as they always were when he was at his best, and though Aunt Martha somehow looked as though she wanted to cry as she watched him, it was dandy the way she questioned him about his new fishing rod, which he showed her. She asked him things which made him feel as though he knew something, and which brought forth answers which caused her to cry. "That so, Jimmy? What a lot you know about such things for a young boy, don't you?"

He threw his head up proudly, making Aunt Martha murmur with a quick intake in her breath. "Oh, Jim!" And he forgot all about cleverness and his shyness before grown-ups, talking enthusiastically about his work with father in the garden, and—whispering then—of the quarter Mr. Hudson was going to give him every Saturday for shining up the brass on his motor boat, which was to be put away for mother's Christmas present—mother not knowing one thing about it.

Then, of course, that Jimson kid had to come over to see the company and when mother came in from the kitchen she had him show off for Aunt Martha. He played; he showed the pictures; spoke his piece about the boy on the burning deck, and was quiet and polite and all the rest of it.

But if Aunt Martha only knew! Jimmy's eyes blazed as he thought of it now, and looked at Bob, his setter, lying by the fire, licking a wound on his flank, inflicted by a stone thrown by the Jimson kid. He went to him suddenly, he guessed he wasn't wanted when the Jimson kid "showed off." He wasn't clever and gifted and all the rest of it, but he could bring a human look of adoration into old Bob's eyes and he could rub around the "ound with boyish fingers whose touch was as soft as rose leaves.

Suddenly mother asked, "What's that spot on Bob, Jimmy?"

Jimmy grunted almost inaudibly, "Sore!"

"So? I see; but—Oh barbed wire, as usual, I suppose." Mother's attention returned to the Jimson kid, Jimmy cast one look at him.

"How—sore, Jimmy?" Aunt Martha glanced at him queerly.

"Just—sore," he repeated.

Aunt Martha turned from him to the Jimson kid. "How—sore, Algernon?" she asked.

The Jimson kid flinched uncomfortably. Jimmy glared at him in silence, and the Jimson kid said not a word, but presently evinced a tremendous desire for home. And this ended Aunt Martha's first evening as far as Jimmy was concerned, for the hour spelled bedtime.

It was a funny thing to waken in the middle of the night and hear Aunt Martha's voice and mother's. At least he thought it must be the middle of the night. But no—he guessed he wasn't awake at all; he must be dreaming for Aunt Martha said: "Jimmy not gifted! Why, to his gifts are royal ones, im-

COUNTRYSIDE TIDINGS

WHAT WHIG CORRESPONDENTS HAVE TO TELL
News From Villages and Farms Throughout the Adjoining Counties—Rural Events, and Movements of the People.

Budget From Bath.
Bath, June 4.—Quite a number from the village attended the celebration in Kingston on Wednesday. William Craig and wife of Amherstburg, visited at Frank Miller's on Sunday last. Rev. Mr. Everson is in Napanee attending conference. In the list of those drowned on the steamer Empress of Ireland last week appears the name of Staff Capt. Levi Taylor, who was stationed here about twenty-seven years.

At Ferguson's Falls.
Ferguson's Falls, June 3.—A number of people passed through the village yesterday who were going to attend the Horse show at Carleton Place. Mr. Nicale's drive is now coming down the river. He has about three thousand three hundred logs. The farmers of this vicinity have finished putting in their crops and there is all prospects of good crops. All are sorry to learn that Miss Jean Stewart, aunt of Rev. A. Stewart, Wolfe Island, died suddenly on Friday last of paralysis. J. J. Gray, who is employed with the international "Gorvost" company, Ottawa, spent Sunday last at his home here.

Births at Lyndhurst.
Lyndhurst, June 5.—William Tate has gone to Cardinal to go in the Toronto bank branch there. Miss M. Gamble and Mr. Williams, of Lansdowne, were quietly married here, in St. Luke's church, by Rev. M. Smith. The happy couple left by motor car for Kingston and other western points. Miss Mary J. Dillon and R. Dougall drove to Kingston on the 3rd, and were married there, on the 5th. Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Rodrick, a son, on May 30th. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William Shales, a son, and to Mr. and Mrs. F. Kenny, a daughter. Miss Nellie Rooney, of Halifax, is spending some time here with her mother. A goodly number from here took in the celebration in Kingston on the 3rd. Mrs. W. Johnston and Mrs. E. Singleton and Mrs. G. S. Rooney are in Brockville, as delegates to the Anglican Women's Auxiliary conference. R. R. late in improving the looks of his residence with a coat of paint.

At Pleasant Valley.
Pleasant Valley, June 3.—Prospects are bright for bumper crops. N. Ellerbeck is shingling the roof of his house. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lakin were recent visitors at E. Hughes. Moley Ellerbeck is at Harrowsmith. Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Bradford at Hartington; Miss Violet Sigworth the guest of Miss Viola Barr; Mr. and Mrs. G. Hughes at Fred. Ellerbeck's; Fred. Watson at Verona; Clarence Ellerbeck at Melville Bradford's; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hughes at O. E. Carr's, Verona; Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Gowdy at Peterson's; T. A. Kerr is making extensive improvements on his residence. Thomas Lambert has the contract. T. J. Deline paid a flying visit to this vicinity recently. N. Ellerbeck is shingling his house. T. Dowler has the contract. E. W. Bradford purchased a fine horse from a Kingston dealer, at a handsome figure. Mrs. R. E. Deline called on Mrs. G. Hughes recently.

SCOTLAND'S YIELD OF WHEAT
Wheat Averages 41.32 Bushels Per Acre.
In the returns by the British board of agriculture of the produce of crops, Scotland has good reason for satisfaction. The high yields per acre in Scotland result partly from the good cultivator of the soil and also because the various crops, owing to the prevalent prices, have been relegated to the soils on which they do best. This Scotland has an average of 41.32 bushels per acre of wheat during 1913, and England only 31.32 bushels per acre. In addition the average yield per acre during the ten years, 1902-1913, is 39.67 bushels for Scotland, and only 21.42 bushels for England. Similar figures represent barley, but the average for oats is slightly higher in England, both during the decade and last year. Again, while Scotland has a superior average during 1902-1913 of 6.41 bushels per acre of potatoes, England had a larger crop in 1912. The climate in many parts of England is entirely unsuitable for the growth of turnips and swedes, and thus it is not surprising that the four tons heavier than in England. But the average of 16.38 tons per acre could indubitably be raised in Scotland. Similarly, there is little doubt that the yields of 31.76 cwt. and 29.98 cwt. per acre for clover and meadow hay respectively, even though they are splendid in comparison with other countries, could also be raised.

OVERWORK AND WORRY

Fruitful Source of Broken Down Constitutions.
A little worry does a great deal of harm. Overwork and worry give rise to headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness, weak back, lack of interest in your work, indigestion and sometimes a complete breakdown of the nervous system, leading to paralysis. If these are the symptoms you need a tonic. And the only way to tone up the nerves is through the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a direct nerve tonic because they make new rich red blood, which feeds the nerves and strengthens every organ in the body. Under the tonic influence of these Pills nervousness and all the other evils of worry and over work quickly disappear. They restore the digestion and enable the body to take full advantage from the food eaten.

Mrs. J. C. Chapman, Omemeo, Ont., says: "I became completely run-down and my nervous system shattered from overwork and worry. I always felt tired and exhausted and slept badly at night. I tried several medicines but did not find the hoped-for relief. Then I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pills. I took them regularly for several months and they restored me to perfect health, and I have since been well and strong. I can recommend my Pills to any afflicted with nervousness or a broken constitution as I feel sure they will effect a cure."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TURKS SACRIFICE LAMBS

Slaughter Animals to Initiate Running of Street Car Line
Popular Electricity opening of the first electric street railway in Constantinople there occurred the ancient rite of sacrificing the lamb. In centuries of modern civilization there is nothing with which this ceremony can be compared, excepting perhaps the breaking of a bottle of champagne over the bow of a battleship at its christening. Across the tracks of the street car line two young lambs were placed and after the customary prayers of the Mohammedans they were killed on the spot; the rails were smeared with the warm blood and prayers invoking the blessings of Allah on the new line were offered. The officials watched the performance with all seriousness. The line runs from the Pont de Karaköy to Sirkedji in the Ottoman capital.

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Rheumatic Complications Checked and the "Human Sewers" Restored.
The Kidneys, Bowels and Skin are the "human sewers" which carry off the impurities in the blood. When these are clogged uric acid sediment lodges in the muscles and joints and Rheumatism follows. RHEUMA, the great remedy for all forms of the terrible disease, checks the deposit of uric acid. "For many years I suffered with Rheumatism. I am 71 years old, but am proud to say that after using one bottle of RHEUMA the Rheumatic pains are entirely gone. I daily recommend RHEUMA to my friends."—Willis Goff, Bridgeburg, Ont. J. B. McLeod will return your money if it fails. 50 cents a bottle.



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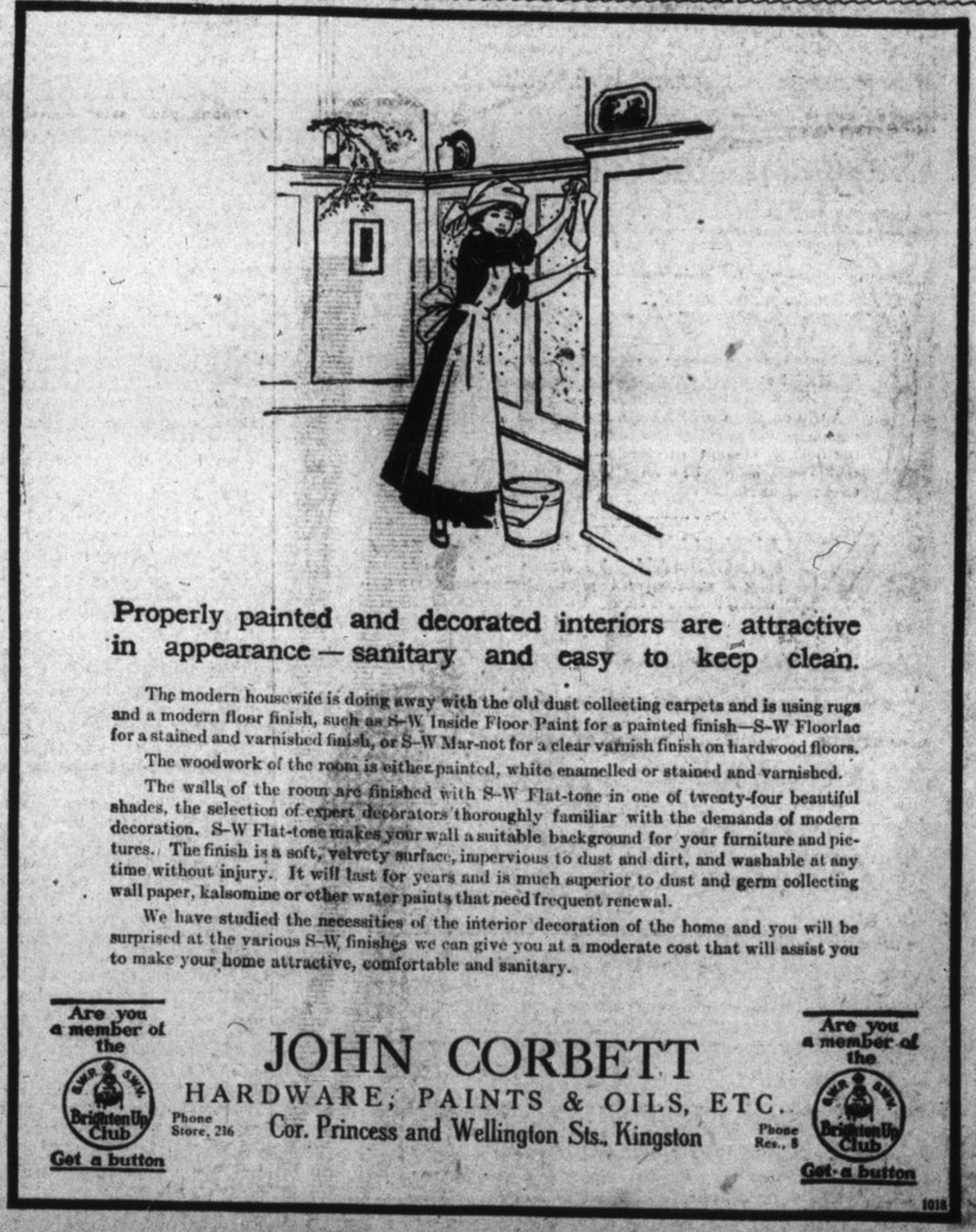
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