

WOMAN'S BEST MEDICINE

Mrs. Kelly Advises all Women to Take "Fruit-a-Tives"

HAGERSTOWN, ONT., AUG. 26th, 1913. "I can highly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" because they did me an awful lot of good and I cannot speak too highly about them. About four years ago, I commenced taking "Fruit-a-tives" for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollars' worth, but it was money well-spent because they did all that you claim for them. Their action is so pleasant, compared with other laxatives, that I found only pleasure, as well as health, in taking them. They seemed to me to be particularly suited to women, on account of their mild and gentle action, and I trust that some other women may start taking "Fruit-a-tives" after reading my letter, and if they do, I am satisfied the results will be the same as in my own case."

Mrs. W. N. KELLY

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

OUR TOBACCO

With the "Rooster" on it is crowing louder as he goes along. Only 45c per pound. For chewing and smoking.

AT A. MACLEANS.

Radway's Ready Relief

Radway's Ready Relief cures sore throat. Apply the Relief to the throat and chest with the surface smooth and red. Give Radway's Pills in such doses as will freely move the bowels. For a sudden cold, take a large dose of Radway's Pills. It is a combination of Relief with a transparent oil, which is a combination of hot water. Relief at once to bed. A profuse perspiration will break out, and in the morning the cold will be gone.

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Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps

the most healthful spirit obtainable, and the very best stimulant for general use. As a pick-me-up tonic and digestive Wolfe's Schnapps is always opportune, exercising the most beneficial effect upon the liver, kidneys and other organs.



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A delicious, oddly-shaped biscuit, with the delightful tang of malted milk and a rich cream filling.

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D. S. Perrin & Company Limited LONDON - CANADA

HERO OF BYGONE WAR

RIFLEMAN HARRIS' STORY ONE OF CLASSICS OF HISTORY.

Soldier Who Served Through the Peninsular Campaign Has Recorded the Terrible Experiences of Moore's Retreat in a Remarkable Book—He Also Served With the 95th in Denmark.

Literature, indeed, contains no adequate picture of a great battle as seen through the eyes of a private of the ranks. But at any rate there is one book, long since out of print, which gives some real idea of what war means to the private soldier, his emotions and impressions when the cannons roar, his feelings and fears when he charges at the point of the bayonet.

The book was not a literary gem, but it contained some graphic descriptions of the pluck and gallantry of the British soldiers who stormed Badajoz, fought at Salamanca, and saw Sir John Moore die after his famous retreat of Corunna. It was called "Recollections of Rifleman Harris of the Old 95th," and as a picture of the private in the Peninsula, with his hardihood, "his splendid fighting gifts, his hatred of retreats, his childlike trust in his officers, Rifleman Harris' recollections are of much greater value than whole volumes of starchy and erudite histories," says Rev. W. H. Fitchett in "Fights for the Flag."

Harris was a Dorset man, and six months after joining the 95th Rifles the regiment sailed with an expedition to Denmark. The troops, some 30,000 strong, were landed at Scarles Island, near Copenhagen, and as the men leaped from the boats ashore their warlike temper broke out. "The whole force," says Harris, "set up one simultaneous and tremendous cheer, a sound I cannot describe. It seemed so overwhelming." Harris heard afterwards on many battlefields that deep, stern, menacing wave of sound; the shout of the British soldier in the presence of the enemy.

But what a splendid tribute to the bravery of the British soldier is contained in Harris' account of the fight at Vimiera. The French came on in a solid mass, the British guns playing on them, and, says Harris, "I saw regular lanes torn through their ranks as they advanced, which were immediately filled up again as they marched steadily on. Whenever we saw a round shot that went through the mass," he adds, "with a visible chuckle, "we raised a shout of delight."

From the enemy Harris looked round upon his comrades. He says:—"As I looked about me, whilst standing enraptured, and just before the commencement of the battle, I thought it the most imposing sight the world could produce. Our lines glittering with bright arms, the stern features of the men as they stood with their eyes fixed unalterably upon the enemy, the proud colors of England floating over the heads of the different battalions, and the dark cannon on the rising ground, and all in readiness to commence the awful work of death, with the noise that would deafen the whole multitude."

It was in this battle that Harris saw the charge of the 95th, of which Napier was major. "They dashed upon the enemy like a torrent breaking bounds, and the French, unable even to bear the sight of them, turned and fled. He thinks at this moment I can hear the cheer of the British soldiers in the charge, and the clatter of the Frenchmen's accoutrements as they turned in an instant and went off, hard as they could run for it. The Grenadiers—the 70th, I think—our men seemed to know well. They were all fine-looking men, wearing red shoulder-knots and tremendous-looking mousers. As they came swarming upon us they rained a perfect shower of balls, which we returned quite as sharply. Whenever one of them was knocked over, our men called out, "There goes another of Boney's invincibles!"

The sternest experience of war, however, which Harris had, occurred when the 95th were caught in the backward rush of Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna. Gen. Craufurd was in command of the brigade, and for four days the force marched at a terrific rate, the men being in total ignorance of their goal. "Where are you taking us to?" a rifleman asked his officer. "To England," was the answer, "if we can get there." The soldiers then learned for the first time the real reason of their terrific marches, and, says Harris, "the men began to murmur at not being permitted to turn and stand at bay, cursing the French, and swearing they would rather die ten thousand deaths with their rifles in their hands in opposition than endure the present toll."

At last, from the head of the long, straggling column came a faint shout. From the top of the hill the sea was visible, and the tall masts of many transports. "Harris," said a rifleman notorious for his foulness of language, "if it pleases God to let me reach those ships, I swear never to utter a bad or discontented word again," and the tears ran down his haggard cheeks as he spoke.

Harris was the very last man who embarked at Vigo. He crawled on to the beach just as the last boat was pushing off, almost totally blind with mere fatigue. The boat put back for him, and he lived to reach Spithead, where, he says, "four years have feet once more touched English ground."

Buy Canadian Goods. At a recent meeting, under the auspices of the Household League of Ottawa, it was resolved to advise Canadian women to purchase only Canadian-made commodities so far as possible during the coming crisis. This is calculated to minimize non-employment. Among the prominent women present were Mrs. Adam Shortt, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. E. H. Coats, and Mrs. J. A. Wilson, national convener, household economist.

Prudence is a lover of investigation. With a lot of people money has little use for wings. Measure your words, and thereby

HORSESHOE LUCK.

Belief in It Dates Back to the Days of Golden Shod Steeds.

Every one knows the superstition that good luck strikes the finder if by chance a castoff horseshoe is picked up by the wayside, but how few know the origin of this belief.

It goes back hundreds of years, when horses were not only shod with shoes of iron, but with gold and silver as well, and this fact makes it apparent why it was lucky to find a shoe that had a real market value.

The habit of shoeing horses was formed in the time of the ancients many centuries before Christ. It was at this period that gold and silver were so often substitutes for iron.

The Roman emperors, for example, and the kings of Norway indulged repeatedly in this luxury. The custom, once established brought in vogue another practice among the grandees. When their horses cast their shoes the lackey was not allowed to stop for the purpose of securing them. This disdain of precious metal satisfied the basic pride of their masters; hence, when they were seen by the populace to mount a horse or enter a carriage they were followed with fervor in the hope that a shoe would become loose, thus enriching their store of earthly goods or, in other words, bringing them good luck.

When Lord Doncaster, Ambassador of England, made his entrance into Paris in 1816, he wished to win popularity and to associate his name with good fortune stories, so he ordered that the horse he was to ride should be insecurely shod with silver shoes.

Each time that he passed a group of pretty women or prominent men he dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse so forcefully that the infuriated animal would kick up his heels in such a manner that invariably a shoe was cast.

Immediately there was a scramble in the crowd to get the good luck souvenir. This manoeuvre was repeated many times while en route to the Louvre.

The supply was not restricted to just four legs. The wily lord had seen to that. In his escort was an elaborately liveried servant, who, at each casting of a shoe would dismount, and from a bag containing tools and other silver shoes would then and there shoe the horse.

Madam, I'm Adam. In an English magazine I discover some recent attempts of this sort, which are more ingenious than poetical.

"No, it is opposed. Artisans Trade's opposition." "No, it's a bar of gold, a bad leg for a bastion."

Before turning up the nose in scorn at them, let the gentle reader try to improve on them.

The Bank Graveyard. It is not generally known that the Bank of England, "the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," contains within its walls a graveyard. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, having the peculiar name of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and an act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. This, now tastefully laid out, is called the "bank garden." In it is the largest lime tree in London—London Standard.

The Two Daddies. "I know an English lady who married an officer of high rank in the German army," says Dagonet, in The London Referee. "Some years ago she divorced him and later married an officer in the British army. She has a daughter by her first husband, and the daughter remains in her custody. She has a daughter by her second husband, and now the fathers of the two children are both at the front. The two little girls say their prayers together every night. But while Evelyn says, 'Please God, don't let Sybil's daddy kill my daddy,' Sybil says, 'Please God, don't let Evelyn's daddy kill my daddy.'"

A Horror of Peace. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, once had a collection, to the announcement of which he added with deep pathos: "Widows and orphans will not be expected to contribute."

A few Sundays later there was another collection for the same object. "This time," said the preacher, "widows and orphans will not be exempt; for no battle ever made so many widows and orphans as the announcement made on the previous Sunday."

The Hospital Ship Fund. The Canadian Women's Hospital Ship Fund, which closed as such on Sept. 1st, has reached a total of \$218,024.61, over twice the amount originally called for. The said sum has been forwarded to the British Admiralty through Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, and will be used for a supplementary naval hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth, which will bear the name, "The Canadian Women's Hospital."

Wise Precaution. At Toronto Exhibition recently a man and woman have worked together for two weeks without discussing the war.

They are married. She is French and he is German. "No war news in our house," said the careful husband, when a friend jollied him on the subject.

No man knows the day or the hour when one of his old love letters will turn up and take a fall out of his happiness. Some people call borrowing money

ENGLAND'S MOTHERS.

Calmly Watch Their Little Worlds Knocked Into Fragments.

It is difficult for us to realize the changes which a war for national existence brings about in peaceful home lives. The following extracts from a letter written by an English gentleman to her daughter in America gives a vivid picture, touching in its restraint, of the calm courage with which the mothers of England faced the terrible prospect. The writer had been at the seaside when the announcement of war called her hurriedly to her home across the width of England.

"Both your brothers were upstairs ordering different things packed in their valises each moment, it seemed to me, and your sister flew to greet me with the words, 'I wished to meet you at the station, but the boys must be in Bristol at midnight and I wished to stay until they went.'"

"Where are they going?" I asked with a curious sinking at my heart, and Katherine said, "All the naval reserves are ordered to head-quarters; they may be sent on shipboard any time, but for the present they are to get ready."

"You sympathize with me about this in your letter, but after that first pang I have felt nothing; I do not think my nerves are at all so much a matter of course. But I have not gained much by not letting any of your brothers enter the navy, have I? There is Stephen in Belgrade at this moment, for all we know, and Owen and Frank have been in Bristol waiting to join their ships as officers in the naval reserve."

"Frank came home this morning on two hours' leave. He is eager to see service, and talks a great deal about the glory of England. Secretly he is rather proud that he is a captain while Owen is only a lieutenant. He told me, with one of his implacable grins, that he had met Owen taking some of his men to the barbers to have their hair cut. Then he went on to say the Somersetshire engineers already had been ordered out; three of your cousins and your Uncle Max are in the engineers."

"I had no opportunity of saying good-bye to them, of course, and even Max's wife does not know yet where they are going."

"You remember the yew terrace under the south windows? If you stood there now you would be amazed. Nine days ago the gardens blazed with flowers. The roses had never been finer. Now there is hardly a flower to be seen. The gardeners, though only the elderly men and the boys are left—have been working like slaves to plant vegetables everywhere."

"Every place is being made useful instead of ornamental. From the churches everywhere you hear the appeal to prevent waste."

"It has been difficult hitherto to enforce this policy as a rule in a big household, but even the little scullions are now impressed with the idea that we may come to no bread if the war continues. And no one imagines that it will end without a struggle of long duration."

"Katherine has offered herself as a Red Cross nurse. I cannot help hoping she never will be called upon. Men too old for active service are working on the roads as scavengers and navvies. They are short of men for these duties in every city in England, so it has become a point of honor to attempt such work."

"I have become quite accustomed to hearing firing out in the British channel, but it means nothing as yet. 'May it never come as near as that.'"

"The boys say that heavy guns fired inland from the channel would pass across these grounds with ease. I know it is true, but I cannot seem to believe it. It is that way with everything. We all seem to be living in a dream."

No Fixed Programs. The map found on a captured Uhlans marked with the prearranged marches of the German troops reminds one that Wellington distrusted fixed plans of campaign. Asked on one occasion how he managed to outwit Napoleon's marshals, and on the other, he replied: "They planned their campaigns just as you might make a splendid set of harness. It looks very well, it answers very well, until it gets broken, and then you're done for. Now, I make my campaigns of ropes. If anything went wrong, I tied a knot and went on."

Shoes in Olden Days. Early Britons wore shoes of raw cowhide, with the hairy surface outward. The Anglo-Saxons showed an advance, for they were black and laced by a leather thong. Then came the Roman sandals, which were the shoe of the Merovingian period, tied round the ankle, a similar easy sort of covering obtained in Germany, and so by gradual stages from the medieval shoes to the poulaine shoes, a queer early German specimen, the band round the ankle being of engraved brass.—London Spectator.

Good Crops For Cape Breton. Cape Breton crops, especially hay, grain and potatoes, are said to be larger than have been garnered for many years. A few weeks ago saw the housing of a bumper crop of hay, and from reports reaching Sydney from different sections of Cape Breton, the grain and other products of the farm, promise to outrival all previous year's yields. Particularly promising is the outlook of the potato crop.

The Assuan Dam. The great Assuan dam on the Nile is 2,185 yards long and 120 feet high. The water stored behind the dam is estimated by the engineers at over a thousand millions of cubic meters. The gain to the country from the dam is over \$20,000,000 a year, and is said to be the largest amount received for the reclaimed lands.

Lots of pretty good men look as if their wives had got them with trading stamps. There are two sides to everything; but a woman's side has got to be

The Turn of the Tides

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to Fortune."

Many Canadian business men are eagerly looking forward to the "turn in the tide" in Canadian trade. Some of them are saying: "Just wait until this war is over—the country will prosper, business will boom, and we will then start advertising on a large scale to get our share of it."

There is a wiser type of man; the man who is acting instead of talking—laying his plans now, so as to have his "boat of business" headed upstream when the tide turns; advertising now, because he knows that to delay until the war is over is to add a hundred-fold to the opposition his plea for "a share of the big business" must encounter.

Public opinion is not to be won "over-night." When the Canadian public lets loose its cash, the manufacturers and merchants to whom the golden stream will most freely flow, are those who are busy now creating good will for themselves and their goods.

To take the tide of business at its flood requires, not days, not weeks, but months of preparation. Prepare now—advertise now—if you would later prosper.

Thin Foks Who Would Be Fat

Increase in Weight Ten Pounds or More

A Physician's Advice. "I'd certainly give most anything to be able to fat up a few pounds and stay that way," declares every excessively thin man or woman. Such result is not impossible, despite past failures. Thin people are victims of mal-nutrition, a condition which prevents the fatty elements of food from being taken up by the blood as they are when the powers of nutrition are normal. Instead of getting into the blood, all the fat and flesh producing elements stay in the intestines until they pass from the body as waste.

To correct this condition and to produce a healthy, normal amount of fat the nutritive processes must be artificially supplied with the power which nature has denied them. This can be accomplished by eating a Sargol tablet with every meal. Sargol is a scientific combination of six of the best strength-giving, fat-producing elements known to the medical profession. Taken with meals, it mixes with the food and turns the sugars and starches into rich, ripe nourishment for the tissues and blood, and its rapid effect is remarkable. Reported gains of from ten to twenty-five pounds in a single month are by no means infrequent. Yet its action is perfectly natural and absolutely harmless. Sargol is sold by good druggists everywhere and every package contains a guarantee of weight increase or money back.

Caution—While Sargol has produced remarkable results in the treatment of nervous indigestion and general stomach disorders, it should not, however, be used by those who are not willing to increase their weight ten pounds or more.

FOR QUICK LUNCH Crosse & Blackwell's Potted Ham Potted Chicken Potted Lobster Potted Anchovy Potted Ham and Chicken Mushroom Catnip Mushrooms in Gravy D. COUPER Phone 78 841-S Princess St.



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It Depends Largely on your attire as to how you are received, not only socially, but in every walk of life. We design clothes that "make good" their reputation and are built upon the firm foundation of merit. To wear them is to know their superior points; to buy them is a proof of your good judgment. Suppose you make your inspection to-day at

Ashby, the Tailor THE MAN THAT SUITS YOU

Throwing a Stone Into a Pond

produces a series of ripples in ever-widening circles that stretch out and out until they finally reach right up to your own feet at the water's edge.

Every time you purchase something "Made in Canada" you start a ripple of prosperity—reaching out in ever-widening circles, through shopkeeper, wholesaler, manufacturer, farmer, right back to yourself; for no matter what you yourself produce, what occupation you are engaged in, your individual prosperity is dependent on the general prosperity of the country—on keeping every Canadian busy.

Dollars spent for Canadian-made goods help to do this; some of the dollars spent for Canadian-made goods are bound to come back to you—all of the dollars spent for imported goods are gone—are starting a ripple in someone else's pond.

Start a Ripple of Your Own by Saying "Made in Canada"