

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-tives"

382 St. Valer St., MONTREAL.

In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them, I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise "Fruit-a-tives" enough". H. WHITMAN.

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

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CATARRH OF THE BLADDER

SANTAL MIDY CAPSULES

Relieved in 24 Hours

Each Capsule bears the name MIDY

Be aware of counterfeits

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Have You Tried GYPSUM WALL PLASTER? It Saves Time

P. WALSH.

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WHEN USING WILSON'S FLYPADS

READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY

For more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

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Sewing Machines, Umbrellas, Suit Cases, Trunks, repaired and re-fitted, Saws filed, Knives and Scissors sharpened, Razors honed. All makes of Firearms repaired promptly. Locks repaired, Keys fitted. All makes of Lawn Mowers sharpened and repaired.

149 SYDENHAM STREET.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT

Mrs. Sheldon Spent \$1900 for Treatment Without Benefit. Finally Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Englewood, Ill. — "While going through the Change of Life I suffered with headaches, nervousness, flashes of heat, and I suffered so much I did not know what I was doing at times. I spent \$1900 on doctors and not one did me any good. One day a lady called at my house and said she had been as sick as I was at one time, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made her well, so I took it and now I am just as well as I ever was. I cannot understand why women don't see how much pain and suffering they would escape by taking your medicine. I cannot praise it enough for it saved my life and kept me from the Insane Hospital." — Mrs. E. SHELDON, 5667 S. Halsted St., Englewood, Ill.

Physicians undoubtedly did their best, but with this case steadily and could do no more, but often the most scientific treatment is surpassed by the medicinal properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complication exists it pays to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special free advice.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

DICKY AND ARTHUR.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

I had never seen two angry men face each other, so that the thrill which swept over me as Arthur approached the table was an altogether new sensation. I am ashamed as I write this that I should not have been too deeply humiliated to have noticed even their anger. Strange to say, at that time I felt no humiliation whatever. I remember realizing vaguely that I was the cause of this scene and of fearing that something terrible was about to happen. But I felt no remorse. I was not even remotely sorry. I was merely intensely interested in what was happening. Slowly, and with my own eyes fixed first on Arthur and then on Dicky, I rose from my seat and stood dumbly waiting for what would transpire.

One of the thoughts which came to me was that anger must affect me differently. This certainly was the case with Dicky and Arthur.

That Arthur was furious I could readily see, but I also realized that he was gripping himself with an iron hand and that if any scene was precipitated it would be by Dicky, and not by my husband. As Arthur, handsome and lithe of figure, approached us I felt that he was smiling like a smile on his face. A stranger might have thought he had chanced upon two acquaintances and was about to bid them a cordial greeting. But I knew better. The expression on Arthur's face indicated anything but pleasure indeed, as I studied his features I felt that his soul was torn with emotion, the effect of which would remain for many a day.

And poor little Dicky? His anger was carrying him to the point where men commit nameless crimes. I realized that at once how foolish I had been ever to have allowed him to become intimate with me. I knew he believed the scandal about Arthur; that he considered me a mistreated woman; that he felt a chivalrous devotion to me, and at that moment that he was willing to lay down his life for me. The boy was wearing his soul as well as his heart on his sleeve, so that anyone who pleased might see and read their secrets. None of the self-control of older men; none of the subtlety of mature wisdom; not even the caution of a natural prudence came to his rescue.

"Dicky, Dicky!" I cried in fear, laying my hand gently on his arm. But he brushed me away.

"Good evening!"

They were Arthur's steel-like tones. What thoughts were in his

mind I did not know, but for a moment I quailed before the sarcasm which I detected in his voice. Then all the rebellion of which a woman is capable came to me. Was I to be temporarily cast off by my husband because my mood did not suit his? Was I to remain calmly and contentedly at home while he sought pleasure elsewhere? Did I not have as much right to be there with Dicky as Arthur had to seek companionship and pleasure in the same place? I knew that, morally, I was guilty of no greater wrong than my husband, and I determined that I would not assume the attitude of a penitent. True, I had violated the conventions which some women hold sacred, but I had gone no farther. I was still true to Arthur, and I resented any implication that I was not. I was —

Suddenly my senses reeled and for a moment I saw nothing. Then my mind cleared. I turned to Dicky. I knew that I was mistress of the situation; that neither Arthur nor Dicky was in a mental condition to direct the present fate of us three; that if we were to be saved from making a spectacle of ourselves I must take a hand.

"Dicky," I whispered hurriedly, "if you love me, sit down! I will never forgive you if you do not!"

The words had a partial effect. His eyes wavered from Arthur's face and fluttered to mine. I threw all the passion of a lover into my voice as I continued:

"Oh, please, Dicky! Remember my good name!"

Again he looked at me and his brow cleared. Slowly his hands unclenched and his lips quivered. I could read love in his eyes as he dropped into his seat. Poor, dear boy! I could have hugged him!

I turned to Arthur. He was standing beside me, the same peculiar expression about his lips.

"Call the waiter and have him bring another chair," I told him.

"Thank you," he replied evenly. "It would please me very much to remain with you, but I have another appointment." He turned and started away.

"Arthur," I cried. He hesitated a moment as if he would return, but just then he was attracted by the entrance of a small party at the other end of the long dining-room. His glance steadied and he did not look back at me. As I followed his gaze down the room I saw the beautiful Staley girl. In a few moments Arthur was beside her. I looked first at Dicky and then at his sister and Arthur and burst into hysterical laughter.

(To be continued)

"G. B. S." WAS BEATEN.

The Irish Dramatist Was Worsted in the Argument.

George Bernard Shaw has been declaring that there is too much "snubbing of intelligence" during the war, and that the men with real brains are not given sufficient chance to distinguish themselves. It is not often that Mr. Shaw is worsted in an argument, but on one occasion at least he met his match. He was at a dinner party when a young lady guest professed to be able to read character from writing. "G. B. S." scouted the idea. Now, it so happened that their host had just got a typewriter, and Mr. Shaw remarked that here at least was one kind of writing that would reveal nothing of a person's character. The young lady stood by her guns and declared that she could even read character from type as well as from handwriting, whereupon, the famous dramatist challenged her to try.

Picking out his letters one by one on the machine, he wrote his name; but, as he was not used to handling a typewriter, when he had finished, it read like this: "BERNARD SHAW."

"Your character is as plain as day," said the young lady triumphantly. "It is your idea that, although there are a good many Shaws in the world, they are an undistinguished lot. But you think that you alone are Bernard and your name is great."

Danger of St. Paul's.

"The critical part of the work in connection with securing the safety of St. Paul's dome will be finished in a few weeks," said Canon Alexander, addressing the Workers' Education Association at St. Paul's Chapter House recently, "but the whole work will take from ten to fifteen years." The first part of the scheme, he said, consisted of the removal of inflammable material from the building, even to the wooden floors and galleries. A great system of hydrants for extinguishing fire was carried right up to the dome, and with the help of an electric pump they were now able to carry water right up to the top of any part of the building and right over the cross on top. For the first time in the history of St. Paul's they were now able to deal adequately with any outbreak of fire. Some people would be surprised to know that it was one of the most dangerous buildings in London. Now it had been made one of the safest.

History dated the completion of the present cathedral at 1710, but it was a mistake, and was due, he thought, to Sir Christopher Wren's falling memory. The correct date was 1708 for in the cathedral there were accounts of the original building which stated that the last stone was placed on the lantern in October, 1708. They had recently had to appeal for £70,000, and about half the sum was still needed.

Why They Laughed.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the popular comedian, tells a story of one of his early attempts to entertain. A friend of his, Mr. Walter Webb, who had a house in the country, had fitted up a large barn as a sort of theatre, and every now and then he gave entertainments there, to which the other members of the club were invited. On one occasion Mr. Grossmith went down to give an entertainment.

"The laughter was so great when I was on the stage," Mr. Grossmith said, "that I became greatly embarrassed, as I could scarcely account for it. The laughter became so great that at last Mr. Webb rose and addressed the audience.

"I know," he said, "how difficult it is to restrain our mirth when Mr. Grossmith is on the stage, but if you don't check our laughter the performance won't be over till midnight."

A burly farmer replied, "Excuse me, Muster Webb, it hain't Mr. Grossmith we be laughin' at, but someone have left the barn door open, an' all the pigs have got in, an' they be high pushin' of us off our seats!"

Outwitting a Bore.

Like most celebrities, Lord Rosebery has had to suffer a good deal from the attentions of utter strangers. At one time he was often annoyed by an old lady who called upon him almost daily. Of course, his Lordship always managed to avoid her when he was at home, but one day she happened to see him just as he was about to enter his carriage.

"My lord," she called out, "I must see you on a very important matter."

"Very well, madam," said Lord Rosebery, holding open the door of the carriage for her. "I beg of you to get in."

Delighted at the idea of driving with such a famous man, the old lady immediately jumped into the vehicle. His Lordship gently closed the door on her, before she could remonstrate, she heard him say to the coachman: "Take this lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then home."

Looking out of the window the now irate old lady saw her late victim stepping into a cab. After that she did not worry Lord Rosebery again.

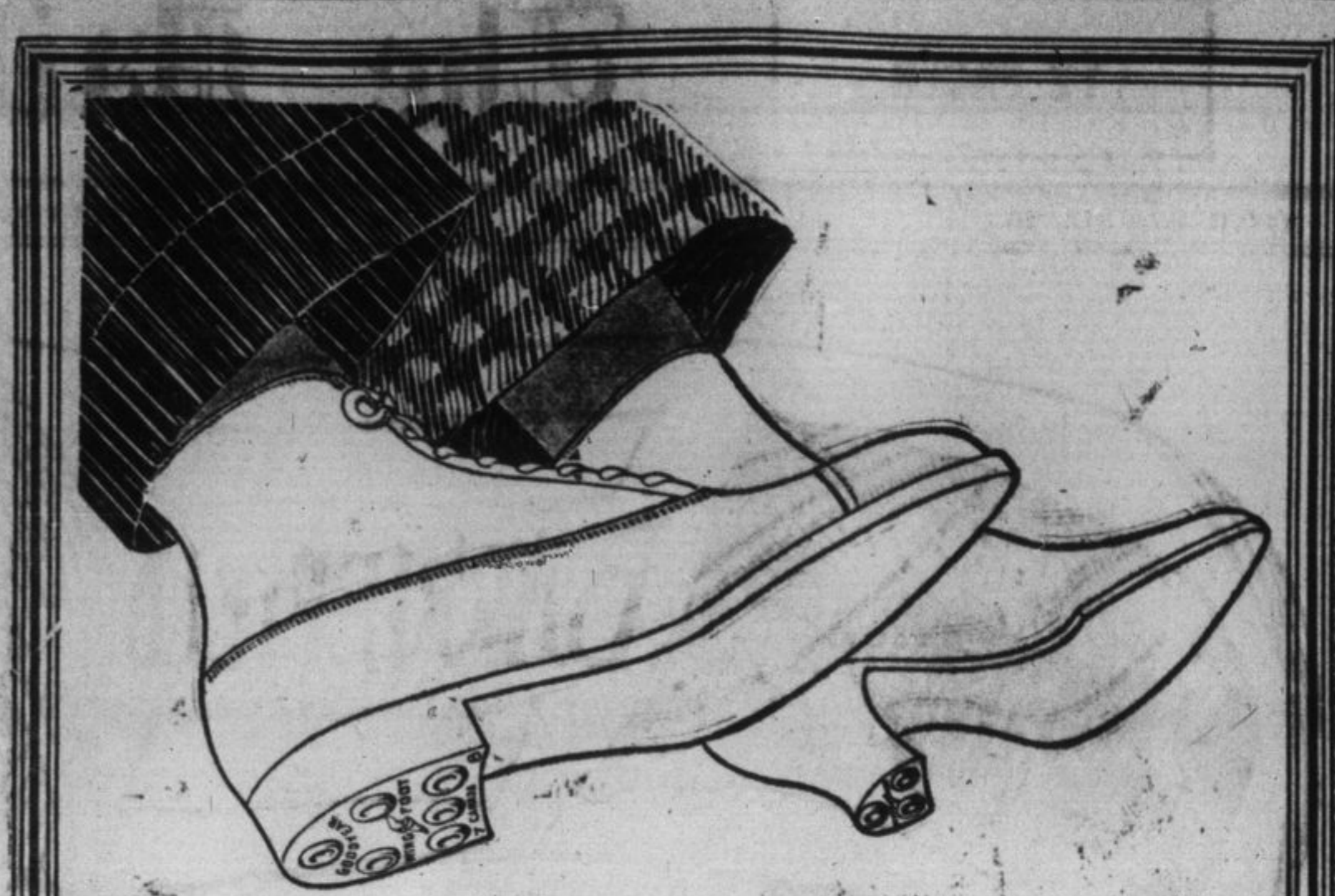
Baronies Revived.

A barony which was suppressed in 1603 is revived by order of the King which has just been issued. This barony is that of Cobham, which has been in abeyance under the Act of Attainder of 1603. A bill is to be introduced in Parliament for the purpose of calling the barony out of attainder in the favor of Mr. Gervase Disney Alexander.

The Baronies of Swaboli, Burgh, and Dudley are also revived in favor of Mr. Cathbert Matthias Kenworthy, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Henry Keith, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ferdinand Dudley William Lea-Smith, respectively.

The morse praise a man bestowed on himself the wiser he is not. A receipted bill is always considered a certificate of honesty.

His Satanic majesty smiles every time he encounters a stinky man.



The Best Rubber Heel Costs Only 10c More

The ten cents extra charge upon Goodyear Wingfoot Air Heels makes all the difference between the better rubber heel and the ordinary rubber heels.

If Goodyear were to make—as Goodyear might—a heel which would sell at the standard price of ordinary heels, the heel would be full value for your 50c. But it would not be the best heel that Goodyear could produce—would not truly represent Goodyear standards of excellence.

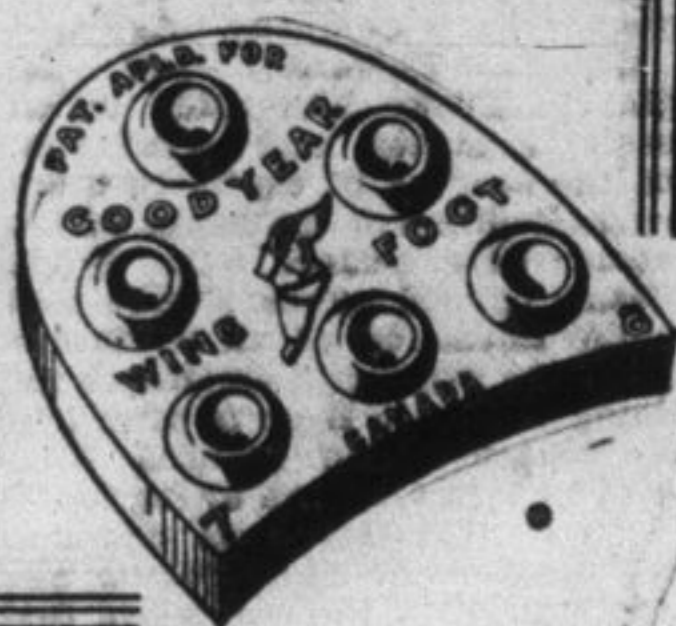
In Wingfoot Air Heels you get better heels. It is worth while investing 10c extra to receive bigger returns in wear and comfort.

There's more wear, more springiness in Wingfoots because they are made from purer, better rubber. There's more comfort and more life, because Wingfoots have air cushions with raised edges that lift the foot up, give gaiety to the step, and combat slipping.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited Toronto, Ontario

GOOD YEAR MADE IN CANADA

Wingfoot Air Heels



Schoolboy Economy.

Coat-tails at Harrow School are to be abbreviated in the interests of war economy, along with other reforms in the matter of dress. It is even stated, on good authority, that next term these coats will be discarded, and the ordinary Harrow "blazers" substituted. The monitors and Philathletic Club—the sartorial powers that be—have issued the following notice: "All boys must wear a uniform coat. The coat must conform to the following rules: No breast pocket, no link buttons, no bone buttons, no buttons on sleeves, two buttons only on each side, and coats to be cut square; the small points in front to be cut off."

Unfair Suggestion.

Wife—Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbor with his drum? Husband—I'm afraid so. The man next door made him a present of a nice new knife today and suggested that Tommy should cut open the drum and spend the money that is inside.

Would they could sell us experience.

Thought at diamond prices! But, then, no one would use the article second-hand.—Balzac.

Curfew at 6.15 p.m.

The precautions against air raids have necessitated the alteration of Chester of a centuries-old custom. Since the distant days of the Norman Conquest the curfew at Chester has been rung, without, it is believed, a break, from 8.50 p.m. to 9 p.m. each night. For the next month, however, it will be rung at 6.15 p.m., and then, as the days lengthen, the time will be advanced until the traditional hour is reached.

Many more deaths from infantile paralysis reported in New York.

"Low Cost of Living" Menu

Menu for Tuesday

BREAKFAST
Sliced Pineapple
Cereal of Choice
Chickens
Hashed Brown Potatoes
Rolls or Toast
Jam or Jelly
Coffee or Cocoa

DINNER
Maryland Fried Chicken
New Potatoes with Parsley Butter
New Peas
Cucumber and Tomato Salad
Fruit Cherries
Lily Cake
Coffee

LUNCHEON
Dainty Sandwiches
Fruit Compote
Small Cakes
Iced Tea

Maryland Fried Chicken

Materials—Spring chicken, 2 1/2 to 3 pounds, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, 2

tablespoons bacon drippings, 1 cup of cold milk.

Utensils—A piece of cheesecloth, fry-pan, teaspoon, tablespoon, measuring cup, knife.

Directions—Singe, wash and clean the chicken; cut into pieces as follows: Two thighs, two drumsticks, two wings, the breast cut in two pieces, the backbone cut in four pieces. Wipe on piece of cheesecloth; dust with salt and pepper and dredge in flour. Put into frypan with 2 tablespoons bacon drippings. Bacon drippings are best, but if you do not have bacon fat, use half drippings and butter. Put pan over fire; lay chicken in and brown chicken quickly. Then cover; add a little water and reduce heat and fry slowly on both sides with cover on. You may have to add a little more water. Remove the chicken from pan and add 1 tablespoon flour; mix with whatever gray or fat is in the bottom of pan; then add 1 cup cold milk; boil a few minutes. This gravy should be rich cream color.

lasay Bay, Lewis. The message consisted of a bottle containing the menu card used on 14th June last on a liner that was bringing troops from Canada. On the back of the card is written: "This bottle was thrown overboard 1300 miles from Montreal, Canada, on the 14th of June, 1915. If found, please drop me a line addressed to Trooper F. Gaunt, 2nd Divisional Cavalry, Canadian Expeditionary Force, Post Office, London. If you do not receive an answer, please write Trooper F. Gaunt, Petrolia, Ont., Canada."

Come Out of the Kitchen.

It is the closed season for the bake-oven. Banish kitchen worry and work. Forget cooks, servants and gas bills. Solve your Summer problem by serving Shredded Wheat Biscuit, the ready-cooked whole wheat food. A food that restores the digestive organs to their natural vigor, supplies all the nutriment needed for a half-day's work, and keeps the bowels healthy and active. We have done the baking for you. Eat it for breakfast with milk or cream; serve it for luncheon with berries or other fresh fruits.

Made in Canada