

In The Realm Of Woman---Some Interesting Features

THE WONDERFUL FRUIT MEDICINE

Thousands Owe Health And Strength To "Fruit-a-lives"

"FRUIT-A-LIVES", the marvellous medicine made from fruit juices—has relieved more cases of Stomach, Liver, Blood, Kidney and Skin Troubles than any other medicine. In severe cases of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Back, Impure Blood, Neuralgia, Chronic Headaches, Chronic Constipation and Indigestion, "Fruit-a-lives" has given unusually effective results. By its cleansing, healing powers on the eliminating organs, "Fruit-a-lives" tones up and invigorates the whole system.

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

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER
Relieved in 24 Hours
SANTAL MIDY
Each Capsule contains 0.100 Grams of Santal Midy
Beware of counterfeits

Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER
Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."
—Mrs. E. H. Bean, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a pure remedy containing the extractive properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, meets the needs of woman's system at this critical period of her life. Try it.
If there is any symptom in your case which puzzles you, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

FOR SALE
183 Acres, \$6200
Four miles from city.
Good buildings; well watered.
W. H. Godwin & Son
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New Shipment Just Arrived

Pratt's Animal Regulator,
Pratt's Poultry Regulator,
Pratt's Cow Remedy,
Pratt's Baby Chick Food,
Pratt's Disinfectant (Liquid and Powder),
Pratt's Cholera and Roup Remedy,
Pratt's Cold and Hoarse Cure,
Pratt's Liniment for Man or Beast.

J. R. B. Gage,
Montreal St. Phone 549

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

MORE TALK AND VERY LITTLE ACTION.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate).

Although my mind was made up to face Mrs. Edward Blake in her home with my daring proposal, and although my plan had the indorsement of Edward and Sylvia, I did not intend to do anything hurriedly. On more than one occasion I had had my fondest wishes blasted because of hasty action, and those disappointing experiences had taught me that a little reflection sometimes goes a long way toward winning a victory. In this particular case I felt a special need for caution. Mrs. Blake undoubtedly was a strange woman. I believed that her philosophical studies were assumed and that they were not the result of any liking on her part for metaphysics. But admitting that they were assumed she still would have been an unusual creature. If she were not sincere it followed that she was excessively vain, and if she were vain it was important that I should know it.

If, to the contrary, my belief were wrong, if she were in reality a real student of philosophy, then I was compelled to admit, my difficulties were greatly increased, or I should have to deal with an extraordinary person, and not merely one who possessed a remarkable amount of vanity. But her statement to Edward when he left her indicated that she was not sincere, and in making up my mind finally on the matter I took this mainly into consideration, governing myself by what he had told me of his last interview with her. In this I was debating this matter alone in my room. Edward and Sylvia were outside, cooing to each other like a couple of turtle doves who, after having been separated in a delving storm, finally had found their way back to a novel haunt. The sound of their voices brought me back from my thoughts of his wife to a consideration of their presence in my home. What were their immediate plans? Did they expect to continue their disregard for convention, or would they, after their con-

table lesson, conduct themselves in a more circumspect manner? One thing was very evident. That was that they should not change their mode of living until after I had seen Mrs. Blake. If then there should seem to be no hope that Edward could obtain his release, a serious question would have to be decided by them, but as long as there was hope there was only one proper course: Edward must continue his residence in the quarters which he had established and Sylvia must remain with me. It is one thing innocently to fall into error and quite another to continue in a known error, however innocently it was committed in the first place.

Edward, I was sure, understood the niceties of the situation, but Sylvia did not. She clung to him when he arose to go as if she feared he might never return. "Oh, I cannot bear to have you leave me again!" she cried. "Do make him stay, Roxane," appealing to me. "I know he does not have to go to that lonely old place of his. It is so much more pleasant here, where we all can be together."

Edward glanced doubtfully at me, and then nodded imperceptibly. "We must separate for a time," he told her, as he gently disengaged himself from her embrace. "Mrs. Pembroke understands and will explain to you later why I cannot stay here. After a little while there will be a change, and then we never shall be separated."
She clung all the more tenaciously to him and refused to let him go until I, much against my will, took a hand and led her away. "I shall go to Mrs. Blake to-morrow," I told her. "When I return I shall have news for you, I am sure."
"Oh, Roxane, you are so brave and good!"
"I am not. I am merely a meddling, young woman, who is likely to get into a great deal of trouble. I am getting so that I do not know myself and pretty soon I shall be wearing trousers like Dr. Mary Walker."
"Trousers or no trousers, you are good and brave."
"Wait and see," I cautioned. (To be Continued.)

The Whig's Daily Menu

Menu for Tuesday
BREAKFAST
Stewed Raisin Pie
Cereal with Milk
Poached Eggs
Tea
Coffee
LUNCHEON
Cheese Timbales
Hot Biscuits
Apple Sauce
Tea
DINNER
Beefsteak Pie
Buttered Beets
Mashed Potatoes
Snow Pudding
Coffee

Cheese Timbales
Melt two tablespoons of butter in a saucepan over the fire, add one-fourth cup of bread crumbs, and one cup of milk, and cook for eight minutes, stirring all the time, then add one cup of grated cheese, one tablespoon of chopped parsley, one tablespoon of chopped cooked meat, one tablespoon of pepper and two well-beaten eggs. Divide the mixture into buttered individual molds, having molds two-thirds full set in pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper, and bake for thirty minutes. Turn out and pour over a good white sauce, and decorate with chopped cooked white of eggs.

DEATH RATE IN THE CANADIAN FORCES

One Man Out of Every Seven, According to Life Insurance Actuaries.
New York, May 19.—That the loss of life among Canadian troops has been as high as one man in every seven was indicated yesterday from reports of representatives of insurance companies in the Dominion, who are delegates to the convention of the Actuarial Association of America, at the Hotel Astor.
The highest mortality has been in the infantry service, where, some of the actuaries said, the death rate of times reached 20 per cent. The lowest is in the medical corps.
Canadian and other insurance companies doing business in the Dominion paid out nearly \$7,000,000 in claims up to December 31, 1916, according to A. B. Wood, actuary of the Sun Life Insurance Company.
"The war rates of the Canadian companies run from \$75 to \$150 a thousand per year to men in service in Europe," he said. "At the outbreak of the war \$50 a thousand was charged, but as soon as the casualties began to come it was realized that this was low and the rates were advanced."

RAILROAD MEN MUST KEEP FIT

There is a splendid fraternal spirit among the men who earn their living on the railroad. Good news is passed along from man to man, and it was in this way Mr. Frank Ide, a well-known Buffalo Pullman car conductor, learned how he could free himself of terrible pains in the groin and back and painful urination from gravel, the result of his kidneys being out of order.
He treated for two months, when one of his railway friends whose life had been spared, of but who had made a very quick recovery through using Gin Pills, strongly recommended Mr. Ide to try them, and as he says, "The pain left me entirely. I feel as well as I ever did in my life." Frequent use of Gin Pills to everybody in any way troubled with kidneys or bladder.
Not only do Gin Pills assist nature to cleanse the system through the kidneys, but they stimulate the bowels, quickly relieving constipation.
All good dealers sell Gin Pills at 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Free sample upon request to the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Canadian Soldier's Letter.

Says Dr. Cassell's Tablets Have Kept Him Fit Through Two Wars.

Sapper A. Hartley, of the A Company, Canadian Engineers, whose home address is 906, Trafalgar-street, London, Ontario, is one of many who have written in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. He says: "As a constant user of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I would like to add my testimony to their value. I used them when I was in the South African War, and, finding the benefit of them there, I brought them home with me. I never felt run down. I always recommended them, for I know that they do all they are advertised to do. My original trouble was indigestion, but through their use I have been able to take for years of my life, and I am now in the best of health, and I am sure, because of their use, that I have avoided a serious illness."

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-st., Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the surest home remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Trouble, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Indigestion, Nerve Paralysis, Palpitation, and whose takes them since their use is valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold everywhere. Price: One tube, 50 cents; six tubes for the price of five. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations. Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

INTERESTED IN DOMINION.

Duke of Connaught Opens Maple Leaf Club.

A special London correspondent writes: His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught appears to have quite taken the Canadians this side of the water under his special care, and there is an opportunity he seems to go out of his way to show a kindness and interest in everything from the land of the Maple. The great reception he had when opening the additional Maple Leaf Club in London for the sole and gathering of Canadians, demonstrated the keen appreciation all of us feel for his consideration. Lady Drummond presided, and welcomed the Duke in a most appropriate speech, thereafter dealing with the necessity of such clubs for the colonies. He left from the front and from the camps and possessed of no friends or places to go during their stay in the metropolis. She especially mentioned the active part Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling had taken in the organization of the scheme and put a tribute, too, to the work of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, who has done so much, besides placing her own home, 11 Charles street, Berkeley square, at the disposal of the club. Nor did she forget to acknowledge the generous contributions that had flowed in from all parts of Canada, especially mentioning the help received from the Daughters of the Empire, the British Columbia and Yukon Church Aid Society, and the munificent grant of building and ground for the scheme from the Dominion Government. The Duke of Connaught paid eloquent tributes to the work of Lady Drummond, "the life and soul of the movement," and to the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, and spoke of the pleasure and interest he always took and would take in everything pertaining to the great Dominion. The Duchess, he said, regretted very deeply being unable to be with them when they were in the city, and that the Duchess would not have been absent had she not made it a rule to devote Thursdays to work at the Ontario Military Hospital, Brington, having to make her visits on other days, and had in fact been present on the previous evening when he had served seven different supper parties.
"Wishing the clubs every possible success, he declared the clubs open, remarking that though these brave men were thousands of miles from home, they might rest assured that everybody hoped and tried to make them feel happy and at home.

Silks, Velvets, and Motors.

Sir Edmund Walker's annual address as President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was a masterly review of war-time conditions in trade and finance. He spoke of "prosperity beyond anything we have ever known in almost every part of Canada," but emphasized the fact that extravagance is out of place in view of the changed situation which may follow the conclusion of peace. His remark that \$20,000,000 left the country last year in payment for motors, cars, silks, and velvets constitutes a severe reflection upon the aptitude of many people in presence of their country's trials. Millions are being wrongly spent on other luxuries. A large proportion of the population is still asleep as far as the seriousness of the conflict is concerned. The people must give and economize to help in financing, in winning, and in shortening the war.
"Thrift for the individual is excellent, but just now that is of minor importance. Thrift for the sake of Canada, thrift for the sake of the Empire, thrift to win the war should be our cry. We shall not fail for men, difficult as enlistment may be. We shall not fail because of inability to make or to procure war supplies. If we fail it will be because we have wasted on unnecessary things the money that would have won the war. The man or woman who works hard at making shells may take much comfort in helping to win the war, but the man or woman who, in addition, wastes a part of the present high wages due to the war and buys a war security, or helps a bank to do so, has helped twice, and the second kind of help is the most vital. The manufacturers of the United States will make war supplies for money. We are doing better only if we supply them on credit."
The United States coast guard in 1915 saved 1,507 lives.

Sir Adam Beck a Man With Ideas

NOT a "busy man"—that after all is ordinary, understandable, human. Most men who are worth while are busy men. That's what makes them worth while. But a living dynamo, ceaseless in activity, limitless in energy, gripping, indomitable, inspiring—such is Adam Beck. The "Sir" seems out of place. Knight-hoods clutter wealth, position, special interests, politics, and amiable mediocrity. Adam Beck is no show performer. He is all man, real red-blooded, much-alive man. He is the property of the ordinary, everyday common folk. His motto is "pro bono publico."

There is nothing ordinary about Adam Beck. Because he is human he is unusual. He has wealth and position—yet none is closer to the masses. He is devoted to "the sport of Kings"; breeds fine horses, shows them, and even rides and races them—but no wild-eyed Socialist rises to denounce him as a time-wasting aristocrat. He calls himself a Conservative—but Canadian public life has still to produce a more ruthless Radical.
He has a personality. People take a second look at him. His sound, well-knit, athletic figure is surmounted by a strong face. About the corners of the eyes are the crow's feet of laughter. His lips are tight pressed, as are those of every man of action, but there is an upward turn at the corners. They are very ready to break into a smile, but they can straighten with irrevocable and relentless decision when there is call to fight "with his back to the wall."

Beck's bigness—the mysterious magnetic quality about the man—goes deeper than mere attractive individuality. It rests, in the final analysis, on fundamentals. His convictions are himself. Years ago early in life. He formed his own philosophy of public service. He determined for himself that humanity was more important to the State than property. The welfare of those whom Lincoln described as the "common people" loomed large in his eyes than the smug, profit-accumulating complacency of the Big Interests, dominated as well as spoiled with the capital "I." He is a manufacturer, and he turned his factories into profit-sharing-with-the-employed concerns. He threw himself into municipal service. He launched projects for pure drinking water and fought the white plague by establishing sanitariums. Once, twice, thrice he was chosen Mayor of his home city of London. Then the people sent him to the Legislature.

Here came his greatest work. He was never a conventionalist. He was a born trail-blazer. During the latter part of his municipal experience he had associated himself with an embryo movement to secure Niagara power for the people. One morning, shortly after he had become a member of the first Whitney Cabinet, he strode into the Press Room at the Provincial Parliament Buildings and invited the newspapermen to come to his room and confer with him. At that "conference" he did most of the talking. He had dreamed a dream, and he was burning earnestness he talked for nearly an hour. When he finished, the Hydro-Electric system, almost as it is known today, had been painted in prophetic picture. While the newspapermen were still sitting silent, awed by what appeared then to be the daring and the immensity of the project, Adam Beck rose.
"That," he commented briefly, "is the project I propose to lay before the Prime Minister and the Cabinet. It will go through. It is a people's project; there is no party politics in it. I want the continued criticism and co-operation of the press." It was perhaps the first occasion when a Minister of the Crown appeared directly to the press even before taking his plans into the Council chamber.
The story of how that dream has been realized is recent history. There were times of up-hill tugging; there were disappointments and discouragements; there were occasions when the man had to "fight with his back to the wall." But the man and his work triumphed; the dream came true; the vision became reality.
Three qualities have stood him in good stead. He is thorough; he is practical; he is enthusiastic. If Adam Beck were appointed a commissioner to investigate microbes, he would find out more practical things about germs than a professor of bacteriology. Then he would give leadership to a health campaign that would hum. His campaigns are cyclical. His energy is dynamic. He dashes from meeting to meeting, imparting his fire to each audience, sometimes five and six in a night. He is patient and painstaking with honest doubt, but ruthless and relentless toward organized opposition. Back of his earnest advocacy he has two big advantages—he has "made good," and the people believe him to be "straight."
Just how much of his public success is justly attributable to the loyal and charming lady who presides over his home and the little daughter who is his almost constant companion on occasions when "father is free" cannot be told; but those who know how earnestly Sir Adam heads for his home whenever opportunity comes, and how buoyantly reinvigorated he returns to public service, attribute much to the inspiration of the hours at "Headley." For Sir Adam is a "home man."—The Globe.

The three words that tell the whole story of a perfect cup of coffee, from plantation to breakfast table—**"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.**
In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

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Demand the Genuine Refuse Substitutes
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You know, if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. So, for your dishes and utensils, use Sunlight Soap. Its soft, creamy lather ensures a shining cleanliness that will be a delight to the eye.
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has great cleansing power, yet it never reddens or hurts the softest hands, being of surpassing purity.
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