

# ANOTHER VICTIM OF RHEUMATISM

Entirely Well After Six Weeks' Treatment With "FRUIT-A-FIVES"

MR. AMEDEE GARCEAU

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"I was for many years a victim of that terrible disease, Rheumatism. In 1913, I was laid up for four months with Rheumatism in the joints of the knees, hips and shoulders and was prevented from following my work, that of Electrician.

I tried many remedies and was under the care of a physician; but nothing did me any good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-fives' and in a week I was easing, and in six weeks I was so well I went to work again.

I look upon this fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-fives', as simply marvellous in the cure of Rheumatism, and strongly advise everyone suffering with Rheumatism to give 'Fruit-a-fives' a trial."

AMEDEE GARCEAU.

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

## Give it Fair Play

Why not decide NOW to give ZUTOO Tablets, the remedy so generally used for headache, a fair and square trial?

If there is any doubt in your mind as to the worth of these tablets or of their harmless nature, try them and KNOW the truth.

Don't sacrifice your comfort on an amount of prejudice or skepticism. Try the tablets and know. 25c at dealers or by mail prepaid. E. M. Robinson & Co. Reg'd. Costello, Quebec.

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Write Mrs. A. Ashby of 205 Yung St., Toronto. Write her for the story of how D. D. D. cured her baby of a case of eczema that completely covered the head and face.

We keep on publishing these statements weekly from all parts of Canada, telling of the really marvelous results secured by the lichen wash. Why not get a bottle of D. D. D. today on our positive guarantee. It goes like magic. It is a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too.

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Caused Disfigurement. Itchy and Burning. Had Restless Nights.

"My face came out in little pimples that were sore, and I scratched them constantly, and then they turned into scales, causing much disfigurement. The skin was so lumpy that I hid it by smothering. The burning was fierce, and I had many restless nights.

"This trouble lasted about a year before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) W. Byrne, St. Basile, Que., Nov. 23, 1912.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets your daily toilet preparations.

50c. per box, 2 for \$1.00. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Dispensary, Limited, 25, Front St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap always without soap.

## Overheard in Arcady

By CHARLES C. ABBOTT

(Copyright)

"Ah, well-a-day, what eye may see the forest tops of Arcady?"

I have seen daily not only the forest tops of Arcady, but have known the way since childhood. My own feet have worn the path thither, and whatever the season, whether the dog star rages or winter rules the world, it is always Arcady under the old oaks. My sense of hearing distinctly gains by lending no other to its assistance. Blind to all about me, not a sound but is more distinct and few escape recognition. So, comfortably seated, I close my eyes and listen. Then it is that charming tale as overheard in Arcady; and only then do those whistlings reach the ear that are not intended for other detection than that of the whisperer. There are the songs of birds free to all the world, and those meditative melodies on so low a key that only a favored few have overheard them.

Probably the first time my attention was called to the whisperer, when of birds was forty years ago, when one brisk March morning, I recorded of a fox sparrow that "it was whispering to a withered oak leaf." As I look now at the tattered and stained page of the old notebook I vividly recall the day.

But a truce to comparisons, the hand alike of profitable meditation and of accurate description. The simple fact was, a fox sparrow very near me began singing in so low a tone that I was in doubt whether it were a bird or a musical vespene mouse sitting in the doorway of his bush nest. I had to look long to make sure of my first impression. It was a sparrow, and, as I then wrote, it "was whispering to an oak leaf." So it seemed, that is; but let that pass. It was singing to itself. Surely not a note was loud enough to be heard half a rod away. There was little variation in the sound as I heard it; it was a humming rather than singing, and bore no resemblance to that delightful sunset hymn so characteristic of the bird. My single impression of it was that of personal gratification. The bird was in a meditative mood. Its thoughts ran to music, as we should say of ourselves, recalling the words of some familiar song. As this is no uncommon trait among mankind, I do not see why the same habit should not be indulged in by birds.

Twice I have witnessed under most favorable circumstances the movements of a cardinal grosbeak when uttering what I venture to call his meditations, or whisper song. The name counts for little, because all description must fall in accurately portraying this feature of bird life.

In the early summer of 1896 I had a disabled rose-breasted grosbeak in a cage. It soon became contented with its surroundings and was not startled by the near approach of any of the family. Every morning, commencing soon after sunrise, it sang as vigorously as any of its kind flying about the yard; and this was as a common bird, nesting on the hillside and in the orchard. Again at evening the bird was given to singing in its matches way, and I could detect no difference between its song and that of those about the premises. Besides this ordinary song of the rose breast, I was frequently treated to a widely different one, heard only when all was quiet. It was truly a whispered song. It bore little resemblance to the grand outburst of melody intended for all the world to hear. It can be described best, I think, by calling it the echo of a distant flute. That the bird was intensely absorbed by its own music appeared evident from the swaying motion of the body at the time and an occasional trembling, accompanied by a ruffling of the feathers and nervous twitching of the tail. No "wood notes wild" that I have ever heard are comparable to this wonderful whispered song of the rose breast.

All observers are familiar with the incessant chirping of migrating birds, and many are the sweet songs when the red wings throng the marshes and clouds of gawks sweep across the meadows. These birds are each a merry race, novice alike, but levers of the same, and they have set the October landscapes to a lively tune. At times among the trees we hear the countless voices of some passing flock, perhaps of purple finches, the warblers, wax wings, cow-pen birds, or larks. These are forever coming and going during delightful autumn days and add a joy to every hour of the mellow sunshine. Not one of these birds that I have named is ever mute or moody, and now, if we are alert and quick of ear, it will be found that they often twitter in so low a tone that it can be only intended for self-gratification. It is not whispering to a neighbor, for single birds separated from the flock are constantly chirping in that quiet way so suggestive of meditation. The nearest to a silent flock of birds is when we have the wax wings passing over. The cow-pen bird is more valuable and not unmusically so, especially if we give it credit for good intentions.

Abusing the cow-pen bird, like abusing "cranks" among mankind, is to criticize adversely the stronger elements of a community but for which the world would become "stale, flat, and unprofitable." The cow-pen bird has its place in nature and fills it quite as creditably as some who have set up to be its judges. Aside from its one sin of not nursing its own young, it is a bird worth noticing, particularly in winter—it is always conspicuous here at this season—when associated with tree sparrows and snow birds and in the bright sunshine of a January day, it adds its quota to the fun of a winter jubilee. As has been well said, his "forcible, broken-whistled whistle" is at least "amusing," much

more so than the silliness uttered about the bird.

There is no instance when the whisper song is so readily overheard as in the case of the white-throated sparrow. Indeed, for days together, as these birds linger on a hill's south side and scarcely move from the thickets they frequent, there is little else heard than the meditative, self-enterprising notes. As all are singing at short intervals it would seem as if no one individual had time or inclination to listen to the others.

Now, the white-throated sparrow is not with us an active bird. It is restless at times, but not given to violent exertion. With a full stomach, the height of its ambition, existence becomes a period of restful meditation, and it is little wonder that with nothing else to do these birds should whistle. Not like the cardinal, clear and loud, or mandatory, as the Carolina wren, shouting "Listen! listen! listen!" but like the weary man who is at last at his ease, and hums a few notes or whistles a bar or two as an expression of relief.

"Easy, easy, let me be!" warbles the white throat; occasionally so distinctly that the woods are filled with the sound, more often set at so low a pitch that you must be very near to determine that it is this, or, indeed, any, bird that you hear.

I think both the tree sparrow and the snow bird have their "whisper songs." Certainly they twitter without ceasing except when asleep, and they are here during those months when vocal efforts may be classed as necessary rather than voluntary or not musical for the music's sake. But there is one variation from this. If you creep carefully into a thicket, and wait until your presence ceases to cause suspicion, the chances are that you will hear a few low notes of the typical cooing-day song. Observing the bird's manner at such a time, it reminds one of a person trying to recall a song by whistling in an undertone. This surely the bird is not doing, but singing in a whispering way to please its passing whim.

Two birds very familiar to the persistent rambler—the tree creeper and winter wren. The wren may pass and you will hear nothing but a chirp, and often the wren will not so much as twitter when alarmed, but patience will probably be rewarded at least once in a winter by hearing a few sweet notes, perhaps several times repeated, and then the old mute manner is resumed.

In the case of the tree creeper, the petulant squeak is not always uttered even when you go quite near and interrupt the bird's progress about the trunk of a tree. The same is true of the winter wren. It is swift and silent as a mouse at times, and rarely chirps while here, in winter, except as I have mentioned. It can scarcely be denied that when these two birds do give way to song there must be some strong incentive, and the few warbled notes have no reference to aught beyond themselves.

The woodpeckers are a noisy race mechanically and vocally, but no note of theirs can be called musical, nor has any the significance of a thrush's song. The golden-winged woodpecker, forever screaming, chattering, and much given to exclamations of surprise, occasionally also thinks aloud, for I have often surprised it, when alone, chucking and chattering to itself, as I have known some very old women to do.

The surroundings tell the true story. The bird is meditating. Possibly what I have heard is analogous to the grunt of satisfaction after a full meal. The song of the English robin has been stated to lack in autumn "the joyousness of spring, and the bird, in sympathy with the departing season, seems to breathe a plaintive and melancholy strain." I prefer, after much observation, to use in such instances among our own birds the term "meditative" rather than "melancholy."

In wondrous contrast to the wood-

peckers are the two foremost reedest song birds, as joyous and as given to singing in January as in June. These are the Carolina wren and crested tit. Either can be heard a full half-mile away on a still, clear day; yet I have surprised both these birds singing their familiar songs, or parts of them, in so low a key that it was by mere chance that I heard them at all. These birds clearly indicate that "whisper songs" are not an evidence of any peculiar physical condition. The moment following their utterance they may cause the woods to ring with their exultations, for no songs in the Jersey woods are more suggestive of victory—never a fallen foe, but over the efforts of winter to dislodge them—not even those of the host of summer songsters. The Carolina wren and crested tit nearly reach the highest ideals in the bird world.

But one conclusion can be drawn, I think, from the study of these trifles of melody that scarcely break the silence. They point to a higher plane of mentality than we usually credit birds with possessing. They point to appreciation of leisure, of a relief from the many cares that enter their lives. As the tired laborer goes homeward from his work at close of day he is apt to express his pleasure by whistling as he walks. Akin to this is the meditative undertone of many a bird when contented and safe. It expresses its feelings in a whistled song.

Russia's Natural Wealth.

As the new experiment works itself out, there will emerge the larger question of the undeveloped resources of Russia, says John Poord, in Asia Magazine. The world knows more about these than it did, but the general impression is a vague conception of vastness without much detailed knowledge. Even the Russia that will emerge from the throes of civil war and the perils of foreign aggression will be the largest connected state in the world, easily fitted to become the foremost state of the world in population, in agriculture, in forestry, in mineral and industrial production, and therefore in wealth. In European Russia alone there are 550,000,000 acres of forests, which may easily enable her to organize the largest timber and wood-working industries in the world, and the largest paper-making industry as well. These are very largely in North Russia, and Northern Siberia, but farther south, Russia produces immense quantities of wheat, rye, oats, barley, beetroot, manioc, rape, hemp, flax, apples, pears, plums, cherries, and other orchard and garden fruits. Still farther south there is an abundance of maize, rice, cotton, jute, tobacco, tea, almonds, pistachios, pomegranates, oranges, apricots and grapes. Russia's food production per acre has been extremely low, because the great majority of the peasants merely scratch the ground and are entirely ignorant of scientific fertilization. It has been asserted that Russia's production could be doubled and tripled without extending her agricultural area, merely by improving the methods of cultivation.

"Silencers" on Ships.

Eight ships now sailing the Pacific Ocean are equipped with great silencers, weighing 1,000 pounds each, the invention of Hiram Percy Maxim, famous as the inventor of the gun silencer bearing his name. If successful, this newest "Maxim silencer" may stimulate the tendency toward general substitution of the speedier, more economical, oil-burning engines driven by the super-powerful engines of the Diesel type, for the present-day steamers.

"The motor-driven ship is the ship of the future," said Mr. Maxim recently. "However, in the past there has been one great disadvantage, the terrific noise of the motors. The new silencer we expect will solve that problem."

Mr. Maxim said that, inasmuch as his patents have not been issued, he cannot disclose the construction of his new invention. However, in general principles it is not unlike other Maxim silencers, depending on accumulating its work by absorbing the recoil and hence silencing the terrific exhaust. Mr. Maxim says it is not dissimilar in design to the smaller Maxim silencers on the market for several years for use on motor and power boats.

New York's Auto Accidents.

During the year 1919, over six hundred people were killed in motor accidents in New York City; while in Chicago, the nation's second most populous center, over four hundred lives were lost from the same cause, in the same period.

Mortality figures issued by New York State show that for 10,550 deaths resulting from automobile accidents, seven hundred were the result of reckless driving, eight hundred and fifty were due to defective mechanism, and nine thousand to the carelessness of pedestrians.

Children playing in the streets made up the great majority of victims.—Illustrated World.

Bishop of Honolulu.

A certain retired colonel tells a story of a dusky bishop who once went to a function in town. He gave his name to the butler as the Bishop of Honolulu, but the man failed to catch it, and believing that in the case of a black bishop all things were possible, announced him as "the Bishop of Hallelujah."

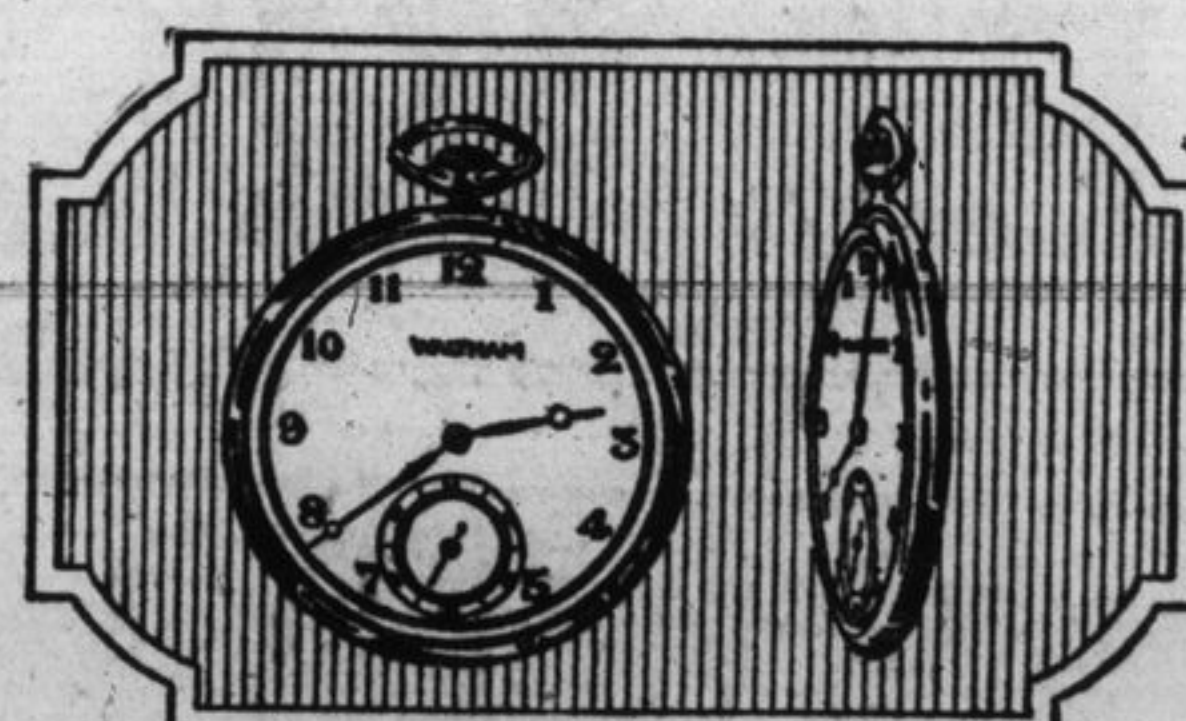
Squirrels Big as Cats.

There is no country that can rival North America for the great number of squirrels, both species and subspecies, represented in her fauna. In so far as brilliancy of color and size are concerned, however, says the American Forestry Magazine, the handsomest and largest squirrels in the world are found in the Orient and the East Indies, along the coast of Malabar. It is found a squirrel as big as an ordinary cat; this animal is bright red on the upper part of its body, offset by the most intense black, while all the lower parts are of a clear yellow.

Unusual.

"A rather remarkable couple, I should say," remarked a Toronto man. "They've been married ten years and she still listens with deference when he expresses an opinion."

To protect trousers from mud a Frenchman has invented a guard to be attached to a shoe like a spur.



COLONIAL "A"  
Thin, without sacrifice of accuracy. At all good jewelers. Priced from \$25.00 upwards. Other Waltham models from \$25.00 upwards.

## Let your watch reflect your character

It is the quality of your possessions rather than their quantity which gives the true index to your character. No more than you would consent to wear shabby, ill-fitting clothes, should you carry a watch of obscure make and unreliable performance.

When you carry a Waltham you have the satisfaction of knowing that you possess a high-grade watch that commands respect everywhere.

For more than sixty-five years the name "Waltham" has received universal acceptance as the World's highest standard of watch quality.

Every Waltham Watch embodies exclusive improvements in watch construction which have been developed at Waltham during this long period.

Remember this also: an inferior watch is always a liability, while a Waltham is always an asset.

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feels lots better after being bathed with "ABSORBINE B.R."

This antiseptic ointment goes deep into the tissues—makes the afflicted parts thoroughly aseptic—destroys disease germs—takes out the cause and heals.

## Absorbine J

should be in every home in case of accidents; to heal cuts, bruises, insect bites; reduce swellings and soften harden; relieve pain and inflammation.

It is a vegetable germicide; absorbs dirt; relieves odor; free of grease; does not stain.  
\$1.25 a bottle—at most druggists or sent postpaid by W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 50 Lyman Building, Montreal.

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## Now Is The Time To Paint

If you have delayed painting, your property has suffered. Do not put off any longer. Save the surface and you Save all. Look around and you will find many places, both inside and out that call for a coat of paint. Now is the time. Nature is re-decorating, get in line and do the same. The most economical method is to use

Guarantee We guarantee the Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paint (except inside White and a few dark shades that cannot be prepared from lead and zinc), to be made from pure white lead, pure oxide of zinc, with coloring matter in proportionate quantities necessary to make their respective shades and tints, with pure linseed oil and turpentine dryer, and to be entirely FREE from water, benzine, whitening and other adulterations, and SOLD SUBJECT TO CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

## MARTIN-SENOUR 100% PURE PAINT AND VARNISHES

Their covering power and lasting qualities are very great. It will pay you to insist on getting this popular brand. For whatever painting or varnishing you do, there is a special MARTIN-SENOUR Product, each one guaranteed to best serve the purpose for which it is made.

Consult us as to your requirements. We have a full stock and complete information as to decorative schemes. Let us advise you.

## SIMMONS BROS. Kingston, Ont.



## OUCH! CORNS! LIFT CORNS OFF



Doesn't hurt a bit to lift sore, touchy corns off with fingers



Yes! Magic! Drop a little Frezzone on a bothersome corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right off. No pain! Try it. A few cents buys a tiny bottle of Frezzone at any drug store. This is sufficient to rid you of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, all callouses, and without the slightest soreness or irritation. It doesn't hurt at all! Frezzone is the magic ether discovery of a Cincinnati genius.