

WAS SUFFERING FROM INDIGESTION NO FEAR OF PAINS NOW.

Indigestion is one of the worst forms of stomach trouble, and many people suffer terribly after every meal they eat. The rising and souring of the food, pains in the stomach, heartburn, water brash, belching, wind, vomiting shortly after eating, etc., are some of the symptoms.

There is no need for any person to be troubled with indigestion, dyspepsia or any other stomach trouble if they would only take Burdock Blood Bitters, which contains a combination of nature's roots, herbs, barks and berries; a combination that cannot help but put the stomach right.

Mr. H. H. Collins, Norton, N.B., writes:—"I was with the overseas forces for four years and two months, and in October, 1916, I was unfortunately enough to be wounded and taken prisoner. I was a prisoner for 2 1/2 years, and the food they gave us was not good, at times, and after a few months I found I was suffering from indigestion. When I came home in July, 1919, I was nearly a wreck. I was told to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I did so and found great relief, and can now eat without fear of pains and sickness. I would recommend B.B.B. to all who suffer from indigestion."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for over forty years, and during that time has made a reputation second to none for relieving all stomach troubles. Manufactured only by T. A. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Public Library Bulletin

GIVE THE CHILDREN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Good books are true friends. Start the children's book shelf right. We can aid you in book selection. Pay a visit to the Library and examine our display of children's books—consult our catalogue—you will find them of value in choosing Xmas gifts.

A ROSE, A KISS AND YOU. (Agnes Lockhart Hughes in Smith's Magazine) Morn, and the lily's cup of pearl Spills all its sparkling dew, While, passion-steeped, a rosebud opens To breathe my love for you.

Noon, with the Sun God bending low The violet's heart to woo— A songbird's trill in a garden fair— A rose—a kiss—and you!

Dusk, and a scarlet poppy gleam, Where the moon's pale lily grew, And in the gloaming, silver-kissed, Love's rose waits for you.

Night, with the moon serenely fair, And star breaks peeping, too— A song bird's trill in a garden sweet— A rose—a kiss—and you!

Several hundred men and women employees of the Wabasso Cotton Co. were dismissed for not working Wednesday, Conception Day, a Roman Catholic holiday.

"Matchless Pete," champion steer at Quolph, beaten at Fat Stock Show, Toronto.

Books And Their Authors

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know, Are a substantial world, both pure and good; Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood, Our pastime and our happiness will grow. —Wordsworth.

MITCH MILLER.

By Edgar Lee Masters. MacMillan Co., Toronto, Publishers. Price, \$2.50.

Any reader who has ever been a real boy will take delight in this story of an "honest-to-gosh" boy. Mitch is the real thing and the boy lingo in the story is as real as he is.

"Skeeter," steadfast pal of Mitch, tells the story and tells it well. The book is another case of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, but at the same time possesses many distinct attractions apart from its likeness to Mark Twain's immortal work.

Tom Sawyer, indeed, comes into the story and is written to and visited by the two youngsters. He turns out to be a goodnatured butcher in a neighboring town.

The setting of the story is in the region sacred to Abraham Lincoln's memory and memorable as the home of Tom Sawyer's escapades. Masters has combined Lincoln and Tom Sawyer and mixed in Mitch Miller in a manner which makes the book an irresistible piece of work amounting to genius.

Perhaps all the experiences of Mitch do not happen to the ordinary boy, but a great many of them do and besides that Mitch was a very extraordinary boy. His answers to the preacher at the revival meeting showed that. His father was a minister, but the revivalist was not acquainted with that fact until it was too late to save himself.

The love of Mitch for Zueline is one of those half comic, half pathetic incidents to the eyes of grown-ups which are tragic and very real to the young heart which is affected. Mitch was so intense about anything like this, so earnest about anything he had set his heart on that he died before he reached manhood. The world might have had some hard bumps for him had he lived.

The book is slightly pathetic in spots but is not "sad" as that term is generally known. The manner of Mitch's death was as beautiful as the manner in which he had lived.

ELAND.

By Ernest Poole. The MacMillans, Publishers, Toronto. Price, \$2.75.

"Blind" is a story which cannot be skimmed over in a hurry. Every word has a meaning, every sentence

is a tale in itself. Although, as a whole, the narrative is rather disjointed, it is true to what it is supposed to be, the memories of a man who has seen a lot of life in a short time.

"Lawrence Carrington Hart, or 'Larry,'" tells his own story in his pages. The story is supposed to be one of these times and certainly is true to its aim. The writer is not afraid to make it true in every detail, and the book is therefore the more interesting.

Our little hypothetical conventions are swept aside here and there in rather an abrupt manner, but the reader with common sense will realize that they were very thin, and would not stand scrutiny.

"Larry" takes a family from their childhood, follows them through life until they have reached their final stage in the world, and with keen insight leads them on. He and his sister, their cousins Edward and Dorothy, and his friend Steve McCrea start in together as small children and grow up together at Seven Pines, the large, old-fashioned home of their father in the country.

In bewildering rapidity, as it would seem to the average person "Larry's" young father and younger stepmother came together and started another family. Later Steve McCrea married his sister Lucy and there were more to tell about, until after starting out with a few persons "Larry" ended up his story with a small crowd on his hands.

"Larry" in telling of his own experiences, does not try to hide his raw spots, nor does he shove his own good qualities to the back. He is frank, and at times brutally so. He tells just what he feels, and, although it looks rather queer in print as some spots, yet the most of us can sympathize with him. His impressions as a boy, his college life, his relations to his family and relatives, the period in which he was deciding on a career, the enthusiasm with which he started into newspaper work, his apparent early failure and gradual success, his mixings with the anarchist and criminal world, his venture forth into the writing of respondent and finally, as a fighting man in the war, right to his blindness, his despair and his salvation, all these hold the reader to every word until the very end.

The book is like a series of vividly sketched pictures, each one with a relation to the others, yet each a strangely complete in its own little story. "Powerful," "gripping," such words may describe it.

INJUN AND WHITNEY.

By William S. Hart. 317 Pages. Price, \$2.00. Thomas Allen, Toronto, Ppblisher.

Western dramas and cowboy stories have always possessed a strong appeal for boys, right from the Buffalo Bill to the latest thrill in the moving picture reel. Here is a story written by a westerner who has

"roughed" it with Indians and cowboys whose name is familiar to every movie patron. William S. Hart is a moving picture star, admired by every boy who has red blood in his veins, and all on account of his deeds of daring-do. Hence this book, so replete with Indian stories and with incidents of frontier life, possesses an exceptional charm for every boy. It is a boy's story of the west that shows the west as it really is. It is a tale of the adventures of a Montana cattle-ranch of a white boy and his Indian chum, of how Whitney learns to ride, shoot, man-fashion, of their capture by a band of cattle-rustlers, and of how they escaped and turned the tables by rounding up the band after a series of desperate and exciting adventures.

"Injun and Whitney" is a real book for real boys written by a man who knows the west and knows what boys like. It's got all the thrill and human interest that have made the William S. Hart pictures favorites throughout the world, and will be read, treasured and read again, not only by every boy, but by Bill Hart fans of every age. It is a boy's book, and every boy will be better for having read it. Not only will it interest him, but it will teach him the duty and the advantage of playing the manly part in every circumstance of life. Manliness and inspiration are held up as ideals well worth striving for. This new book is the first volume of Mr. Hart's Boys' Golden West series, a collection of true-to-life stories of the west.

GRAYDON OF THE WINDERMERE.

By Evah McKowen. 310 Pages. MacMillan & Stewart, Toronto, Publishers.

During the past year or so we have had a number of stories of the Canadian west, some of them extremely good, others indifferent, others insane. "The Conquering Hero," "The Prairie Mother," and "The Valley of Silent Men," recently reviewed in these columns, were all gripping stories whose scenes were laid amidst the manly beauty of the far-stretching prairies or the grandeur of the fertile valleys and snowy mountain peaks of British Columbia. "Graydon of the Windermere" has the same setting, but not the same appeal. One tires of the book before half the pages are turned. It lacks finish; it is commonplace. It is weak, from whatever angle it is viewed. An eastern clergyman, in search of health and a long-lost nephew, goes west on a vacation trip. The boy, whose education was intended to fit him for the ministry, had turned rancher. He has made his fortune. He meets again Allegra, for whom he has cherished a roidantic fancy since his early youth, and Allegra's lovely cousin. Therefrom springs a tale of youth and love and moon-madness, which culminates in the chivalric uncle performing the marriage ceremony. We leave it to the reader to find out whether the nephew veils Allegra or her charming cousin. But it is hardly worth while reading the book to find out.

KEEPING POULTRY.

By C. A. Platt. 146 Pages. Illustrated. Methuen & Co., London, Publishers.

Kingston poultry fanciers, as well as farmers and village residents in the country, should find much of interest and instruction in this new book. It is from the pen of the late instructor in poultry keeping to the Devon, England, county council. Briefly it may be described as a handbook on utility poultry-keeping, dealing solely with the management and breeding of fowls for the production of eggs and flesh for the table, and their improvement for this purpose. Based upon actual experience, it contains educational matter for the novice and for all practical people possessing facilities for keeping poultry in large or small numbers, who, with intelligent effort properly directed, can find interest and profit in producing food of a valuable character. The book summarizes the results of twenty years' practical experience. Emphasis is laid on the desirability of managing farm poultry in a systematic manner, and a suitable plan is outlined. Hints are also given as to increasing the egg production of small pens kept by ordinary householders. This book should prove very valuable indeed to all poultry raisers. It abounds in helpful illustrations.

THE DANGEROUS INHERITANCE.

By Izola Forrester. Thomas Allen, Toronto, Houghton Mifflin Co., Price \$2.25.

Jewels, foreign plots, political mix-ups, romance and heredity are all combined in this book to make a capital story. The plot is different to that involving great singers, because Carlotta did not strike a tragic pose and give up love for the sake of her art nor did her art suffer because she accepted love. The idea which we have often encountered that a woman may not be happy and a genius at the same time is laid away safely on the shelf when Carlotta comes into her own because of the fact that she accepted what love had to offer.

Carlotta Trelange inherited several things, none of which she realized the value of, nor the danger of their possession. Her grandmother had been a world-famous Italian opera singer, La Paoli, who, as the Countess Tittani, her real name, had brought up the child to follow in her footsteps of fame. Her own daughter, Bianca Tittani, had followed love when he beckoned and had died happy, but not famous. Jealously, therefore, La Paoli guarded her grand-child from the world.

When she could no longer look after her and found that her death was approaching La Paoli sent her to America under the care of Maria Roma, another retired prima donna singer. Her real name, had brought up the child to follow in her footsteps of fame. Her own daughter, Bianca Tittani, had followed love when he beckoned and had died happy, but not famous. Jealously, therefore, La Paoli guarded her grand-child from the world.

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and here we find her in the opening of the book. In her career as a singer La Paoli had been offered the homage of kings and had collected a wonderful array of jewels given to her as marks of appreciation. Many of these were of great historical interest and fabulous value as well, but neither Carlotta nor her guardian realized the wealth they carried. These jewels figured largely in the plot of the story.

Soon Carlotta ran across romance in spite of the care taken by her mother and her foster mother. The man was a young composer and teacher, American, and luckily a real American. His fall was decisive, as was hers, and in the way of women with men, Carlotta played the part of a poor unknown pupil to him, while in reality she was teaching him all the while. Her efforts to bring him success finally resulted in the climax and dovetailing of events which brought out everything and accomplished the triumph of both love and genius.

Maria Roma, the foster mother, was doubtful, Jacobelli, the teacher was worse than that and several were horrified, but the two principals were happy, so what matters the rest?

The Northern Ontario Hockey Association has changed the residence rule to conform with that of the O.H.A.

"They WORK while you sleep"

Cascarets

You are constipated, bilious, and what you need is one or two Cascarets to-night sure for your liver and bowels. Then you will wake up wondering what became of your dizziness, sick headache, bad cold, or upset, gassy stomach. No gripping—no incoherence. Children love Cascarets too. 10, 25, 50 cents.

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McNamee & Slack The only trouble I find is that the neighbors like them so well that it is hard to keep them at home. Made in Kingston—54 Queen Street. Get them while they last. 54 QUEEN STREET PHONE 1217W. Horseshoeing and General Repairing.

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"Oh! This Shopping"

"I certainly gets on my nerves. I come home all fagged out, and nearly always have a splitting headache.

"Yes, they say we women always like shopping. But if everybody feels as tired out afterwards as I do, it is no joke.

"I wonder if it is my nerves. I never could stand much sightseeing, anyway. The strain on the eyes seems to exhaust the whole system.

"I suppose I shall not be able to sleep to-night, and that will put me in fine condition for to-morrow.

"Why don't somebody invent a good medicine for the nerves?"

"But what was that Mrs. Crary was telling me about? I believe it was Nerve Food—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I have heard so many talking about the way this Nerve Food helped them that I must give it a trial."

And this is what Mrs. Crary of 515 Cedar street, Peterboro', Ont., writes about her experience with this well-known treatment for the nerves:

"I was suffering from a rundown condition of the system, nervous debility and sleeplessness. I lost a good many nights' sleep, and sometimes after going to sleep would wake up with a start,

and then lie awake for hours. I also had frequent headaches and pains through my back. I got so that I could hardly do any work. I had taken doctors' medicine, but it did not seem to help me. Through reading in the newspapers of the help others had derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I started taking this medicine. The first box helped me, so I continued, taking about five or six boxes. I found that I was a great deal better, able to sleep well and do my work without any trouble. My headaches and nervousness are gone. My mother lives with me, and she has also found great benefit from the use of the Nerve Food. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervous trouble of any kind."

If you could only read the letters which come to this office from day to day telling of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing for women, and men, too, in all parts of Canada, you would not be long in doubt as to the most satisfactory treatment for tired bodies and exhausted nerves.

All we can do is to pass along the good words by publishing an occasional letter. It remains for you to benefit by using this blood and nerve builder to restore energy and vitality to your exhausted system.

You can obtain Dr. Chase's Nerve Food from all dealers, or Edmonds, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto, at 50 cents a box. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.