

SAVED FROM LIFELONG MISERY

And a Dangerous Operation, by Taking "FRUIT-A-LIVES"



MRS. M. J. GORSE, 2923 Union St., Vancouver, B.C. "I suffered with all the symptoms of Female Trouble, with chronic Constipation and constant Headaches. I had pains low down in the back and sides of the body. I tried various remedies without relief, and then put myself under a doctor's care and he advised me to have an operation. I refused. Then, I started taking 'Fruit-a-lives' and from the outset, I felt better, and this medicine has completely relieved me of all my misery and suffering. My weight was only 143 pounds and now it is 168 pounds. I am free of pain and headaches and the terrible constipation; and what saved me from misery is the splendid fruit medicine, 'Fruit-a-lives'."

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

PEEVISH RESTLESS CHILDREN
MILLER'S WORM POWDERS
If You Suffer Take a course of the famous Beecham's Pills. Prompt relief often follows the first dose. People everywhere are proving the value of BEECHAM'S PILLS in boxes, 25c., 50c. Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World

A Bruise or a Bump
feels lots better after being bathed with "ABSORBINE JR."
This antiseptic liniment goes deep into the tissues "makes the affected parts thoroughly aseptic" destroys disease germs—takes out the soreness and heals.
Absorbine Jr.
should be in every home in case of accidents; to heal cuts, bruises, abrasions; reduce swellings and soften blemishes; relieve pain and inflammation.
It is a vegetable germicide; absolutely safe; pleasant odor; free of grease; does not stain.
\$1.25 a bottle—at most drug stores or sent postpaid by W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 50 Lyman Building, Montreal.

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Cuticura Will Help You Look Your Best
Make the Cuticura Trio your everyday toilet preparations and watch your skin, hair and hands improve. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, and the Talcum to powder and perfume.
Small Size, 25c. and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Cuticura Soap, 244 St. Paul St., W. Montreal.
Some people keep themselves poor spending money to keep others from finding out that they are poor.

EASY MARKS

The Puzzle of the German Indemnity.

By Stephen Leacock

It is now definitely settled by the Conference that Germany is to pay to the Allies 3,912,486,782,421 marks. I think that is the correct figure though, of course, I am speaking only from memory. At any rate the correct figure is within a hundred billion marks of the above.

The sum to be paid was not reached without a good deal of discussion. Monsieur Briand, the French Minister, is reported to have thrown out the figure 4,281,390,887,471. But Mr. Lloyd George would not pick it up. Nor do I blame him, unless he had a basket to pick it up into.

Lloyd George's point of view was that while the Germans could very properly pay a limited amount such as 3,912,486,782,421 marks, it was not feasible to put on them a burden of 4,281,390,887,471 marks.

By the way, if anybody, at this point doubts the accuracy of the figures just given, all he has to do is take the amount of the indemnity as stated in gold marks, and then multiply it by the present value of the mark and he will find, to his chagrin, that the figures are correct. If he is still not satisfied, I refer him to a book of tables of Logarithms; if he is not satisfied with that I refer him to any work on Conic Sections, and if not convinced even then, I refer him so far that he will never come back.

It was necessary to put in this caution or otherwise the editor of this paper would have received an angry letter of correction from Constant Reader or Pater Familias, or The Mother of a Returned Soldier.

This indemnity shows the total that is to be paid to all the Allied nations put together. But what I have been more interested in working out is my own personal share of it.

I understand that the Allies numbered in all over a billion people. But I leave allies and take only the brown and the white ones, as represented in the Conference at Spa. There will be, I think, about 250 million of us. It follows that my own share of the indemnity is fifteen thousand, six hundred and forty nine marks.

This is a large sum of money, and I am glad to get it. I need it; and I think I may say on behalf of my 249,999,999 fellow allies that we all need it. Speaking for myself, I don't mind saying that as soon as I receive my 15,649 marks I intend to retire from work and devote myself to building up the League of Nations. But my only trouble at present is the question of how to collect my indemnity.

In the first place I have no intention of letting the Germans pay it to me in actual cash. I know that if they do this, they will merely inflate me beyond what is bearable. I have been inflated now for six years paying an inflated landlord, eating inflated food, and attending inflated theatres, and I am done with it. I want the German treasurer, whoever he happens to be when this is printed, to understand that if he offers me cash, I will not take it. I am deflating quietly and I want to be let alone.

In the second place, I want to understand that I will not allow these German pups to escape by offering me fifteen thousand marks worth of coal. What could I do with all that coal any way? Spring is coming, my furnace is burning low and I really couldn't use it. As for having coal over for next winter, it is a thing that I have never done and which passes all my earthly dreams of avarice. Besides I might die in October.

What is more, if I want coal I will buy it in an ordinary decent way from a decent coal dealer in my own country. I don't propose to ruin our own coal industry for the sake of building up the prosperity of Germany.

What I say of coal I apply with equal force to any offers of food, grain, oil, petroleum, linoleum, gas, or any other natural product. I will not take payment in any of them. Even now it is all that our farmers can do to live. Many of them are having to sell off their motors and pianos, and to send their sons to college to work. At the same time the German producer by depressing the market further and further is able to work fourteen hours a day. This argument may not be quite correct but I take it as I find it in the press; what I mean is that I can't allow our industry to be undermined.

What we have to find then is something that the Germans have got and all want and that the brutes would hate to part with.

This brings us obviously to the question of German beer. I had a notion that we were drifting towards it, and sure enough we have come to it. Having come to it, let us linger on it a moment. Can we take our indemnity in German beer?

We must first make a calculation as to how much beer the Germans have. Every German, it is well known, takes forty drink of beer a day. Each time he drinks, he takes a pint. There are sixty million Germans; so they drink two billion, four hundred million pints of beer a day. Beer takes a month to manufacture and store and distribute; there is thus thirty days' supply always available. In other words, there must be at the present time 72,000,000,000 pints of beer in Germany.

Under total prohibition (federal, state, municipal, as authorized by the Nineteenth Amendment, by the Volstead Act, by State legislation and by municipal by-laws, as for example in Kansas) the price of beer (when sold by honest, reputable, people with a conscience) is fifty cents a pint. Fifty cents is two gold marks, or, in other words, thirty marks in paper. This

means that the worth of the German beer, if laid down in Kansas, is over two thousand billion marks—to be accurate 2,160,000,000.

The problem therefore appears to be solved. As far as I am concerned, it is. All I ask is to have my indemnity paid in beer and laid down in Kansas. The mere process of laying it down there I leave for later discussion to pour it into the top end of the Missouri and dam up the lower one. This would supply the whole Middle West not only with beer but with power and, perhaps, light.

But meantime while the Conference at Spa is working out the details of the plan, I make this offer. If anybody will give me sixty-five cents in Canadian currency for my entire share in the indemnity he may have it.

Stephen Leacock, Copyright, 1921, by The Dominion News Bureau, Ltd., Montreal.

Good Night Stories

By Blanch Silver

The Reason Timmy Mole Lives Under the Ground.

"You know," chirped Chatty Chipmunk, shifting the nut he was chewing on from one cheek to another, "I've often wondered why it was Timmy Mole likes to live under the ground instead of out in the open like we do. Of course, we build under the tree roots and under the ground, too, but my goodness, he stays under there the bigger part of his time!"

"Looks to me as if he was trying to hide from some one," replied Red Tail Squirrel. "I've often wondered about that very thing, but as yet I've never been able to find out any reason. He seems to like us all."

"Well, I don't know about that," laughed Chatty Chipmunk. "Only the other day I awakened to find he had thrown dirt up in front of my doorway. Of course, he apologized, and he helped me take it away, but it surely does worry me. It keeps me wondering all the time."

"Let's go and ask old Hooty Owl. He knows almost everything a fellow wants to know," suggested Red Tail Squirrel. "And, besides, he travels around after dark, and if you remember rightly so does Timmy Mole."

So off the two friends started for the old hollow oak tree, where they found Hooty Owl fast asleep. Red tail Squirrel apologized for their intrusion, and made their wants known to old Hooty Owl.

He yawned and blinked his great, big eyes. The sudden light almost blinded him.

"Funny time to come bothering around about such a foolish thing," he said.

"What! have you not heard the joyful tidings! Bronchitis has been killed—kicked right out of society—and 100,000 Canadians liberated from the bondage of this disease. Every trace of bronchitis is blown to atoms by the world's most effective disease-destroyer, Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. No wonder people are rejoicing! No longer do they dread the effects of coughs, colds, asthma, etc., and so anxious are they that others should benefit also, hundreds of letters have been written proclaiming the merits of this wonderful miraculous remedy. Here is one letter: 'To Whom it may Concern: This is to certify that I had been suffering for over three weeks with bronchitis and was advised to try Buckley's Bronchitis Mixture. I purchased a bottle and after the third dose I received relief, and before the bottle was finished, I was perfectly well. In making the above assertion I have no hesitation in saying it is the best remedy I ever came in contact with for heavy colds and bronchitis.'—(Signed) Mrs. M. Harding, 47 Dundas Street, Toronto. The original of this testimonial may be seen at W. K. Buckley, Limited, 142 Mutual St., Toronto. This mixture, proven in the thousands of Canadian households, will give you sure relief. It cannot fail. Seventy-five cents is the price that stands between you and the road to health. Take no substitute—instant on the bottle with the 'Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.' Ask your druggist."

Sold in Kingston by: Mahood's Drug Store, T. H. Sargent, F. J. Hoag, A. G. Harris and other reliable drug stores.

A Bad Case

Eczema All Over His Body—His Legs—His Arms Covered

John Clark of Brookville, N. B., crowds a story of great suffering into a few words. "I was tormented beyond words. I could not sleep. You could not put a pin on my whole body. I tried several doctors. They said it was eczema. Three dollar bottles of D. D. D. is all I use. I have not had a sore for five months. Each week we are selecting a letter from some Canadian sufferer to show what can be done to itching, burning skin disease by the use of D. D. D. Stop that tickle today. You are not asked to use D. D. D. for weeks before you get relief. If you don't get relief from the very first bottle we hand your money back. \$1.00 a bottle. Try D. D. D. Soap, too."

D. D. D. THE Lotion for Skin Disease
Mahood's Drug Store, Kingston

but suggests the easiest way out is to tell you what I heard old Jimmy Bluejay say. He knew, or rather his great-great-grandfather knew, the first mole family that came to these woods to live. That mole family was the meanest family that ever lived around here. Mr. Mole spent the greatest part of his time hunting out the storing places of all the meadow folks.

"In those days, moles lived out in the open fields, and travelled around dark as they do now. Then, after the other folks had crawled into bed, Mr. Mole would sneak around and help himself to everything he wanted. He was clever enough to hide in underground, and so was never caught at his ugly tricks."

"One person, dear old Mother Nature saw him, and for punishment she dimmed his eyes so that when the daylight struck them, especially the bright sunlight, he had to shut them tight. Finally, he gave up trying to run around in the daylight, and spent the rest of his life at nightfall."

"Folks began to ask questions, and Mr. Mole growing ashamed of the comment he was causing, built himself a house under the ground. There he has lived to this day, and will continue to live unless he betters his way, and old Hooty Owl blinked his eyes and yawned to show his guests the interview was over as far as he was concerned."

Chatty Chipmunk and Red Tail Squirrel slowly went home, but as they passed Timmy Mole's doorway they both peeked in, and, sure enough, the could hear him snoring loudly.

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THE MAN ON WATCH

It is denied that had Mr. Spracklin lectured in Kingston, his local worshippers would have invited him to exhibit the gun with which he broke the sixth commandment.

The Kingston clergy are not agreed upon this liquor importation question, so the less-informed public may be excused if they do not see eye to eye.

That was a fine trail that Mr. Spracklin blazed—the trail of death. But like Cain, the cleric-inspector was granted protection.

If the R.M.C. cadets would stage their boxing bouts in the armouries, the Lampan will guarantee big audiences for two nights. It's gone the fans like to see, not clockwork exercises.

It's no longer Blue Monday. The Kiwanians have taken the "blue" out of that day, and the Ministerial Association should rejoice and be glad.

That was a good crack the Christian Science writer got at the medical doctors when he pointed out, from medical statistics, that over fifty per cent of the medical diagnoses are wrong.

Perhaps the county hockey championship might be awarded to the club which can compose the longest thesis on the much-abused lieutenant-colonel.

The Lampan is informed that if all the local women's meetings were reported there would be some sweet morsels for "over the teacups." They say the men's meetings have not half the pep that the ladies put into their business gatherings.

Can you imagine those grand old times in Kingston when whiskey sold for twelve and a half cents a gallon. That amount was called a York shilling.

Why prohibit the importation of good whiskey into Ontario and encourage the manufacture by the people themselves of vile whiskey? Of the two evils the Lampan chooses the lesser.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust.

But sturdy and staunch he stands, And the little tin soldier is red with rust,

And his musket molds in his hands, Time was when the little toy dog was new

And the soldier was passing fair, That was when our Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go 'way till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise." So, toddling off to the trundle bed, He dreamed of the pretty toys, And as he was dreaming an angel song

Awakened the Little Boy Blue. Oh, the years are many, the years are long, But the little toy friends are true.

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face, And they wonder, as waiting the long years through,

In the dust of that little chair, What has become of the Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there.

Safeguards Trains. By means of a new electrical appliance, trains will be safeguarded against signalmen's mistakes, only one train being able to enter a certain section of line at one time.



The Joy of Living

DO you feel like these children in the morning, full of energy and buoyant spirits?

Do you get up refreshed by your night's sleep ready for anything the day may bring forth?

You should and you may if the simple rules of health are observed.

It is possible that by some excess in eating, or over-exertion, your heart has not been working with its accustomed regularity, and you are not getting undisturbed and refreshing slumber.

Your sleep may be broken with terrible dreams, smothering spells, sinking sensations, and even fear of impending death.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have brought relief to hundreds of such cases.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills enrich the blood, strengthen the heart and tone up the nerves, making the whole organization work in harmony, and bringing back in a few days that blessed condition where you sleep as peaceful as a child and hail with joy the return of another day.

Mr. Harold Acker, Springfield, N.S., writes:—"I was bothered all the time with nervous headache and dizziness. I could not stoop down at times, as everything would get black before my eyes. I could not sleep at night, and my appetite was very poor. I was almost on a nervous breakdown. I used four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they helped me fine. I would recommend them highly to any person troubled with their heart or nerves."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by

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In Centre of Shopping and Business District
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This means Life Insurance at Cost.

And, as the Mutual Life has been noted for the very liberal profits paid on its Participating Policies, this means Life Insurance at LOW Cost.

That the Mutual System is as safe as it is profitable and economical is proven by the fact that The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada is fifty-one years old, and is known as one of Canada's strongest and most ably managed financial institutions.

If you are interested in purchasing the greatest amount of sound, safe Life Insurance for the least money—Life Insurance at cost—consult the Mutual Life Agent.

THE MUTUAL LIFE of Canada: Waterloo, Ontario

S. ROUGHTON, Kingston, Ont.