

# HIS LIFE RUINED BY DYSPEPSIA

Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES" The Wonderful Fruit Medicine



MR. FRANK HALL

Weyvale, Ontario.

"For some two years, I was a sufferer from Chronic Constipation and Dyspepsia.

I tried every remedy I heard of without any success, until the wife of a local merchant recommended 'Fruit-a-tives'.

I procured a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and began the treatment, and my condition commenced to improve immediately.

The Dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation.

I feel that I owe a great debt to 'Fruit-a-tives' for the benefit I derived from them."

FRANK HALL.

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

## CONDITION EXISTS WITHOUT CAUSE

It is being proven daily that there is absolutely no reason for one permitting a condition of nervousness, weakness or palpitation of the heart or any form of general physical decline for VITAL, the great blood and brain remedy, can quickly correct this condition.

Through giving nourishment to the vital organs of the body, VITAL restores you to perfect health, making your whole nerve structure vibrate with life. If you feel the need of a tonic to build you up, to take away that "old" feeling—start taking VITAL at once. You'll soon get startling evidence of its help. Price, 50 cts a box, at all druggists. For Sale by Mahood Drug Co.

COST WAS ABOUT \$10

## One Vote Polled at Sturgeon Falls; It Was Wet

Lindsay, April 23.—Only one vote was polled at the booth at Sturgeon Point, and it registered a wet answer. This booth probably cost \$16. It was a costly vote.

## Brockville Cheese Board.

Brockville, April 22.—At the cheese board 1,314 boxes were offered; all were sold but 153 colored and eighteen boxes of white, at 24 cents.

Rev. Thomas Clark Street Macklem, provost and dean of the faculty of divinity of Trinity College for the past twenty-one years, will relinquish his duties at the end of the college year in September.

Rev. W. B. Melkham of Central Baptist church, Dayton, Ohio, has accepted a call to Eglington Baptist church.

# Should Bachelors Be Taxed to Extinction

By Stephen Leacock

A few weeks ago there came to me a young man evidently in the deepest distress. "You write for the press," he said, "won't you do something to help the wretched class to which I belong?"

"What are you?" I asked. "I am a bachelor," the young man answered, breaking into tears, "and they are trying to tax us to extinction. All society has a pick on us," he sobbed. "Everybody is down on us, and we can't stand it any longer. Won't you help?"

I reassured him as best I could, and he left me somewhat comforted. The incident passed from my mind, and I thought no more of it until a few weeks later I saw the young man again. I was passing a house in front of which many cabs and motors were drawn up. There were little rosettes and decorations on the horses and on the cars. There was a covered canvas corridor leading from the house to the street and a general air of hilarity in the people, mostly women and nursemaids and children standing about. Such men as happened to come along passed with a slight shudder. Then I saw the young man. An authoritative-looking woman was leading him down the canvas path. He had on a narrow coat and a top hat and they had put lavender gloves on him and hung a cane on his arm. He was quiet and was making no trouble I saw them put him in the motor and drive him off.

Then I knew that it was all over with him. It was just one more bachelor who had found it too hard and given in; a commonplace episode, no doubt, and one to which one gets gradually hardened in this rough world.

And yet the little incident has stayed somehow in my mind. I have no doubt that the authoritative woman will treat him well enough. I say "woman": I cannot call her a "girl"; there are none now after the age of seventeen. She will in her own way treat him kindly enough. He will be well fed; his slippers will be warming for him beside the fender when he comes home; she will not allow him to catch cold; she will drive away anyone who wants to take away his money at poker. But the old independent life will be gone. He will be a bird in a gilded cage.

Undoubtedly something is breaking the spirit of the bachelors. Society has organized a kind of crusade against this unhappy class of young men and is breaking down their resistance. Heavy taxes are laid upon them. This reform was brought in immediately after the vote was given to women. It is, so far as I am aware, their only contribution to political thought. "Give us," they said, "a tax upon bachelors and we care nothing about the rest."

I am willing to grant, if one will, that these unfortunate young men may very properly be made the subject of special taxation. It is not right that they should go absolutely unpunished. But is it, after all, vain to try to tax them out of existence? That is, without doubt, the real meaning of what is being done.

Take for example the income tax. I do not profess to understand its intricacies, but everybody knows that it is so contrived to fall with crushing weight upon the recalcitrant bachelor. He pays—I think I have the figures right—an extra five per cent. the first month, six the next, and

seven the next and so on. Sooner or later it breaks them down. I have seen case after case of it. I knew a young man, notoriously too shy to associate with girls, who was still unmarried at twenty-three. They taxed him. He stood it up to twenty per cent. I saw him at a Christmas party being pushed round to get him under the mistletoe and I was not surprised to learn two months later that he was off the tax list. Another young man, a war veteran, held out up to forty-four per cent. He simply said he would not give in. At forty-five per cent. the revenue department served a notice on him that at the end of thirty days they would proceed against him on a writ of mandamus. He capitulated, married a widow with three children, and seems in a dull kind of way, happy.

This is the income tax. I say nothing of the municipal tax, and the luxury tax and the super-dog tax, the graduated-billiard-licence, the cunningly devised double rate on pullman drawing-rooms, the insidious policy of hotels in making the room rate less for two than for one, and, in short, the whole apparatus of legislation and public policy that is meant to drive the bachelor out of existence.

Even all this, they tell me, they could stand. But what they objected to still more is the general attitude of society towards them. They are a despised class.

"The married men," said a young bachelor to me the other day, "have all the fun. If a girl knows that a man is married, she doesn't care a bit what she does." He spoke with great emotion and seemed on the brink of tears. I begged him to compose himself, and to get down to particulars. "She'll go out with him," he continued, "to tea or to dinner or to supper, or out motoring or in a canoe or anything. But if it's one of us, there's nothing doing."

"When I was a bachelor," I said, "we used at least to be able to take the girls to church. Can't you do that?"

"The girls nowadays won't come to church," he sobbed. "We ask them to and they won't. Only last Sunday I asked one to come with me to the Cathedral to hear the anthem."

"And wouldn't she?" I asked.

"She said that the only use she had for a church was to get married in it. She said she would wait for that."

"And what are you going to do about it?" I asked him.

"We are to be married in June," he answered, "but I don't think it's quite fair all the same."

The more I look into this situation the less satisfactory it appears. Before I had investigated the point I had thought that possibly the bachelors might find some consolation by seeking the society of married women. But it seems that it is not possible. The married women, I am told, don't care for them. They find them insipid, flat and uninteresting. They say they have no pep, no go to them. They admit that they are perfectly polite, even chivalrous in their social conduct, but they say there is nothing in them. One informant told me that they seemed to have no reach. Beyond this I could get no more exact information. But I gather that the married women of today find somebody else's husband more interesting than somebody else's brother.

I am not aware that anything in particular can be done about it all. The policy of repression is undoubtedly having its effect. The bachelors are becoming rarer. Large numbers are surrendering every month. Others are being chased to the woods. They say that in the hunting grounds of the Adirondacks, and the fishing districts of the Laurentians you can find them still in hundreds. But, even this is changing. The women are buying hunting costumes (of an up-to-date style) and putting on cute little fishing jackets with pocket-mirror places where the fish-hook-pocket used to be, and are off to the woods—hunting. So very soon the few bachelors who survive will be found only in the remotest passes of the Rockies, or away down in the bottom of the Grand Canon.

And, after all, why pity them? They can get out of all of their difficulties easily enough by the simple plan of getting married. So why shouldn't they? The rest of us did and it didn't hurt us. And at this glad time of the year, too, when the young buds are bursting on the burdock; when the rhubarb is peeping about the earth; when you can almost hear the June wedding bells; and when all the girls are wearing those new fascinating—well, I forget just what it is they are wearing this spring, but it is sure to be new and fascinating.

Come, come, young men, put on a lavender tie and go and propose to the girl straight off as soon as you've read this and then let me know what she said. Or, no, not me, spare me, but write and tell about it to the lady who edits the Heart-to-Heart page in another part of this newspaper.

—STEPHEN LEACOCK. (Copyright, 1921, by the Dominion News Bureau Limited, Montreal.)

# Physicians Recommend Castoria

YOU know the real human doctors right around in your neighborhood: the doctors made of flesh and blood just like you: the doctors with souls and hearts: those men who are responding to your call in the dead of night as readily as in the broad daylight; they are ready to tell you the good that Fletcher's Castoria has done, is doing and will do, from their experience and their love for children.

Your physician knows that Castoria is purely a child's remedy. It was sought for and discovered as a substitute for Castor Oil in the ailments of Infants and Children.

Your physician will tell you this for he knows that preparations put on the market for adults are not adaptable for the very young and he is particularly interested in your baby.

## Children Cry For



Is Baby Well and Strong?

Your heart aches when your baby falls sick. You feel so anxious to help the little sufferer, yet so helpless because baby can't tell you where it feels bad. But, if you are wise, you know that generally baby sickness comes from a disordered stomach or bowels. You can tell easily that baby is constipated or has pain, eruptions, flatulence, diarrhoea, is restless, feverish, wakeful, fretful. Good mothers use Fletcher's Castoria, a wonderful remedy, purely vegetable, discovered by a family doctor and used in the best families for over thirty years.

Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria. It is a comfort to babies, the mother's unfailing friend. Any Mother who has used Fletcher's Castoria will advise you to use it for your baby. Give your sick baby a dose of it and note how soon baby begins to feel better. A few doses and you will realize what a wonderful remedy Fletcher's Castoria is for babies, what a comfort it is for mothers to depend on.

Never try to relieve baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself. Don't say tomorrow, get it today!

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

## THE MAN ON WATCH

Well, the eyes have it—but not in Kingston.

No matter how you view it, might is right even in regard to prohibition referendum. It would have been the same had the wets won.

There is said to be no lawyers doing time in the Portsmouth penitentiary at present. That is not saying that a few of them should not be there.

Samuel Gompers did not heed the advice of our old friend Samuel Weller to "beware of widlers."

Catarqui ward is certainly well named "swamp ward." That "no" vote of Monday certainly had the swamp sound about it.

Kingston's voice on prohibition was not pitched in the same key as Frontenac's, but then the cities and rural communities do not agree on all matters. For instance there is daylight saving—the cities are not voting to force that on the ruralites.

There appears to be quite a difference of opinion between medical professors of Queen's on the affects of alcohol. We'll all agree, however, that over-indulgence is bad.

What harm is there in the Chinks having a game of dominoes on the Sabbath? Perhaps they were disturbing the afternoon sleep of neighbors by their chattering.

The Portsmouth Philosopher rises to remark that some young women wear more clothes when asleep than they do on the street.

The British North America and the Ontario Temperance Acts are very much under consideration just now. The O.T.A., it is said, may be added to the next Ontario school reader or history.

The cartoon man of the Toronto

Globe must be a wet, as he represented the dry vote as an old woman.

No one has yet remarked that last Monday Kingston did not express any sorrow over the way those noisy spectators treated Pussfoot Johnson.

If Division street is desirous of having its name changed, "Wet avenue" would no doubt be the choice of Ald. Wriley Smith.

One wet was so angry over the result of Monday's vote that he solemnly declared that nobody who voted yes would ever again get a drop of liquor in his house. And no doubt there will be a lot of disappointed ones.

—THE TOWN WATCHMAN.

The large barn belonging to Mr. Brown, Wooler road, near Trenton, was destroyed by fire with all its contents except stock. A motor car was also burned.

Mrs. Ellen Bishop, widow of Uriah Bishop, Algonquin, confined to her room for eight weeks owing to a fall, died on Sunday, in the eighty-first year of her age.

## A MAN'S JOB

By CHARLES GRANT MILLER

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A Massachusetts court has given a man a \$500 judgment against a neighbor who caused him to lose a \$15-a-week job. Even a small job is a big asset.

This legal estimate of the cash value of a job is something novel. Courts have long awarded damages for stolen kisses, injured dogs, broken limbs and even for alienated affections of wives and for hurt feelings; but this granting of damages for a lost job opens a new department in jurisprudence.

And yet the prose fact that a man's job is his most important possession cannot be disputed.

It is the job that completes the man. Without that he is only flotsam and jetsam upon the sea of life.

In this day and age of universal industry a job is necessary to every able-bodied and able-minded man, if not for his physical sustenance, at least for the sustenance of his character.

The human drone is as despised and worthless as is the drone among the bees.

Home has been called the cornerstone of civilization. It is a beautiful thought and true. But the rest of the broad foundation of civilization is useful employment.

The line between civilization and savage peoples is sharply drawn at work.

There is no getting away from the penalty pronounced in Eden. The people that will not labor atrophies and rots. The individual who will not labor and bring into existence something that will survive his brief life has not the respect of others or of himself. He is a hindrance and a shame to mankind.

A man's job is his most valuable possession. It is of the utmost importance to his happiness for to-day and to-morrow. It maintains his family and his own manhood.

It is true there are many jobs that each man may fit himself to. But it is equally true that there are many more who may fit themselves to the same job.

Man's sacred right is to have and to hold a job for which he is fitted. That right is as precious as life itself, for all the best there is in life depends on it.

Five hundred dollars is a ridiculously low appraisal. The value of a man's job is not to be rightly estimated in dollars.



MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills

## Are you rushing on to disaster?

TRAIN, marine, street car—in fact, all disasters are on the decrease, largely due to educational propaganda preventing carelessness. The toll of human life through ill health and disease is also on the decrease. People of the 20th century are realising more and more the necessity of keeping themselves fit and well, for without health they can never attain their ambitions.

There are still some, however, who ignore a vital factor in preserving their health and strength. They ignore medical scientists who tell us the necessity of repairing the ravishes on the heart and nerve centres. These are the people who fail to wake up one morning; the people who drop dead in the street, in the car or train, and just at a critical time when they are specially needed by friends and dependents.

ARE YOU IN THESE RANKS, inviting disaster? Do you ever feel that your work is proving a slight strain upon you? Would you be able to fill a bigger position to-morrow, make the rapid, clever decisions which bring success? Would your employer choose YOU? You can rest assured he won't if you're not in robust health. He can't take chances with ailing people. But you can obtain the health that will MAKE him choose you by restoring the heart and nerve centres, the vital organs of the entire system. Thousands of people have accomplished this by the use of Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills.

One simple step. Go to your nearest druggist. He sells and recommends Milburn's Heart & Nerve Pills, and will be pleased to hand you a box, or send 50c. and they will be mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

## MATHIEU'S SYRUP OF TAR & COD-LIVER OIL

### CURES

Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Etc.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP is a sovereign tonic combining the curative properties of TAR and the strengthening virtues of COD LIVER OIL.

Colds, when neglected or badly treated give rise to consequences of such a grave character that you should not risk using inferior preparations.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP is the only genuine remedy whose reputation has caused to crop up many imitations of doubtful value.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE