

Saved From Years of Headaches.



MRS. HONORE VALIQUETTE

The wonders of the famous Fruit Treatment are only revealed when you read a letter like this, which comes from Madame Valiquette, 1188 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal.

"For three years, I was troubled with bad Headaches, Nervous Dyspepsia and Liver Troubles. Then, I began taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. Very soon my condition improved, and thanks to these wonderful fruit tablets I am once more entirely well."

"Fruit-a-tives" is the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, intensified and combined with tonics and forms a complete fruit treatment for Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Skin Troubles.

25c. and 50c. a box—at dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants

We carry in stock all seasonable Cut Flowers and Potted Plants. Artistic Wedding and Funeral Designing a specialty.

The Emily Crawford Flower Shop

171 WELLINGTON STREET
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Guard Against "Flu" With Musterole

Influenza, Grippe and Pneumonia usually start with a cold. The moment you get those warning aches, get busy with good old Musterole.

Musterole is a counter-irritant that relieves congestion (which is what a cold really is) and stimulates circulation. It has all the good qualities of the old-fashioned mustard plaster without the blister.

Just rub it on with your finger-tips. First you will feel a warm tingle as the healing ointment penetrates the pores, then a soothing, cooling sensation and quick relief.

Have Musterole handy for emergency use. It may prevent serious illness. 40c and 75c. at all druggists.

The Musterole Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.



Better than a mustard plaster

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL

In Public Service since 1894
M. BOMAN, PROPRIETOR, KINGSTON.

FOR BURNS

FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES. FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHITIS. AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT, SORES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AILMENTS. COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST, THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY.

DR THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

ONCE YOU TRY Lackawanna Coal

You will never go back to the ordinary kind again. All sizes. Egg, Stove, Nut—all \$16.00 per ton.

Split Pea, \$9.00.

Hard and Soft Wood cut stove length.

W. A. Mitchell & Co.
18 ONTARIO STREET
Telephone 67.

Anything You Can't Eat?

If it's good to eat, of course. If your stomach hurts, or you get gassy after eating certain food and cannot eat more, or you have indigestion, or you feel bloated, or you have a sour stomach, or you have a general feeling of uneasiness, or you have a general feeling of weakness, or you have a general feeling of discomfort, or you have a general feeling of distress, or you have a general feeling of suffering, or you have a general feeling of pain, or you have a general feeling of agony, or you have a general feeling of death.

STUART'S Dyspepsia Tablets

A fast of men, who have a severe case of the above, will find that Stuart's Tablets give the stomach the relief it needs, and the stomach once relieved, the general feeling of discomfort, or you have a general feeling of distress, or you have a general feeling of suffering, or you have a general feeling of pain, or you have a general feeling of agony, or you have a general feeling of death.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

The chronic advice giver is dangerous to follow at all times.

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

BY AHMED ABDULLAH

Based on Douglas Hubbard's Fantasy of the Arabian Nights, by Elton Thomas

He walked with a mincing step, his wicked, shriveled old face topped ludicrously by a coquettish turban of pale cerise, his scanty beard dyed blue with indigo, his pointed finger nails gilt in a foppish manner, his lean body clad in green silk, and holding in his bony right hand a large cluster of lilies at which he sniffed.

All this Ahmed saw and disliked. Saw, furthermore, protruding a little from Tagi Kahn's waist shawl, the sagging plumpness of an embroidered purse. A fat purse! A rich, swollen, bloated purse! A purse to stir the imagination of both the righteous and the unrighteous!

"Mine—by the red pig's bristles!" thought Ahmed, as the other passed the fountain. "Mine—or may I never laugh again!"

Already his right hand had descended. Already his agile fingers were curling like question marks. Already the purse was sliding gently from Tagi Kahn's waist shawl when—for let us remember that Ahmed was stretched flat on his stomach, his bare back warmed by the sun—an inquisitive mosquito lit on his shoulder and stung him painfully.

He wiggled; twisted.

His tapering fingers slipped and jerked.

And Tagi Kahn, feeling the jerk, looked up, and saw his purse in Ahmed's hand.

"Thief! Thief! Thief!" he yelled, reaching up, clutching at the purse, grabbing its other end. "Give it back to me!"

"No! No!" protested Ahmed, pulling the purse away and transferring it quickly to his left hand. "It is mine own purse! I am not a thief! I am an honest man! It is you, yourself, who are the thief!"

And, appealing to the people who came crowding up on a run, he continued heatedly, with every expression of injured innocence:

"Behold me this Tagi Kahn! This oppressor of widows and orphans! This worshipper before the unclean gods of compound interest! He accuses me—me—of being a thief!"

"You are a thief!" bellowed the merchant. "You stole my purse!"

"The purse is mine!"

"No—mine—O Father of a bad Smell!"

"Goat!" came Ahmed's reply. "Goat of an odor most goatish! Abuser of the Salt!"—and he jumped down from the ledge and faced the other.

Standing there in the bright, yellow sunlight, poised on the balls of his bare feet, ready for either flight or combat as the odds might advise, he was a fine figure of a man; short rather than tall, but perfectly proportioned from narrow foot to curly head, with a splendid breadth of chest and shoulders, and long muscles that were like running water. There was here none of your clumsy, flabby, overfed Nordic flesh, like a greasy, pink-and-white suet pudding, but a smooth, hairless torso, with the crunching strength of a man and the grace of a woman. The face was clean-shaven except for an impudent little mustache that quivered with well-simulated wrath as he heaped insults upon the stammering, raging Tagi Kahn.

The crowd laughed and applauded—for Tagi Kahn had not many friends in Bagdad—until finally a gigantic, black-bearded Captain of the Watch, shouldered his way through the throng.

"Be quiet, both you fighting-cocks!" he thundered threateningly. "This is Bagdad, the Caliph's town, where they hang men in chains from the Gate of Lions for shouting too loudly in the marketplace. And now—softly, softly—what is the trouble?"

"He took my purse, O Protector of

the Righteous!" wailed Tagi Khan.

"The purse was never his," asserted Ahmed, boldly displaying the disputed article and holding it high. "It is a most precious heirloom bequeathed to me by my late father—may his soul dwell in Paradise!"

"A lie!" exclaimed the other.

"The truth!" insisted Ahmed.

"A lie! A lie! A lie!" the merchant's voice rose a hectic octave.

"Softly, softly!" came the Captain's warning; and he went on: "There is but one way to decide this matter. Whoever owns this purse knows its contents."

"A wise man!" commented the crowd.

"As wise as Solomon, the King of the Jews!"

Unblushingly, the Captain of the Watch accepted the flattery. He stuck out his great beard like a battering-ram; raised hairy, high-veined hands.

"Wise indeed am I!" he admitted calmly. "And now—my Tagi Khan—since you claim this purse, suppose you tell me what its contents are?"

"Gladly! Readily! Easily!" came the merchant's triumphant reply. "My purse holds three golden tomans from Persia, one chipped at the edge; a bright, carved silver medjidiéh from Siam; eighteen various gold pieces from Bokhara, Khiva, and Samarkand; a shoe-shaped candreen from far Pe-

kin; and a handful of small coins from the lands of the Franks—cursed be all unbelievers! Give me the purse! It is mine!"

"One moment," said the Captain. He turned to Ahmed. "And what do you claim the purse to contain?"

"Why—" laughed the Thief of Bagdad—"it contains nothing at all, O Great Lord! And—" opening the purse and turning it inside out—"here is the proof!" But he kept his right leg very quiet to keep the stolen money, which he had plopped into his baggy breeches, from rattling against the rest of his loot and thus giving him away.

Laughter, then, from the crowd. Riotous, exaggerated, falsetto Oriental laughter—presently topped by the Captain's words:

"You spoke the truth, young man!" He winked at Ahmed shamelessly and brazenly. For a year or two earlier he had borrowed a sum of money from Tagi Khan; and the first of every month, had paid high interest and substantial instalments without, thanks to the other's miraculous calculations, being ever able to diminish the principal.

He addressed the merchant with crushing, chilly words:

"Consider, O Wari, that the Prophet Mohammed—on Him the blessings and the peace!—recommended honesty as a charming and worthwhile virtue! No—no . . ." as Tagi Khan was about to break into a flood of bitter protestations—"consider, furthermore, that the tongue is the enemy of the neck!"

(To Be Continued.)

A would-be bridegroom from Central Europe, applied to Magistrate F. Richards in Winnipeg for a "temporary marriage" license.



Figured in Historic Sod Turning

This antique looking wheelbarrow and spade do not appear capable of very hefty service now, but nearly half a century ago they carried the weight of a very important event—the ceremony marking the commencement of the construction of the Canada Central Railway through Pembroke, Ontario.

Following the ceremony, the spade with which the first sod was turned and the wheelbarrow into which it was shovelled in the presence of a very enthusiastic crowd, were presented to Miss M. P. Moffat, daughter of the Reeve of the village, the lady who performed the ceremony of the naming of the road and christening it with a bottle of champagne. They recently passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which company took over the Canada Central lines in 1931, and will be added to a museum of relics connected with the early days of the railroad which is being formed in Montreal.

So much for the actual ceremony. The Pembroke "Observer" for September 3rd 1875 says: "The assembly then adjourned to a spacious booth that had been specially erected for the occasion, where champagne and beer had been provided for the purpose of drinking several toasts which had been previously agreed upon, by the committee; but a number of individuals, apparently more intent on drinking champagne than doing honor to any toasts, took possession of the tables, and the regular order of the programme had to be abandoned. The Pembroke Brass Band was present and performed some popular airs."

There's Plenty of Reason Why He Won't Be Forgotten



You owe him more than Bread and Milk

Your Boy



In the years to come will you be able to look with pride on his achievements?

You are looking after him now, but—what success and prosperity in life he may have will very largely depend on the education you give him. You can place him on the

Road to Success

Send for particulars of the certain Confederation Life Association method of providing an education for your boy.

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, particulars of your Policy to provide an education for my children.

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For Yule-tide Beauty in Writing Equipment



WHEN fine appearance accompanies utility and long life, something worth while has been accomplished. And the new, perfected Eversharp is an outstanding example of a further achievement in fine penel making.

A fitting mate is the Wahl Unbreakable Pen, of age-enduring metal, light in weight, and fine in balance, holding more ink. Strongly built, its golden, stream-like lines delight the eye.

No happier thought for Christmas could there be than Wahl writing equipment, for it is a possession well worthy of its owner.

The Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl Unbreakable Pen are Christmas messages of goodwill, pleasing even those who literally have everything, while to many, they are a welcome fulfillment of a long-felt want.

Cased in a handsome gift box, the Wahl Unbreakable Pen and Eversharp in a matched set is a delightful token of goodwill—a pleasure to receive; a pleasure to give.

Made in Canada by THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., Toronto, Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl Unbreakable Fountain Pen.

Eversharp—125 Models from \$1.50 up.
Wahl Unbreakable Pen—82 Models from \$2.50 up.
Matched Set—in 15 combinations from \$1.50 up.

The New WAHL EVERSHARP & WAHL PEN PERFECTED

Buying Made in Canada Goods will make a Merry Canadian Christmas

Had A Fine Dance.

Addison, Nov. 17.—A number from here attended the dance at New Dublin and all report a good time. Mrs. John Rasin has returned to her home at Harlem after spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. J. Patterson. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Der and Mrs. T. Crook, Westport, spent the week-end at Herbert Watts'.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. H. Watts attended the funeral of Mrs. Hill's uncle, John Freeman, at New Dublin, on Sunday. Miss Leona Church is spending a few days here. Miss M. King has returned back to Brockville after spending a few days at her home. Miss Alma Watts, Athens, spent the week-end at her home here.

CLOTH KEEPS CHAIR CLEAN

A white cloth or napkin hung over the head-rest of a chair or sofa prevents oil and dust from the hair from getting to the upholstery. It is easier to clean the cloth regularly, than the upholstery.

The man wedded to business is, generally speaking, divorced from his family.

Forty per cent. of the students of Columbia College, New York, are meeting the cost of their education by their own labor.

Men employed in the gas main department of the Manchester Corporation were docked for stoppage of work on Armistice Day.

