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INTERESTING TRIP TO BONNIE SCOTLAND

Bdr. W. F. Dunn of the 8th Siege Battery writes an interesting letter to his mother, Mrs. Henry Dunn of Gasperaux from which the following extracts are taken:
 Woolwich, Feb. 14, 1917.
 Dear Mother:—

Have just returned from our trip to Bonnie Scotland—the land of the lather, the hill, and the glen. You will understand why almost all the boys booked for Scotland when I tell you that this furlough meant free transportation. We left Lydd Station (on the south coast of England) at 8.30 a. m., Tuesday the sixth. Our party consisting of Gra. G. Scott, H. Currie, A. McInnis, E. B. Hayden and myself went rather north than most of the sight seeing party, the indices of our tickets pointing to Aberdeen. Arriving at Charing Cross Station, London about noon we were advised by the officials of the Great Northern Railway to await the 7 o'clock express direct to Aberdeen. So we decided to pass the afternoon at the Duke of York's Theatre where "Daddy Longlegs" was being played. We certainly enjoyed it very much.

Well 7 o'clock and we were on our long train ride by night across England and the greater part of Scotland was to say the least, monotonous, especially when I say good accommodations, particularly space, was lacking. However each fellow made the best of the situation; a couple of fellows going so far as to mistake the parcel racks for couches, whether the error was intentional or not I am not prepared to say.

Northward we travelled—Grantham, Doncaster, York, Newcastle, Berwick and Tweed were passed. The effect of a soothing cup of tea secured at Berwick was to send me into a doze from which I awoke at Edinburgh. Most of our boys preferred to stop here but we were yet many miles from our destination. Continuing, we arrived at Aberdeen City about 8.30 Wednesday morning.

The city was strange to all of us so we proceeded to the nearest restaurant and had a very nice breakfast. From here we were directed to the Aston Hotel and let me say to the credit of the ladies of that first-class hotel that they didn't know how to do enough for the benefit and comfort of us Canadian boys. I might add that their feelings towards us were reciprocated, one fellow especially becoming very intimate with a particular member of the staff. After depositing our haversacks and relieving our selves of all unnecessary we went about the city on an exploration trip.

One fellow was continually preaching the "right dress" theory in fact not wearing his great coat, as he claimed a soldier looked smarter and more attractive without such encumbrances.

Of course the barber claimed our attention first. A feature of Aberdeen is its lady barber. I can assure you they got their due share of patronage from the party.

Aberdeen lying between the waters of the sparkling sea and cloudy Don is certainly a very picturesque city. Almost every building and there are many magnificent ones is constructed

EAT BIG MEALS NO SOUR, ACID STOMACH, INDIGESTION OR GAS

"PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN" IS QUICKEST SUREST STOMACH RELIEF KNOWN—TRY IT!

Try it! Pape's Diapepsin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour gassy or out-of-order stomach surely within five minutes.

If your meals don't sit comfortably, or what you eat, like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion. Get from your pharmacist a fifty cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you eat.

There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will go, and, besides there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-door stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digest it just the same as if your stomach wasn't here.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty cent cases contain enough "Pape's Diapepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

of that almost indestructible material, granite. Hence "The Granite City." The old Blagownie Brig or bridge spanning the Don and now almost obsolete is a quaint and historical structure. It was constructed by the Grey Friars in the 16th century. The view from here overlooking the Don is very pretty. Taking a train from here across the city we came to the Don and quarries where the building material is obtained. Aberdeen possesses in St. Machar's Cathedral one of the oldest churches of Scotland as well as many other public and philanthropic institutions which are a credit to this beautiful city. It also has its theatres and places of amusement which compare favorably with any other city of the world. We visited "His Majesty's" then presenting "Nights of Gladness" and needless to say, enjoyed it very much. We also saw many fine structures and memorials. Fronting His Majesty's Theatre is a structure to Sir Wm. Wallace, that popular hero of long ago commemorating the invaluable services he rendered his country in the trying time in which he lived. There is also a beautiful statue to her late Majesty Queen Victoria as well as many more to the memory of those whose lives prove their merit.

We spent two days in Aberdeen but before I leave I want to say a word of praise on behalf of the people of Aberdeen and Scotland in general. They are kind in the extreme. I really believe their liking for the Canadian troops surpasses that for their own. "They are so free and different to the English" the boys all say. "Just like home!" was another favorite expression. The great outstanding contrast of Scottish anity and English reservedness is certain ly very marked.

Well we left Aberdeen Friday 9th about noon in order that the general view and mountain scenery denied us on our northward trip might be visible on the return journey. The two principal points on the main line between Aberdeen and Edinburgh are Montrose and Dundee both familiar names in Scottish history. The latter, you remember is connected with Graham of Claverhouse commonly called Bonnie Dundee who lost his life at Killie Crankie in the Stuart Pretender's cause. Though we originally intended to spend a day at Dundee (time did not permit, so we proceeded to Edinburgh.

On our way down we passed over two of the finest bridges in the world, one over the Firth of Tay or Tay Bridge about three miles long, the other, the Forth Cantilever Bridge which carries the North British Railway across the Queenferry Narrows. The latter is commonly allowed to be the finest specimen of engineering skill and genius in bridge work the world has ever known. This great construction cost three and one half million pounds sterling. It is roughly one and a half miles long and the summits of the piers rise three hundred and sixty feet above high water mark. The process of construction required five years and it was opened by King Edward VII in 1890. Near here is the great naval base of Rosyth. When passing we noticed a few destroyers but a heavy mist concealed almost everything of interest. Proceeding in a few minutes we arrived at Waverley station, Edinburgh's finest station. The name "Waverley" was familiar to most of us or to those of us who had read Sir Walter Scott's tales of novels. I presume the name is just one of the many tokens of esteem to the memory of Scotland's greatest writer.

While at Edinburgh we resided at the King George and Queen Mary's Club for Overseas Forces in Rutland Square.

We went there by way of Prince Street the finest street of the city and one of the finest in the world. Friday night we went to the movies to see that much talked of picture, "The Battle of the Ancre," which is certainly a fine film production. It was very real, showing a bombardment by a battery with guns similar to those we shall now be using ourselves. As our stay in Edinburgh was rather short only two days—we retired early with a determination to arise early Saturday morning and we did.

First we made our way to Edinburgh Castle, that old national stronghold where historic associations linger longer than in cities. It were useless for me to try to describe in full this venerable fortress. Perched on Castle Rock a very high cliff "whose ridgy back heaves to the sky" it overlooks the whole city. The Esplanade or courtyard leading to the main entrance and once used for execution purposes is now used for drilling by the troops stationed in the Castle. Erected on the right of the Esplanade are four memorials; two to the fallen heroes of the Seaforth Highlanders, one to Colonel Douglas MacKenzie and a fourth, if I remember rightly to the Scottish Horse. The Castle wall is thirty-five feet thick and the upper gun wall seven feet.

Passing through the main entrance where the hinges of three large gates and the ancient portcullis are still attached to the wall we faced the Argyll Battery. It is so called on account of the fact that upon this emplacement is a small tower or prison where the Duke of Argyll slept his last night's sleep previous to going to the block for his part in the rebellion against Charles II. This battery adjoins the tower and was once used for drill purposes and firing the royal salutes. Not far from here is the Armoury similar to that in connection with London Tower and containing all sorts of old Scottish Armour.

Passing up a winding path we came to the Governor's residence, built in Queen Anne's reign—about 1710, also Queen Margaret's chapel which is one of the oldest buildings in Edinburgh. St. Margaret was the wife of Malcolm II (Canmore) so that this chapel was built about 1100. In front of the chapel stands "Mons Meg" a souvenir of Scotch Artillery. It is supposed to be very ancient and was taken to the Tower of London as a souvenir but through the influence of Sir Walter Scott was returned to the Castle in the reign of Chas. II.

Continuing up the winding path through Fog's gate we passed the "Half-moon Battery," so called from its shape and St. Margaret's well.

Next is a canteen now used by troops stationed here and in the left

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

A Terrific Cyclone of PIANO BARGAINS

