

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels

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Miss MARY STRONG, Strongville, Ont., writes: "I feel it a pleasure to tell of what Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has done for me. I have had Summer Complaint several times and have never had to take more than 3 or 4 doses before being cured."

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THE GUARDIAN'S SHORT STORY

Aunt Sally's Conscience

By CLAUDE FANARES

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Never was there a better natured, more conscientious woman than Aunt Sally Warner, relict of Joab Warner, who departed this life after a fall from the roof of his barn. Aunt Sally had no children of her own, but did have half a dozen nieces and nephews, and among the latter was the rollicking, frolicking Joe Henderson, who was twenty years old at the time the calamity fell upon the house of Warner. Reference is not made to the fall from the roof of the barn, but to a calamity that overtook Aunt Sally's conscience.

One day nephew Joe, whose parents lived five or six miles away, arrived at Aunt Sally's on an errand. She was about to set out for the village of Rawsonville to do some "trading," and Joe volunteered to go along as driver of the team. Aunt Sally had not been over that road for a month, and she was surprised to see circus pictures pasted up on every barn on the route. Since childhood she had had a fondness for circus pictures, but had been brought up to believe that eternal punishment awaited every one who passed the doors of the circus itself. During his lifetime Joab had discharged various hired men for staying a day off to go to the circus, and he had refused to deal with certain men who had accepted free tickets for the privilege of posting pictures on their barns.

As the good aunt and her nephew jogged along the dusty highway and came to barn after barn decked out in gayest colors of printer's ink Joe heard her sighing. He didn't stop to ask himself whether she was sighing over the death of Uncle Joab or the fact that she couldn't attend a circus promising so much entertainment, but he forthwith proceeded to concoct a plan.

If a single person could conspire it would have been called a conspiracy as well as a plan. He made no comment on the barn-decked pictures, on the woman jumping through hoops, on the rhinoceros grazing along the banks of the African river and the byena sneaking about in the Indian thicket. He just sat still and chuckled, and when he wasn't chuckling he was talking about going to Alaska to dig for gold.

When they reached town and found things in a bustle he had to make some explanations. He explained that an exhibition was to be given that afternoon for the benefit of widows and orphans, but he didn't say too much. While Aunt Sally was making her purchases the merchant might have referred to the "exhibition" and called it by some other name if nephew Joe hadn't given him the wink.

When ten yards of calico, fifteen of sheeting, three towels, one table cloth and thread, pins and needles had been bought Aunt Sally suddenly remembered something and turned to Joe and said:

"If there is anything going on for the benefit of widows and orphans I ought to be interested, being as I am a widow myself. Is it a spelling bee or anything of that sort?"

"Oh, no. They have got a tent and a collection of wild animals. It's what you might call a natural history exhibition. Did you ever see a live lion or tiger, Aunt Sally?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, you can see them now and help the widows and orphans the same time. It's 50 cents apiece, but I've got the money for my ticket."

"But I shall pay for both of us," replied Aunt Sally as she handed over a dollar. "When I set out to do anything for the benefit of charity I'm not one to scrimp at it. There won't be any gambling or horse racing, will there?"

"Mercy, no. The bills say there will be nothing to offend the most fastidious. Come on."

They had a quarter of a mile to go to reach the tent, and during the walk Aunt Sally was puzzled that so many people should have turned out in the cause of charity. If she had had her glasses on she might have read signs on the gayly painted wagons to arouse suspicion, but she passed into the tent with the innocence of a child of five.

It was the menagerie, and Nephew Joe guided her around and saw that she missed nothing. It was a real treat to the woman, and she felt herself growing a bit reckless under the wave of enthusiasm. She ate peanuts and drank lemonade, and after taking another look at the Bengal tiger which had killed seven men and was anxious to finish off seven more as soon as possible she said:

"Joe, this is real nice, and I'm glad we came. What are the folks going into that other tent for?"

"Oh, that's part of the show, you know. There are folks who don't care to look at wild animals, and so they have some riding and tumbling in there for them."

"But why can't we see it?"

"We can, and it won't cost a cent more."

They went in and found seats, and the circus performance opened. How was the guileless Aunt Sally to tell that it was a circus? It was her first attendance, and she had never even had a performance described to her. She grinned from the time the clown first appeared, and the hurdie jumping and bareback riding brought "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from her until everybody around her was delighted. She bought lemonade and peanuts every time the bag came along, and when the perform-

ance was over at last she said to her nephew:

"Joe, I could go to such a show every day in the week and not see enough. I don't know who got it up for the benefit of the widows and orphans, but I'm telling you he was a mighty sensible fellow. If it had been a husking bee he wouldn't have taken in half the money. If you hear of any more shows like it this summer you let me know, and we'll go."

Something really new had come into Aunt Sally's life, and she talked of it all the way home. Joe let her do most of the talking. He was preparing for the impending calamity.

It came within fifteen minutes of their arrival home. Mrs. Bronson, a neighbor, was at the house on an errand, and as soon as Aunt Sally began to describe the show given for the benefit of the widows and orphans the cat was out of the bag.

"Do you know what you've done, Aunt Sally Warner?" asked the caller in serious tones.

"Why, I've had a good time."

"Yes, you've had a good time, and you are going to pay an awful price for it. I wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money this side of Jericho."

"But what do you mean? Isn't it everybody's duty to help the widows and orphans?"

"Not if it's going to send your soul to the bad place, Aunt Sally, you've been to a circus!"

"No, I haven't! I wouldn't go to a circus for a thousand dollars, and you know it."

"You've been to a circus—a regular circus—with all its wickedness, and how on earth you are ever going to get forgiveness for it is more'n I can say."

Nephew Joe was called in from the barn and the matter put to him, and he had to acknowledge that he had worked a plot.

"I never would have believed it of you—never!" wailed Aunt Sally. To think that one of my own kin and kin would take me to a circus and make me lose my chance of going to heaven!"

"But the animals interested you."

"Yes, they did."

"And you liked the peanuts and lemonade."

"Alas, but I did!"

"And you thought the clown was funny and the riding good."

"Heaven forgive me, but I did!"

"Well, I don't see where the kick comes in. I don't believe you are any wickeder than before."

But Aunt Sally could not be comforted. Her conscience was roused and she could eat no supper. She thought of the sacred bull of India and wept hot tears. She thought of the two horned rhinoceros and the girl who jumped through hoops, and bid her face. She had an accusing night of it and never shut her eyes, and early the next morning she walked over to the house of the village minister and told him all. He asked many questions in a kind way, and when he had got to the root of the matter he said:

"Well, Sister Warner, being as your nephew deceived you and being as there were animals and peanuts and lemonade, and being as there might not be another circus along here for five years, I think the Lord will let you off this time, but if your hired man plays dancing tunes on his fiddle you watch your feet and don't let them get to shuffling!"

A Famous Duel.

One day the famous duelist Pierrot D'Isaac went to see his friend, the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should be explained that in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird. "Marquis," said D'Isaac, "I am a Bonapartist, and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?"

"It precisely does," said the marquis. "My choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for birds of our species, let us fight in the trees." As if it were not a sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other's Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from the trees, the seconds standing on the ground below. The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot D'Isaac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. At this point the marquis began to chirp triumphantly, uttering the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way, and D'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time the duel was fought with swords, and Sainte-Marie was badly wounded. The sparrow had avenged himself on the blackbird.

Culinary Art Aids Health.
The Russian physiologist Pavlov clearly demonstrated, in his researches on digestion, that the ingestion of substances with a purely nutrient value does not sufficiently satisfy the demands of the body. Taste and appetite must also be taken into consideration. These are satisfied only by the addition to the food of spices and salt, and it is largely due to the influence of these condiments that the proper amount of gastric juice is liberated by the mucous membrane of the stomach. The action upon the stomach of reflex stimuli is shown by the favorable effect on the flow of the gastric secretions made by mental impressions induced by the mere sight and odor of a well prepared dish.

In this manner Epplen leads up to the broad claim that the proper preparation of all food, as demanded by the essential requirements of the culinary art, is not a luxury, but a physiological necessity, and to develop and disseminate this knowledge is an act beneficial to the public welfare.—New York Medical Record.

HONORABLE JOHN COSTIGAN

New Brunswick's "Grand Old Man" comes out strongly in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."

Who has not heard of the Honorable John Costigan? He is to-day of the most powerful, as well as one of the oldest, figures in Canadian politics. He was one of Sir John Macdonald's ablest lieutenants, and for nearly 20 years held various portfolios in the cabinet.

To-day at the age of 71, he is the idol of the electors of New Brunswick, and a power to be reckoned with in Parliament.

His rugged eloquence—biting sarcasm—and ready repartee—make him at once the dread of his opponents and the delight of his conferees.

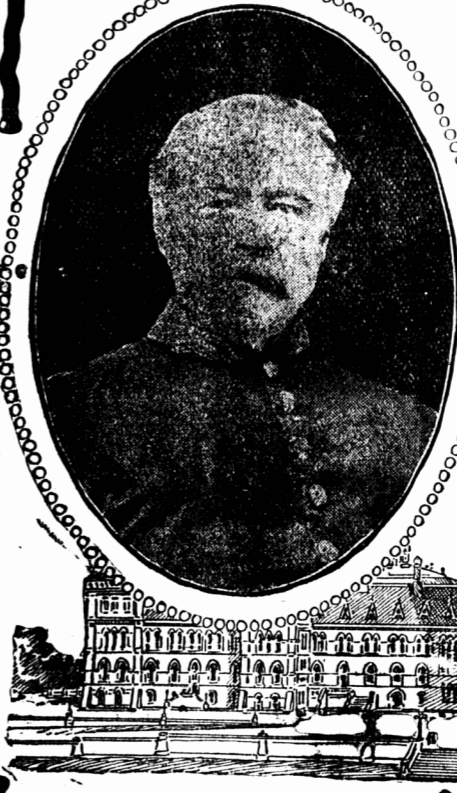
When a public man of the Hon. John Costigan's position voluntarily testifies to the marvelous cure effected by "Fruit-a-tives," it is bound to carry convincing weight with the whole Canadian people.

OTTAWA, ONT.,
232 Cooper St., Jan. 8th, 1906.

You know what fearful trouble I have had all my life time from constipation. I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years and I have been treated by many physicians and I have taken many kinds of proprietary medicines without any benefit whatever. I took a pill for a long time which was prescribed by the late Dr. C. R. Church, of Ottawa. Also for many months I took a pill prescribed by Dr. A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Finally I was advised by Dr. Rogers to try "Fruit-a-tives" and after taking them for a few months I feel I am completely well from this horrible complaint. I have had no trouble with this complaint now for a long time, and I can certainly state that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for constipation. I can conscientiously recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to the public as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced.

(Signed)

JOHN COSTIGAN.



Was ever medicine put to a severer test than this? Here was a great Public Official, who had suffered for more than 30 years with Chronic Constipation. The leading physicians of Ottawa prescribed for him without affording any permanent relief. Finally, as a last resort, "Fruit-a-tives" were ordered. And in THREE MONTHS, Mr. Costigan WAS WELL.

"Fruit-a-tives" did in THREE MONTHS, what doctors and drugs failed to do in THIRTY YEARS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are the most perfect combination known to medical science. They are fruit juices, concentrated and combined with tonics and internal antiseptics.

Unlike liver pills, anti-bilious pills and all preparations containing calomel, cascara, senna, licorice, etc., "Fruit-a-tives" act like Fruit DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER. They arouse this organ to vigorous health—strengthen it—and increase the flow of bile. It is the bile, given up by the liver, which enters the bowels and makes them move.

Unless the liver is active and excretes sufficient bile to move the bowels regularly and naturally every day, there is bound to be Constipation. And the only remedy that

will cure Constipation is one that puts the liver in a healthy active condition as "Fruit-a-tives" do.

Do you suffer with Chronic Constipation? Are you bilious? Is the liver inactive? Is the stomach out of order? Does the head ache? Do your kidneys trouble you? Is the skin disfigured with pimples? Is the appetite poor?

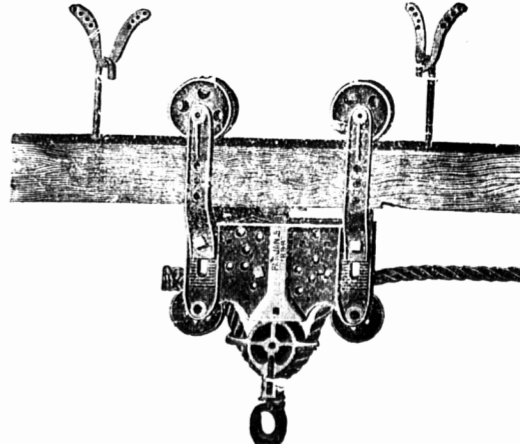
Take "Fruit-a-tives." They sweeten the stomach—regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels—clear the skin—and build up strength and invigorate the whole system.

One box will prove their value. 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

Porter's No. 5 Reversible and Adjustable WOOD TRACK HAY CARRIER

THE BEST



and simplest wood track hay carrier on the market.

This Hay Carrier can be set work on any wood track means of the adjustable Arms the body of carrier.

The "PORTER" Carriers Never to Work Easily.

We have a full line of PORTER HAYING TOOLS in Hay Carriers, Pulleys, Steel Grapples, Floor Hooks, Rope, etc., which we are selling at lowest prices.

COCKSHULT SCUFFERS

THE RUBY which we supply has a rear wheel to gauge the depth, teeth are adjustable and can be moved up and down, back and forward, and we supply any style of blade required. It is readily adjusted for all per and conditions of work.

It is always shipped with weeder, short hiller, and two blades, and attached cultivator are three extra blades to be used in place of short hillers and weeders.

THE DIAMOND POINT This cultivator needs no words of trade. Its adjustments are simple and perfect. All sizes of teeth are supplied. We have bought out a job lot of these Scufflers which we are selling at reduced prices.

Call on us for bargains.

A. HORNE & C