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to get rid of that disgusting eczema? You can if you will follow the example of thousands of others, and use Zam-Buk!

Mr. H. C. Buckley, of 461 East Broadway, Portland, Oregon, writes: "For fifteen years I suffered agonies with burning, irritating eczema. During that time I tried many remedies, but nothing was capable of curing me until I used Zam-Buk. The use of this herbal healer for ten months has, however, succeeded in doing what ordinary ointments failed to do in fifteen years—it has worked a complete cure."

Zam-Buk is also best for old sores, bad legs, ulcers, blood-poisoning, boils, piles, cuts, burns and scalds. All druggists, or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, 50c. box, 3 for \$1.25.

**Zam-Buk**

THE CARLETON SENTINEL

From the Sentinel

July 3rd, 1897

A D Hpyoke and Mrs. Holyoke, and Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, started to drive to Fredericton on Tuesday, they will return the last of the week.

Miss Munro attended the celebration at St. John on Tuesday last week; she returned home Saturday night and was a passenger on the train that was wrecked at Dibblee's siding.

The 67th Batt, Lt. Col Baird commanding, 38 non-commissioned officers and men, left for Camp Sussex on Tuesday morning. The same day the Woodstock Field Battery, Col Dibblee in command, 80 men, 4 guns and 20 horses, went into camp on the old grounds Doherty's field.

### BRISTOL.

Miss Hattie Pinkerton of Charlotte County is visiting at Mrs. Dr. J. G. Atkinson's.

Messrs Dibblee Smith and McCain, M. P. P., were in Bristol on Friday. They had been making a tour through Kent and Abertree looking after the roads and bridges.

Statute labor was performed in this district last week, and the roads are very much improved thereby. This district has the promise of a new road machine, which is to arrive early in July.

### NORTHAMPTON.

About the strangest sight to be seen in this neighborhood is a well behaved and, evidently, well trained cow acting the part of a nourishing mother to three little motherless lambs, all the property of Mr. S. A. Rogers. This is certainly a giant step in scientific experiment, and surpasses at least in truth the legendary story of the wolf and the infant sons of the Vestal virgin.

A young gentlemen just one day old has come to stay at the residence of Mr. Robert Monteith. Congregations.

Minard's Liniment Cures Cold, &c.

## HEAT FLASHES, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Mrs. Wynn Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her During Change of Life.

Richmond, Va.—"After taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new woman. I always had a headache during the change of life and was also troubled with other bad feelings common at that time—dizziness, nervous feelings and heat flashes. Now I am in better health than I ever was and recommend your remedies to all my friends."—Mrs. LEXA WYNN, 2312 E. O'Street, Richmond, Va.

While Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, the annoying symptoms which accompany it may be controlled, and normal health restored by the timely use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such warning symptoms as a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude, and dizziness.

For these abnormal conditions do not fail to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

## Her Own Detective

A Girl Suspect Clears Herself

By ELINOR MARSH

We were a "bunch" of a dozen boys and girls, averaging in age perhaps seventeen years. We were young enough to get up parties on the principle of "Dutch treat" and not old enough for a boy to feel that if he asked one of the girls to go to an amusement he must hire a carriage for the purpose of taking her. We had informal dances in each other's houses and each boy was detailed, as they say in the army, to escort a particular girl to the dance. In this way all the girls were transported without doubling up.

All went well, and we were having a merry time when Roy Stevens, one of the boys who had gone sweet on a girl outside the set, insisted on introducing her among us. We girls were not pleased at the introduction of one we knew nothing about, but we yielded gracefully, and I consented to Roy bringing her to a dance that was to come off at my house.

It is marvelous how a nice, well-behaved boy will go daft on a girl entirely out of his sphere and in every way beneath him. The moment we girls saw Roy's friend, Sarah Stevens, we knew that a freshman had been introduced among us. But it is easier to see a person introduced than it is to get him or her out. Roy was one of our oldest fellows, and we did not wish to offend him. Sarah Stevens was not invited again to any of our little dances, but Roy asked her to go with him on excursions, theater parties and the like. He was the only son of a widow who gave him all the money he wished and, among other luxuries, a splendid motorcar. He was accustomed to take us all out in it between dances when we were holding our informal parties, and also took us on longer rides. Of course we could not object to his inviting Sarah to go on excursions in his car, and while so engaged we endeavored to treat her civilly.

Just before the spring opened Roy invited us all to go to his mother's country place for a week end. Of course Sarah Stevens would be of the party, Roy being at liberty to invite whom he pleased to his own home. Two-thirds of our "bunch" accepted, and Roy took us to our destination in his car. The others would not go on account of Sarah Stevens being of the party.

I wished very much to enjoy the fun, but Eleanor Trevor was my particular girl-chum, and she was one who intended to stay away. I persuaded her to go, however, since my pleasure depended on her doing so. Roy's mother acted as chaperon and did all in her power to make our stay in her house enjoyable. One evening we were dancing when all of a sudden the electric lights ceased to glow, and we were left in total darkness. My friend Eleanor was dancing with Charlie Hunt at the time. Charlie, like Roy, was given everything he wanted, and among other things he possessed a valuable gold watch. Soon after the lights were extinguished there was a tug at his watch chain and, feeling for it, he found it broken. His watch was gone. He was dancing with Eleanor when the darkness came, and of course they ceased to whirl and disengaged themselves. Five minutes later, when the lights continued to glow, they were still standing near each other.

Charlie, not wishing to mar our festivities, said nothing at the time about the loss of the watch, but the matter soon leaked out. An unpleasant feature of the matter was that he was dancing with Eleanor when the lights went out, and the logical inference was that she had relieved him of it. Nevertheless, none of us believed anything of the kind.

Our host was very much troubled. It was evident that there was a thief among us. So far as circumstantial evidence was concerned it pointed to Eleanor Trevor. She knew nothing about Charlie's loss or the position in which she stood until I told her. She was not a person to cringe under such circumstances. With woman's intuition she at once spotted Sarah Stevens as being at the bottom of the trouble. She did not believe that Sarah had stolen the watch for the watch itself, but that she might incriminate Eleanor. Eleanor's theory was that Sarah had seen her dancing with Charlie when the lights had gone out and an opportunity had appeared to her of punishing a girl who she knew was in favor of ostracizing her from our set.

But Eleanor told us none except me of her suspicion, and I confess it seemed to me rather farfetched, though I did not say this to Eleanor.

"I've got a detective problem on my hands," said Eleanor to me, "and I'm especially interested in working it out. I wish you would give me the cold shoulder and ask the other girls to do the same."

"Why so?" I asked. "There's not one of us that believes for a moment that you are a thief."

"It will put Sarah Stevens off her guard and give me a better chance. If she took the watch—and I am sure she did—she must get rid of it. I'll take all possible pains to see that she doesn't send it away. I shall keep an eye on her all the while and note everything she does."

"I will aid you in that," I said.

The incident occurred on Saturday evening. All day Sunday either Eleanor or I kept watch on Sarah. Sunday afternoon she started with a letter in her hand for the postoffice. I told her that I had written a letter that I wished mailed. She offered to mail it for me. I went to my room for it, and when I came down had my hat and coat on and told her that I would go

with her. To that she assented with at least apparent willingness. Whether or no she was going to get rid of the watch, she had no chance to do so, for I did not let her out of my sight for a moment.

Eleanor interfered with her going out later in the evening to take the air on the porch. We all went to bed early, or at least to our rooms. We girls were roomed on the second floor, and each was given a room to herself. Eleanor was in my room till 11 o'clock. She said she expected to be up all night to see that Sarah Stevens did not get rid of the watch, and her watch would not commence till all in the house were supposed to be asleep.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "I'm going to stay in the hall."

"Go to bed," I urged. "None of us believes that you are a thief. Besides, you are acting on a theory. You will lose your sleep for nothing."

"I have more chance of success than you think," she said. "Charlie has been very nice to me and has told me certain things about the watch that it is well for me to know."

"Then he knows you are hunting for it?"

"No, what he told me was said casually. But he does not believe I robbed him. At least he says he doesn't."

"But I don't see how any mark on the watch can do you any good except to identify it when you have got it, and you will have to get before you can identify it."

Eleanor made no reply to this. She simply kissed me good night and went to her room. I was a long while getting to sleep, but when I did I slept till 4 o'clock in the morning, when I was awakened by her. She told me she had been awake all night and asked me to get up and continue the watch that she might get some sleep. I did as she asked, but it was evident that she had failed, and I believed she was on a wild goose chase.

She was up for an 8 o'clock breakfast and looked quite fresh, considering that she had gone to bed so late. During the day she behaved occasionally to her vigil and again prevented Sarah Stevens from going out alone. This time I could see that she suspected me, though she concealed the fact quite well.

"The party is to break up tomorrow," said Eleanor to me. "We were only invited till Tuesday morning. Either I must get that watch tonight or remain snatched for the rest of my life."

I assured her that she was not nor ever would be snatched by any one of us, to which she replied that Sarah Stevens would spread the matter abroad in a way that could not be controverted.

Roy took us to drive during the afternoon. Eleanor feigned a headache and remained at home. She charged me to keep my eyes upon Sarah Stevens every moment. I suggested to Eleanor that she was remaining at home that she might search for the missing watch, but she said that would be useless, for if Sarah had left it she had undoubtedly hidden it in a safe place, but she believed Sarah had it with her, and Eleanor relied on me to see that she did not get rid of it during the ride. I did my work, but without results.

That night, when Eleanor and I went to our rooms, as we passed Sarah Stevens' room I saw Eleanor look up at the transom. Then she went with me into my room and took from my closet a bamboo stick with a hook on one end and carried it away to her room. Just before 3 in the morning she came into my room and, holding her watch to my ear, asked me if I could hear it tick. I told her that I could hear it very distinctly. She removed it farther and farther from me, with each removal asking me if I could still hear it tick. When she had taken it some four or five yards from me I could still hear it.

"That will do," she said. "Your ear is far more keen than mine. It is now a few minutes before 3. Come with me."

She led me by the hand through the darkness to Sarah Stevens' door. Then she took the bamboo stick with the hook on the end and, feeling carefully for the transom by means of the hook, pulled it partly open, accomplishing the work without the slightest sound. This done, she put her arms around my knees and lifted me so that my ear was near the transom. She had held me there perhaps three minutes when I heard what sounded like a far distant chime faintly strike the hour of 3.

"Put me down," I whispered to Eleanor.

"Have you heard anything?" asked Eleanor.

"Yes; a chime."

She lowered me to the floor and, throwing her arms around my neck, gave me a bear hug.

"Now go and awaken some of the girls and bring them here," she said. "I did her bidding and collected every girl in the hall. Then Eleanor turned on the electric light and knocked gently on Sarah's door.

The door was unlocked, and we all went into the room. Eleanor went to the bed and from under a pillow took out the lost watch.

There was a chime strike in it, and Eleanor, knowing this, had based her operations on hearing it. But since the watch was under a pillow no one except with the keenest sense of hearing would have detected it.

When the whole assembly were conversing upon his supposed disgrace, Brummel suddenly stood in the midst of them. Could it be indeed Brummel? Could it be mortal who thus appeared with such an encumbrance of radiant glory about his neck? Every eye was upon him, fixed in stupefied admiration; every eye, as it slowly recovered from its speechless paralysis, faltered forth, "What a cravat!"

And then the description of the cravat, which confounded the guests at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball.

There it stood, smooth and stiff, yet light and almost transparent; delicate as the muslin of Ariel, yet firm as the spirit of Resurrection; bending, with the grace of Apollo's locks, yet erect with the majesty of the Olympian Jove; without a wrinkle, without an indentation. What a cravat! The prince regent saw and shook, and, uttering a faint gurgle from beneath the wadded bag which surrounded his royal throat,



Every Boy Scout

Should carry a small jar of Mentholatum in his kit bag for use in case of scratches or bruises.

After a ramble through the woods Mentholatum will quickly relieve the smart of sun or wind burn, as well as tired and aching feet.

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2 sizes—25c and 50c  
Send 3c in stamps for a generous size sample.

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**MENTHOLATUM**

## ECLIPSED A PRINCE

Beau Brummel Outshone and Then Snubbed the Regent.

STORY OF A FAMOUS CRAVAT.

After His Historic Quarrel With Wales the Beau Won a Cartorial Triumph That Almost Choked His Royal Master With Envy and Dismay.

It was Beau Brummel who was described as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form," and today there are ordinarily only two things which the name of the famous dandy of the English court suggests. One is an arbiter of fashion, the other the incident in which Brummel asked of a companion of the Prince of Wales, "Who is your fat friend?"

In 1836 Beau Brummel still was living, and the New York Mirror, a weekly publication "devoted to literature and the fine arts," printed a biographical sketch of him as a figure in contemporary history. Reading it today makes very real a character now little more than a tradition.

"For an obscure individual without fortune or rank to have conceived the idea of placing himself at the head of society in a country the most thoroughly aristocratic in Europe, relying, too, upon no other weapon than well directed insolence; for the same individual to have triumphed 'splendidly over the highest and the mightiest' and have maintained a contest with royalty itself and to have come off victorious even in that struggle—for such a one no ordinary faculties must have been demanded," the Mirror said in its issue of June 4, 1833.

It will be well to recall here that George Bryan, Brummel's father, was Lord North's secretary; that the son at Eton and later at Balliol college acquired a reputation for being a "swell dresser," and that still later he was a favorite of the Prince of Wales, who was to become George IV. of Great Britain. The Mirror related the familiar story of the "fat friend" humor, tallied in a Punch cartoon, explaining the circumstances which led up to it.

A mutual friend had dared Brummel to give an order to Wales, who was then prince regent, and at a dinner the dandy said to him, "Wales, ring the bell." The prince did so and when a servant appeared, "Show Mr. Brummel to his carriage." It was to repay the regent for this public humiliation that Beau Brummel uttered his famous question the next day in the street. The prince was growing complacent and sensitive of the fact, so a feud between the two was launched with the remark.

It is an old story up to this point, but the Mirror proceeded with some facts which probably have never been published since. Brummel boasted that he would put the prince regent out of fashion, made his plans at once and sprang his coup at a brilliant ball given by the Duchess of Devonshire. In the Mirror's own words:

"When the whole assembly were conversing upon his supposed disgrace, Brummel suddenly stood in the midst of them. Could it be indeed Brummel? Could it be mortal who thus appeared with such an encumbrance of radiant glory about his neck? Every eye was upon him, fixed in stupefied admiration; every eye, as it slowly recovered from its speechless paralysis, faltered forth, 'What a cravat!'"

And then the description of the cravat, which confounded the guests at the Duchess of Devonshire's ball. There it stood, smooth and stiff, yet light and almost transparent; delicate as the muslin of Ariel, yet firm as the spirit of Resurrection; bending, with the grace of Apollo's locks, yet erect with the majesty of the Olympian Jove; without a wrinkle, without an indentation. What a cravat! The prince regent saw and shook, and, uttering a faint gurgle from beneath the wadded bag which surrounded his royal throat,

he was heard to whisper with dismay: 'him! What a cravat!' The triumph was complete."

The Mirror added that the Prince of Wales sent an emissary to Beau Brummel to learn the secret of the wonderful creation in neckwear and that Brummel sent back word, "Tell your master that you have seen his master."

There was found after his departure written upon a sheet of paper upon his table the following epigram of some Starch to the man:

"The cravat of Brummel was merely starched. Henceforth starch was introduced into every cravat in Europe."

### St. Bernard Dogs.

The true St. Bernard dog originated in the fourteenth century, being a cross between a shepherd dog from Wales and a Scandinavian crossbreed. The last pure descendant of the tribe was buried beneath an avalanche in 1816.

There is a perfect specimen of a true St. Bernard dog in the Natural History museum at Bern, where the stuffed body of the famous Barry is preserved. There is plenty of St. Bernard blood left, however, crossed with other strains, and the fame of the breed can never perish.

Man is immortal till his work is done—William.

CADDIES OF THE LINKS.

Their Originals Were Messenger Boys in Old Edinburgh.

Originally the caddy of the present day golf links appears to have been quite another individual, engaged in another line of activity. Caddies in the remote past were messenger boys in old Edinburgh. Gathered around the famous Edinburgh cross, where all important messages were read and many public ceremonies were held—the cross which was the very center of the old city—the caddies in their ragged clothes waited to be employed.

The chief merchants of the city, the leading official persons, the men of learning and of talent, the nobles, the lairds, the clergymen—all clustered about the cross during certain hours of the day, and very often some one wished to send a parcel or message to another part of the town, or a stranger to Edinburgh wanted to be directed.

Here was where the caddies were appealed to. These boys might be trusted with any duty with which they were charged. They were veritable street directories. A visitor to the town would often engage a caddy to be wholly at his bidding, as the boy's knowledge of the place was invaluable.

But unless this visitor were most cautious, he would suddenly discover that his caddy, in addition to his vast knowledge of Edinburgh, knew also all about his employer—where he came from, what was his business in Edinburgh, his family connections, his tastes and preferences.—Exchange.

### LIVING AEROPLANES.

Wherein Birds Differ From Flying Machines Made by Man.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the bird's wings enable it to fly. It wings spelled flying any of us could attach a pair and soon, at the risk of the hollow bones of the birds make light bodies, but they are attached to a rigid backbone, which forms the main feature of the bird's body. This gives the central firmness, and the muscles do the rest. The wings balance their owners, and the tail acts as a rudder for steering. Often enough the bird seems to use its tail as a sort of brake.

It is interesting to compare the bird with the product of man's skill—the aeroplane. To begin with, there is no aeroplane made which copies the up and down motion of the bird's wings, all our machines having fixed wings, or planes.

But naturally man tried to copy the living fliers around him. He made wings of feathers, etc., connected them by his shoulders and legs and found that his muscles could not raise him an inch.

The muscles, or motors, which now drive him through the air are as strong as 200 horses, so no wonder he failed at first. Even the bird, with a body so perfectly formed for flight, has flying muscles equal in weight to all its other muscles put together.—Pearson's Weekly.

### Dean Swift and the Cook.

There is a good story about Dean Swift apropos of the value of never overdoing anything. The dean's cook one day overroasted the leg of mutton for dinner, and in consequence she was summoned to the dining room.

"Cook," said the dean in a pleasant voice, "this leg of mutton is overdone. Take it back and do it again."

"Impossible, your reverence," exclaimed the cook.

"Well," replied her master, "supposing it had been underdone, you could easily have done it more."

"Certainly, your reverence."

"Then," said the dean, "let this be a lesson to you. If you cannot do a fault always take care that it is a fault which will admit of a remedy."

### Rainbows.

The time of day or the state of weather when a rainbow appears is believed by many people to be an indication of future weather conditions. According to an old rhyme, a rainbow in the morning warns the shepherds to be prepared for rain shortly; an evening rainbow points to the weather the next day. Sailors believe that a rainbow in the wind is a sure sign of continued wet. If it comes in the opposite quarter the rain will soon stop. Again, if in fair weather a rainbow be seen foul weather will speedily set in, but if the bow appear in foul weather fair weather will be at hand.

### THE PEASANT'S RIDDLE.

And How the Sicilian Kept the Promise He Made to the King.

A Sicilian laborer told us this story. He says his mother told it to him when he was a child. It sounds like one of Grimm's tales and is undoubtedly very old folk lore.

"My mother told me that once there was a king who saw a peasant working in a field and asked him how much he earned. And the peasant said, 'Four carlini a day.' 'What do you do with your 4 carlini?' asked the king. 'One I eat, the second I put at interest, the third I return, and the fourth I throw away.' This puzzled the king, and he asked the peasant what he meant. And the peasant said:

"I buy my food with one. I feed my children with the second, and that is putting money out at interest. I feed my old father with the third, and that is paying back what has been given me. I give the fourth to my wife, and giving her money is throwing it away."

"That's a good riddle," said the king, and I must tell it to my friends. Promise me that you won't tell any one the answer till you have seen my face a hundred times!" So the peasant promised, and the king went back to his palace and asked them the riddle. Nobody could answer, but one remembered seeing the king talk to a peasant, so he went to the peasant and asked him about it. But the peasant said: 'I can't tell you. I promised the king I wouldn't tell the answer till I had seen his face a hundred times!'

"Oh, that's easy!" said the king's friend, and he took a hundred lire out of his pocket, and every piece of money had the king's face stamped on it.

"So the peasant told the king's friend the answer to the riddle, and the king's friend went back to the palace and said to the king, 'I can guess your riddle the answer' and he did. Then the king became angry and said: 'You couldn't have guessed it. That peasant has broken his promise! So the friend had to tell the king how he had fooled the peasant!'"

### SACKING A THEATER.

What New Yorkers In 1765 Did For an Offensive Play.

There is an account of the sacking of a theater in New York from the Gazette of that city of May 3, 1765: "The play advertised to be acted last Monday evening having given offense to sundry and diverse inhabitants of this city, who thought it highly improper that such entertainment should be exhibited at this time of public distress, when great numbers of poor people can scarce find means of subsistence, whereby many persons might be tempted to neglect their business and squander that money which is necessary to the payment of their debts and the support of their families, a rumor was spread about the town that if the play went on the audience would meet with some disturbance from the multitude."

"This prevented the greatest part of those who intended to have been there from going. However, many people came, and the play was begun, but soon interrupted by the multitude, who burst open the doors and entered with noise and tumult. The audience escaped in the best manner they could. Many lost their hats and other articles of raiment. A boy had his skull fractured and was yesterday repaired. Death is his. Several others were sorely set upon and injured. But we heard of no lives lost. The multitude immediately demolished the house and carried the pieces to the common, where they consumed them in a bonfire."

Between Girls. "She says she wishes she could see herself as others see her."

"That's just an excuse for spending a lot of time in front of a mirror."—Miss Lillian Journal.

Only deeds give strength to life; only action gives it charm.—Jean Paul Sartre.

Not Much. "There should be a national holiday called junk day, when every house, barn, shed, garage, etc., should be relieved of all its junk."

"That's right, old man, but do you realize how little there would be left of many a happy home?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## THE OLD HURDY GURDY.

Crude Musical Instrument That Led Up to the Hand Organ.

The early type of hurdy gurdy originated in Germany during the ninth century and under the name of bauren leyer (peasant's lyre) attained great popularity throughout Europe, falling into a decline only at the beginning of the last century. Even today a slightly modernized type of this instrument may be seen upon the streets of the smaller towns of Savoy.

The instrument consisted of a violin-like frame and sounding board, provided with from three to six strings. The music was produced by a small crank actuated wooden wheel, whose resined edge bore against the strings. The two outer strings were keyed in unison and when the wheel was revolved gave forth a bass note which served as a musical background. The remaining strings were attached to keys, by which their tension and their tone might be varied. This adjustment was the only control possessed by the player.

Needless to say, the hurdy gurdy was suited only to the most elementary of selections. While originally much used at fetes and celebrations, it later was used only by itinerant street musicians, a position now occupied by its successors—the hand organ.

Earliest Cold Storage. In Macaulay's essay on "Lord Bacon" he points out that in 1628 the subject of his memoir tried the experiment of stuffing a fowl with snow to prevent it from putrefying and in carrying out the work caught cold, from which he died. Macaulay adds: "In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which, as he said, could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention that the experiment of the snow had succeeded excellently well."

If, however, we turn to nature there are instances in Siberia of mammoths preserved in ice so that their flesh is still eatable from a period probably coeval with the first appearance of man on this globe. If the Romans brought to their legions the dainties of the known world had they not some knowledge of cold storage?—London Spectator.

## NOTED MUSICIAN OF MONTREAL

Advises The Use Of "FRUIT-A-TIVES" The Famous Fruit Medicine.



MR. ROSENBERG

589 Casgrain St., Montreal.

April 20th, 1915.

"In my opinion, no other medicine in the world is so curative for Constipation and Indigestion as 'Fruit-a-tives'." I was suffering from these complaints for five years, and my sedentary occupation, music, brought about a kind of Intestinal Paralysis—with easy Headaches, belching gas, drowsiness after eating, and Pain in the Back. I tried pills and medicines of physicians, but nothing helped me. Then I was induced to try "Fruit-a-tives," and now for six months I have been entirely well. I advise any one who suffers from that horrible trouble—Chronic Constipation with the resultant indigestion, to try "Fruit-a-tives," and you will be agreeably surprised at the great benefit you will receive." A. ROSENBERG. 50c. a box, 6 for