A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Hundreds of People Have Found "Fruit-a-tives" Their Only Help

READ THIS LETTER

Superintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tells How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

55 DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st. 1913.

"For a long time, I have thought of writing you regarding what I term a most remarkable cure effected by your remedy "Fruit-a-tives". I suffered from Rheumatism, especially in my hands. I have spent a lot of money without any good results. I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" for 18 months now, and am pleased to tell you that I am cured. All the enlargement has not left my hands and perhaps never will, but the soreness is all gone and I can do any kind of work. I have gained 35 pounds in 18 months".

R. A. WAUGH

Rheumatism is no longer the dreaded disease it once was. Rheumatism is no longer one of the "incurable diseases". "Fruit-a-tives" has proved its marvellous powers over Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago—in fact, over all such diseases which arise from some derangement of stomach, bowels, kidneys or skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

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Bulletin—Mrs. M. Freeman.
Labrador Work.—Mrs. F. Woodworth.
Scientific Temperance in Schools—Mrs. G. Cutten.

Personal Liberty.

Speaking at a great temperance meeting in Chicago recently, Hon. W. J. Bryan said: 'I hear them talk about 'personal liberty'. Did you ever hear anybody talk about 'personal liberty' when you talk about the liquor question? That is an expression which aught to be defined? When a man tells me that he wants personal liberty, I tell him to write it out and let me know what he means by personal liberty. I tell him that when a man enters society he surrenders some of his liberty in return for the blessing of society. Why, my friends, for instance, if a man lives out on a desert, and there is nobody within twenty five miles of him, he can get on a horse and run races anywhere at any time. But if he goes into a settled community, he can't run horse races on a public highway. Why? Because you have to have a speed limit for the protection of society. Why, they even have speed limits for automobiles, sacred as they are. If you can put speed limits on a race-horse, if you can put speed limits on an automobile why can't you attach a speed limit to a rapid young man occasionally? 'Personal liberty!' What does a man mean by it? Does he mean that he has a right, or ought to have, to drink anywhere, at any time, in any quantity, without asking anybody, and regardless of the effect on everybody. Is that what he means by personal liberty? If so, I can't agree with him.'

A Mother's Creed.

I believe in the eternal importance of the home as the fundamental institution of society.

I believe in the immeasurable impossibilities of every boy and girl.

I believe in the imagination, the trust, the hopes, and the ideals which dwell in the hearts of all children.

I believe in the beauty of nature, of art, of books, and of friendship

I believe in the satisfaction of duty.

I believe in the little homely joys of every-day life.

I believe in the goodness of the great design which lies behind our complex world.

I believe in the safety and peace which surrounds us all through the over-brooding love of God.

I believe in the will of God as the one and only law of human life in all its relations.

I believe in training my children to be faithful children of God and disciples of Jesus Christ.—Selected.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

It is a Handicap.

One of Chicago's old time stockyards magnates, who was a philanthropist as well as a pork packer, had an intense dislike to cigarettes, and would not allow anyone to smoke them in his office. One day, many years ago, a half-grown youth found him alone at his desk, and asked for a job as office boy. The packer looked him over kindly enough, but shook his head.

'I'm afraid you won't do, son,' he said.

The lad, who was rather effeminate in appearance, had received similar answers during the day, and was somewhat discouraged. So now he said, with some bitterness:

'It's my yellow hair, I suppose!'

'What is your name, my boy?'

'John Harris.'

'Well, Johnny,' said the millionaire packer, 'it isn't your yellow hair. It's your yellow fingers.'

A Swordsman's Prowess.

Among those who displayed their prowess before the King at the 2nd Life Guards' assault-at-arms recently was Corpl.-Major Grainger. He has won the title of Best Man at Arms (dismounted) in the army. Perhaps the best of his performances is the one that may be termed the razor trick. He takes a thin staff of wood about the size of a broom-handle, and suspends it resting on two slips of thin paper. The rolls themselves suspended on the cutting edge of razors which are held by his assistant. The corporal major, with one clean sweeping cut, slices the broom-handle in two and leaves the paper uncut by the razors.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Denver boy who restored the sight of his blind mother by striking her on the temple with a newspaper in an effort to kill a fly which had alighted there, proved that newspapers are real eye openers to say nothing of swatting the fly wherever and whenever possible.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Mrs. Cronan heard her little grandaughter Margaret crying as if in great pain, and hastened to the child.

'Why, dear, what is the matter!' inquired Mrs. Cronan. 'Did you meet with an accident?'

'N-no, grandma?' sobbed Margaret 'it w-wasn't an accident! Mother did it on p-purpose!'

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.

I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,
Schr. 'Storke,' St. Andre, Kamouraska.

A correspondent wants to know just what would be the best way to swat the fly. After a careful consideration of the question, the most effective means would seem to be to catch the critter, tie a shoelace around its neck, hit it two or three times with a sledge hammer, and then jump on it. If it still shows a tendency towards life, it would be well to put it on ice and let it freeze to death.

'You say your friend is rising in political life?'

'Yes. He's rising all right. He used to be on the level and now he's known as the man higher up.

FARMER'S WIFE ALMOST A WRECK

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Own Story.

London, Ont.—"I am a farmer's wife and a very busy woman. Last summer I was taken with severe pains in my back so bad that I could not get up or scarcely move without pain, and my periods were painful. My husband called in a good doctor and I was under his care for some time, but he did me little or no good. One day a friend of mine told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had been greatly helped by it. I began taking it and soon got well, and my periods became natural again. Since then I have had perfect health. In fact I have never felt so well in my life. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine many women need. If you think this letter will help other women please publish it."—MRS. K. C. YOUNG, Tambling's Corner, London, Ontario, Canada.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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TWO KINDS OF COURAGE

The Kind Possessed by Karl Gardner Won.

By MILDRED HOUSTON HEMINGWAY.

The airship ran along the ground, then rose gracefully like the immense bird it resembled, while thousands watching craned their necks to follow its flight. One girl felt as though her heart was dragged out of her body and taken up on that dangerous journey. She did not know the aviator, had never seen him without his disfiguring cap and goggles, and yet she felt as though no one less brave than he could win her heart.

Elsie Burns came of a brave family. Her fathers from the beginning of American history had fought and conquered, and her mothers had borne their more quiet but none the less brave parts. The family history, bound in several cumbersome manuscript volumes, was very interesting to Elsie, and she had pored over it until she knew the deeds of her family by heart and panted for an occasion to distinguish herself. Incidentally she vowed not to marry until she found a man worthy a place in this honored ancestral biography. Small wonder that Karl Gardner found it difficult to please her, for Karl was slight of figure, not an athletic man, and thought it more than foolish for a man to risk life and limb in a pursuit as yet so untried.

"Do we really need to fly?" he asked, smiling a little. "See here, Elsie, here's an article I wish you'd read. It's on a woman's influence in every day life. I believe in what this writer says."

"Oh, dear," Elsie cried pettishly, "I'm so tired of hearing what a woman can do. Why doesn't someone write of what we can't do? I want to make a name for myself. There is nothing a woman can do these days. We can't vote; athletics are practically controlled by the men. Who ever heard of nice girls playing ball, or running professional races or being prize fighters? No, don't look at me that way; I mean it. I want to have some little bit of influence on the world."

The President Fixed His Eyes Sternly on the Man Before Him.

The following morning, Elsie had skipped over the article, not absorbing any of it, for her mind was filled with thoughts of the daring aviator who was to make another ascent at noon, and long before that hour she was in the field, watching eagerly for him.

In the meanwhile Karl was in deep waters. As confidential man in a large concern, he was placed in a very trying position. Inadvertently, he had come across certain records of financial speculations of the president, which undermined the safety of the institution. While his facts had not been secured through any confidence, his position was such that it made it very difficult for him to warn the other officials, and yet, on the other hand, he felt that they too trusted him. Finally he went to the president and told him of the discovery. That official was considerably startled, but promptly offered Karl a price for his silence, assuring him that within a month he could cover all shortages and the institution would be as sound as ever. The price was one that might have proved tempting except for one thing. The man to whom it was offered possessed moral courage in high degree. He might shrink from the dangers of aviation, but he dared to oppose any corruption even if it resulted in his own business destruction, for he realized what it would mean to make a relentless enemy of a man as influential as the president of the company. Still Karl was astute or he would not have held his position of confidential man. With a slight laugh, he said cordially:

"My dear Mr. Burns, you ought to know me better than that; still, I know you have to try out men. You know my honesty is not for sale."

The president fixed his eyes sternly on the man before him, then asked:

"What is your price? Didn't I make it enough?"

The battle was on; it must be fought with bare hands.

"My price," Karl said distinctly, "is the safety of the concern that employs me. Either you will cover your speculations from your own funds, or I'll put my facts before the board of directors."

"Why?" urged the president uneasily.

"Because I like you for one thing, because I love your daughter for another, and I do not intend that her faith in you and her love for the family name be shaken."

Karl Gardner was right; the president had allowed himself to be led astray by the lure of high finance. But stronger than his love of money was his love for the little girl, his only child. Yielding to his employe's courage, Mr. Burns went over the whole matter with him, and out of his private fortune made good the shortage. After it was all over, he said a little brokenly:

"Am I to lose my little girl?"

"I hope so," Karl said cheerfully, "if I can ever make her forget that I am not a man given to courageous exhibitions."

"She doesn't think you brave!" Mr. Burns asked in amazement.

"Not in the least, and I can't get my courage up to flying, or jumping in front of an automobile and stopping it by sheer physical strength," here he laughed as he looked at a reflection of his slight figure in the plate glass of the door, "and so she thinks me a coward."

"Indeed," Mr. Burns ejaculated, but that evening after dinner, just before Karl arrived, for it was Wednesday, he called his daughter to him and said earnestly:

"My little girl, I believe you are pretty proud of the courage of our family."

Elsie started to express her emphatic opinions on the subject, when he interrupted her.

"We both know a real hero, Elsie," and he told her the entire story, so that it was a very subdued little maiden who greeted Karl later in the evening. For a few minutes he paid no attention to her mood; then he asked:

"What is it, Elsie?"

"I know everything, Karl, and I am so proud of you and your bravery; but, oh dear me, I'm more insignificant than ever, for I haven't any kind of courage whatever."

As Karl gathered her into his arms he whispered:

"What do you suppose makes men brave and true, dear? Just their love for their women, and the longing to stand high in their confidence and respect."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Cause for Rejoicing.

It is the custom among some of the New York theatrical managers occasionally to entertain the members of the local ball teams at their theatres. A young recruit from the high grass joined the Giants one day, and that night went with his new teammates to a play as guests of the management.

The piece did not appeal to the men enough, and they failed to applaud with any degree of heartiness. After the curtain fell McGraw scolded them for this lack of warmth.

"Here, you fellows come in here free and have the best seats the house affords, and then you sit stock still like a row of dummies!" he said. "I hope this doesn't happen again."

The very afternoon one of the veterans hailed the youngster at practice on the Polo grounds.

"Well, kid," he said, "more big doin's tonight! Mac's going to take us to Bill Brady's theater."

"What's the show?" asked the green hand.

"The show," said the veteran, "is 'Bought and Paid For.'"

"Thank the Lord for that!" said the youngster fervently. "If it's rotten we won't have to applaud."—Saturday Evening Post.

Hostility Fosters Friendship.

The course of true love never did and never can run smooth. If it did, it wouldn't be true love. The single certain sine qua non of true love is that it shall not run smooth. For such is the contitution of human beings.

When people set out to be friendly and congenial, they can succeed only by keeping up a gentle hostility. Consider the average evening call. How tiresome it is until someone starts an argument, or a game of cards is proposed. That accounts for the popularity of games. They furnish a sham and innocuous hostility without which society with one's fellows is deadly. Men and women can be happy together for days at a time if they are contending at golf, at tennis, at cards, or at other games.

People who can sit around drawing rooms or verandas or clubs for any great length of time and chat agreeably are degenerates. They have lost their spirit and might as well be dead.—Ellis O. Jones in Lippincott's Magazine.

Marvels of Modern Hypnotism.

"I was walking down the street when I saw a man a block ahead of me to whom I desired to speak," said the hypnotist, who was talking of his superiority as a mesmerist. "I just straightened out my arm, concentrated my will, made a pass—thus, and he stopped and waited until I overtook him."

"You don't call that much of a trick, do you?" one of his listeners asked.

"Yes, I think it was a good demonstration. Are you familiar with the science?"

"Yes, a little. One day while I was in Batavia a man slipped and fell from the top of a 16-story building. When he was about half way down I just made a pass at him, and he stopped falling quicker than lightning. I came off without thinking any more about it. Say, old man, if you ever go to Batavia, why, just let him down. I presume he's hanging there yet."

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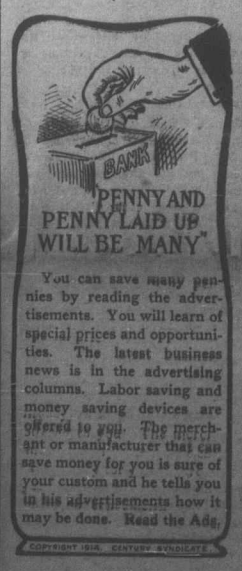

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LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

Wolfville Time Table
Corrected to June 29 h, 1914

LEAVING.

Flying Bluenose for Yarmouth 11.25 a m.
Flying Bluenose for Halifax 5 38 p.m.
Express or Truro and Halifax 6.15 a.m.
Accom for Halifax 12.35 p.m.
Express for Truro and Halifax 4.15 "
Express for St. John and Yarmouth 10.03 a.m.
Accom. for Annapolis 1.45 p.m.
Express for Middleton 5.49 "
Express for Annapolis Sat. only 5.49 "
Express leaving at 10 03 a.m. connects at Kentville with C. V. Branch train for Kingsport.

ARRIVING

Flying Bluenose from Yarmouth 5 38 p.m.
Flying Bluenose from Halifax 11.25 a m.
Express from Middleton 9.15 a.m.
Express from Annapolis Mon. only 9.15 a.m
Accom. from Annapolis 12.35 p.m.
Express from Yarmouth and St. John, N.B. 4 15 "
Express from Truro & Halifax 10 03a m.
Accom. from Halifax 1 45 p.m.
Express from Halifax 5.49 "
These trains only run on week days.

Boston Service

Flying Bluenose train leaving at 11.25 a.m. for Yarmouth connects with steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S S. Co., Ltd., sailing daily, except Sunday, for Boston.

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General Passenger Agent,

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Wolfville, April 27.

Leslie R. Fairn,
ARCHITECT,
AYLESFORD, N. S.