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Mothers cannot be too careful in what they give children to move the bowels. Calomel, pills, castor oil, and purging mineral waters irritate the bowels—upset the stomach—and eventually lead up to chronic non-action of the bowels—Constipation.

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(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS) are the finest medicine in the world for children.

It is just like giving the little ones apples, oranges, prunes—because "Fruit-a-lives" ARE the juices of these fruits—but so combined that the medicinal action is increased many times. Fruit-a-lives are perfectly safe for the children. Keep a box always in the house. 50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

A newspaper is in no sense a child of charity. It earns twice over every dollar it receives, and it is second to no enterprise in contributing to the up-building of a community. Its patrons reap far more benefits from its pages than its publishers, and in calling for the support of the community in which it is published it asks for no more than in all fairness belongs to it, though generally it receives less. Patronize, and help your paper as you would any other enterprise because it helps you, and not as an act of charity.

TETTER CURED.

A lady customer of ours had suffered with tetter for two or three years. It got so bad on her hands that she could not attend to her household duties. One box of Chamberlain's Salve cured her. Chamberlain's medicine give splendid satisfaction in this community.—M. H. Rodney & Co., Almond, Ala. Chamberlain's medicine are for sale by W. W. Warren, Phm. B.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines
St. John via Digby
Boston via Yarmouth.

Land of Evangelist route
On and after May 22, 1907 the Steamship and Train Service on this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Trains will arrive at Bridgetown: Express from Halifax, ... 12.11 a. m. Express from Yarmouth, ... 2.34 p. m. Accom. from Richmond, ... 5.10 p. m. Accom. from Annapolis, ... 7.20 a. m. Midland Division. Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.30 a. m. and 5.30 p. m., and from Truro for Windsor at 6.40 a. m. and 3.35 p. m., connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston and Yarmouth Service S. S. PRINCE GEORGE. by far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S. Wednesday and Saturday immediately on arrival of express train from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m.

ST. JOHN and DIGBY ROYAL MAIL S. S. PRINCE RUPERT Daily Service (Sunday excepted.) Leaves St. John ... 7.45 a. m. Arrives in Digby ... 10.45 a. m. Leaves Digby same day after arrival express train from Halifax.

PARRSBORO-WOLFVILLE S. S. Prince makes daily trips, Sunday excepted, between Parrsboro and Wolfville calling at Kingsport in both directions. Trains and steamers are run on Atlantic Standard time.

P. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

Nova Scotia Bear Story

"Hannah," said Mr. Embry, setting down the pails of milk with a jar that sent their brimming contents over the kitchen table. "There's a bear prowling round these premises and I mean to have his skin before another morning. Where's Sally?" "Coming, Daddy," called a fresh young voice from the chamber above. "You've scented bears before now, Ezra," said Aunt Hannah, smiling proudly, "but I've never seen their pelt."

"Where did you find the tracks this time?" "There aren't any tracks, but signs are as good as tracks to them who know." "Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Hannah. "Two straws on a stone don't make a duck's nest." "But straws tell which way the wind blows, don't they, Daddy?" called the fresh young voice again, and Sally came skipping down the stairs, jumping out on the right the last three steps.

"You'd better stay up and finish your spinning," said Aunt Hannah, reaching out an accusing hand for the tattered gray rolls clinging to the girl's shoulders and skirt. "I need the yarn to set up my piece on Monday, and you've only just begun your stint." "But I can't stay up," said the girl, "I hear there are stairs spinning when I hear the bears around, Aunt Hannah." "Girls have no call to hunt bears," said the worthy aunt. "It's time you put on woman's ways."

"O, she's prim enough in company," said Mr. Embry, not without a twinkle in his eye. "I hear that his favorite daughter should have no call to hunt bears," said the worthy aunt. "It's time you put on woman's ways." "Well, I don't know what her mother would have made of her if she'd have lived," sighed Aunt Hannah. "I give her up for an idle girl, tramping the fields and teaming the horses to mill, and you encourage her to it, Ezra."

But neither father nor daughter heard the words. "I hear there are stairs spinning when I hear the bears around, Aunt Hannah," said the girl, "I hear there are stairs spinning when I hear the bears around, Aunt Hannah." "Girls have no call to hunt bears," said the worthy aunt. "It's time you put on woman's ways."

"There were no tracks, I tell you, but I'm sure a bear was in the woods last night. The sheep were huddled in a close heap in the pen this morning, and not one would budge for his salt. Old Rose and Brindle were that scared and nervous I could hardly get down their milk. We must have a trap for the bear." "But we haven't a trap," said the girl. "Let's hunt him instead. I think I could shoot a bear."

"You're not likely to have much of a hand in the hunting," said her father indignantly. "But you can help me with the trap. We'll build a dead fall. Get your bonnet and bring along the fowling piece, in case we sight him while we work." "I don't think I'd go in," said Sally. "Aunt Hannah will only scold and I might not get out again."

"That's so," assented her father. "Sometimes I don't know myself whether I'm afoot or horseback when she gets one of her spells of setting all us in order—but she means us all in order—I'll get the gun and you find the axe and some rope."

"Come along," he called a few minutes later from a field behind the house. "Why have you got all that meat?" she asked, joining him with axe and rope. "Aunt Hannah is planning on that mutton for dinner tomorrow." "I know, but I sneaked it off. We've got to have bait. If we don't catch this creature now there'll be no sheep left to eat. I'm certain he's taken it already. Give me the axe. I want to cut a likely log for the trap if I see one as we go along."

"I don't see why it needs the whole quarter of lamb," said Sally, reluctant to miss the savory dinner. "You can't bait a bear with old bones or soap grease," answered her father. "Nothing ventures, nothing have. I've made up my mind to kill the thieving critter, he's likely to carry off our pigs if he gets the run of the farm. It's mighty funny, too, the way a bear will get a pig. I've known one to walk right up to a pen, lift out a pig and trot off, walking on his hind legs and hugging the pig close in his

Prominent Resident of Bear River Dies in Boston.

(B. R. Telephone.) A telegram on Wednesday afternoon brought the sad intelligence of the death of Alpheus Marshall, a highly respected, honored and prominent citizen of this town, which occurred at about three o'clock on that day, at the City Hospital, Boston, after a few days illness. Mr. Marshall left here two weeks ago in good health and spirits, accompanied by Doctor and Mrs. J. J. Lovett, he to have an operation for the removal of a growth from his face. The operation was successfully performed and he was expecting to leave for home Thursday, but the latter part of last week he in some way contracted a severe cold which developed into erysipelas and pneumonia, which proved fatal. On Monday his son, A. B. Marshall, received a telegram stating his illness, and Mrs. J. J. Lovett, he to have an operation for the removal of a growth from his face. The operation was successfully performed and he was expecting to leave for home Thursday, but the latter part of last week he in some way contracted a severe cold which developed into erysipelas and pneumonia, which proved fatal.

He was born at Marshalltown, Digby County, on December 25th, 1823, and for a few years clerked for his brother in Digby. Fifty-seven years ago he came to Bear River and engaged in the mercantile business and ship-building, which he successfully carried on for a number of years, retiring from active business some ten years ago. In 1854, he married a daughter of the late Alexander Hardwick, who still survives him. He was an active member of the Methodist Church, which he joined soon after settling here, having held the office of steward for many years. He was also an honored member of Keith Lodge A. F. and A. M., of which society he had been treasurer for several years. He was looked up to as an honest upright christian gentleman and, being of a benevolent nature, he was foremost in all things that pertained to the advancement of the kingdom here upon earth, and the welfare of the community. Being of a cheerful disposition he was loved and respected by all who knew him, and will be greatly missed. He is survived by his wife and three daughters, Mrs. Dr. D. H. Wilson, of Barrington, Mrs. W. G. Clarke and Mrs. Dr. L. J. Lovett, of this place, and one son, Alpheus E., doing business here, who mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father.

Ezra," she remarked, "you generally know a good many things that aren't so, but you certainly hit it right this time." "Yes'm," said Ezra, generously accepting the proffered praise and peace. "I'm not dead yet, nor buried, and I reckon I know a bear when I see one and bring 's down too." "But not without me," put Sally modestly.

"No, girl, not without you," and he told the story of her bravery and skillful manoeuvres with the axe. "For sheer pluck and daring," she boasts all the boys I ever saw," he concluded. "Every cent of the bounty money shall be hers, and the skin, too. The meat and grease will bring in a snug sum besides."

Sally bore her honors with becoming grace and good sense, content to let her father sound the deed abroad. The story was told all through the county. Aunt Hannah was wont to remark, in her own recounting of the tale, that it was all due to the fact that she hadn't moved the girl up in the house as many women did, but let her have her freedom and get used to the birds of the air and beasts of the field, whereas Sally would smile quickly.

With help of the neighbors the huge beast, weighing over three hundred pounds, was brought to the house, and skinned. The hams, cured and smoked, were taken in winter time to Halifax, where they were purchased for fabulous prices by the officers of the regiment, and Miss Sally's health gallantly drunk at the feasting, for in some wise the tale of the girl's share in the capture had come to the boys' ears. The fat of the huge carcass, carefully prepared after one of Aunt Hannah's famous receipts, was converted into an unguent ointment rare to get, and every bean in the countryside was presented with a cake of the pomade.

The retreating cub must have told the news to beardom, and if he lived to fight another day, ventured not again on the old hunting ground. For though Sally and her father made many plans and laid many a deadfall, never afterward was a bear seen about the Salem farm, and never a skin beside the one shaggy hide adorning the side of the Congregationalist and Christian World.

"Now for the skin," said Mr. Embry, after setting himself that the brute was actually dead. And Sally turned again to his aid. One had disappeared. The other cub led to a tree, and hung there in helpless fright, sitting on his haunches in the lowestmost crotch, one leg under him, the other trailing in weak terror almost in touch of Sally's hands, both fore paws hugging desperately the trunk above, his funny little face peering down in close scrutiny upon the two below. "Don't shoot him," besought Sally, as her father primed and raised the old flint lock. "He's so funny and dear and frightened."

But her words were lost in the flash and report for the gun, warmed now to action, made no further blunders and the little black, chubby body tumbled down at Sally's feet. "He'd have been as ugly a brute as the other, in a year," said the man, kicking the cub from their path. "I suppose so, but he was a dear," assented Sally reluctantly, her only tears and fears in the whole encounter being offered up for this child of her darling of hand and hand, a woman's heart is always against the hunt. Mr. Embry could easily carry the cub in his arms. The old bear must be left till he could secure help. Leading the way he started for the farm, Sally following with the implements of war and the quarter of lamb she had so pluckily defended.

There were no snittles from Aunt Hannah when she saw their booty and heard of the prize behind. "Well,

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