

A GRAND KIDNEY MEDICINE

"Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him When Everything Else Failed.
 Ulverton, Que., March 17th, 1908.
 I wish to place on record, for the sake of others who may be suffering in the same way that I suffered, that no medicine I ever took did me as much real good as "Fruit-a-tives" did. I suffered for many years with Kidney Trouble, with bad pain in the back. I took every known kidney remedy and kidney pill, but nothing gave me any relief, and I was getting discouraged. I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and did so—and this medicine cured me when everything else failed.



I used altogether fifteen boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," and from the outset they gave me relief and I am now practically well again; no pain, no distress, and all symptoms of kidney disease have entirely left me. I am very thankful to be once more well, and I freely make this statement for the sake of others who may suffer as I did. To them, I say try "Fruit-a-tives" as they are a grand kidney medicine.
 CLARENCE J. PLACEY.
 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. All dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE HUB

(continued from page 2.)

"Unless she's a trained one," he continued seriously, dropping a white flannel skirt over Lucy's head, then cautiously raising it and kissing the bewildered face beneath it.
 "No, please let me dress her?" he begged as the mother drew up her chair and reached for the dress.
 "She's all right; she'll walk in a month or so, won't she, Doc?" persisted the father uneasily.

Again the doctor seemed not to hear him. The baby was confiding with many gestures and little bursts of laughter that the cow said "how-wow" and the cat said "quack quack"; and the doctor was breathing dire threats against her if she didn't uncurl her toes and put her foot properly into the bit of white kid he held in his hand.

The mother sank back in her chair, an expression of great relief and happiness on her face. She was to care for her precious baby, instead of any trifling, heartless chambermaid they could coax to do it. She would not have to be a hub and wear those horrid tight; at least, not for awhile. And the doctor spoke as though the dear little thing wouldn't be fit for the spire for some time. "O God!" she prayed breathlessly, "not for a year. Don't let her walk for a year! I'll care for her so well she'll never miss it."

The doctor buttoned the last button of the baby's dress, and his eyes were very gentle and tender as they turned toward her.
 "There is no one like a mother, Mrs. Lefevre," he said softly. "And I know you will not trust her to any one else. A sudden fright, a fall—He had risen, and disengaging the clinging little arms from about his neck, set the baby in her lap.
 "I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Lefevre," he solemnly kissed the pretty head, then stood tall and straight before her—"that your baby will never walk."

There was a tense, breathless silence. Many thoughts were mirrored in the expressive, unguarded face of Edouard Lefevre, and the doctor read them all. The baby discovered that the sunbeams were playing strange pranks with the paperweight, and again became intent and absorbed with it; and Mrs. Lefevre gazed up at him with a strange, dawning light in her face that puzzled him.

A smothered oath from Lefevre as he stalked from the room broke the spell; and, to the doctor's great surprise, the mother buried her face on the curly head, and between choking, hysterical sobs, cried fervently:
 "Thank God! Oh! Thank God!" And the baby, patting her face lovingly, told him in a once-for-all manner that she was "mam-ma's baby."
 —Minnie Barbour Adams.

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The Motor and The Law

An account of very expensive litigation comes from England, the moral being that motorists should not let their angry passions rise—at least to the extent of going to law—when farm stock is encountered on the public highway. A farmer residing at the intersection of two roads near Truro, down Cornwall way, owned a large and very fat sow, which one day took a walk and sat down in the middle of the road. A motorist was howling along one road and a horse-drawn vehicle heading in the same direction on the other. When the motorist saw the sow he "made a great noise with his horn" and Susie promptly "grunted loudly." Thereupon the horse shied and the motorist, to avoid a collision, was forced to turn out sharply, which turned him in a bump against a stone wall and the reduction of the touring car to junk. Then the motorist sued the owner of the sow for the value of the machine and a local jury gave him a verdict. On appeal the case went to the highest court in England which decided that a sow had a perfect right to be on the highway, that it was the shying horse which caused the motorist to turn out and hit the wall, that the court below was all wrong, that Susie and her owner had nothing whatever to do with the case and that the motorist must pay all the costs of the suit. As the expenses involved amounted to several thousand dollars, it would seem that it will not pay motorists to go to war with the farmers whose stock may be perambulating the highway. The decision is deemed an important one in Britain.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
 Bay of Islands, J. M. CAMPBELL.
 I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
 Springhill, N. S. WM. DANIELS.
 I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
 Albert Co., N. B. GEO. TINGLEY.

BRUTE FORCE.

A woman is reported as replying in answer to the query "how best to manage a husband": "Feed the brute." It would seem that the "brute" is capable of marvellous tractability and usefulness if he be properly handled. The most recent endorsement of this theory comes from France, where a discussion has been in progress as to the best methods of handling the incorrigible of the vicious criminal class. It has been the custom in recent years to send those against whom one or more convictions for robbery, assault, or street outrages have been recorded, to the disciplinary battalions of riflemen in Africa when the time comes for them to undergo military service. They are ruled with a rod of iron and with their ferocious instincts under exacting military control they are said to make the most daring and intrepid soldiers. It is a case of brute force used in a distinctly brute sphere, controlled by superior brains. All of which goes to show that warfare is savagery and to get the best results savages must be employed in its prosecution. Kipling has given us a vivid picture of the uttermost of animalism aroused by the passions of war. Nevertheless we continue in this Christian land to encourage the youth to strut about with mock soldier garb and mimic guns while their elders talk jingo and paper colonels map out imaginary invasions. If it could be made a part of the "Monroe doctrine" that any man on this continent who talked of war should be put in a straight-jacket, America would give to the world a lesson on the supreme folly of this last legacy of our naked ancestors.—Home Journal.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

LOVE'S COMING.

She had looked for his coming as warriors come. With the clash of arms and the bugle's call; But he came instead with a quiet tread. Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun. As he rode like a prince to claim his bride; In the sweet dim light of the falling night. She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul. As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife; He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm. And a peace which crowned her life.

In Five Minutes.

Take your sour stomach—or maybe you call it Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Catarrh of Stomach; it doesn't matter—take your stomach trouble right with you to your Pharmacist and ask him to open a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin and let you eat one 22-grain Triangule and see if within five minutes there is left any trace of your stomach misery.

The correct name for your trouble is Food Fermentation—food souring; the Digestive organs become weak, there is lack of gastric juice; your food is only half digested, and you become affected with loss of appetite, pressure and fullness after eating, vomiting, nausea, heartburn, griping in bowels, tenderness in the pit of stomach, bad taste in mouth, constipation, pain in limbs, sleeplessness, belching of gas, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness, dizziness, and many other similar symptoms.

If your appetite is fickle, and nothing tempts you, or you belch gas or if you feel bloated after eating, or your food lies like a lump of lead on your stomach, you can make up your mind that at the bottom of all this there is but one cause—fermentation of undigested food.

Prove to yourself, after your next meal, that your stomach is as good as any; that there is nothing really wrong. Stop this fermentation and begin eating what you want without fear of discomfort or misery.

Almost instant relief is waiting for you. It is merely a matter of how soon you take a little Diapiesin.

What Will They Do About It?

With the almost certain prospect that aerial navigation will before long become a practical success, governments everywhere will be confronted with an exceedingly serious problem. No customs walls erected along their borders will prevent the commercial argosies of the air from crossing and re-crossing the frontier lines wherever and whenever they please at all hours of the day and night and dropping down their costly bales at chosen points without the payment of duties. No system that human ingenuity can devise can obviate wholesale smuggling under such circumstances. Protection will be forced upon all the nations whether they like it or not, leaving to their several governments no choice but to raise their necessary revenues by means of direct taxation, which, perhaps, may prove a blessing after all, as the taxpayers will then look more closely and carefully into the administration of their affairs.—Quebec Telegraph.

FOR CONSTIPATION.

Mr. L. H. Farnham, a prominent druggist of Spirit Lake, Iowa, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are certainly the best thing on the market for constipation." Give these tablets a trial. You are certain to find them agreeable and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free. For sale by W. A. WARREN, BRIDGETOWN, A. E. ATLEE, ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, and BEAR RIVER DRUG STORE.

Cigarette Smoking Boys.

Prof. William McKeever, of Kansas Agricultural College, has been studying cigarette smoking amongst school boys for about eight years, and he has just published some of the results obtained. His conclusions seem to agree with those of every other individual who has devoted time to this subject. In reference to the effect upon the health of the boys he says: "I have tabulated reports of the condition of nearly 2,500 cigarette smoking school boys, and in describing them physically my informants have repeatedly resorted to the use of such epithets as sallow, sore eyed, puny, squeaky voiced, sickly, shortwinded, and extremely nervous. The younger the boy, the worse the smoking hurts him in every way, for these lads almost invariably inhale the fumes; and that is the most injurious part of the practice." The effect upon the mind seems even more pronounced: "The injurious effects of smoking upon the boy's mental activities are very marked. Of the many hundreds of tabulated cases in my possession, several of the very youthful ones have been reduced almost to the condition of imbeciles. Out of 2,336 who were attending public school, only six were reported 'bright students.' A very few, perhaps ten, were average, and all the remainder were poor or worthless as students. It is hardly necessary to comment upon these statements, as their truth is only too apparent to any one who cares to study the matter. The evil, fortunately, has not reached the same climax with us in Canada, and it should never be allowed to take root in our soil. We have a law which should cover the case if properly enforced, and it should be the business of our Christian citizens to see that it is enforced.

Lever Brothers, Toronto, will send you free a cake of their famous Plantol toilet soap, if you mention this paper.

A HAND AT WHIST.

The Story of the Result Put Bridge Yarns in the Fish Class.

At an uptown bridge whist party a man member told this story while the company was taking a bite between rubbers: "I had heard of a man holding a complete suit, but I never saw it until last week. I was invited to play at Dr. Blank's home, and it was my deal at the start of the second rubber. I looked at my cards and could hardly believe my eyes. There were thirteen cards all of the same suit. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'this is embarrassing. I hate to make the trump.'"

"Why?" was asked.
 "Well," said I, "if I were playing with people who knew me less well I would dislike to show my hand."
 "Now, after all this fuss, what do you make it?"
 "Hearts," said I.
 "Quick as a flash the man at my left said, 'I double,' and then I realized that in my excitement I mislaid my hand—I had all diamonds. They made a grand slam and said a few things to me also."

The day after he had told the story the man received a postal card on which this was written:
 "The old rule that an affidavit should go with every fish story and a pepsin tablet with every piece of amateur mince pie has been changed to include bridge whist stories in the fish class."

SPANISH THRONE ROOM.

Outrivals in Splendor Anything of the Kind in Europe.

The throne room of Spain outrivals in splendor any in Europe. The ancient throne stands in the apartment known as the room of ambassadors. The decorations of this apartment include vast crystal chandeliers, huge tables inlaid with precious marbles, vast plate glass mirrors, gildings, rich hangings and above all the painted ceiling representing the long line of Spanish kings in the various picturesque costumes of the provinces. Here Spanish kings receive on state occasions, and here, too, their bodies lie in state after death. The throne is of rich velvet, embroidered. Around it are grouped four great silver lions with their heads turned away as if guarding the occupant. Four broad steps lead up to the throne from the polished floor of the room, and the crimson covered footstool is in itself a work of art. In this room have been gathered for ages curious and gems from Spanish possessions the world over at a time when Spain was mistress of the world. And here in front of the throne hang chandeliers of rock crystal which have for generations been the envy of other European rulers.

Witchcraft in India.

The belief in witchcraft is widespread in India, especially among the tribes low in the scale of civilization. The ojha, or exorcist, is an important member of the community. His mummeries and incantations impress not only the lower classes, but even orthodox Rajputs and Kayasthas. He is paid to denounce witches, and, with the cunning of his class, he usually chooses harmless old women whose existence is rather a burden upon the village. Some of these women, however, have an implicit belief in their powers for evil as the villagers themselves. Murder frequently follows the denunciation.

"Whipped" From a Lunatic Asylum. Among the amusing anecdotes told of parliamentary life Sir Henry Drummond Wolf in "Fambling Recollections" gives the following as an example of skillful "whipping":

"At the time of an important division a member happened to be confined in a lunatic asylum. Every vote was necessary. Arrangements were therefore made to deliver him at the house at the moment required, and he was received by the 'whip' of his party, who induced him to walk through the lobby by preceding him with a stick of barley sugar in his hand. This I believe to be a perfectly true story."

Jack Ketch.

Jack Ketch has long been a synonym for the public executioner and is derived from Richard Jaquet, who formerly owned the Manor of Tyburn, now the ground upon which stands the marble arch and where the Bayswater and Edgware roads meet. Here some few yards westward of the arch stood Tyburn tree, and to it and to the tender mercies of its owner and presiding genius, Jaquet, came the highwayman or the horse thief or the housebreaker in a tumbrel from Newgate.—London Mail.

A Canine Suicide.

"What has become of that fine greyhound your wife gave you?"
 "Suicide."
 "Honest?"
 "Yes. He tried to nab a flea on the small of his back and, miscalculating, bit himself in two."—Exchange.

Pride Sets the Pace.

We are a great people because we make such a hullabaloo about the things to do, because we accomplish them to the music of the band. Our pride has set the pace, and it's our pride that keeps us up till we drop.

No Brother Needed.

"But I shall always be a brother to you," he murmured.
 "If I had any use for a brother," she replied sweetly, "I could reach under the sofa and get one right now."

Manner is everything with some people and something with everybody.
 Repeat it:—"Shilo's Cure" will all ways cure my coughs and colds."

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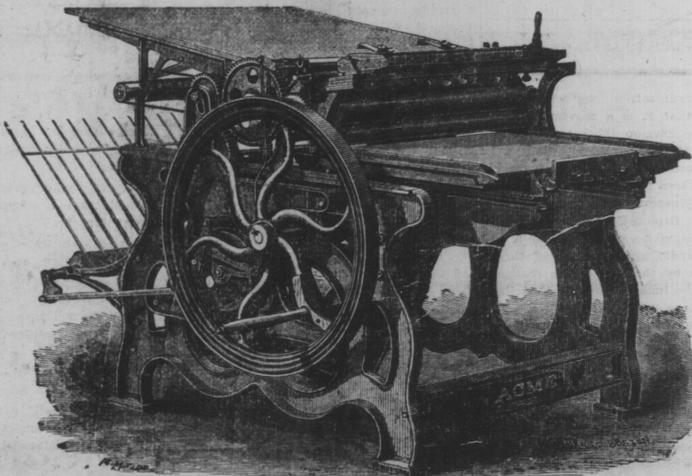
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And, of course, my ceilings are fireproof,—which is one reason why anybody who carries insurance will save their whole cost in a few years time, simply through reduced premiums.

I wish you could see some literature I would like to send you—free, of course—upon this ceiling question. Between the illustrations and the text I could

show you that Pedlar Art Steel Ceilings are the kind of ceilings you really want to get the next time you build or repair any structure worth ceiling at all. Tell me your address (write to our nearest place)

and I will see you get the information you ought to have about the ceiling you ought to buy.

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 WE WANT AGENTS
 IN SOME SECTIONS.