

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-Lives"



D. A. WHITE, Esq. 21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO, Dec. 22nd, 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of "Fruit-a-Lives". These wonderful tablets relieved me of indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to "Fruit-a-Lives" which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by indigestion."

Taming A Shrew

With an Interruption That Brought a Climax.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Pretty Kitty Clyde was not really a shrew. She had merely been born impetuous and an adoring family monarch of an idling family.

Until she was rising eleven Douglas Norton had been also of her subjects. Fate whisked him away then to inherit an uncle's fortune and go racing about the world, thereby giving Kitty her first realizing sense that things could happen otherwise than according to her will.

The process was unpleasant. By a curious mental alchemy Kitty unconsciously stored the unpleasantness as a grudge against the absent Douglas.

So when he came home ten years later and fell openly and instantly a victim to her charms she was in two minds as to what to do with him, and she yielded in favor of the mind that advised her to do something unpleasant.

He was a dear fellow, suiting her exactly in some of her moods. In others—but in those others nobody suited her, least of all herself. Those other moods would probably have made her send Douglas about his business if he had not had the lucky misfortune to have the Ackroyds for friends.

The Ackroyds, whom Kitty loathed, gave up days and nights to warning Douglas against her. The warnings were not wholly disinterested. Though the two Miss Ackroyds were quite old enough to be his mother, there was Lena Shotwell, their niece, over in Kiltredge town, for whose establishment they were most anxious.

Given the facts, the temperaments and the situation, the resulting engagement follows logically. Kitty excused herself to her conscience for it with the special pleading that it would change the Ackroyds and that if she finally broke the engagement the making of it would save Douglas from worse.

Of course she would not think of marrying him for years. Meantime she would revel in the Ackroyd discomfiture. Then her people were so happy over the prospect. That really meant a lot to her.

Dimly at the bottom of a very warm heart she felt that, on the whole, she had not made them as happy as she might have done.

So altogether she was not ill content with the estate in life whereas she now found herself until Douglas obstinately insisted upon her naming the day.

"Go away! The role of impatient lover does not fit you in the least," she said to him with the most fetching pout. "You know you'd be dreadfully upset if I agreed to anything so insane. We can be married when we are too old to care for tearing about."

"What a peaceful home we shall have! You are thirty-five I shall be thirty-two. That will be quite time enough to do the Darcy and Joan act. Until then—well, we shall stay as we are."

"We will not!" Douglas asserted, seizing both her hands. "Understand, I'm going to be a married man before the year is out!"

"I dare say you can get Lena Shotwell—or somebody like her—all on a sudden this way," Kitty interrupted, trying to pull away her hands.

Douglas held them tight. "I'm going to marry you—nobody else," he said. "Make up your mind to the fact, lady, and give up gracefully while there is time."

"Of all impertinence!" Kitty flashed out at him. "Let go my hands so I can take off your rubbishy ring! I won't marry you—now, never nor next day. I won't even speak to you ever again if you hold me a second longer."

"What a peaceful home we shall have! You know you need mastering, but I'm too generous to ask you to admit it. Come along. I want you to hear me tell daddy all about it. Mother Clyde has already agreed with me that the wedding had better be on your birthday."

Then Kitty forgot herself, her years, her grown-up estate. She screamed. Her head hit the ceiling. She was so angry that she tried to claw his cheek, but none of her efforts or shrieks availed.

He lifted her as if she were only five years old and carried her into the sitting room, where her father rose in affront. Mrs. Clyde, pallid, but more composed, stood beside him, her hand laid detestably upon his shoulder.

"It is hard to hear, mighty hard," she whispered. "How do you expect to hear for the child. Spoiling her so is our work. But for heaven's sake keep still! Her whole future depends on it. Douglas is the man of men for her and she will throw him over if she has the least chance."

"Daddy! Oh, dear daddy!" Kitty panted, trying to reach out appealing arms. Douglas pinioned them fast and went close to Mator Clyde, saying with a laugh that was not quite easy: "Major, this girl you gave me is behaving so badly! I think you might throw in one of old Flossy's pups to even up the trade."

At that Kitty screamed afresh. The major's breath came hard, his face grew spoplectic, but his wife's hand, closing and unclosing convulsively, warned him not to interfere.

the road. The two sisters had been on watch in the front windows ever since they saw Douglas ride through the Clyde gate.

They had heard the screams and had made their incursion. "Somebody must be killing somebody over there. I'm going to find out who," Miss Alicia said to Miss Patricia, not even stopping to snatch at a bonnet as she sped through the front door and down the walk.

After one started "Oh!" she stood still, staring at Douglas, who had loosed his hold of Kitty, but kept her hand. Kitty had been in a white rage.

Now she flushed brilliantly and looked at the intruder with her most infantile smile. "Dear Miss Alicia, did I really frighten the neighbors?" she asked. "I'm so glad. Do say I did. We have just had an impromptu rehearsal. Douglas, wretch that he is, insists that I can't act, that he is not depriving the stage of a great ornament in marrying me, and I was bound to prove him in the wrong."

"Oh!" Miss Alicia said again, this time with a mighty different infection, yet one that still lacked something of conviction. Miss Patricia, fully bountied, here panted in.

When the stir of settling her ended Miss Alicia returned to the chagrined audience, dear Kitty, she said in the suave voice that always meant mischief. "But do tell me what the play was. I don't seem to recall!"

"Of course you don't. I belong to the new school," Kitty said brightly. "The new school exists, you know, to prove that until it came nobody ever played Shakespeare quite right. Maybe it's because of my name, but I've always felt that I could give a new rendering of Katharine, you know, in 'The Taming of the Shrew'."

"She did do it and was most convincing," Douglas interrupted gratefully. He had been going hot and cold, wondering if there were any escape from the valley of humiliation open before them. He knew that only by a miracle could the Ackroyd tongues be stopped.

"So convincing?" he went on. "I see I must marry her right away. Miss Alicia, Miss Patricia, will you come to the wedding? It's to be just three weeks from now."

"You are a wretch, an ingrate!" Kitty said to him half an hour later when the Ackroyds had reluctantly taken themselves away. "I saved you and in doing it trapped myself beyond escape. What punishment do you not deserve, sir?"

"Nothing short of imprisonment for life," Douglas said. "Kitty, darling, you should yourself a genius and a heroine. In reward you shall go on having your own way."

"I don't want it—except sometimes," Kitty answered, racing away to kiss the major and Mrs. Major and at last to pet old Flossy's precious puppies.

National Forest Timber. In 1905 the timber sold from the national forests aggregated 96,000,000 board feet, which brought the government no more than \$85,000. In 1913 more than 2,500,000,000 feet brought in contracts amounting to \$1,500,000. Not all this money was received in any one year, because national forest timber is sold on contracts which range from one to twenty-five years, and it is paid for as cut.

Practical Health Hint. Treating Pain. Pain has its uses. By means of it the physician is often helped to his diagnosis. He cannot take the patient's word for the severity of the pain, for what one person will bear with comparative equanimity another will describe as intolerable anguish.

The doctor notices the patient's attitude, his facial expression and, above all, his pulse rate. Real pain always makes the pulse rapid, and, as a rule, the more severe the pain the more rapid is the pulse. That is a good rule to remember.

Physicians often detect malignancies by their entirely normal pulse rate, and mothers can with safety use the same test to determine the reality or severity of the pains of which their children complain. It is not always wise or kind to give instant relief, even when the suffering is great.

In certain intestinal disorders, for example, an anodyne will quickly change the victim's groans to quiet, heavy sleep. But the symptoms are only masked, and the trouble that caused the pain may progress until it is too late for the operation that might have meant a cure.

The safest means of relieving pain until the doctor comes is the application of either heat or cold. For some pain there is nothing like a hot water bottle. When the heat does not give the same bottle filled with ice water will give more relief.

Back Yard Scenery. Belle—How do you and your mother like your new home? Beulah—We don't like the neighborhood. "Why not?" "Oh, we've been accustomed to seeing better looking clothes on the lines wash days."—Tonkers Statesman.

Recklessness. "Aren't you afraid of getting freckled if you walk in the sun?" asked Maud. "Yes," replied Maymie. "But what's the use of a shadow skirt if you walk on the shady side of the street?"—Washington Star.

Disastrous Climax. Mary—Love never did bring me any luck, mum. Mrs. Smith—Really, I fail to see how that can concern me, Mary. Mary—No, indeed, mum. Only now I've broken the statue of Venus, mum. —Judge.

Minard's Lintment cures Garget in Cows.

MAGIC READ THE BAKING POWDER

LIGHTNING CALCULATORS.

A Mathematical Marvel Has Been Found in a Madras Office.

There is at the present time studying at Cambridge one of the most brilliant mathematical geniuses the world has ever seen—a young Hindu, Mr. S. Ramanujan by name—whose work, although he is only twenty-six years of age, has excited the admiration of all mathematical experts.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about Ramanujan is that, as a mathematician, he is quite untaught. Until a year ago he was a clerk in the employment of the Post Office at Madras.

But in spite of this, he has, to quote Mr. Hardy, Fellow of Trinity, who has taken a great interest in Ramanujan, "discovered for himself a great number of things which the leading mathematicians of the last hundred years had added to the knowledge of schoolmen, although he was quite ignorant of their work and accomplishments. Indeed, his mathematical education is rather meagre, and the first I knew of him was about fifteen months ago when he wrote to me explaining who he was, and sent a large number of remarkable mathematical theorems which he had proved."

This is the second mathematical genius produced by India in the last three years. At the end of 1912 the members of the Royal Asiatic Society held a specially-convened meeting at Calcutta to hear the astounding by the arithmetical powers of a Tamil boy, Arumogam. A complicated series of sums had been prepared to test the boy's powers, each of which he answered within a few minutes. The first was "A chetty gave as a treat to 173 persons a bushel of rice each. Each bushel contained 3,431,272 grains, and the chetty stipulated that 17 per cent should be given to the temple. How many grains did the temple get? Within three seconds came the answer (which had to be translated), 100,913,709 with fifty-two as the fraction over."

Among other questions were the following: "Add together 8,556,497,713,826 and 96,268,593. "Multiply 45,989 by 864,726. "Find the fifth root of 69,343,957. "What is the weight of water in a room flooded 2 feet deep, the room being 18 feet 9 inches by 13 feet 4 inches, and a cubic foot of water weighing 62 1/2 pounds?"

To all of them Arumogam gave the correct answers within a few seconds. Undoubtedly one of the most wonderful lightning calculators was George Bidder, the well-known engineer, who died in 1878. Bidder, who was born in 1780, was one of the earliest to recognize the value of the electric telegraph, first went to school at Camberwell, and afterwards attended classes at Edinburgh University. And even as a boy of ten he could answer such questions as, "How many drops would there be in a pipe of wine containing 126 gallons, supposing that each gallon consisted of 221 cubic inches, and each cubic inch contained 4,685 drops?"

It was a favorite pastime of boys and masters to concoct the most difficult arithmetical problems to test Bidder's powers of calculation, and these he solved correctly, and within a few seconds, apparently without effort.

A Real Joby Evening. A study of Robert May's "Accomplish Cook," published in 1665, will serve to dispel the delusion fostered by many foreign critics that English is a very inferior language. May's recipe is for the construction of a confectionery, with guns charged with actual powder, and a castle of pies, containing live frogs and birds. After giving directions as to the weight of the guns, he proceeds: "This done, to sweeten the stench of the powder let the ladies take the egg-shells full of sweet waters and throw them at each other. All danger being seemingly over, by this time you will suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies, when, lifting first the lid of one pie, out skip some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shriek; next after the other pie, whence come out the birds, who by a natural instinct, flying in the light will put out the candles; so that, what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause delight and pleasure to the whole company."

Business Is Business. Rev. Dr. Aked has always been known for his shrewdness, and has often been in trouble through expressing his opinions. Not very long ago he shocked many people by declaring that there was such a thing as too much zeal in religious matters. "The heathen never with our own people," he said, "does it do to advocate religion on mercenary grounds. For instance, I know a manufacturer who last Easter told all his hands that he would pay them if they went to church. The hands agreed, and a fine show they made. The manufacturer, scanning their ranks from his pew, swelled with joy and pride. But after the service one of the foremen approached him. 'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but the fellows want me to ask you if they come to church again to-night they get overtime?'"

Wanted White Man's Blood. Accounts have been received of a fierce attack on the London Missionary Society's station at Andhra Pradesh, by natives seeking the blood of white Christians to christen their new war canoes.

The administrator sent an expedition consisting of native constables, under a white officer, to arrest the leaders of the offending tribe. Owing to alleged disobedience to orders the constables fired, killing eight blacks. A rigorous enquiry into the entire affair has been ordered by the Australian Government.

Wanted Knowledge. Betty—What is the luckiest day to be born on? Jack—Can't say. I've only tried one.

Minard's Lintment cures Colds, etc.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Quakers on the Historical Position of Women in Society. At the annual meeting in England of the Society of Friends, the other day, it was decided to issue a statement on the historical position of women in the society.

This statement, which is the result of prolonged consideration by the standing committee of the society, expressly excludes any judgment on the question of the Parliamentary franchise. Its object is to embody a testimony, based on the experience of two hundred and sixty years of Quakerism, of the essential spiritual equality of men and women.

After dwelling on the historical evidence of the equality of man and woman throughout the history of the Society of Friends, the declaration is made that "in the home, in the Church, in the wider sphere of public life, the services rendered by women is recognized as having been of priceless worth; it is universally felt among us that, had their activities been fettered by artificial limitations, the loss to themselves and to the community would have been incalculable."

"Our experience," it is added, "leads us to believe that the place of woman in the life of the world is a larger one than has generally been allowed. Women are seeking in various ways to find their true sphere, and to make their distinctive contributions for the uplift of humanity. At the same time, many are fettered, and feel that they are denied the opportunity they seek. How can this opportunity be given? What is needed that all right thinking men and women should earnestly strive to discover the will of God in relation to this supremely important issue?"

Drink Under the Pulpit. Residents of Bellevue East in South Africa are enjoying a joke at the expense of a Presbyterian congregation whose church is situated not a thousand feet from that district. Temperance above all things has been preached in the church with unflinching insistence from the pulpit. Lately some people living in the neighborhood were interested in the fact that the church was a large number of Kafirs about the church in little knots and clusters, and at last someone—a trifle more curious than the rest—asked if there was not a native mission or chapel attached to the church. They did not believe it, so it became difficult to account for the presence of the natives, to whom one would hardly suppose a Presbyterian church for Europeans to be an object of particular interest or attraction.

No doubt the church officials were puzzled, and so they set to work to solve the mystery. The solution is alike tragic, humorous, and simple. While the evils of drink and the virtues of temperance were being thundered from the pulpit the divine was at all intents and purposes, standing over a native bar, for under the pulpit were found concealed dozens of bottles of liquor, apparently stored there by the prominent Kaffir boy in charge of the church.

Tennyson's Luck. The story of how Lord Tennyson won the Newdigate prize at Oxford is worth telling. Three examiners were selected to pass judgment on a large number of competitors' efforts, and the last of these to whom Tennyson's poem "Timbuctoo" was submitted, being of an indolent disposition and seeing what he took to be the letter "g," signifying "good," importance, value, and of the lines, affixed, without troubling to judge for himself the merits of the work, a similar mark of approval and thus secured for the future laureate the coveted prize. The same evening the three examiners met.

"Whatever," abruptly demanded he whose task it had been first to read the poem, "made you think so highly of young Tennyson's effort?" "Why," cried the others in unanimity of surprise, "we only followed your lead. You were forever marking the lines with 'g.'"

"A 'g'!" cried their colleague. "That wasn't a 'g'—that was a note of interrogation to signify that for the life of me I couldn't make out what the fellow meant."

Very Modest, Too. The following appeared a few days ago in the agony column of a London newspaper: "Of Epoch-Making Importance.—To someone who is Rich—I have a development, long desired and sought for, of enormous importance, value, and benefit to the nation and individually. It will enable the country to save probably \$500,000,000 annually, whilst it will yield some millions of pounds profits to us. I desire someone who is Rich to provide about \$125,000 for working capital to enable the results to be achieved, for a share of the profits. The advertiser is an able, experienced business man, forty years of age and unmarried, and therefore, can give his whole time to the matter. This is not a speculation, but a clear business proposition, the result of years of work."

King's Gallery of Honor. The King has expressed a desire to form a collection at Windsor Castle of portraits of the leading soldiers and sailors of his reign, and proposes to make a start in this direction by placing in position paintings of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, with probably Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher and Admiral Lord Chas. Boreas. In cases where paintings of those whose his Majesty desires to add to this collection are not available, it is understood he will give orders for such to be prepared, bearing the cost from his Privy Purse. This is a project, it is understood, the King has long had in mind, and it has been suggested that the Waterloo Chamber would be the most suitable apartment for the collection.

The Brand D'Idn't Matter. The mother of a St. Joseph (Mo.) tot gave her a nickel and said: "Run down to the grocery and get me 5 cents' worth of loose salt." At the store she proudly gave the order, but was told by the proprietor that he was entirely out of loose salt. Determined not to come home empty handed, the wife customer replied: "Well, then, I'll take a nickel's worth of the tight."—St. Louis Republic.

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Joker's Corner

A girl must be very, very intellectual if she does not know what another girl is on.

Some women are very dear; others are merely expensive.

"Father, this gallant young man rescued me from drowning." "So! He ain't quite so good-looking as the chap who saved you last summer, is he?"—Detroit "Free Press."

Teacher (to new pupil)—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?" Little Man—"For the same reason as the hen cross the road. Yer don't catch me with no puzzles."

"Some spells it one way and some spells it another," said the native, when asked how to spell Saskatchewan Creek. "and some spells it another, but in my judgment there ain't any correct way of spelling it."

"A tramp at the back door who has already eaten a piece of that pie I made yesterday wants to know if you can do anything for him?" Tell him, my dear, that I am a commission merchant, not a doctor.—Houston "Post."

A farmer riding on a certain railroad asked the conductor on a recent trip: "How often do you kill a man on this ere line?" "Just once," replied the conductor.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Once upon a time there were two rich men one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?" Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—"Which made the most!"—Boston "Transcript."

Little John often covets the bellows as a toy. One morning as his mother was using them to blow a lazy fire into flame, John stood by, eager to get his little hands on the bellows, and finally said, in his most obliging, "Mamma, if you are tired I will do your bellowing for you."

Robbie and Elsie were told that there were two apples on the table for them; being taught to consider each other first Bobbie said: "Take your choice, Elsie." "No," said Elsie, "you take your choice." Each kept on insisting that the other take first choice until finally Elsie broke the deadlock by taking the bigger apple. Instantly Bobbie's eyes flashed, and he exclaimed wrathfully, "Put that back and take your choice."

A judge in a western town had declared that he would stop the carrying of firearms on the street. Before him appeared for trial a tough youth charged with getting drunk and firing his revolver in a crowded street.

"Twenty dollars and costs," said the Magistrate. "But, your Honor," interposed counsel for the prisoner, "my client did not hit anybody."

"Why, you admit that he fired the gun?" "Yes, but he fired it into the air," explained the lawyer. "Twenty dollars and costs," repeated the judge. "He might have shot an angle."—Ladies Home Journal.

HOW THE WORLD SLEEPS. Most people sleep on their sides with the knees drawn up. Elephants always and horses commonly sleep standing up. Birds, with exception of owls and the hanging parrots of India, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back, and the beak thrust among the feathers between the wing and the body.

Storks, gulls, and other long-legged birds, sleep standing on one leg. Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting shoreward, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Sloths sleep hanging by their four feet, the head tucked in between their fore legs. Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together, and blanketed by their bushy tails. Hares, snakes, and fish with their eyes wide open.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids have a screen that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light for they sleep in the daytime.—Canadian Chameleon.

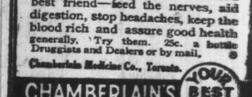
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Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a.m., 6.15 p.m. and 7.30 a.m. and from Truro at 6.45 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.25 noon, connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

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