

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'..."

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" 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.

Watching Over Girl Travellers

The lofty, spacious concourse of the railway station was humming with activity that afternoon. Travellers by hundreds and by thousands were passing through it to outgoing trains.

As dusk approached a young girl appeared from among several hundred passengers arriving by an incoming train—a girl apparently masquerading in a large, ill-fitting brown suit, which looked as if it might belong to her mother, but which evidently was new. She seemed to have difficulty in managing the long skirt to which she was unaccustomed.

For a moment she stood in the brilliantly lighted concourse, as if awed by its magnificence, and a little frightened at finding herself alone there in that swirling, hurrying crowd of men and women. Timidly she approached a big man in uniform and plucked up courage enough to say—

"Please direct me to a boarding house near the station, so I can meet my brother, who is coming on this train tomorrow."

The big man gave her a single glance, and then somehow his face softened, for he had long experience with all sorts and conditions of human nature.

"Certainly, lady," he said, "Come along with me and I will fix you up."

He led her across the concourse into a quiet waiting room, where he must have given a signal to somebody, for in a moment came to them a young woman, quietly dressed, who was very kind and on whose coat was fastened a pretty badge of metal bearing these words: "Agent of Travellers' Aid Society."

The tall usher touched his cap. "This child just came in on number 30 and so," he said, mentioning the train by which the girl had arrived.

"Thank you," said the agent. Then she turned to the girl and said smilingly: "Now, my dear, what can I do for you? That's my business, you know, to meet strangers here in the station, and help them in any way I can."

"I want to find a boarding place for the night, please. My brother is coming here by this same train tomorrow and I must meet him."

"Oh, that's easy," said the agent. "I know a very nice place within a few blocks, so we'll just go there and I'll see that you are well cared for."

Together they left the station, the young woman with the decisive air of one who well knew how to take care of herself and any one in her charge and the girl holding fast to the only luggage she carried—a basket, which later was found to contain her own little dress, her apron, some candy and a few trinkets such as only a child would think of buying. She stepped carefully, trying not to trip over her long skirt, as she went along with the young woman up a busy avenue for several blocks, then turning into a quieter street and finally entering a brownstone house, where the young traveler was given a nice room in the care of Travellers' Aid agents.

To the experienced woman in this brownstone house, which was the headquarters of the Travellers' Aid Society, the girl was evidently a runaway from home, and while efforts were made to ascertain her identity tact was used to avoid arousing her suspicion. She said her name was Lucy and that she was going to live in New York. She had come on ahead of her brother, who was to arrive the next day at a certain hour and she was to meet him in the station. The cheap jewelry she wore had been given to her

by her folks, she said.

So there she remained over night in the Travellers' Aid headquarters, while her father, hundreds of miles away, was telegraphing the police of half a dozen cities to search for her, while her mother was almost distracted, while relatives and friends were seeking some clue in every possible direction.

At the appointed hour the next day Lucy was taken to the railway station by a Travellers' Aid worker to meet her brother. Seeing the man she expected she felt the worker and went to talk with him. A few moments elapsed. Then, uttering a little cry, she rushed back to the Travellers' Aid representative, her eyes wide open with terror. Throwing herself into the young woman's arms she sobbed:

"Oh, I want my father! I want my father! But will he come so far? Will father come way down here to get me?"

The agent quieted the girl, assured her that her father would come, without doubt, and as quietly as possible took her back to headquarters. On the way Lucy told her she really was and where she came from and gave her father's name. Then the long distance telephone was set to work in headquarters. Only a few minutes elapsed before the father was at the other end of the connecting wire and was informed that Lucy was safe. He would take the next train for New York, he said.

While he was journeying to the city other questions were asked of Lucy and now she was willing to tell all. Without the knowledge of her father or mother she had stealthily read a good many novels. She came to forget that she was still a child of thirteen and, her head filled with trashy stories, imagined she was a grown woman and longed for a romantic love affair of her own.

At this critical juncture of her life she met by chance a young man who easily persuaded her to leave home and travel to New York, where he would meet her and show her the sights of the great city. This man did not dare bring her into the State of New York, for he evidently understood the provisions of criminal law covering such a proceeding, so he sent her on ahead, promising to follow the next day, as he did. Until she saw him in the railway terminal and spoke to him Lucy had no idea what her fate was to be. She was a different girl who went home with her father and she wore her own little dress.

Now that is a true story; one of thousands of instances handled by the Travellers' Aid Society, and its counterpart could be found over and over again in almost any city of the United States and Canada, where the work of protecting strangers, especially young girls and aged women, is carried on.

In addition to aiding travellers on their way the organization investigates the many and questionable inducements that cause parents to leave their homes in answer to advertisements and offers of employment, dangerous addresses and acquaintances. When necessary it assists girls and boys and women coming to the city to find respectable lodging houses, or when they are out of work or in distress otherwise helps them to return to their homes.

In the case of strangers coming to reside in the city the Travellers' Aid endeavors to help them get into communication with Protestant, Jewish or Catholic institutions or leaders, as the case may be, so that they may benefit socially, mentally and religiously, according to individual preference and habit. Furthermore, in the case of a stranger travelling to a city where no friends live the society will ascertain the individual's religious affiliation, if any or her social or intellectual inclination, and notify some well known person in that city, with the result that she will find at least one friend awaiting her arrival, even if she never before saw that friend.

An illustration of the need for this special form of protection is seen in the case of a pretty girl of 17 years, who was coming to this country to live with relatives in Kansas. She came across the ocean alone, and on the steamer met two men who were especially kind to her. The older one asked her to call him uncle, which she did as a matter of fun, and the younger man proposed marriage to her. They were so good to her and so considerate, that she allowed them to keep her money, lest it be stolen on the ship.

All was going happily for her until the ship arrived here, when several keen-eyed men, wearing the uniform of Government officials, sat down at a large table to look at a passenger after another, and asked certain questions before they landed. The young girl bound for Kansas was surprised when her "uncle" was unable to prove his identity, and the inspectors turned her over to the care of Travellers' Aid agents.

With one of these women she went down to the pier, where the younger man claimed her as his affianced wife, said he wished to marry her the next day, and meantime would take her to dinner. The Travellers' Aid agent had her attention temporarily attracted by several other girls who wanted advice, and when she looked around the girl had disappeared. Some one told her that two or three hotel runners had been heard to say:

"Whatever you do, get that girl! Instantly the Travellers' Aid work-

er ran to a telephone booth, notified quarters of the society, and asked for assistance. It was sent immediately, almost every agent in the building being rushed to the steamship pier to obtain a description of the missing girl. Then the agents spread out fanlike through that section of the city. Within sixty minutes the girl had been found and taken to headquarters.

Later she was put on a train for the West. As far as was necessary, the circumstances were explained to the conductor in the letter of instructions handed him, so that special care would be taken to prevent harm from reaching her. Word was telegraphed to Chicago, where the girl was met by agents of the Chicago organization, and through a chain of conductors and agents, at point after point, where she changed cars, this inexperienced girl finally reached her relatives in Kansas, who had received from New York by telegraph a description of the two men and of the peril she had escaped while being pursued by them.

In a large number of cases help is given simply because of misfortune. On one of the hottest days of last Summer a young man and his wife and two small children, exhausted, dirty, footsore, went to the headquarters of the society, then in East Forty-eight street. The father was carrying a very heavy suit case and one of the little children wearily trudged beside him, while the tired mother walked near by, loaded down with a smaller suit case and her baby.

When they got in the cool quiet office they sank into chairs and cried from sheer exhaustion. They lived away out in Michigan and had come east on a long planned vacation. All went well until they had started homeward, but while going from one railway station to another in New York their money and railway tickets had been lost or stolen. They knew nobody in the city; they did not have a nickel for carfare and they appealed to a policeman for advice. This was when they arrived at the Liberty street ferry and discovered their plight.

The policeman advised them to go to the Travellers' Aid Society and the little family set out in the broiling sun for a tramp of five miles long in mid-summer. Travellers' Aid agents took them to a home where they could stay temporarily and communicated with their friends out in Michigan, who at once sent on money to pay for transporting the four back home.

The policeman in this case made a mistake. He should have notified the officials in the ferry house, who would have telephoned headquarters, with the result that an agent would at once have been sent down town with sufficient funds to take the tired and hopeless little family up town by street car.

This work of protecting incoming travellers in New York was started in 1885. The idea is said to have originated with two old gentlemen, members of the Society of Friends, William Collins and Edward Prior. They had read in newspapers of the traps and snares set for ignorant, inexperienced girls who came to this city and decided that something must be done to offset the danger. In order to get the work under way they offered to pay the salary of a city missionary, whose sole work would be to meet and look after young girls coming into New York.

The work was then placed under the direction of the New York Bible and Fruit Mission, and Miss Etta Clark, a young woman with special adaptability, was chosen to do the actual work of meeting the girls. At about this time other cities began to engage in the work, here and abroad, London, Stockholm and Christiania doing it through the Young Women's Christian Association and its branches. By 1888 it had become well established in New York. Eventually Miss Dodge, who had become interested in the work, had her Travellers' Aid committee organized into the present Travellers' Aid Society.—New York "Sun."

CAN'T LOSE HAIR

Twenty Years From Today a Bald-headed Man Will Be An Unusual Sight.

One of the most prominent druggists of America made a statement a few weeks ago which has caused a great deal of discussion among scientists in the medical press.

He said: "If the new hair grower, Mildredina Hair Remedy, increases its sales as it has during the past year, it will be used by nearly every man, woman and child in America within eight years."

"When Mildredina Hair Remedy is used almost universally, dandruff will disappear and with its departure baldness, itching scalp, splitting hair and all scalp diseases will follow and twenty years from now a bald head will be a rarity."

There is only one way to cure dandruff, and that is to kill the germs. There is only one hair preparation that will kill the germs and that is Mildredina Hair Remedy. This unusual hair restorer with its record of thousands of cures will grow on any head where there is any life left; it will cure dandruff, stop falling hair and itching of the scalp in three weeks or money back.

It is the most pleasant and invigorating tonic, is not sticky, or greasy and is used extensively by ladies of refinement who desire to have and to keep their hair soft, lustrous and luxuriant. Fifty cents for a large bottle at druggists everywhere. Mail orders filled by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.



CURIOS HUNTING CUSTOM.

Courts of Southern India Go at It in a Ceremonious Way.

There is a curious hunting custom among the Courts of Southern India. When a hunt is arranged among the villagers they usually meet early in the morning at a prearranged spot where their dogs are put out for a Coorg custom, they all sit down at a table. Having rested, they proceed to discuss and decide which part of the surrounding jungle they are to beat. This being decided, the hunters station themselves at points of vantage and the beaters endeavor to drive the game, if any, towards them.

If before the hunt commences, any of the dogs lie down and rub their backs against the ground, it is considered a good omen and the hunters are sure of a "kill" in the jungle they are about to beat. On the conclusion of a successful hunt all the animals shot are brought together, beside a stream if possible, and up none of the hair being removed. First of all the head and thigh and a strip of meat from the best part is cut from each animal, these being the reward of those who shot the animals. Strips of flesh about a cubit long are cut out for those who first touched the animal after it was shot. Then the number of men and dogs are counted, and the remaining portion is cut up into small pieces as there are men and dogs, bitches among the dogs getting no share.

After this is done the distribution takes place. The "shooters" get their share first, then the "touchers," then the other hunters, and lastly the owners. A speech is made praising the successful shots and wishing them better luck next time. Those who were not lucky and did not fire when the game passed them (they still use the old muzzle-loaders) are censured, and now comes the curious part of the proceedings. Those unfortunate who fired but missed are made to stand in the centre of a circle of thorns and are flogged on their backs until they bleed! Though most of these men are independent, well-to-do farmers they submit to this torture because "it is the custom."

Pearls of Price.

There has lately been exhibited at a court Jew in Bond street, London, a striking collection of pearls. One magnificent rope is valued at no less than \$300,000, while for a single pearl-shaped drop, perfectly symmetrical, \$70,000 is asked. But probably the most exquisite article in the collection is a pair of earrings, made of extraordinary hue, the matching and gradation being superb. The cost of this article is \$170,000.

But the owners warn a would-be buyer that if one of the stones is lost it would be impossible to replace it with an exact duplicate. Black and pink pearls also found a place in the exhibition; whilst a pair of button-shaped earrings valued at \$40,000.

One of the representatives of the firm gives a word of advice upon the preservation and treatment of pearls. Upon no account, he said, should pearls be washed in water, or even in a safe or other dark place for lengthy periods, since such treatment soon causes them to lose their "life" and become dull.

If their fair owners find that for some reason or other they cannot wear their pearls, their garments they should make a point of wearing them underneath their dress, next to the skin. Constant contact with the human skin gives to the stones light, lustre, gloss and sheen. The best possible way to keep pearls in a perfect state of preservation, as well as to prolong their life, is to wear them always, both by night and by day.

Porcelain Ships. Liners of porcelain driven by petrol may one day oust the steam-driven vessels of the sea. The porcelain ship is the plan of W. Hales Turner, of Gravesend, a famous master potter. His scheme is that, apart from the sides and frame work, ships should be built of porcelain. After 40 years' labor and an expenditure of about \$500,000 it has been discovered how to manufacture plate porcelain at \$35 a ton in any size up to 15 by 10 feet.

Mr. Turner points out the advantages of the new material as regards cheapness, cleanliness and permanence. It is cheaper than any of its rivals, it harbors no vermin, it can be cleaned by washing, the decorations can be supplied at a low cost, and it will never need repainting. Such a ship could be "washed up" like a china cup.

Porcelain is practically everlasting. Tiles at Nankin 4,000 years old are as good as new.

Their First Meeting. Mr. Harry Furniss tells a funny story of a high legal dignitary, who, when Solicitor-General, had to appear before Queen Victoria to receive the honor of knighthood.

"What am I to do?" he asked nervously of the official at the door. "Knave, knave!"

Suiting the action to the word, he immediately fell on his knees, and, like the funny man at a child's tea party, propelled himself along the floor on his knees. Her late Majesty was overcome by laughter, all the more as when she retreated "the little man followed."

And yet the little man rose to the highest post in his profession, and stood by her Majesty's side as Lord Chancellor of England to read her address to the House of Lords.—London Globe.

Drinks Bill Falling. Sir Thomas P. Wittaker, M. P., is responsible for the statement that as much liquor per capita had been consumed last year as in 1874. It is Great Britain the national drink would have been \$430,000,000 great or than it actually was.

America heads the list with 66,663 post offices; Germany is second with 23,738; Russia with 18,000; France with 13,000, and Italy and Austria each with 9,500.

LAWLESS ALBANIA.

Blood Feud is a Recognized Usage in Balkan State.

The pluck of Prince William of Wied, who has been chosen by the Powers as the first sovereign of Albania, and who is now endeavoring to settle down at Durazzo, the capital, has aroused the admiration of Europe. No man was ever faced with a more stupendous task, for the Albanians have never known a King, and the most part the prince will and his subjects half-civilized mountaineers, frank to a friend, vindictive to an enemy, and every man a law unto himself.

The Albanians live in a perpetual state of anarchy. Even the peasant in the fields bristles with weapons, for he loves warfare and brigandage far better than cattle-rearing or agriculture—hence the poor cultivation of the soil.

He is always on guard against his enemies, and constantly seeking the blood of those who have done him an injury. In all parts of Albania the vendetta or blood feud is an established usage, and a man would be disgraced in the eyes of his friends and relatives if he did not kill an enemy who had injured him or any of those belonging to him. Delay in vengeance is held dishonorable. The man who will let years pass without killing his enemy becomes himself an outcast. Furthermore, till he has taken vengeance he cannot marry, or if he is married he may give neither his sons nor his daughters in marriage.

The first custom is promulgated by Prince William is to stamp out these blood feuds and endeavor to carry some semblance of law into the mountains. It is, however, an almost impossible task, for the duty of revenge is a sacred tradition handed down to successive generations in the family, village, and the tribe. The consequence is that neighbors, villages, and even the several quarters of the same town are constantly at war with one another.

A single case of homicide often leads to a series of similar crimes or to protracted warfare between neighboring families and communities. A murderer, as a rule, taken refuge in the mountains from the avenger of blood, or remain for years shut up in his house. The latter is, in many cases, like a fortress, the only windows of which are loopholes for rifles; and in these houses families sometimes of a hundred people live self-centred lives. Men have not left their houses for years, and food has to be brought into them by their friends. Others again have taken to flight after killing an enemy, and unable to sleep in their homes or to till their fields, exist by brigandage, the latter being regarded as quite a legitimate form of livelihood.

Sometimes a truce, either temporary or permanent, is arranged by the intervention of the clergy, and occasionally a general truce is proclaimed. Between conflicting parties the restoration of peace is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies. In some districts, however, there is a fixed price for blood, and a feud may be avoided if the homicide pays, by way of compensation to the relatives of his victim, sums ranging from \$50 to \$100, according to the district. Once a debt has been thus acquitted amicable relations are restored.

Curiously enough, although the Albanians are so lawless, they do not make war on women. In fact a woman may traverse a hostile district without fear or injury, and is often employed as an intermediary in the settlement of a feud.

Peculiarity of Snow. The water which will allow our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow, so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives "prefer" enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to relieve it by eating snow.

Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although if melted before entering the mouth it assumes a thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

The Diving Bell. The celebrated philosopher Aristotle speaks of a diving bell which was put over the head of the diver, but there is no proof of the use of the bell in ancient times. John Jaesler, who lived in the early part of the sixteenth century, makes the earliest mention of the practical use of the diving bell in Europe. In all probability the first real practical use of the diving bell was in the attempt at rescuing the treasure of the Spanish armada off the English coast, 1590 and on.

Fashion. There exists a strict relation between class of power and the exclusive and polished circles. The last are always filled or filled from the first. Fashion, though in a strange way, represents all many virtue. It is virtue gone to seed, a kind of posthumous honor, a hall of the past. Great men are not commonly in its halls. They are absent in the fields; they are working, not triumphing. Fashion is made up of their children.—Emerson.

One Point Gained. "Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor melodeon?" "No," she exclaimed it for a corner, "I'm glad to say."

"But, gracious, if she plays the cornet, that's worse, isn't it?" "Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."

Happiness. A happiness that is quite undisturbed becomes tiresome; we must have ups and downs.—Moliere.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM and similar ailments vanish.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills or Save Doctors' Bills.

Methods Adopted by Ouimet in Acquiring His Stroke. For my own part I never have tried to achieve distinction as a long hitter. To be successful in open competition a golfer necessarily must be able to hold his own fairly well in the matter of distance. But I have found it possible to do this to a reasonable degree by trying to cultivate a smooth stroke and timing it well.

Being of good height, almost six feet, and having a moderately full swing, my club gets a good sweep in its course toward the ball, so that the point I strive for is to have the club head moving at its maximum of speed at the moment of impact with the ball.

I know I could get greater distance than I do ordinarily, for now and then I do try to hit as hard and as far as I can, with additional yards resulting. These efforts, however, are made when there is nothing at stake and are merely a bit of experimenting. To make such extra efforts the rule rather than the exception would be the old story of sacrificing accuracy for distance. The minute a golfer begins doing that in competition he is "lost" or such is my belief.—Francis Ouimet in St. Nicholas.

ACCURACY IN GOLF. Methods Adopted by Ouimet in Acquiring His Stroke. For my own part I never have tried to achieve distinction as a long hitter. To be successful in open competition a golfer necessarily must be able to hold his own fairly well in the matter of distance. But I have found it possible to do this to a reasonable degree by trying to cultivate a smooth stroke and timing it well.

What Counts

It isn't the brains a man has in his head Or the skill that he has in his hands, It isn't the books he has studied or read, Or his fortune in money or land, That makes a man likable, lovable here, For many a miser is smart: It's not what a brother can do we hold dear, But just what he is in his heart.

It isn't the wonderful heights he has scaled, It isn't the medals he wears, It isn't the fact that by many he's hailed With applause for the deeds that he dares, That makes a man welcome wherever he goes, A leader, unarmoured and unparaded; For the thing men revere isn't glory that shows, But the glory that's hid in the heart.

The Two Little Boys

(By Grace G. Crowell.)

The good little boy and the bad little boy live in the house with me; But it is quite strange—I can look and look, Yet only one boy I see— Just one little boy with sparkling eyes, And the funniest pudgy nose, All brimful of life from the top of his head To the tips of ten stubby toes.

And yet there are two of him, I am sure, For one is a bad little boy, And I am so sorry that he lives here To bother me good little boy; Yes, pester and bother the good little boy, Till he sometimes drives him away; And the bad little boy is alone with me For the rest of the long, long day.

And I asked him to go for the good little boy, And bring him again to me; But I take him up and hold him close While I talk to him lovingly, And while I am talking he sometimes laughs, But often far he cries— And I see that the good little boy is back As I look in the bad boy's eyes.—Lutheran Observer.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Strengthen the Lungs. The first essential in the avoidance of tuberculosis of the lungs or consumption is to keep the lungs strong, so that if the germs are breathed they can do no harm. One of the most important things in keeping the lungs strong is to keep the chest wide open so that the lungs can be properly used. If the body is drooped or stoops, or if the shoulders are allowed to drag forward round shoulders, or if the head is carried forward instead of well back over the shoulders, the chest must be flattened, the breathing must be shallow, and the lungs, not being freely used, become weak. It is in this type of chest that tuberculosis usually begins. The consumptive is usually narrow chested, with drooped shoulders and with the head craned forward.

LIGHTING THE BIG CANAL.

There Will Be No Difficulty in Locating the Panama Channel. The lighting of the Panama canal will be an interesting feature of the great enterprise. The canal will be lighted throughout by automatic unattended lights, each having a distinct characteristic. At the entrances and through Gatun lake a double row of about sixty automatic acetylene lighted buoys will mark the channel. The channel will be defined further by powerful rapid flashing range lights, one set at either end of each successive tangent, thus permitting vessels going in either direction to take their range off the bow.

The center lines of each range are set far enough apart to enable the largest vessels to pass each other in comfort. Through Culebra cut, or wherever the proximity of the banks permits, beacons will be used instead of buoys. The sides of the canal channel will be marked by gas buoys about every mile, with intermediate spar buoys. Each gas buoy will consist of a cylindrical, floating, steel body, surmounted by a steel frame which supports a light and lens at a height of fifteen feet above water level.—Christian Science Monitor.

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FIRE INSURANCE

Insure your buildings in the OLD RELIABLE "NORTHERN" Established 1826 DALY & CORBETT, Provincial Agents HALIFAX, N. S. FRANK E. BATH, Local Agent Bridgetown

BOSTON & YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP CO., LTD

SUMMER SERVICE S. S. Prince Arthur and Prince George Six trips per week in each direction between Yarmouth and Boston. Leave Yarmouth daily except Sunday at 6.00 p.m. for Boston. Leave Boston daily except Sundays at 2.00 p.m. for Yarmouth.

Tickets and staterooms at Wharf Office A. E. WILLIAMS Yarmouth, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri. Time Table in effect June 22, 1914. Read down. 11.10 Lv. Middleton A.S. 11.38 \* Clarence 11.55 Bridgetown 12.23 Granville Centre 12.39 Granville Ferry 12.55 \* Karedale 13.15 An. Port Wade Lv. Read up. 15.45 15.17 15.01 14.36 14.23 14.05

\*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND D. A. RY. P. MOONEY General Freight and Passenger Agents

FIRE INSURANCE Insure your buildings in the OLD RELIABLE "NORTHERN" Established 1826 DALY & CORBETT, Provincial Agents HALIFAX, N. S. FRANK E. BATH, Local Agent Bridgetown May 24, 1913-14

Advertisement for Chamberlain's Tablets featuring an illustration of a man and the text: 'Here's A Friend Indeed. Constipation is the bane of old age—harsh cathartics aggravate, avoid them and use Chamberlain's Tablets...' CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after June 29th, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows: Express for Yarmouth...12.05 p.m. Bluebonnet for Yarmouth...1.03 p.m. Express for Halifax...2.00 p.m. Bluebonnet for Halifax...4.00 p.m. Express for Annapolis... Saturday only...7.53 p.m. Express for Halifax...Monday only...4.13 a.m. Accom. for Halifax...7.50 a.m. Accom. for Annapolis...6.05 p.m.

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a.m. 6.16 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. Cafe and Parlor Car service on Flying Bluebonnet trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "YAR-MOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m. leaves Digby 9.00 p.m., arrives in St. John about 4.15 p.m., S. S. "St. George" leaves St. John 12.00 noon, arrives Digby 2.15 p.m., leaves Digby 2.45 p.m., arrives St. John 5.00 p.m. "St. George" makes connection at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, daily, except Sunday. P. GIFFKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

TO ENGLAND BY THE S. S. "DIGBY"

Monthly sailings from Halifax, via St.