

HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-lives" Point the Way to Quick Relief

VERONA, Ont.
"I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in my Side and Back, caused by strains and heavy lifting. When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended 'Fruit-a-lives' to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them; and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your wonderful fruit medicine."

W. M. LAMPSON.
"Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c.—or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

TIME TABLE REVISED TO MONDAY, JULY 1st, 1918.

GOING WEST

Station	Express Daily	Mail Daily	Express Saturday only
Montreal	11:37 a.m.	6:00 a.m.	8:40 p.m.
Quebec	11:51 a.m.	6:25 a.m.	8:56 p.m.
Shedden	12:09 p.m.	6:40 a.m.	9:02 p.m.
Shedden	12:20 p.m.	7:00 a.m.	9:14 p.m.
Shedden	12:29 p.m.	7:45 a.m.	9:38 p.m.
Shedden	12:42 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	9:55 p.m.
Shedden	12:53 p.m.	8:45 a.m.	
Shedden	12:59 p.m.	8:55 a.m.	
Shedden	1:05 p.m.	9:10 a.m.	
Shedden	1:15 p.m.	9:25 a.m.	
Shedden	1:18 p.m.		
Shedden	1:22 p.m.	9:35 a.m.	
Shedden	1:37 p.m.	9:55 a.m.	

GOING EAST

Station	Express Daily	Mail Daily	Express Monday only
Shedden	12:30 p.m.	4:20 a.m.	
Shedden	12:45 p.m.	4:40 a.m.	
Shedden	12:49 p.m.		
Shedden	12:53 p.m.	4:55 a.m.	
Shedden	1:05 p.m.	5:10 a.m.	
Shedden	1:14 p.m.	5:25 a.m.	
Shedden	1:21 p.m.	5:35 a.m.	
Shedden	1:32 p.m.	5:50 a.m.	5:25 a.m.
Shedden	1:47 p.m.	6:29 a.m.	5:37 a.m.
Shedden	1:57 p.m.	6:44 a.m.	5:46 a.m.
Shedden	2:04 p.m.	7:05 a.m.	5:56 a.m.
Shedden	2:19 p.m.	7:40 a.m.	6:06 a.m.
Shedden	2:26 p.m.	8:00 a.m.	6:13 a.m.
Shedden	2:42 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	6:30 a.m.

W. A. CUNNINGHAM, General Passenger Agent.

GEO. E. GRAHAM, General Manager.

L. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom.	TIME TABLE	Accom.
Wednesdays only	IN EFFECT	Wednesdays only
Station	March 10, 1918	Station
Shedden	Read up	Shedden
Shedden	5:00 p.m.	Shedden
Shedden	4:28 p.m.	Shedden
Shedden	4:10 p.m.	Shedden
Shedden	3:43 p.m.	Shedden
Shedden	3:25 p.m.	Shedden
Shedden	3:05 p.m.	Shedden
Shedden	2:45 p.m.	Shedden

Connection at Middleton with all trains on H. & S. W. Railway and Dominion Atlantic Railway.

W. A. CUNNINGHAM, Div. F. & P. Agent.

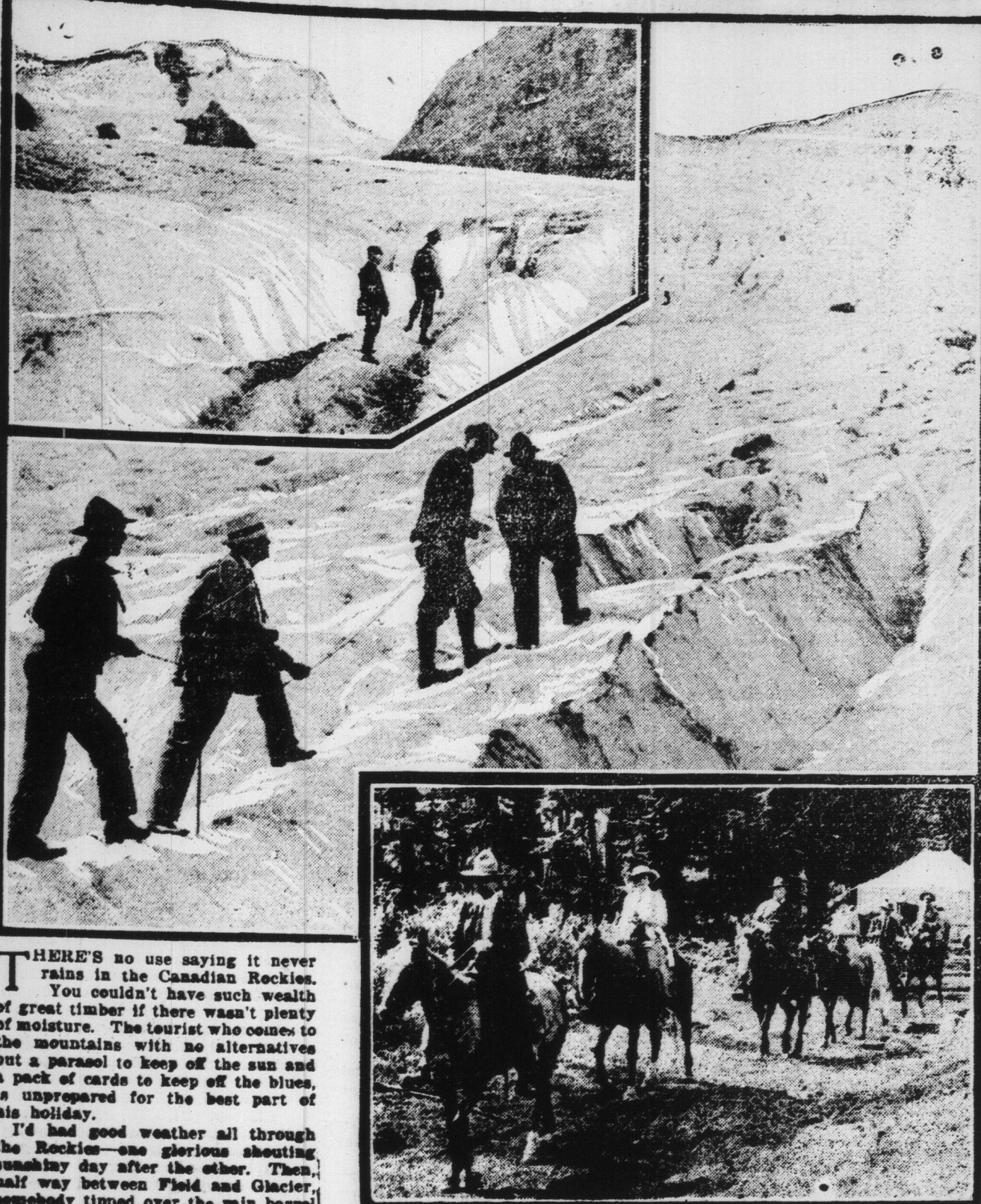
WAR-TIME SUMMER SCHOOL

At the urgent request of business men and others who cannot secure sufficient number of Maritime-trained assistants, our classes will be continued during July and August under the direction of our senior teachers.

Enroll any day at the
MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE
HALIFAX, N. S.
F. KATLBACH, C. A.

Eat less Bread

MOUNTAINS IN THE RAIN



THERE'S no use saying it never rains in the Canadian Rockies. You couldn't have such wealth of great timber if there wasn't plenty of moisture. The tourist who comes to the mountains with no alternatives but a parasol to keep off the sun and a pack of cards to keep off the blues, is unprepared for the best part of his holiday.

I'd had good weather all through the Rockies—one glorious sunny day after the other. Then, half way between Field and Glacier, somebody tipped over the rain barrel and when we reached Rogers Pass the combined tourist soul was a mighty sponge of woe.

In the pouring rain we got off at Glacier, did a swift dash for the hotel and stood around in mentally dripping and mournful groups gazing at the big log fires.

"Do you ever rent raincoats?" I asked the charming white-haired hostess. "I don't see why I should stay in and play patience, with all that waiting for me," and I waved a vague arm in the direction of Mount Sir Donald, who was probably chuckling or dancing or doing sacrilege behind the curtain of his seven cloud veils.

"Certainly," I was told, "you can get a raincoat in the curio tent."

In the curio tent they gave me a big black light rubber covered and a raincoat to match. I had thick shoes anyway—and that was all I needed to complete my costume. An umbrella would have spoiled the whole party. There's something fascinating in starting out to follow a trail that you've never seen before. It's like reading a serial story. But in the case of the path to the Great Glacier you see the last chapter first—clouds whipped in, frozen stiff and tumbling over the top of the world. That's the Illecillewaet, 3000 feet at the skyline, obligingly pushing its huge head down into the valley so that the tourist has only two short miles to go to be able to climb up and pat this prehistoric monster of the Glacial Period that purrs so tamely in the very backyard of the hotel.

Notice the strange white mud underfoot—ground rock brought down doubtless by old Illecillewaet himself in the days of his youth, when he filled the whole valley. Draw in lungfuls of the aromatic breath of

The illustrations show scenes amongst the Canadian Pacific Rockies.

millions of trees, yielding up their spices to the mist. The forest never smells like this on a dry day—wet cut wood of the bridges; giant fir, cedars, spruces; crumbling white rocks; the tossed glacial river; every fern and star-eyed flower. They all fairly swim in the rain and give out a most heady and thrilling perfume! Animals draw much of their knowledge of the world through their sense of smell, but it's the rare human who ever gets the sense to think with his nose. The path winds upward past big rocks covered with white-starred bunch berries, across unexpected bridges, by beckoning benches, till the trees thin out and grow smaller and the air freshens. It was clear, clean-washed, before. Now there's the snow thrill in it. The path bursts out of the trees into a region of tumbled boulders with mad little streams running hither and thither among them. Strange deep crimson flowers look shyly at you over the top of big shiny rocks, and the path is Irish-Gypsyier than ever, with its staccato turns and leaps.

At the head of it is the immensity of the blue-white glacier, with a swallow's nest hole in the side of it and to the left is a little white tent, with a Union Jack fluttering bravely in front of it. All this belongs to the Swiss guide, a big Newfoundland-dog sort of fellow who makes up in smiles what he lacks in English. You're his first tourist to-day. "Tea" says Christian, showing his white teeth flashingly. He has two tin cups of which one is half full. You're interrupted him. Now join him please. He cuts a slice of bread and you

butter it with his jackknife. Oh, certainly, strictly against the rules. But this isn't the hotel's affair. It's Christian's own little treat 'cause you were mountain-mad enough to come out in the rain. He loves you for it. You're a tourist after his own adventurous heart.

Tea over—yes, you took three slices, don't you remember, and two cups!—you and Christian go up the frozen grey-mud-covered steps to the very self of Greenland's icy mountain. There's the side door to the Glacial Period, that cave that Christian's own are cut out. He worked at it for a month.

The opening is as blue as ten August skies sizzling together. And yet when you go in, the cold catches you by the nose till you have to open your mouth to breathe! At the end of the cave is a Christmas tree on whose top there's another Union Jack in cold storage.

When you reach the outside world again—it's all pink for three crazy seconds! Don't ask me why. Something about complementary colors I suppose, but if you stop to reason it out you lose the Alice-in-Wonderland sensation.

There are five figures emerging from the trees away below the tumbled-boulder field. "Ah," says Christian, waving his hand and smiling as though you were the cavalry leader for sure, "they follow!"

You go home by the other-side-of-the-avenue-trail, a still lonelier way, with more moss, more bunchberries, more glad-to-be-aliveness than ever.

B. T.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE LONG ARM OF MERCY

By DR. FRANK CRANE

The Red Cross is the Long Arm of Mercy.

It is the Kindness of Mankind—organized.

In the Man is an Angel and a Devil, a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The Red Cross is the Good, aroused, energized to thwart the Bad.

It is the best antidote we know to the bane of war.

There are other Charities, more or less helpful. The Red Cross is the mightiest of all Charities, the Love and Pity of all men made supremely efficient.

If, as Emerson said, "sensible men and conscientious men all over the world are of one religion," "this is the expression of that religion."

The Red Cross is Humanity united in Service.

It asks no man's opinion; only his need.

Black or White, Friend or Foe, to the Red Cross there is no difference; it only asks: "WHO IS SUFFERING?" And to him it goes.

The Red Cross is so Efficient that Governments recognize it; so Pure in its purpose that whoever wishes well his fellow men, desires to help it; so Clean in its administration that the most suspicious can find no fault in it.

The Red Cross not only seeks to alleviate the cruelties of War; it is the expression of those human sentiments that some day will put an end to War.

It is the impulse of Love, striving to overcome the impulse of Hate.

It is Mercy's co-operation struggling against War's rivalries.

It is the one Society in which every Man, Woman and Child should be enrolled; for it knows no sects, no prejudices, no protesting opinion; the human being does not live that does not feel that the starving should be fed, the sick tended and the wounded healed.

Majestic and divine is this Long Arm of Mercy; it finds the fallen on the battlefield, it brings the nurse and the physician to the victim in the hospital; it leads the weeping orphan to a home; it feeds the starving, cares for the pest-smitten whom all others abandon, and pours the oil of Help and Pity into the bitter wounds of the World.

When a volcano has wrought desolation in Japan, or a Flood in China, or a Hurricane in Cuba, or a Famine in India, or a Plague in Italy, or ravaging Armies in Poland, Serbia or Belgium, there flies the Red Cross, the Angel of God whose fury of men cannot banish from the Earth; and to the Ends of the Earth, over all the ways of the Seven Seas, wherever is Human Misery, there is extended, to bless and to heal, its Long Arm of Mercy.

Nova Scotia's Red Cross campaign is from July 8th to 15th and \$250,000 is the amount needed for our boys "Over There." YOU WILL HELP!

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT, PROVINCIAL and MUNICIPAL BONDS.

Enquire for our July Booklet offering attractive investments.

A. M. JACK & SON, Halifax

Investment Securities

Correspondents of
A. E. AMES & CO.
Toronto, Montreal, New York

Established 1889

Patronize MONITOR Advertisers

The Lonesome Folks Back Home.

They are lonesome tonight, the folks back home, For the boy who is "Over There," And their eyes grow dim, as they fill with tears, When they see his vacant chair.

Ah! they were proud when he marched away, Looking so brave and tall, Ready and eager to do his bit, As he answered his country's call. But they're lonesome tonight, the folks back home, For the boy who is "Over There."

They would not have him stay away When the call to the colors came, No! had they fifty more, they say, They would want them to do the same. Indeed, they would go themselves if they could, His trials and dangers to share. But they're lonesome tonight, the folks back home, For the boy who is "Over There."

They are praying tonight, the folks back home, For the boy who is "Over There," And many a lad, as he faces the foe, Is encompassed about far more than he knows.

By a mother's prayers to the God above, Who is Mercy and Justice and Infinite Love, For the God of the lonesome folks back home, Is the same God "Over There."

With the dealer in second hand goods it is never too late to mend.

Don't think that because a corporation has no soul it is on its uppers.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

LEMON JUICE IS FRECKLE REMOVER

Girls! Make This Cheap Beauty Lotion to Clear and Whiten Your Skin

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

True friends should be selected because of the good looks they haven't got.

An old bachelor says that widows are the only second hand things that sell at par.

RHEUMATISM ARRESTED

Many people suffer with lame muscles and stiffened joints because blood impurities have invaded the system and caused rheumatism.

To arrest rheumatism it is quite as important to improve your general health as to purify your blood, and the cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is nature's great blood-maker, while its medicinal nourishment strengthens the organs to expel the impurities and rebuild your strength. Try it.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Why He Gave Up English

An intelligent Frenchman was studying the English language.

"When I discovered that if I was quick I was fast," said he, "that if I was tied I was fast, and if I spent too freely I was fast, I was discouraged."

"But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one prize,' I was tempted to give up trying to learn English."

An Odd Accident.

At Springfield Mass., Saturday, between \$150,000 and \$200,000 damage was done to the store of the J. S. Bailey Co., when a hydrant, in front of the store was broken off by a skidding automobile and for a half hour all three storeys of the building were flooded by the resulting geyser. The side walk was undermined and steps will be taken to determine whether the building was weakened.

The average man appreciates his wife's temper so much that he doesn't like to have her lose it.

A gratuitous falsehood is probably one that gives itself away.

Dignity may stoop to conquer, but it never grovels in the dust.

The difference between sea and saw is intense.

A wise man never considers a woman's age.