

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

WILMINGTON, ONT., JUNE 20th, 1913. "I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'...

PARISIAN BEGGARS.

Some Reasons Who Study the Weak Points of Their Victims. An accomplished mendicant...

There is a common saying in France that giving alms brings good fortune...

A similar scene may be witnessed at the Hotel de Ville on the days of examination for certificate of ability for teaching...

The relief-and paintings on the walls of the tombs and temples of the Egyptians show that that race of people were thick and elegant headresses...

WIGS, HOODS AND CAPS.

Shapes, Colors and Significance of Old Egyptian Headgear.

The relief-and paintings on the walls of the tombs and temples of the Egyptians show that that race of people were thick and elegant headresses...

The largest were cupola shaped, and their use was probably confined, as he further says, "to those of royal blood."

The newspaper said that Alfred Quigg, a clerk in the Kinticum National bank of New York city, had absconded with \$10,000 of the bank's funds...

A Reason for Tears. An amusing story about Dr. Archibald Pitcairne, the physician, Jacobite and scholar...

Census Reports Take Time. Each United States census report represents a compilation of statistics for the entire country...

Kangaroo Tendons. In Australia kangaroo farming is an important industry. The hides are valuable, and the tendons extremely fine...

The Lilbridge Scandal

A Mistake in the Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Miss Tabitha Way scuttled across the street and entered the gate of her nearest neighbor, Fenella Mason.

"Fenny, what do you think?" she gasped as she sank into a chair. Fenella Mason lifted her little brown eyes from the molasses cookies she was rolling out and spoke calmly:

"What if I be?" snapped Tabitha, mopping her face with a corner of her white apron in lieu of a pocket handkerchief.

"Makes you look so uncomfortable," remarked Fenny casually as she knelt before the stove to put a pan of cookies in the oven.

"You never asked me any such thing," retorted Fenny over her shoulder. "You asked me what I thought, and I told you I thought you looked all bet up, so there?"

"I declare, Fenny Mason, you sit the greatest critter," Tabitha said. "You won't listen all you get good and ready, so I'm just going to set right here until you say you're ready to hear about the scandal."

"Scandal!" shrieked Fenny, sitting up straight in her chair, with open mouth. "Why didn't you say so before? I thought you'd come to tell me about the new twins down at Black Hannah's, and I heard all about that from the milkman."

"Well, I never!" gasped Tabby, for this was news to her. "Boys or girls?" "Girls."

"I wonder what Hannah's going to name 'em?" "They're all named—Magnolia and Perigolia."

"The idea! Now, for the news, I'll bet you haven't heard about Deacon Quigg's son."

"Not Alfred?" "Yes, ma'am! He's robbed a bank!" "No!" shrieked Fenny, for she was second cousin to the Quiggs and felt

"What in tarantula pumpkins is the matter with you, Fenny?" he asked testily. "Locked up here tight as a drum! You old minks air the confoundest critters! You act as if a hull regiment of marauding men was breaking into the house and eloping with you! Have you seen Alfred?"

"Alfred?" gasped Fenella. "Alfred?" echoed Tabitha. "Yes, Alfred!" barked the deacon, flinging his cap down on the table. "We had a telegram from him saying he'd just got back from Patagonia. You know he went as first mate on a freight steamer. Station master on the 11 o'clock train this morning and some body around the yard waiting to break into the house and elope with you! Have you seen Alfred?"

"Up in the loft room closet," said Fenella faintly. "Why?" thundered the deacon. "It was Tabitha who told him of the news of the bank robbery and how Alfred Quigg, scapgrace son of Deacon Quigg of Lilbridge, had become an absconder and that the detectives were close on his trail."

"Bosh!" snorted the deacon when Tabby had concluded her tale. "I read that rubbish in the paper myself. Name was Tweigg, not Quigg, and 'twasn't the Lilbridge in Connecticut. Where's my Alfred—the best sailor boy in the whole world?"

He stamped upstairs, and the two chagrined women heard him arguing with Alfred. They talked for a long time, and at last they heard the sound of muffled laughter.

When father and son came downstairs their eyes were twinkling. "Come over to the house tonight, girls," said the deacon pleasantly. "We're going to have a little house-warming for Alfred, and he's got some little presents from furrin' parts for each of you. I declare, from what Alfred tells me, he ain't forgot one of his old friends."

Fenella. "I've got something important to tell you." "Thanks," said Alfred, going round to the screen door and letting himself inside.

As he stood there hat in hand, smiling good naturedly around at the familiar old fashioned room, he was startled at the actions of the two good spinsters whose earnest gossip he had interrupted.

Fenella flew to the door through which he had just entered and slammed it tight shut and locked it. Tabby pulled down the window sash, locked it and pulled the shade to the sill. Then from window to window of the little house flew the two women, pulling down shades and drawing curtains until from without the place looked deserted.

"What's up?" demanded Alfred Quigg when they rushed breathlessly back to the kitchen and caught him by either arm.

"They're coming, Alfred, and you must hide," warned Fenella. "Remember, Tabby and I don't believe a word of it, but you don't want to be caught. Remember your poor parents. You just hide until the whole blows over, and then we'll know what to do. I'm so thankful you came to my house first. You will be safe here. No one would dream of looking for you in Fenella Mason's house. Come!"

So, half explaining, they dragged the bewildered young man up the narrow back staircase to the little closet in the loft room over the kitchen. Here they locked him in, confident that he could not suffocate, for the tiny diamond shaped ventilator would let in sufficient air.

"They're a pair of crazy loons, and I may as well let them have their own way until dark," decided Alfred when his indignation had cooled. "Then I can push out of this place and go home."

It was drawing toward sunset, and Fenella Mason and Tabby Way still sat in Fenella's kitchen discussing the fugitive concealed in the loft room closet.

"They had been up there once and handed Alfred a well laden tray of food, for which he had given them scanty thanks."

"I'm glad he came here first," Fenella was saying for the hundredth time that afternoon when there came a thundering knock at the kitchen door. "It's them!" hissed Tabby.

Fenella went to the door and peeped through an opening in the shade. "That's no one but Alfred's pa, the deacon," she whispered. "Guess I better let him in."

She cautiously opened the door and permitted the amazed old man to enter the darkened room.

"What in tarantula pumpkins is the matter with you, Fenny?" he asked testily. "Locked up here tight as a drum! You old minks air the confoundest critters! You act as if a hull regiment of marauding men was breaking into the house and eloping with you! Have you seen Alfred?"

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"I told you it couldn't have been our Alfred," she said proudly. "You was in a mighty hurry to hide him just the same," retorted Tabitha. "Still," she added hopefully, "if there hadn't been a mistake in the name it might have been him after all!"

Baby Cupid.

A Crisis Which Was Successfully Passed by His Aid.

By LITTELL McCLUNG.

Mrs. Kenton repulsed his seriousness with a flirtatious laugh. "Let's see! Why, you've known me only a month," the pretty widow objected. "You've never even seen the rest of the family!"

"You mean Henry?" he said. "Of course I mean Henry!" she exclaimed. "Who else could I mean? The very idea of your starting to propose to me, Mr. Barton, without ever having seen Henry. The man who loves me must love him too. He must think that Henry is the handsomest, sweetest little fellow in the world."

"Oh, you don't realize what such a baby as Henry means to a young mother. He is her joy, her hope, her life, Mr. Barton. The man she loves must share her feelings about her child. You understand, don't you?"

"But how am I to share your love for the child—how am I ever to meet him—if you don't give me the chance?" he demanded. "I call in the evening, and the nurse is just putting him to bed. I stop by in the afternoon, and you and Henry have gone out for a ride."

"Something always happens to keep Henry out of my sight. I've about come to believe that he is a myth, a prattling phantom that willfully eludes me."

"How can you, Mr. Barton, use the word 'prattling' when speaking of Henry?" she demanded, trying to keep a serious face. "The little dear doesn't prattle—he talks!"

"Indeed!" he exclaimed. "I hardly thought he was old enough to—"

"Certainly he's old enough," she interrupted. "He can say 'mamma' just beautifully, and at present I'm concentrating my energies on getting him to say 'dear mamma' and 'nursie' and other necessary words."

The light of inspiration flashed over James Barton's face. "Why don't you teach him my name?" he asked eagerly. "It's very easy—just Jim, you know. Then when Henry and I do get acquainted we'll start on terms of friendship without any preliminaries."

"Oh, what an idea!" she cooed. "Why, of course Henry shall be taught to say—Jim."

Barton noticed with a thrill the blush that tinged her cheek even as her tongue hesitated at the name. "Well, when shall I see him?" he asked. "Let me make an engagement with you and Henry."

"Let me see. This is the 20th, isn't it?" she mused. "Well, on the 1st of next month, in the afternoon, the Young Mothers' club meets at my house. You can come around then and have tea with us. Henry will be wearing his best frock in your honor."

"Fine and dandy!" declared Barton as he lifted his hat in farewell. "I'll be on hand, Mrs. Kenton, you may be sure."

On the eventful afternoon Barton came, as he had said, a smile of confidence lighting his face—a smile that, alas, faded as quickly as the blush of a debutante.

Mrs. Kenton greeted him with a warm hand clasp, and the next moment he found himself in a drawing room filled with young women. He was the only man in sight, and his hands trembled as the rapid tire introductions began.

But he faced, like a hero, the chorus of "Oh!" "Delighted!" and "How charming!" and came through with face unflushed.

Tea was served, and the meeting gave promise of passing off pleasantly enough. But the blow fell when the president, a middle-aged woman with a twinkle of humor in her eye, arose for the first formal announcement.

NO ALUM

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

He realized full well that, while it all might be a huge joke with the mothers, for him it was about the most serious moment of his life.

"If I miss giving the ribbon to Beth Kenton's baby the chances are she'll never speak to me again," he muttered. "I know hers is the prettiest, but how under the sun am I to know which is hers? Babies all look pretty much alike to me!"

With the slip of ribbon clutched between his trembling fingers he began to scan intently, hopefully, one by one, the faces of the babies. He found no distinguishing marks on the first three, but at the fourth he hesitated, and his breath came faster.

Surely those large, inquiring blue eyes were the eyes of Mrs. Kenton, and of a certainty that delicate, finely chiseled little nose was very like the nose of Mrs. Kenton.

"Here's where I win hands down!" he breathed, stifling his conscience. "I don't care a rap whether this chap is really the best looking or not—he gets the prize."

He reached out his arms toward the child, when a voice behind stopped him. "Jim-Jim-Jim-Jim—ma-ma!"

It was certainly his name as plain as accents could get it. He turned to behold a lively tot pawing the air with his chubby hands.

"Jim-Jim-ma-ma!" the baby cried, delighted at being noticed.

With one swoop Barton grabbed the child, for the first glance told him beyond doubt that this was Mrs. Kenton's baby. With the youngster in his arms he rushed down the stairs and broke in upon the startled young mothers.

"Ladies," he exclaimed triumphantly, "I pick this child as the prettiest of all!"

"Oh, you dear, dear man!" whispered the hostess, taking the baby into her arms and kissing him energetically.

But Barton did not answer until all the other mothers had gone. Then he said the thing most natural.

"Don't you think your boy might be taught to say 'papa'?" he asked, with more sincerity than humor in his voice. "Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Kenton, smiling happily. "Come, Henry," she coaxed, "say 'papa' for mamma, won't you?"

But Henry only cooed "Jim-Jim-ma-ma-Jim."

Leaving it to the Pitcher. Not in ten years has Christy Mathewson been taken out of the box by McGraw unless possibly under some condition where strategy demanded a pinch hitter or a man batting from the other side of the plate or a speedy base runner. This may surprise 1,000,000 or more fans. Box scores may be produced to dispute it. But that is a case where the box scores are wrong.

When Matty comes out he takes him right and is not ashamed to admit it, and McGraw leaves it to him. Many a time he has been known gently to lay the ball on the ground when he felt he could not be effective and facetiously call to some comrade on the bench:

"Come out here and finish this job. It's too large for me." And then, as a parting shot to the grinning batsman at the plate, "I'll be right here tomorrow, and the first time you come up you'll breeze."

For Headaches Here's the Reason and the Cure

Most people at some time or another suffer from headaches—disordered stomach, liver or bowels in the cause—any one can be cured—one woman says: Chamberlain's Tablets did more for me than I ever dared hope for—cured headaches—biliousness—and toned up my whole system—I feel like a new woman. No case too hard for these little red health restorers. 25c. a bottle. Druggists and Dealers, or by Mail.

Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto



What his wife said: "Lovely, dear, lovely! But I think those sheep look too much like clouds—that is—of course—darling—unless they are clouds."

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite a famous scientist at a dinner one evening not long ago. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned toward the scholar.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Jones," he drawled, "I passed your house this morning."

"Thank you," said Jones quietly. "Thank you very much."—Harper's Magazine.

"Pat," said the doctor, "your case is a very peculiar and baffling one, and if you'll agree, I'd like to call in another physician. Two heads are better than one, you know."

"Oh, agree," returned the willing patient. "Sure, 'thel'ly must be worth seein'. Bring in the doctor with the two heads!"

The afternoon was warm, holidays were approaching, and the teacher was almost worn out trying to drum the elements of grammar into the cranium of her pupils.

"Now, Johnny," she said wearily, "tell me—would it be proper for you to say: 'You can't learn me nothing!'"

Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied in a tone of conviction: "Yes, mum."

The teacher sighed. "Why, Johnny?" she asked. "Tell me why."

And the answer came quick and pat: "Cause yer can't."—St. Paul Dispatch.

A Canadian who has just been to New York on a pleasure jaunt tells an amusing little incident of Gotham's amusement life.

He went to the Carnegie Lyceum. It's a big place, with several different entertainments going on at the same time in various parts of the building. On this particular day they had moving pictures of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" on the ground floor and an orchestra concert upstairs. High-brow music lovers and patrons of the movies would have got all mixed up in looking for their respective places of entertainment if it had not been for a big-voiced negro porter, who stood at the stairs to announce in stentorian tones:

"Dis way to de Symphony Concert, Less Miserable downstairs."—Canadian Courier.

Little Sammy was generally at loggerheads with his father, who had a habit of using his razor strap in a way that was not in accordance with Sammy's views.

One morning, after the razor strap had been more than usually busy, Sammy's mother went out into the field to look for her much-stropped child.

To her intense astonishment she found him fondling a huge goat for which he usually professed a deep hatred.

"Why, Sammy darling, it is nice to see you being so kind to poor Billy! Why are you being so gentle with him to-day?"

Over Sammy's face came a look of un-speakable gratitude as he gave the wondering goat another carot.

"He butted father into the pond this morning!" murmured the dear little chap, patting his four-footed friend affectionately.—New York Mail.

Kidneys Wrong?

If they are you are in danger. When through weakness or disease the kidneys fail to filter the impurities from the blood, trouble comes at once. Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Gall Stones and the deadly Bright's Disease are some of the results of neglected kidneys. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills contain a most effective diuretic which strengthens and stimulates the kidneys so that they do their work thoroughly and well. Try

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

To secure to the laborer the full product of his labor or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any government.

Lincoln.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

On and after June 29th, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows:

Express for Yarmouth.....12.09 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.....1.13 a.m. Monday only.....1.13 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 6.44 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 1.00 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. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

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H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri. Time Table in effect June 22, 1914. Stations. Read up. Lv. Middleton Av. 15.45. \*Clarence 15.17. Bridgetown 15.01. Granville Ferry 14.36. Granville Ferry 14.21. \*Karedale 14.05. Ab. Port Wade Lv. 13.45.

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May 24, 1913-1y