

TO BENEFIT OTHER SUFFERERS

You May Publish My Letter About "Fruit-a-tives"

Mr. Jones is proud to acknowledge the great debt of gratitude he owes "Fruit-a-tives". He is glad to have his letter published in order that other sufferers may be induced to try these wonderful tablets made of fruit juices.

SARNIA, ONT., FEB. 5th, 1911
"I have been a sufferer for the past 25 years with Constipation, Indigestion and Catarrh of the Stomach. I tried many remedies and many doctors, but derived no benefit whatever. Finally, I read an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives". I decided to give "Fruit-a-tives" a trial and they did exactly what was claimed for them. I have now taken them for some time and find they are the only remedy that does me good. I have recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to a great many of my friends, and I cannot praise these fruit tablets too highly."

PAUL J. JONES.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

TWENTY MILLION CO-OPERATORS

(London Morning Post.)
No one who is accustomed to mark the trend and significance of events will, we are sure, be disposed to dispute that the Ninth International Co-operative Congress, which met at Glasgow, is a very considerable event. The congress has grown in less than twenty years to represent over twenty millions of members, belonging to 130,000 co-operative societies in twenty-four different countries. The movement which it stands for is therefore, one which cannot be left out of account in any survey of social and industrial progress.

Delegates were present from all parts of the world. France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland each sent one hundred co-operative delegates, and Great Britain was represented by over three hundred; the United States, Russia, Holland, Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, the Balkans and Rumania sent a number of co-operators, and it was expected that India and Japan would do so during the progress of the meetings.

HIS INCOME.

There was a certain well known singer in London many years ago who in the pride of his heart greatly exaggerated to the tax collector his own assessment. "The fact is," he afterward confessed to the commissioners, "I have not 1,000 pence of certain income." "But are you not stage manager to the opera house?" "Yes, but there is no salary attached to it." "But you teach?" "Yes, but I have no pupils." "Then you are a concert singer?" "True, but I have engagements." "At all events you have a very good salary at Drury Lane?" "A very good salary, but these circumstances the tax was remitted."

CAN A MAN FORGET HIS MOTHER?

(By R. Walter Wright)

Can a man forget his mother? Well I shouldn't think he could. "Less he can forget his childhood and almost everything that's good." When I waken in the morning, it is almost as though I were just waking up from a dream. Just to wander back half-dreaming to my little baby cot. When I get up and am dressing for to take of work my share, I think of how my face she washed and how she combed my hair; How she used to sit up evenings when we boys to bed had gone, Mending up our coats and trousers, sewing lots of buttons on.

When I meet the laughing children with their bags and boxes full, I most always think of mother, how she fixed me up for school; How she packed my dinner basket, put in good things on the sly, With the usual bread and butter and the piece of apple pie. Home at night, can I forget it? Never been so hungry since. O, the plate of warmed potatoes, the big huns, the tarts of mine; I'd give now at the great ban net, every puff, icy cake, For the cookies with the caraways mother used to make.

When night came and eyes were blinking, mother said, "It's time for bed."

Often had some queer ideas running through my sleepy head; At her knees when I was saying, "Now I lay me down to sleep," Where did God, I used to wonder, put our souls at night to sleep? Didn't feel a bit like dying, "For I should die before I wake," But I somehow felt contented when I said "For Jesus sake."

Not a worry buzzing round me, not a scheme in my brain to spin, Just slid softly off to dreamland when my mother tucked me in. Went to church all fixed up—mother said you hardly could have guessed who I was, but I felt rather awkward in my Sunday best. Then she taught us our School verses and I thought it quite a feat. When I knew the Ten Commandments, and the "Postles' Creed could be said."

Good things she was always saying in her wise and homely way, "Don't spend all your money, lay up something for a rainy day," Still they stick like burns, her proverbs, "Good friends must not be forgot," "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," "Strike the iron while it's hot."

How she hated whiskey bottles, "Just as soon," the words I hear, "Have old Satan in the cellar as a keg of wine or beer."

Swearing roused her as an insult to her Father, God of all; Still, about an oath there's something makes my very flesh to crawl. Felt I was an Ananias if I yielded to a lie. Always seems than be dishonest, it is better far to die. Can a man forget his mother? I should hardly think he can. "Less he can forget most all things that have made of him a man."

When you have a bad cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to cure it with as little delay as possible. Here is a druggist's opinion: "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for fifteen years," says Enos Lollar of Saratoga, Ind., "and consider it the best on the market." For sale by all dealers.

"I MUST CUT OUT CIGARETTES"

It was at an amateur athletic meet. A young man who entered for the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard hurdles and the quarter mile, came to chat with a group of friends in the grandstand.

He pointed out the stars, and told who would be likely to win some of the events in which he was not a competitor. Then came the call for the first heat of the 100-yard dash, and he, with four other men, went up the track to the starting line.

He wasn't "placed." As the flying men passed that little bunch of his friends in the stand, he was seen to lose his stride, to weaken for a moment. In that moment the race was lost.

"What was the matter with you when you went by here?" It was one of his friends speaking, as the athlete came slowly toward them, five minutes later.

And this was his answer, "Cigarettes," he said. "By the time I had gone fifty yards I knew my lungs couldn't do it. I could feel the cigarette 'goneness.' And I lost ground because my mind was bad. I've got to cut out cigarettes."

To many a boy that incident should preach its own sermon. It is true on the track and the diamond, on the gridiron and the river, in the gym and on the courts—the young man who would succeed athletically must cut out cigarettes.

And that is only the beginning. Success in athletics is a great thing, but there are other contests, other tests of stamina and strength. No young fellow can meet them with confidence unless he will cut out cigarettes.

There are arguments a-plenty of nobler sort against cigarettes, arguments that appeal to manhood and a manly self-respect. But, even reckoning only low-level motives, and desire to win, the longing for applause, and rewards of prowess, there are no two opinions possible. — Epworth Herald.

If you have young children you have perhaps noticed that disorders of the stomach are their most common ailment. To correct this you will find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets excellent. They are easy and pleasant to take, and mild and gentle in effect. For sale by all dealers.

SO SHERIDAN PAID.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist and orator, was always in pecuniary straits, and constantly besieged by the creditors. A creditor came into his room one day, and found him seated before a table on which was a heap of gold and notes.

"There is no use in looking at that, my good fellow," said he to the visitor. "That is all bespoken for debts of honor."

"Very well," replied the tradesman tearing up his security and throwing it into the fire, "now mine is a debt of honor, too."

"So it is, and must be paid at once," said Sheridan, and he handed him the money without further demur.



The Home

SORE THROAT.

At the slightest indisposition a child's throat should be examined immediately. Most mothers have some difficulty in doing this and will find the following method a help: Take a large silver spoon and hold it back of a candle with the inner surface turned toward the light. This combination placed before the open mouth of the child will enable you to reflect a strong light in the throat and ascertain its condition with absolute certainty.

CLEVER PATCHING.

Sometimes a shirt that is good everywhere else will have a small hole on each side of the front, below the neckband where the points of the collar come. To mend these places almost invisibly, try this plan: Cut a piece from the lower part of the shirt and dip into the cold starch you are using for the cuffs, lay it over the holes, matching the figures carefully, and pass the iron over it. The patches must be renewed every time the shirt is washed, of course, but put on in this manner they are much less noticeable than when sewed on.

NURSING MOTHER.

The strain and effort required to nurse a rapidly growing child require something more than the ordinary three meals a day to retain a standard of health sufficiently great to maintain the mother's body in that healthy condition required to impart happy, robust health to her baby. She must not allow herself to run down, and as alcoholic stimulants are forbidden, so also are strong tea and coffee. She will have to restrict herself for a lunch between meals to milk, if it is tolerated, milk gurnels or a cupful of one of the prepared foods made with milk and flavored with cocoa, if desired. She must take care not to drink so much as to impair her appetite for the regular meals.

PUTTING AWAY CLOTHING

Caring for your clothes is true economy. Even the cheaper grades of clothing wear longer and look better if you take care of them. This care applies especially to the packing away of your clothing for the different seasons. It is not a costly task, and you need neither cedar chests nor moth-proof bags. Tissue paper, plenty of newspapers (moths abhor newspapers) and large pasteboard boxes are all that is needed.

The large boxes which hold underwear at the department stores are the best and most durable. Failing these use those sent out by coat and suit houses. They will not occupy as much space as you fear. If you do not have an attic in which to store them, the boxes may be put on a shelf in the closet or they may be placed in two stacks on the floor.

It will be a great satisfaction if like articles are grouped together and the contents of the boxes marked on the outside. Anything wanted can then be easily found.

HOW TO MAKE A BREAD POULTICE.

Some skill and practice are required to make a good bread poultice for it is apt to become heavy, lumpy, and sloppy, or dry, hard and sticky. The best way is to get a sufficient supply of breadcrumbs, then stir them into the boiling water, stirring and beating them all the time exactly as one does linseed meal. Then cover it up with a plate or saucer, and leave it by the fire, or, better, still, over a kettle of boiling water, for about five minutes, to give it time to swell; then spread it on clean linen, dipping the knife or spatula into hot water to prevent sticking. Turn up the margin of the linen in the usual way, and apply to the inflamed part, putting the bread next the skin. A little grease spread over first will prevent sticking, because bread has a tendency to stick, and it hurts very much if dry, hard little bits have to be picked off the edges of a wound. It will save time if a sufficient supply is made for two or three poultices, as the preparation does not spoil (unless it is allowed to go sour), and it can easily be warmed afresh over a kettle of boiling water.

THE LITTLE DEVOTTEE.

Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, the famous Harvard psychologist, was talking about Christian Science and in the midst of a profound and brilliant analysis of the cult he paused to tell an anecdote.

"The children of vegetarians," he said, "loathe meat, which they call graveyard fruit; and the children of Christian Scientists are more convinced devotees than the parents themselves."

"There's a little Boston urchin named Mary, an urchin of five years, who is a Christian Scientist to the marrow."

"Mary fell one day and barked her skin, and, rubbing the hurt with her hand, she began to cry. Her aunt, an unbeliever, happened along at this moment. The aunt was mindful of Mary's faith and of those contradictory tears, and with a mocking smile she said:

"Why Mary, are you hurt?"

"No, I ain't hurt," sobbed the little girl, restraining her sobs as best she could.

"But if you are not hurt, why are you crying?" said Mary, "because I'm mad."

"And what are you mad about?"

"I'm mad—'boo, hoo!'—wept the little girl, "because I can't feel I ain't hurt."

Sick Headaches

are not caused by anything wrong in the head, but by constipation, biliousness and indigestion. Headache powders or tablets may deaden, but cannot cure them. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills do cure sick headache in the sensible way by removing the constipation or sick stomach which caused them. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are purely vegetable, free from any harmful drug, safe and sure. When you feel the headache coming take

Joker's Corner

S. Kidder—"Is that Wantley's automobile?"
Pete Roll—"He calls it his. First he put a mortgage on his house to buy the car; then he put a mortgage on the car to pay for repairs; and now he is figuring how to raise the money to purchase gasoline."

HOW SHE FELT.

A country school teacher was cashing her monthly cheque at the bank. The teller apologized for the filthy condition of the bills, saying, "I hope you are not afraid of microbes."
"Not a bit of it," the schoolmarm replied. "I'm sure no microbe could live on my salary."

ITS USEFULNESS.

"Waiter," asked the impatient customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"
"Yesuh," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley.
"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavor it."
"He wasn't put in to flavor it, suh. He is jes' supposed to christen it."

OBJECTED TO THE TONE

City Editor (to reporter)—"One minute, Jones, I don't know whether it is absenteeism on your part, or an expression of your views on matrimony, but I'd rather, when you have occasion to write about a wedding, not have you say that Miss Smith and Mr. Brown 'underwent' a marriage ceremony."

JUST HER HUSBAND.

A woman mounted the step of a car carrying an umbrella like a reversed sabre.
The conductor touched her lightly, saying, "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."
"He's my husband," she snapped, with the tone of full proprietorship.

Harry Lauder tells an amusing story of two Glasgow women who met in the street and began to discuss the domestic affairs of a newly-married couple. "Aye, Mrs. McTavish," said one, "so Jennie's got married?"
"She has that, Mrs. McTavish," replied the other. "An' how is she gettin' on?" the first woman wanted to know. "Oh, no sae bad at a'," was the reply. "There's only one thing the matter, she thinks she could hae got a better man. But, the, there's always something."

SAWDUST FOR FLOORING.

Artificial floorings are now being made out of sawdust concrete. The cement used consists of a solution of magnesium chloride to which pulverized magnesite is added. The sawdust is then used in any desired quantity. Floors manufactured in this way are more resilient than concrete, and are not good conductors of heat. They wear well, and do not burn, charring under the fire test.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Small Boy—"What is a roost, papa?"
Parent—"A roost, my son, is the pole on which chickens roost at night."
Small Boy—"And what is a perch, papa?"
Parent—"A perch is what chickens perch on at night."
Small Boy—"Well, papa, could a chicken roost on a perch?"
Parent—"Why, of course."
Small Boy—"And could they perch on a roost?"
Parent—"Certainly, of course."
Small Boy—"But if the chickens perched on a roost, that would make the roost a perch, wouldn't it?"
Parent—"Oh, yes, I suppose so."
Small Boy—"But if just after some chickens had perched on a roost, and made it a perch, some chickens came along and roosted on the perch, and made it a roost, then the roost would be a perch and the perch would be a roost, and some of the chickens would be perchers and the others would be roosters, and—"
Parent—"Susan! take this child to bed before he drives me mad."

THE DOCTOR SAID "I CAN'T HELP YOU"

Suffered 10 Months with Kidney Complaint. Gin Pills Cured.

Dunvegan, Inverness Co.
I am perfectly cured of Kidney complaint after using Gin Pills. Six hours after taking the first Pill I obtained relief, and now after three months I feel as well as ever.

I suffered ten months and the Physician attending me advised me to go to the Victoria Hospital at Halifax, as he could do nothing more for me. I may add that I used a great deal of medicine, and strictly followed my physician's directions regarding diet, etc., but without avail, until providentially I learned of your most excellent remedy. I am recommending Gin Pills.

(Sgd.) LEWIS MACPHERSON.
Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or sent direct. Write for sample, free if you mention this paper.
National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 175

HOW TO KEEP EGGS.

For family use, the most satisfactory method of preserving eggs is to pack them in a tight vessel and cover them with a ten per cent solution of silicate of soda or water glass. The eggs must be fresh and the shells clean, as a spoiled or dirty egg may spoil the rest.

We have found six-gallon stone jars the most satisfactory vessels to use. They will hold eighteen to twenty dozen. It is unnecessary that the eggs be placed with the small end down; they may be laid in promiscuously. Set the vessel in a cool, dark place and fill it to within an inch of the top with eggs.

Water glass or silicate of soda is an amber-colored liquid that can be purchased of druggists or poultry supply dealers at fifteen and twenty-five cents per quart. Dilute it with ten quarts of pure water. It is better to boil and cool the water for this purpose. The eggs should be completely covered with the liquid and kept covered. They may be kept for a year by this method, and are perfectly good and wholesome at the end of this time.

Insurance Agents

ACADIA FIRE Insurance Co.
Established 1862
A Sound Canadian Company
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS \$560,436.90.
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Insure your buildings in the OLD RELIABLE
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you can enter this Institution any school day. Tuition counts from day of entrance. All instruction, so far as possible, is individual. We grade our students by their present standing. No waiting on slow or rushing for brilliant ones.

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Real Estate

HOME FOR SALE.
Fine country residence, just on the limits of the town, suitable for summer house or all-year-round residence. House modern, commodious and convenient, with good stable. Orchard yielding over three hundred barrels of apples, besides other fruit. Fine situation, beautiful view of river and valley. For information apply to

THE MONITOR PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.

FARM FOR SALE.
At Albany, farm of 250 acres; 10 acres under cultivation, part orchard, 50 acres pasture, balance wood and timber land, including 25 acres hardwood never cut. Good house of 3 rooms, barn, carriage house, etc. For terms and other information apply to

THE MONITOR PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY
—AND—
Steamship Lines
—TO—
St. John via Digby
—AND—
Boston via Yarmouth
"Land of Evangeline" Route.

On and after Sept. 25, 1913, train service of this railway is as follows:
Express for Yarmouth 12.09 p.m.
Bluenose for Halifax 4.13 p.m.
Bluenose for Yarmouth 1.47 p.m.
Express for Halifax 2.02 p.m.
Express for Annapolis 7.50 p.m.
Saturday only
Express for Halifax, Monday only 4.13 a.m.

Midland Division
Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.05 a.m., 5.10 p.m. and 7.15 a.m., and from Truro at 6.55 a.m., 2.30 p.m. and 12.10 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 Bluenose trains.

St. JOHN and DIGBY DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted.)
S. S. "YARMOUTH."
leaves St. John 7.00 a.m., arrives in Digby about 10.15 a.m.; leaves Digby 1.15 p.m., arrives in St. John about 4.30 p.m.

S. S. "ST. GEORGE."
leaves St. John 12.15 p.m., arrives in Digby 2.30 p.m.; leaves Digby 3.15 p.m., arrives in St. John 5.25 p.m.

S. S. "St. George" connects with inward and outward bound Canadian Pacific trains at St. John to and from Montreal and the West.

Boston Service
Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Bluenose train from Halifax and Truro Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

P. GIFFKINS, General Manager, Kentville

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STEAMSHIP LINERS
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FURNESS, WITBY & CO., LTD. Agents, Halifax, N. S.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY
Accom. Time Table in effect Accom.
Mon. & Fri. June 16th, 1913. Men. & Fri.

Read up Stations Read up
11.32 Lv. Middleton A.R. 16.00
11.58 * Clarence 15.32
12.15 * Bridgetown 15.14
12.43 * Grandville Centre 14.51
12.59 * Grandville Ferry 14.36
13.15 * Rarsdale 14.20
13.35 An. Port Wade Lv. 14.00

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal. CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND D. A. RY.
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It is a continuous strain for a builder to watch his buildings go up.

A pipe-full of MASTER WORKMAN tobacco is a great soother when some deep thinking has to be done. This world-famous brand may now be had at all tobacconists for 15c. per cut.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.