

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

Suffered Terribly Until She Took "Fruit-a-lives"

ST. JEAN DE MATHEA, JAN. 27th, 1914.
"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-lives'. I suffered so much that I would not dare eat for I was afraid of dying. Five years ago, I received samples of 'Fruit-a-lives'. I did not wish to try them for I had little confidence in them but, seeing my husband's anxiety, I decided to do so and at once I felt relief. Then I sent for three boxes and I kept improving until I was cured. While sick, I lost several pounds, but after taking 'Fruit-a-lives', I quickly regained what I had lost. Now I eat, sleep and digest well—in a word, I am completely cured, thanks to 'Fruit-a-lives'."

MADAM M. CHARBONNEAU
"Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest stomach tonic and will always cure Indigestion, Sour Stomach, "Heartburn", Dyspepsia and other Stomach Troubles.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

The Battle of Blenheim

(By Robert Southey)

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing, there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,"
He said he.

"Who fell in the great victory?"
"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly.
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died;
But things like that you know must be
At every famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Disappointed in the Women

Women voters in Chicago have proved a flat disappointment to many friends of woman's suffrage. They have voted in harmony with reaction. They have defeated a reform mayor of demonstrated worth, who had every right to expect the backing of the women.

His record of having retained Ella Flag Young at the head of the schools should of itself have guaranteed Mayor Harrison the votes of all intelligent women. They have instead repudiated Mrs. Young and the mayor alike.

Chicago women could have overcome the vote of corrupt classes controlled by unscrupulous yard leaders. They had a striking chance to line up sharply with the forces of decency in the Democratic primary. They could have shown the whole Nation that the best womanhood of America's second city is intelligently arrayed on the side of clean politics.

In this test they failed completely. Their help in defeating Carter H. Harrison was not an astounding thing. It was simply the mediocre, the stale and ordinary thing which it was fondly hoped the women would rise above. Women are not a purifying element in Chicago politics. They are of the earth—very earthy.—Philadelphia "Telegraph."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE GHOST OF BURY CHURCHYARD

WRITTEN BY LYNNE REID

(An Original Story, Written for the Monitor)

I wish to state most emphatically, I do not believe in ghosts. That is to say, I do not believe in the so-called apparitions from another world, spirit rapping and so forth. Whether they can come and make themselves visible to mortal eyes is an open question. I don't believe they do.

About every ghost story if properly investigated might yield a logical explanation.

To state a case in point:—A few years ago when visiting among friends in the neighborhood of Bury, Surrey, I had a most startling experience together with my husband's son, Dick Rose.

The sleepy little town boasts an old ruin of the Tudor Period that was once a famous abbey. A portion of the tower enriched with shrouding ivy, and the crumbling walls of the main body of the building, yet remain. The stout walls so wide that several persons might stand abreast in the deep window niches. Truly the old English builded for posterity. A thick oak door, black with age, and studded with nails of iron and brass, yet remains, defying the sun and storms of centuries, and gives access to the old churchyard, where repose the ashes of the long forgotten dead. The moultering tombstones rarely decipherable, overgrown with moss and lichen. One of these, a large slab nearly four feet in height, was known locally as marking "The Old Abbie's Grave." This occupied a corner lot and was separated from the village main street by a hawthorn hedge.

About the time of my visit, the little town had been stirred to its depths by persistent rumors of frequent ghostly appearances in the old churchyard. Eye witnesses, sober men of unimpeachable veracity had stoutly affirmed the truth of the rumors. The whole town and country-side was agog. Women refused to pass the region after night fall and men acquiesced in giving the place a wide berth.

Dick's parents lived on a large farm about two or three miles from Bury in the little hamlet of Watersfield, through which runs the lovely river Arun, at this point about ten miles inland from the sea.

A large farm in this locality had lately been acquired by a man named Leigh. He was a man of grouty temper and most unprepossessing appearance. About six feet in height, stoop shouldered, receding forehead, extremely flat nose, protruding ears, long arms, his huge hands reaching about to his knees, and how legs. In short he resembled nothing so much as one of the great apes.

I remember the first time I ever saw him. Dick and I, with Towser, Dick's dog, were strolling along the pathway through one of his fields, that led to the river. Alongside the path was a steep bank much frequented by rabbits and overgrown with wild flowers, ferns, sedge and hazel bushes, furze and creeping vines. He was coming up the path smoking a pipe, and on his arm he carried a large covered basket. Just as we caught sight of him, our dog darted into the bushes after a rabbit. It was then that we discovered the cave half hidden under hanging vines.

Mr. Leigh seemed very much annoyed at finding us there. He threatened to sue us for trespass and also to give us a good beating should he ever find us there again, and promptly chased us out into the main road. But I am afraid neither threats nor fear of the law, would have kept us from exploring that cave at the first opportunity.

After dinner with a few white pebbles to mark our way, a bite of luncheon and two candles, we were ready. We found the mouth of the cave without any difficulty and after noting that the coast was clear we started in, to investigate. What was our amazement to find about ten feet in, a stout wicket gate, with hasp and padlock. Luckily or unluckily it was unlocked and we passed through with never a thought that we might not find it so easy to return.

We lighted one of our candles and struck off down the uneven pathway that wound in, and out round boulders and sharp turns, and after a while we came to a kind of room, containing boxes, parcels and bundles in great numbers. An overpowering odor of cigars and tobacco filled the room, nearly stifling us in the close atmosphere of the cave. Without pausing to consider what our find might mean, we pushed our way further into the gloomy recesses.

Looking at our watches, we found we had been gone a long time. Starting at half past one it was now

three o'clock and we decided that we must hurry if we wished to reach the other end. Fifteen minutes later we were brought to an abrupt halt by a large stone slab that blocked the entrance of the cave which at this point was extremely narrow.

After valiantly tugging and pushing at this obstacle, we succeeded in moving it outward about six inches. Peering out through the aperture we were surprised to find it led into a graveyard. Although our limited view failed to identify it, yet we knew it must be either Pulborough or Bury churchyard. Replacing the stone, we began to retrace our steps.

As we neared the storehouse in the cave, the reek of tobacco grew nauseating. Said Dick, "That surely is the goods. Say Tom, 'I bet they're smugglers. Would not it be fine to watch some night and find out, who takes it away. I bet that slab is the door at this end, through which they carry away the stuff."

Filled with excitement over the possibilities of our discovery, we hurried our footsteps, and made good time in reaching the wicket gate.

What was our consternation, to find it securely locked. We pushed and pounded, kicked and shook, all to no purpose. We could not budge it an inch. There was no chance to climb over, or yet to creep under it, and we were therefore forced to turn our feet, in the opposite direction.

Our second candle being now half burned out, we decided to try, and navigate the passage in the dark. As Dick said, "It is Hobson's choice, and the sooner we get to the other end the better." We don't want the smugglers to find us here, if they should take a fancy to come after any of their stuff tonight. Blow out the candle, we may need it more later, and if we take hold of hands and feel the wall all the way as we go along, we will be less likely to get turned around, or separated.

Going and coming, we had made the trip in about two hours or less. But gingerly feeling our way along in the dark, kicking against stones, bumping into sharp corners, or slipping into holes our journey seemed as if it would never end. Indeed several times we lighted our bit of candle to assure ourselves that we had not wandered into some hitherto unseen cross passage; but always the tale white pebbles we had dropped on our first trip, reassured us. Finally after travelling what to our excited imagination seemed at least ten miles we came again to the huge slab that marked our destination.

Feeling carefully around the base of the slab we found a well worn groove and to our delight the stone slid easily aside and we crept out, closing it after us, and found ourselves in old Bury Churchyard.

Tired and bruised, hungry as bears and nearly three miles from home we were yet too interested in our adventure to depart without making some effort to unravel the mystery, and the hedge of thorn offering good cover we were shortly hidden amid its thick foliage to await events, and torturing ourselves with the lunch, which up to this time we had completely forgotten.

We had been sitting there at least half an hour possibly an hour. Over head the moon now nearing the full, shed a soft radiance all around whitening the old graves and casting weird shadows across the grass grown graves.

Though we were not cold (it was in July) yet excitement and a strange eerie feeling was already chasing the cold chills down my spine and forcing me to clinch my teeth lest Dick should suspect my waning courage.

Presently a dark cloud obscured the moon and at the same time, we heard a faint rustling noise. Dick and I, turned at the same moment. Slowly the hair rose on my head, my heart leaped into my mouth. I tried to scream aloud but the sound died in my throat. Advancing toward the hedge, moaning, and wringing its ghostly hands, shadowy and indistinct, came a terrifying shape.

On it came, no sound but the faint rustle of the grass, and the terrified pounding of our hearts. Nearer; its fluttering white draperies, shining with an unearthly glow, its eyes like flaming fire. I looked at Dick, his face was white as ashes, and his eyes almost starting from his head.

Back and forth along the path flitted the ghostly visitant. Terrified nearly out of our wits, too frightened to run, even if our trembling limbs could have carried us, unable to cry out, how heartily we wished ourselves safe at home in bed. How fervently we vowed to ourselves,

that should we ever get safe home, not all the smuggled tobacco and cigars in Europe, should tempt us into such a position again.

At last after parading up and down for an hour or more, the dreadful apparition paused beside the old Abbie's grave. Streaks of brilliant phosphorescence flashed to and fro across its ghastly figure, while every few seconds it emitted a low doleful wail, thrilling and awful in the midnight silence.

Then suddenly, like a flash it was gone. Where or how we could not tell. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed it.

After waiting a few minutes, and seeing and hearing nothing more to alarm us, we sprang out of our hiding place and darted off towards home as fast as we could go.

We arrived home about one o'clock and found our parcels much concerned at our absence. They would have soundly beaten us had not our sorry appearance claimed their pity.

To wondering, ears we told our tale which sounded no doubt like a new variation of "All Rabs," and after a good supper we hustled off to bed.

After breakfast next morning, father and Mr. Rose, requested us to tell our story again. This we did and also took them to the mouth of the cave. As we expected the gate was securely locked.

After dinner, father and Mr. Rose pleading, business went off to town, requesting the folks not to sit up, as they did not expect to be home until very late.

From the other end, father and Mr. Rose satisfied themselves that the smuggled goods were still in the cave storehouse. They then notified the police, and that night a watch was set at either end of the cave. One of the policemen with father, and Mr. Rose hiding in the hedge, as we had done. And a little after eleven the ghost appeared, and commenced its nocturnal pilgrimage.

About eleven o'clock the watchman at the further end, saw a thin enter the cave and gave chase. But as the fellow was no doubt very familiar with the passage, he managed to out-distance the policeman, and five minutes after the appearance of the apparition, the watchers in the churchyard were startled by the sharp hoot of an owl three times in quick succession, followed by the dash of hasty footsteps, as a man came swiftly down the path closely pursued by the ghost, vanished the hedge and went flying down the road. Before the slow-witted country man had recovered from his fright, his quarry had escaped, and the ghost was nowhere to be seen.

Manlike, father and Mr. Rose afterwards declared that they were not frightened in the least. But Dick and I had our doubts about that. We noticed they looked sheepishly at each other, as they said it, and smiled, a little sickly smile.

Mr. Leigh was interviewed by the authorities but he disclaimed all knowledge of the cave and its contents, yet in spite of there being no evidence to connect him with the smugglers, public opinion was so strongly against him that he found it convenient to give up the farm and move elsewhere.

With the removal of Mr. Leigh the village after the customary rainy days wonder settled down to its wonted quiet. The smuggled tobacco was seized, and confiscated by the government, likewise a can of luminous phosphorus paint found behind the slab door and the Ghost of Bury Churchyard was never seen again.

Three Boxes Cured His Rheumatism

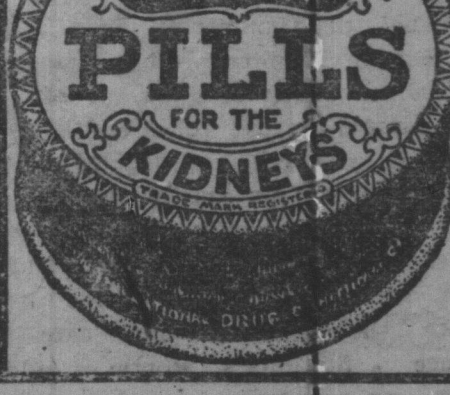
It cost Mr. Moore's father just \$1.50 to be cured of chronic Rheumatism from which he had suffered for years. Just three boxes of GIN PILLS at 50c a box, completely cured him and to-day he has no sign of Rheumatism.

GIN PILLS

Newburg, Ont., April 30th.
"My father has been troubled with Rheumatism for a number of years, having tried two doctors and getting no relief. He was finally advised by a friend to try GIN PILLS. He purchased a box and after taking them for a week, found that they gave him relief. He then purchased three more boxes which were the means of curing him. He is now a strong man in good health able to attend to his daily work. For this great change, all the credit is due to GIN PILLS."
ALEX. MOORE.

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NO ALUM MAGIC READ LABEL BAKING POWDER

Mine Sweeping in the North Sea

(J. J. Bell in the "Daily Chronicle")

Morning of Christmas Eve, early, and a change in the weather. A still air and a clear sky full of twinkling stars. On street and quay an icy film overspreading the sleetly slush. Here and there a glimmer of light from harboured ship or dwelling-house, but never a lamp for guidance of mariner or landsman. On the point across the bay, dim and ghostly, a great lighthouse—blind. And beyond, heaving, groaning, bleak and dark, with all its secrets, the North Sea.

Lucky Jack, his short sea-boots crackling and splashing through film and slush, came from the inner harbour whistling softly. At the little post-office situated at the end of a long row of fish-sheds he halted and drew out a letter. With the aid of a match he re-read the address as though to make quite sure that all was in order. Then, when the match failed he dropped in the letter and, still whistling softly, proceeded along the quay.

Presently he was looking down on Bob Twenty's mine-sweeper. There was some stir on board. On the deck by the indifferent lights of a couple of lanterns, men were doing things. He hailed the nearest.

"Skipper sleepin'?"

"I'll see." The man moved aft.

"Tell him 'tis Lucky Jack'."

"I knows." Returning, the messenger said: "Skipper says will ye step below."

Thereupon Lucky Jack appeared to all forward from the edge of the quay, caught a stay, and landed lightly on the deck.

"How'd ye like the mine-sweepin'?" he asked the man, a small and by no means robust-looking person of middle age.

"'Tis a job, anyway, and not bad pay. Was hearin' ye had brought in a fortune o' fish t'other day—over a thousand pounds' worth."

"Eleven-forty-odd. . . Not feared the mines?"

"Ho, yes, lots!" A half laugh. "Think there's many o' us not fearin'?"

"Well, I dunno. Ye don't show it much."

"Feared to show it, maybe."

"Why d'ye do it?"

"Couldn't say for sure." The man turned back to his task, mumbling over his shoulder: "Next best job to shootin' Germans—eh?"

Lucky Jack discovered his friend in the bright cabin intent on the fastening of a strip of "stamp paper" across the flap of an envelope which had refused to do its duty. A coffee-pot stood on the table.

"Thought I'd try for a word wi' ye Bob, before ye cast off."

"Glad to see ye. Help yourself."

The visitor poured himself a mug. "Wee hee wirin' again?" he asked, sympathetically.

Bob Twenty shook his grizzled head.

"That's good!" his friend commented.

"Well, 'tis not so good, neither. Thought 'twas good at first, but now ye see, I don't know what's she's thinkin'."

"Take a blushin' lot of wires to tell ye what a woman's thinkin'!"

Bob ignored the cynicism. There'll be a letter from her wi' the mornin' post, but we'll be at sea afore it comes."

"That's not so good, I'll allow. . . Want me to post that letter for ye?"

With a suspicion of hesitation Bob handed it over the table. "You won't forget?"

"Not likely. Been postin' one on me own account this mornin'," said Lucky Jack, very casually.

"Didn't know ye was a married man, Jack."

"Tien't so bad as that . . . Was talkin' wi' one o' yer crew up there, queer little chap. Says he's afraid, and he don't know why he's mine-sweepin'."

"What's he like?"

"Smallish, oldish—"

"Why, that chap's been blowed up twice—once on a trawler off—, then on a sweeper. But he don't yarn about it. That's why I didn't put ye in to him yesterday."

"But he says he's afraid!"

"No shame in bein' afraid, so long's ye keep goin' forward. How did ye get along wi' the young fellow yesterday?"

"Ho, he coughed it up all right about the Sunburst. Much obliged to him, and myself, likewise. After I left him I fell across Happy Henry—"

"Him? How's he doin'?"

"Not so bad. Says he's lost two

stones since the war started. Only weighs nineteen now, and amazin' light on his feet. Livin' on shore, waitin' for a new trawler that's fittin' out for him—all modern conveniences and so forth, and a first-class cook. Hopes to be goin' up Iceland way in 'bout a fortnight."

"What's wrong wi' his old ship?"

"Blowed up."

"Never heard o' that."

"Henry isn't exac'ly proud o' the affair. Says if he could get rid o' a few more stones he's take to sweepin' for revenge. Says he wouldn't mind gettin' blowed overboard if he could be certain o' floatin' right end up."

"But what 'bout his old ship?"

"I'll tell ye what Henry told me, and he looked too sad for to be tellin' a lie. 'Twas month o' November, and they had started out for the fishin', and 'twas a fine clear day, and nothin' whatever in sight—till somebody spots a dan' in the water. Now 'twas an odd part o' the sea for a dan to be in, and they supposed, natural enough 'twas adrift. Happy Henry brings her close up to it, and then he sees 'tis a nice good dan, and 'twould be a pity to waste it. 'Might as well pick it up, says he; and the others says the same. So accordin'ly they proceeds to pick it up. Put 'twouldn't come. 'Why?' says Henry, 'if the thing isn't jammed and fixed after all! Well, then, we'll just get the moorin's too!' And then, instead o' thinkin' calmly for a minute or so, they gets sorter angry at it, and in less 'in no time they has a line hitched on to it and round the winch. 'Heave-away!' yells Happy Henry, smilin' once more, as if he was a-goin' to get the V.C. for savin' a blushin' old dan, and presently the two chaps lookin' over the bows cries, 'It's a comin', boss, it's a comin'!' And they was right! It come, sure enough, but wi' a bit more moorin' 'n they'd expected. For after the dan comes a—mine, and afore a soul could say aught 'twas bang on the starboard bow. . . She sank in 'bout ten minutes. I'd ha' laughed more if it hadn't been for them two chaps in her bows."

"Mortal hard luck," murmured Bob. "Wonder if we'll live to see the end o' them mines."

"'Twill take a lot o' good ships, I doubt."

"Must just keep on sweepin', I suppose. What does Henry say 'bout the business? Did he think the dan was fixed there intentional, or dropped there by accident, or driftin' till it fouled the mine?"

"Ho, Henry thinks a lot o' things, but he can't prove aught. Nothin' left to prove aught. But he won't try to save no more fishermen's dams, I reckons. . . Ye keep good coffee, Bob."

"Take some more."

"Not this time. Must be movin' along and turn in for a spell. Stopped latish wi' Henry, and when I got aboard the mate was up wi' raggin' Coathache and wartin' the whole medicine chest, and when I had give him something I told him 'bout the dan just for to cheer him up, which it did, and then we got talkin' o' other things; and I was thinkin' o' turnin' in when I remembered a letter I was goin' for to write. So I wrote it and posted it on my way to see you." Here Lucky Jack paused, as though to give the other time to ask a question.

But the older man, glanced at the clock, merely said: "Well, ye was welcome, Jack. I'll go on deck wi' ye and see what they're all after. Remember me to Henry, wishin' him fortune wi' his new ship."

"They passed from the cosy cabin, up the steep ladder, and out into the bitter morning. As they went forward Lucky Jack remarked—

"I'll go straight now and post yer letter, Bob. S'pose I shan't see ye for a while."

"You'll be out when I'm in, and I'll be out when you're in. Ay, that's the way it goes, lad."

"Well, so long, Bob. Merry Christmas!"

"Same to you, and best o' luck." Jack scrambled on to the quay.

"Bob."

"Ay?"

"Oh, nothin'. So long."

Lucky Jack went slowly to the post-office. After all, he was afraid, too. At any rate, he had lacked courage to tell Bob Twenty that he had volunteered for the mine-sweeping.

"A buoy used by fishermen to mark a spot around which they operate. It is oval in shape, and has a long staff through it which may carry a flag or, at night a lamp."

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You should always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets on the shelf. The little folk so often need a mild and safe cathartic and they do appreciate Chamberlain's instead of nauseous pills and mixtures. For stomach troubles and constipation, give one just before going to bed. All druggists, etc., or send to CHAMBERLAIN MEDICINE CO., TORONTO 20

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY

On and after November 3rd, 1914, train services on this railway is as follows:

Express for Yarmouth...11.57 a.m.
Express for Halifax... 2.00 p.m.
Accom. for Halifax...7.40 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., 5.10 p.m. and 7.50 a.m., and from Truro at 6.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., and 12.50 noon, for Truro at 7.05 a.m., 5.15 p.m. and 7.30 a.m., and from Truro at 6.30 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.

Buffet Parlor Car service on Mail Express between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted)
Canadian Pacific Steamship "YARMOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m., leaves Digby 1.45 p.m., arrives in St. John about 5.00 connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.