

HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-lives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th. 1913. "About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect, I found more than satisfactory.

Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected. My kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am enjoying the best health I have ever had."

B. A. KELLY

"Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any kidney soreness.

"Fruit-a-lives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

STYLES IN HOUSEMAIDS.

Young Mrs. Wombat was a dame Who always dressed in style. She understood the fashion game. On dresses spent a pile.

Oh, she was willowy and slim. Could wear both checks and stripes! She liked to have her housemaids trim. And they were slender types.

But she would meet them on parade. And note with many frowns A pantry girl or parlour maid In one of her own gowns.

She had to drop her slender girls. From knowledge caution springs. And now she hires some portly pearls. Too fat to wear her things.

-Kansas City Journal.

Only Chance He Has.



"It is rude for a man to fail asleep while his wife is talking."

"But, good heavens, a man has to sleep some time!" -Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Too Much For the Whale. The Sunday school teacher was making a review of the Bible lesson.

"Who was the wisest man, James?" "Solomon."

"That's right. Now, Frank, who was the strongest man?" "Jonah."

"Wrong. What reason have you for believing Jonah to be the strongest man?"

"Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down!" -Philadelphia North American.

Reasonable Expectation. "Has your son found anything to do since he came out of college?"

"Not yet."

"There ought to be plenty of work for a young man of his ability."

"Probably there is. You see, he has been looking for a place where he could start in at the top, but I expect him to give it up and take something else eventually." -Chicago Record-Herald.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house

WORRY CAN KILL.

Science Proves That Fretting Frequently Costs Life.

We have often heard that worry can kill even the nine-lived cat, but we have only half believed it, and until now we have had no scientific proof that it was so.

Medicine science has recently confirmed the fact and explained how worry commits its murders. It has reached the conclusion that in many instances of what has been regarded as lunacy, and from which the victim usually dies, the cause has simply been one of acute worry.

Worry medical science now defines as the dominance of one idea, usually that of fear. There is a fear of some existing condition or dread of what may happen. The idea crowds all others from the mind, or permits them only the feeblest and occasional activity.

The most terrible tyranny is the tyranny of an idea. This one idea pounds hammer-like upon one set of brain cells. It overstimulates them, causing an unusual flow of food to those portions and a dearth of it to other parts of the brain.

This would not be serious if it happened only now and then, for every brain cell should be replenished by more than the usual flow of blood in times to keep it properly fed and nourished.

But a constant overfeeding of these cells causes a congestion there. The cells become more and more distended. The worry grows more and more acute. The pounding of the blood against the sides of the cell acquires a hammer-like violence.

The cure of the worry that kills is prevention. Refuse to worry. Do your best, and having done this, decline as positively to fret about the results as you would decline to drink a draught of poison. Worry comes as an occasional visitant to everyone, but as we shut our doors to unwelcome visitors, so we close the portals against the entrance of worry.

Admitted, it ceases to become a visitor—it is a habit, and a habit that destroys. The action of worry upon the brain cells is most like the constant dropping of water upon a stone. At first it makes not the slightest impression upon the stone, but in time it wears it away.

The cells of the brain are of more delicate tissue, and the steady wear and tear of the extra blood supply in time quickly wears them out. Or, according to medical science, it is as though a garment worn day after day without change soon falls into tatters.

Examinations of the brain after death have shown a group of nerve cells at the crown of the head that have perished in the same way the nerve of a tooth dies. While every other brain cell seems to be in ordinary condition this group has shrunk. It is a curious coincidence, and science says a consequence, as invariable as effect and cause, that the hair on the portion of the scalp just above this brain area is the first to grow gray, and an excess of blood in any portion of the brain causes the scalp above that portion to be over-heated.

Keep the Spade Bright. If the hired man carelessly puts the spade away without cleaning it you may have a hard time cleaning it next time you go out to dig.

Simply dig in the cinders for a minute or so, shovelling them about as you do gravel and cement when mixing concrete, and the job is done.

We learned this while shovelling cinders into a post hole when building a fence. It works like a charm.

Russian Marriages. The celebration of a Russian marriage sometimes extends over three days. At the wedding festivities the bride is expected to dance with the men one after another until she drops with sheer fatigue.

It is a matter of pride with her to keep going as long as possible, and it is not unusual to find a bride dancing bravely for three days and three nights of vigorous frolic.

When a girl is dancing with a man she always holds his pipe. It would be regarded as extremely rude if a man should continue to smoke his pipe in such circumstances.—Tit-Bits.

DOFFING THE HAT.

It Was Once a Sign of Abject Subservience to a Superior.

We consider a man a gentleman who takes off his hat to a lady. At least the act is thought to be gentlemanly polite. The origin of this custom, like so many other customs common among so-called civilized peoples, go back to primitive times.

When a person was made captive his conqueror stripped him of his weapons and clothing and left him without anything he could call his own. The captive was thus made a slave, his lack of clothing being evidence of his subjugation.

We need only to look at the sculptures of the Assyrians to see the truth of this fact. And in Isaiah xx. 2-4, we find the following statement: "And the Lord said, like as my servant Isaiah hath walked naked and barefoot three years for a sign, so shall the King of Assyria lead away the Egyptians prisoners and the Ethiopians captives, young and old, naked and barefoot."

The first step then, in tracing the origin of taking off the hat, is the surrender of the clothing among primitive and ancient peoples as a mark of submission. The next step is the uncovering of the body as a mark of reverence.

There are all degrees of uncovering, though often only the most valuable parts of the clothing are taken off in the presence of superiors.

Captain Cook tells us that during his stay at Tahiti two men came on board, and, as a sign of respect, took off the greater part of their clothing and put it on Cook and his friend. In Abyssinia, Spencer tells us, it was the custom for inferiors to bare their bodies down to the girdle before superiors.

But in the presence of equals only a corner of the tunic was removed so as to bare the shoulder. This baring of the shoulder, especially throughout the Gold Coast, is a custom as common as taking off the hat with us.

Uncloaking in Spain is similar in origin. In Africa the men bare their shoulders and doff their caps to superiors, thus joining two customs in one. It must be remembered that this act of uncovering the body was ceremonial in nature and used to show reverence to a superior.

Then came the use of the ceremonial to propitiate the dead. At first funerals and in our graveyards men take off their hats on entering churches and before images of Christ and the Madonna.

In times of chivalry men raised their hats to ladies to show reverence. But this was only superficial in meaning. A knight would ride down a poor peasant woman carrying a large burden and never think of helping her—least of all would he think of taking off his hat to her.

However, if he heard of some beautiful damsel of his own class in the slightest danger, he would go to her aid, kneel and dedicate himself to her service.

To-day much the same thing occurs. Ordinarily a ray youth forgets to take off his hat to his mother, yet he shows this deference to his "best girl." After all it is only form, and politeness should go deeper than this. However, the form persists, and it is of some historical interest to remember that it is a remnant of the primitive stripping of a captive by which process was expressed the fact that he yielded up all he had.

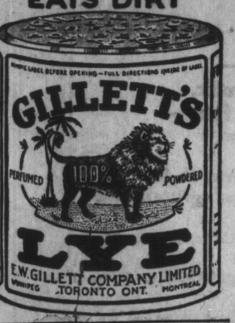
Taking off the hat to a wealthy girl means occasionally not only the yielding of all she has, but the getting of all she has. Ceremony is often nothing but a hard calculation in regard to personal results, especially where self-aggrandizement is the ultimate aim of the polished individual.

The Rich Turkish Beggar. Beggars are never suppressed in Turkey. The story is told (and they say it is true) about a lady who by mistake gave a beggar of Constantinople a gold piece. The man had left his post when she returned, but one of his colleagues told her where he "resided."

It was a fine house, and at the door was a servant, who politely informed the lady that "my master is dressing. He will be down soon." And then the well-groomed beggar, dressed for dinner, appeared and gladly returned the gold piece, exclaiming in the meanwhile that such mistakes were highly embarrassing.

Faint Heart. "Have you spoken to father yet?" "Certainly. I said 'Good evening' when I passed him in the hall." -Pennsylvania Lunch Bowl.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



NURSED A HOT TEMPER.

Something Had to Give Way When William Morris Spoke Loose.

Though explosive tempers may not be admirable and temperamental explosions are not always harmlessly expended, they are always preferable to sullenness, sultriness, brooding resentment or cold anger.

Arthur Compton-Rickett in his study of William Morris—"that jolly vivid man," as he terms him—relates several new instances of Morris' violent thunderclaps of temper and swiftly ensuing sullenness and swiftness.

Once while he was painting he was startled from the room, and presently his railed model heard him furiously denouncing some one outside whom he dismissed or ejected and then returned a moment later still boiling with wrath.

He could not resume his work, but made wild dashes about the room, growling and muttering, until at last in a culminating access of rage he took a flying kick at the door and with a vast crashing and splintering smashed in a panel. It was too much for his model's nerves, and he started to flee, but at that moment Morris, with his ire entirely gone now that the explosion was over, turned with a beaming smile, and assured him generally.

"It's all right, it's all right, but something had to give way!"

FLAVOR OF FOOD.

It is an Important Factor in Digestion and Good Health.

If it were not for flavor we should not digest our food properly. Epicureanism in eating is the handmaid of good health. Flavor has been called the soul of food. The viands that are most agreeable to our sense of taste, those we enjoy most, are those we are most likely to digest well and from which we are most likely to derive the maximum of nourishment.

A book was devoted to this subject by Henry T. Fick of New York. He called it "Food and Flavor." In a review of it the Scientific American says: "The psychic factor of desire must precede ingestion or results will be unpropitious. To each cent spent for nutrient we add five more for flavor. Flavor, in short, has an appetizing value, a health value, a commercial value."

The evolution of a discriminating appetite and the education of the cook must go hand in hand. But your gluton is never an epicure. Rational mastication must accompany the highest enjoyment of food, and in this enjoyment lie the perfect assimilation and health. It is for that stimulates the flow of the digestive juices; it is the digestive juices that prepare the food for the extraction of nutriment."

The Professor Was Wrong. Several decades ago a learned professor delivered a course of lectures, in one of which he proved to his own satisfaction that the Atlantic ocean could never be crossed by steam. Steam records had been discovered and applied on land, but he was confident it could never be applied to the ocean.

Under the peculiar conditions of the hearing rides, the danger of storms, the rolling of the tide, and so forth you could never apply steam to navigation across the Atlantic. The book in which that lecture was published was on the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic. The captain took it along as a sort of curiosity. The book did not have a very large sale, but there has been quite a run of steamers ever since, and the professor ceased to argue that steam could not be utilized on the ocean.—Christian Herald.

Saltin' One's Smoke. The strangest way of taking his salt was probably Dr. Parr's. Parr had received a letter to fill his pipe half with the finest tobacco and half with salt. After that it is not very surprising to learn that he smoked "with a philosophical calmness." On one occasion when the two met Charles Lamb's furious smoking of the strongest tobacco filled Dr. Parr with astonishment. Gently laying down his pipe, he inquired how Lamb had arrived at his power of smoking at such a rate.

"I tolled after it, sir, as some men toll after virtue," was Lamb's reply.—London Graphic.

Strychnine. Strychnine is one of the most powerful vegetable poisons known, but it has very odd effects. Up to about one thirty-second of a grain it is often used in medicine as a stimulant. Very little more is required to bring on that peculiar state known as "tetanus" in which the muscles lock themselves up into such hard masses that they are as rigid as bone. An overdose, however, has been known in at least one instance to cure itself.—Exchange.

How He Felt. "You act as though you thought yourself superior to the government." "Well," replied the genial egotist, "I do feel slightly superior. As a taxpayer when I owe the government anything I pay. When the government owes me anything it does as it likes about the matter."—Washington Star.

Plenty of Hopeless Ones. At the age of twenty-five a man can be forgiven for thinking he knows it all, but if he hasn't changed his mind after forty there is no hope for him.—Toledo Blade.

TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO

LONDON TIMES CORRESPONDENT GIVES A VIVID PICTURE.

General on Trial Says He Could Not Fight Rebels in the Open Because of He Let His Soldiers Scatter They Would Desert—Officers Would Be Shot Down by Their Own Men.

A timely and gripping book, "The Real Mexico" has just been written by H. Hamilton Fyfe, the special correspondent for The London Times. A chapter devoted to the federalist army has a particular interest at this time. Among other things, Mr. Fyfe says:

"Torreon, the prosperous centre of the cotton-growing district, was taken by the revolutionaries in September. After denying for a week that it had fallen the War Office admitted the truth, but said that it would be retaken a few days. For a month or so nothing happened. Then it was announced that a blow would be struck. Gen. Velasco would start at once, and the rebels would be driven out of Torreon. The Government had been urged to act vigorously, because in the cotton district a record crop was in need of being picked. They responded by putting a new tax upon cotton 'to meet the cost of the warlike operations' and by doing—nothing."

"For six weeks after I saw Gen. Velasco's brigade in its five trains 'recon remained in the hands of the rebels. The forces which were to re-take it advanced and retreated, chased and set to partners, marched this way and that, and Gen. Velasco was frequently reported to be not with his command, but in Saltillo. Not until the 10th of December was Torreon retaken and then only because the rebels had drawn off and left the garrison very weak."

"After the evacuation of Torreon by the Federals, Gen. Mungua was tried by a court of inquiry. The intention was to shoot him. This was his defence: 'How could I meet the rebels in the open? I was obliged to fight in loose formation. I was obliged to keep my troops together. If I did not they would melt away. Desertion is the idea uppermost in almost every soldier's mind. Again, how could I order my officers to lead their men to the attack? I knew their men would shoot them down as soon as they got the chance.'"

"The best generals would find it hard to do anything with such an army as this until they had disciplined it and discovered a certain number of men whom they could trust. Mexican generals have unfortunately very little talent for war, and they make, as a rule, no attempt to 'lick their men into shape.' Officers in command of the troops are, therefore, very slack. At a small battle in the State of Morelos the Federals by use of machine guns forced the rebels to retire. The nature of the country made it easy for their retreat to be cut off. But the Federal colonel looked at his watch. 'It is time for dinner,' he said and told his bugler to sound the 'Cease fire.' The rebels leisurely went away."

"That kind of incident, which happens daily, helps to keep current the belief that Federal officers do not wish to bring the war to an end. They do not take soldiering seriously. "The Mexican army has no army service corps, no medical department to speak of. It carries no camp equipment, no supplies. Watch a field force break camp at dawn. First there go pattering off a horde of women laden with pots and pans, baskets and sometimes chickens. These are the soldiers' wives, the camp followers, the commissariat of the force. That they move as quickly as they do is a miracle. Whatever the day's march may be, they are always on the camping ground before the men arrive. They fix up shelters, they cook tortillas and frijoles (maize cakes and beans), they make coffee. You see them mending their husbands' coats, washing their shirts, roughly tending their wounds. Without these soldiers' wives and their camp followers, the army could not move. Criedas (maid-servants) were positively afraid to be out after dark."

"The difficulty of an invasion would lie in suppressing guerrilla warfare among the mountains, in the mountains, wherever the country offered good cover for 'sniping' and sudden attacks upon small detachments. It would be necessary to put in force a measure like the crimes act in Land League Ireland, which would make it a serious and it necessary a capital offense to possess arms."

Mr. Fyfe attributes Mexico's troubles largely to the rise of a middle class where before there were only the upper and 'peon' classes. This new group foments discontent in the breast of the 'peon' against those to whom his fathers had been accustomed to bow meekly ever since the Spanish conquest.

As to the future, he sums up as follows: "Madero was an accident. It is unlikely that the Mexican people will be deceived again in the same way. But the man who is to rule Mexico successfully must have something of Madero's good will and sympathy, as well as a great deal of Don Porfirio's ruthlessness and strength."

In a Bad Way. "You seem much upset, my good man," remarked the c-rate, who happened to call when Murrin was laying down the law somewhat emphatically to his family circle.

"Husset?" bellowed Murrin. "I should think I am husset! Our blessed kid's just set 'issel on fire, an' blowed if the misus 'ere alth' bin an' put 'im out with my pot o' beer, an' me stony broke too!" -London Telegraph.

The Whole Business. A very young housekeeper went to market to purchase a spring chicken. After selecting one and inquiring the price she said:

"Isn't three shillings rather high? The poultryer in our road only charged me 2s. 9d. the other day." "With the feet on?" asked the salesman.

"No, I believe, now you mention it, the feet were cut off," she replied, with some hesitation. "I thought so," said the man at the stall. "When we sell a fowl here, ma'am, we sell it feet and all." -London Telegraph.

Joker's Corner

Wife—Everything is getting higher. Husband—Oh, I don't know. There's your opinion of me and my opinion of you, and the neighbors' opinion of both of us.—"Crescent."

Mr. Sampson is a very irascible man, and is in the habit of punishing his boys severely. Not long since he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of trousers. He scolded the boy for wearing out his clothes so fast.

"Pa, no trousers can last any time, the way you hits," replied the son, reproachfully.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog baring his way. "It's all right," said his host; "don't you know the proverb: 'Barking dogs don't bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman. "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb; but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

During a concert tour of the late Theodore Thomas and his celebrated orchestra, one of the musicians died, and the following telegram was immediately despatched to the parents of the deceased:

"John Black died suddenly to-day. Advise by wire as to disposition." In a few hours the answer was received, reading as follows: "We are broken-hearted; his disposition was a roving one."—Tit Bits.

"No man is as well known as he thinks he is," says Caruso. "I was motoring on Long Island recently. My car broke down, and while the chauffeur was repairing it, I entered a farmhouse to get warm.

"The farmer and I chatted in the kitchen before the wood stove, and when he asked my name, I told him modestly that it was Caruso.

"At that name he threw up his hands. 'Caruso!' he exclaimed, 'Robinson Caruso, the great traveller. Little did I expect ever to see a man like you in this humble kitchen, sir!'"

One day Mr. Smith went to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man who sold the wheat was awfully busy, and he asked the customer to wait while he went to the granary.

She filled the measure twice, and, pouring the contents into the bag, began to tie it up.

"But, Mrs. Lawton," said the man, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel." "Oh, does it?" replied the woman, as she untied the bag. "Well, you see I never had any experience in measuring grain before I married Mr. Lawton. I always taught school."

While presiding over a Church Conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college. After proceeding for a few minutes the bishop interrupted with the question:—

"Do I understand that Mr. X—is thankful for his ignorance?" "Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it that way if you like." "Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical voice, "all I have to say is that Mr. X has much to be thankful for."

The young Scotchman never liked his nother-in-law and this weighed heavily on the mind of his wife, who was ill. Calling her husband to her bedside, she said to him: "Sandy, lad, I'm verra ill and I think I'm about to dee, and before I dee I want you to gie me a promise." "I'll promise," replied Sandy.

"What is it?" "Weel, I ken that when I dee I'll hae a fine funeral, and I want you to ride up in front in a carriage wi' ma nither." "Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I've gie'd ye my word, an' it's nae me that'll gang back on that, but I'll tell ye one thing: ye've spoilt the day for me."—The Argonaut.

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 are purely vegetable, free from any harmful drug, safe and sure. When you feel the headache coming take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

A year ago he couldn't eat



Today he can eat three square meals and sometimes one "extra" because Chamberlain's Tablets cured Chamberlain's troubles and gave him a good digestion. You try them. 25c. a bottle. All Druggists and Dealers or by Mail.

Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

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.....12.09 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..... Monday only.....4.13 a.m. Accom. for Halifax.....7.59 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. 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 Dutchman trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. (Sunday Excepted) Canadian Pacific Steamship "YAC-MONT" leaves St. John 7:40 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 connections 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, Halifax, N.S.

Cross the Atlantic

BY S. S. "DIGBY"

The fact that this new fast passenger ship carries a full passenger list both to and from Liverpool is sufficient evidence of her popularity with the travelling public. You get every comfort of the largest "leviathan" at almost half the price.

HALIFAX TO LIVERPOOL. Saloon \$60.00. Second Class \$45.00.

Next Sailing August 17. Make reservations today.

Furness Withy & Co. Limited

AGENTS, Halifax, N.S.

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 Sundays 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

Table with columns: Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect, Stations, Mon. & Fri. Read down, Stations, Read up.

"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 Agent.

FIRE INSURANCE

Insure your buildings in the OLD RELIABLE "NORTHERN" Established 1846 DALY & CORRETT, Provincial Agents HALIFAX, N. S. FRED. E. BATH, Local Agent Bridgetown May 14, 1908-17

Large advertisement for Derby Plug Tobacco. Features the text "SMOKE DERBY PLUG TOBACCO" and "The red, white and blue jockey cap—on every plug—is the tag which tells the quality of the new DERBY Smoking Tobacco." Includes an illustration of a jockey cap and a pack of tobacco.