

AFRAID SHE WAS DYING

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

ST. JEAN DE MATHA, JAN. 27th, 1914.

"After suffering for a long time with Dyspepsia, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-tives'. 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-tives'. 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-tives', 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-tives'.

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

THE BOY

(By Frank H. Sweet)

For some reason Deborah and Amplias Hicks did not occupy so high a position in their neighbor's estimation as, in their own opinion, they were entitled to occupy.

That farmer was more thrifty, more saving, more careful than Amplias? Whose stock in the neighborhood was so carefully sheltered from the winter winds? Who had so many water-tight little out-buildings for the protection of all that was theirs? Whose apples were better picked, or lasted longer than theirs? Who could show more maple sugar at sugar time? Whose household goods had lasted so long, or looked so well preserved, as those cared for by Deborah? Whose farm was kept in better shape, or managed more profitably than theirs?

But their neighbors declared that Amplias was wise; that Deborah was stingy; that they were hard to live with; that their one daughter, Letitia had married that good-for-nothing Charlie Cane simply to get away from the paternal roof.

Gossip said that the two nephews who had lived with them had grown sour-looking in their service, and that, being weary of life, they had finally run away one night to nobody knew where. Public sympathy had not been with Deborah and Amplias in the matter.

Amplias thought he understood the reason. His neighbors were mainly jealous of his good fortune.

But the nephews were gone, and a boy to do chores, or a girl to take hold in the house, would not be unhandy. Besides those worldly calculations, which seemed commendable to both, was a desire, unacknowledged by either, to do something for their one child, Letitia.

So, after much pondering and change of mind, they sent a letter to Letitia, saying that they would take and do well by her oldest girl or her oldest boy.

Hard work and disappointment had changed the pleasure-seeking Letitia of bygone days to something so calculating and sharp and unyielding that even Deborah and Amplias would have shrunk from such an exaggeration of themselves. The answer that reached the farmhouse was short and decisive:

"Mary can't go because I need her. John can't go because he is beginning to earn wages, and we need the

money. But little Amplias can go if you want him. He is seven and not overgrown, and might fetch up on the farm."

The first decision was prompt. They did not want the sickly seven-year-old.
 Deborah was disappointed. She had found a use for her imagination and had already pictured to herself an industrious girl seconding her in all the work of the house.

Amplias, too, had had his dream, and had gone up and down with the cultivator with a vision of a stout boy hard at work over in the next field, and he had pleased himself by planning to leave that stout boy, in the distant future, his precious farm.

Surely the sickly seven-year-old was out of the question.
 But the more they thought of it, and the more Amplias became impressed with the fact that the child was named after him, the more they were inclined to alter their decision.

"He could do chores enough to earn his salt," said Amplias, waveringly, halting in his hasty dinner.
 "He would drive to Lypmus and sisters, like as that," was the weak rejoinder.

"He would take your time from your work, being sickly?" questioned.

"He might grow strong up here. I wonder if he favors you?"

"He might get up the cows, and fetch water to the field, and gather the cobs, and such like. I done all such when not more'n five."

Gradually, they came to the conclusion that little Amplias must come. But it took so long to do so that when Amplias drove over to Bethel to meet the boy at the station he had to go in a sleigh. He knew that his grandson was only seven, yet when he saw the conductor take off a little scrap of a boy, he never thought of the child being his property. The conductor spied him.

"Here's your boy!" he shouted.
 "Labelled for Amplias Hicks, Stoneborough." Amplias made some remark, but his "Ho, ho, ho!" died in his throat as he looked down at the child gazing so gravely up into his face.

"You my gran'per?" asked the boy.
 "Yep, 'spect I am," and Amplias tried to laugh, but he couldn't. He felt more awkward than ever before in his life. He never had been accustomed to noticing children, and he did not know a child ever looked so—so little, so meditative, so wise. The boy's great solemn eyes threw Amplias into a perspiration.

"You little Amplias?" he asked nervously. "Come we must be getting home to Deborah."
 He strode off toward the sleigh, and the boy followed. Expecting in some way to find the boy beside him, Amplias got into the sleigh, but there was a great gulf of deep snow between it and the platform where little Amplias stood, gravely watching.

"I got a bag," he said, holding up a check in his little, bare, red hand.
 So Amplias had to get out and fetch the bag, and this time he lifted little Amplias into the sleigh. Something about the slight, trustful weight made his face turn scarlet. He looked down sideways at the boy and saw that he was shivering. Then old Amplias tucked the robe around little Amplias with a curious sense of protecting something.

The boy did not seem to grow warm on that long, cold ride home. He just sat and shivered uncomplainingly, while Amplias lashed his horse in a most un-Hicks-like fashion.
 "Here, Deborah," he said, carrying the boy to his wife. "He's nigh about froze. Ginger him up or something."

Deborah had not expected anything so little as this. She held the child on her lap by the hot stove in the

warm, comfortable kitchen. She took off his thin little overcoat, and his thin little scarf, and the poor little cap tied down over his ears. She took off his worn shoes and cottony clothes, and rubbed him hard, and turned him and baked him before the fire.

She bathed him in hot water to warm him, and filled him with hot ginger tea, which he took obediently until the tears stood in his eyes. When she saw those patient tears something blurred her own eyes, and she saw more than one little boy uncomplainingly drinking his scalding ginger tea.

She wrapped him in the heavy shawl which she had been warming, and held him in her lap—and cried. Yes, she, Deborah Hicks, who hadn't cried for years—for she boasted that she wasn't the crying kind—felt such a love and pity surge up in her heart for that bit of a boy—almost her own boy—that she cried as if her heart would break.

Little Amplias stared at her.
 "Don't cry," he said finally; "I like to live here with you."

She gave him a big hug and laid him like a bundle on the old soft lounge. She turned her hot biscuit in the oven, poked the sizzling slices of ham in the frying pan, stirred the fried potatoes, poured boiling water into the teapot, and when old Amplias came stamping into the back shed from the dark, snowy world outside supper was smoking on the table.

Little Amplias watched everything with hungry eyes.
 "Got him warmed up?" asked Amplias, as soon as he came in. "Ain't he the littlest thing you ever saw?"

Deborah had a suspicion that Amplias felt pretty much as she did. But perhaps his feeling would be gone by tomorrow, and she had already begun to wonder how she could get clothes for the boy. She and Amplias had virtuously and sternly resolved not to waste any money on him, and not to try to dress him "fashionable"; that is, not to buy him any clothes unless they were forced to do so. It seemed to Deborah now that nothing could be good enough for that little boy.

She had some flannel in the house, and she meant to make him good, warm underclothes. But he would need stockings before she could possibly knit them, and shoes, too.

She never had seen Amplias seem so interested in anything human as in that boy. He could hardly eat for looking at him. As for little Amplias, he devoured his ham and eggs and potatoes and biscuits and drank his milk with a gusto that would have seemed an ill-omen to Amplias and Deborah the day before, but which they looked on now with the greatest satisfaction.

Nothing was said, for the Hicks household was not a talkative one, until little Amplias looked at his grandfather, and philosophically remarked, "If I eat like this, I'll soon be able to do all your work."
 "I don't want you doing no work," was the gruff reply. "You're to play."

Deborah tried to look unconscious. Her husband was a very brave man to renounce his lifelong opinions so publicly.
 The next day, Amplias declared that he must drive to Bethel to buy a strap, and he insisted on taking little Amplias with him.

Deborah sewed her fastest while they were gone, scheming in the meanwhile about shoes and stockings. Her schemes, however, were in vain, for when Amplias came home he broke in with:
 "There, Deborah, little Amplias must go warm! See the great bargains! I was always a master-hand at buying."

There was a thick cap, and a heavy overcoat, and a warm suit,

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



DECLINE SUBSTITUTES

and a pair of stout shoes, and a whole bundle of other things. Little Amplias strutted around with a grave joy in his philosophic eyes that was almost intoxicating to the unaccustomed givers.

On Sunday, Amplias suggested that they should drive to Lypmus to meeting to show off little Amplias and his new clothes. It was somewhat novel, proceeding, in view of their relations with their neighbors.
 A great many curious eyes were turned on them in that country church; and after meeting was over, Amplias and Deborah were so anxious to exhibit their new possession that they were really cordial in their demeanor, and more conciliatory than for months past.

"Lawsy," said one good woman, "Amplias Hicks actually seems to set store by that child—and him such a sickly, puny, white-faced slip!"
 "I didn't know that Amplias would put up one minute with anything that couldn't work! My, it would make me jump out of my skin to have them great, solemn eyes staring at me the way they do at Amplias!"
 Deborah and Amplias had declared to each other resolutely that Letitia should "lie in the bed she made," and that she need not expect help from them after casting in her lot with shiftless Charlie Cane. But in some way; after little Amplias came, they began to talk about sending Letitia a bit of a box.

That box grew and grew until it turned into a barrel of potatoes, a barrel of apples, a barrel of comforts, and other things made by Deborah's industrious, hard-worked fingers, and a barrel of flour from their own wheat. With the freight paid—though that was a tug—they went to Letitia, and the first warm, loving thoughts she ever had had of her home since she left it, came to her when she stood before those homely country-looking barrels.

The bitterness of her reminiscences seemed to drop from her. After many an effort she wrote a short note. Cold and unfeeling it would have seemed to some, perhaps, but there was something in it that made Deborah think for many a day of the little Letty of years ago, and made Amplias wish he had also sent some maple sugar and a few beads and cat-bags, and even a little money.

Little Amplias became the most important member of the Hicks household. He began to fill out his clothes better, and wasn't quite so "peaked." As time passed, he was even guilty of laughing in a solemn way quite frequently, and he dozed his grandfather's footsteps from shed to shed, and sniffed his grandmother's good cooking with his appreciative little nose, to the increasing satisfaction of them both. He slept in a little trundle-bed, not in the attic room prepared for him before his arrival, and was tucked in warmly and safely several times a night without a thought being given by the tucker to the trouble he made.

Then came the accident. Little Amplias was very ambitious to help his grandfather, and had grown to be very useful in his willing way. He was manful and always confident of his ability to be of assistance in everything. Amplias would laugh and slap his knees and "Ho, ho, ho!" at night as he told Deborah what little Amplias had said or done.

But one day the boy was trying to open the stock-yard gate for his grandfather, when the wind took it out of his weak grasp. It knocked him down, and the weight slipped and struck him.

Amplias did not think that his grandson was much hurt until he picked up the little, pale, still child and finding he did not move or seem to breathe, carried him—oh, so gently—to the house, wondering dully that the boy could be so light and little. Then he drove furiously to the doctor, while Deborah worked with a heavy heart over the moaning boy.

That was a terrible week. The "Ho ho, ho!" all died away in Amplias. The cattle looked at him in a dazed fashion—they didn't know their strange master. He was too restless to stay in the house, and too restless to stay out of it. He hated the doctor. What business had the doctor to say, that little Amplias would be a cripple as long as he lived, and would not live long at best; that he could not have lived long, in any case, for he had no constitution? Why he was going to leave little Amplias the farm! "Money's nothing, Deborah!" he said, desperately. "I'm going to have a Boston doctor if it takes the farm!"

And he did; but it was a bitter disappointment to him. The verdict was the same. The child would never be anything but a cripple, and there

wasn't one chance in a thousand that he would live through his fourteenth year.

Then toys came into that house—there never had been such a thing as a toy in it before—and a music box and many things that Deborah and Amplias had scorned in the good old days.

Deborah got slips of flowers from her neighbors, and wasted her valuable time over a window full of bright blooming plants. She and Amplias urged people to come to see them, for company, pleased little Amplias; and the neighbors began to feel that they would meet their friends in a pleasant way in the evening in the Hicks living room.

Deborah, in her recently-acquired sympathy with suffering, found time to make clothes for a weel (a baby); and Amplias began to know where his pocketbook was when other people were in need.

They did not realize that they had changed, but other people were wide awake to the fact.
 "The change that's come over the Hickses on account of little Amplias is astonishing."
 "The Lord visited them with a heavy hand; but the loving-kindness of it is shown forth in their renewed hearts," said the minister, gravely, and his listeners nodded in solemn assent.

Even little Amplias heard remarks of that kind as he lay in his trundle-bed, and he pondered over them in his philosophic fashion. One night, when Amplias thought the boy was asleep, he broke out in bitter bewailings of the accident to Deborah.

"His life is ruined—the wick's all to be burned out in seven years. Doctor said to-night, out to the road gate, that little Amplias isles' rettin' weaker and weaker, and that the chances are that he'll drop asleep some of these days and never wake up again—and him gettin' so strong and chipper before that gate acted so. Wisht I'd never had a gate on the farm! Deborah, we've never knowned what it was to live before little Amplias came. And just as we're finding out, he's to be taken from us!"

"It's a judgment on us for our hard ways," sobbed Deborah. "I've laid awake nights feeling it in my bones."
 "What good is it if we must lose him? Money, nor the farm, nor nothing, is nowhere compared to that little feller with me!" And Amplias groaned, with his head in his hands.

Then came a clear, wise little voice from the trundle-bed:
 "You needn't to mind, gran'per and gramma. I think I like it better this-way. You needn't to mind about me. It would be awful resting to fall asleep and not wake up no more."

He paused. The old people lay still, waiting for the child's voice in the dark.
 "And I guess that was a good gate," went on the small philosopher, "for Theophilus Bengs told Sam Beech that Deborah and Amplias Hicks were a sight Christianer and wonderful nice people since little Amplias was hurt, and he guessed it was a good thing. And I'm awful glad if it's a good thing, for you're so good to me. And don't you mind any more."

So it happened that, long after a small white stone bearing the words, "Little Amplias, Son of," and so forth, "aged eight years," had been put at the head of a tiny new mound in the graveyard, people in all the country round looked to Deborah and Amplias Hicks for sympathy in affliction and in time of trouble.

Some there were who remembered the story, and occasionally told in reminiscent fashion how Deborah and Amplias used to be "terrible hard and close, and that-a-way, before little Amplias came."—Forward.

Club Stories

Two stories are told of the time when the Atheneum Club of London, which is largely made up of clergymen, while its clubhouse was undergoing renovation, was hospitably taken in by the United Service Club.

One was of a distinguished officer who, after a vain hunt for his umbrella, was heard to mutter, "That comes of letting those fishops in to the club!"

The counterblast is to the effect that when an Atheneum man, while his club was still the guest of the other, asked for the librarian, the answer was, "Please, sir, he is in the dining-room carving the roast beef!"—London Standard.

Vanity of the Peacock

Our favorite and much-petted peacock, says a correspondent of The London Spectator, can be kept happy any length of time looking at his reflection in the window pane or in a looking-glass. He comes in daily to tea, making no mistake about the hour, and spends much time in gazing at himself as he appears by the glass of the French windows by which he enters the room. If I am sewing and do not speak to him when he comes into the room he will gently put his head quite close, almost touching my finger or needle, for he likes bright things, till I have to give up working and talk to him as with a small child whom one is afraid of pricking.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

You Get Bilious

Because Your Liver is Lazy

You get a bilious attack when your liver refuses to do its work. The bile does not flow. You become constipated. Food sours instead of digesting. You have that "bitter as gall" taste. The stomach becomes inflamed and inflated—turns sick—vomiting, and violent headache.—The best preventative and cure for biliousness is Chamberlain's Tablets. They make the liver do its work—strengthen the digestive organs, and restore to perfect health. 25c. a bottle. —All Dealers and Druggists, or by mail.

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Joker's Corner

John Brigh used to tell how a barber who was cutting his hair once said to him: "You've a large 'ead, sir; it is a good thing to 'ave a large 'ead, for a large 'ead means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can 'ave, as it nourishes the roots of the 'air."

Tom McPherson, a Scotchman who does carpentering for a living, asked his foreman for a day off, which was readily granted. Later the latter was informed that the workman had taken the holiday to get married, and upon his return to work questioned him about it.

"Aye, sir; I was awa' gettin' marrid'." "That's fine," replied the foreman. "I hope you got a richt, good wife, Tom. 'Well, I maun say she is God's handiwork, but she is nae His master piece, answered the bridegroom with the air of one determined to do perfect justice and yet adhere to the truth.

A little boy was once overhead saying to his pet rabbit:
 "How much is seven times seven?"

There being no response from the rabbit, the boy said:
 "How much is four times four?"

Still there was no response.
 "Now I will give you an easy one. How much is two times two?"
 Still the rabbit refused to respond.

"Well," said the boy, "I knew father was fibbing, when he said rabbits are the greatest multipliers in the world!"

A clergyman, taking occasional duty for a friend in one of the moorland churches of a remote part of England, was greatly scandalized on observing the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quietly abstract a half-crown before presenting the plate at the altar rails.

After service he called the old man into the vestry, and told him, with emotion that his crime had been discovered. The verger looked puzzled.
 "Why, sir, you doan't mean that old half-crown of mine? Why, O've 'ed off' with he the last fifteen years!"

"Bill," the post gasped, staggering into his friend's room.

"Why, what's wrong?" the friend inquired, startled as he grasped hold of the tottering man.
 "Wrong?" the poet muttered. "Ye gods! I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began the first verse with these lines:
 "My son! My pigmy counterpart."
 "Yes! Yes."
 The poet drew a long breath as he took a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read!" he blazed suddenly. "See what that criminal compositor did to my opening line.
 The friend read aloud:
 "My son! my pig, my counterpart!"

The late Captain Charles Barr, the famous yachtman, was almost as famous for his neatness as for his seamanship. As the story goes, Captain Barr one summer took a cottage in the country. It was a marvel of neatness—velvet lawns, bright flower beds, red fences—and the cottage was snow-white, with green shutters. An old shipmate was invited down in August over Sunday. On Saturday night, after their wholesome supper of hot brown bread and baked beans, the two friends sat smoking good cigars. The visitor, on finishing his cigar, tossed the butt down on the grass. "What did you do that for, George?" said Captain Barr. "Look at it smouldering down there. Don't it look nasty on the nice green grass?" George turned red. "I don't think anybody would notice a little thing like that," said he. "George," said Captain Barr, "It's just these little things that makes neatness and order, and neatness and order are a big success." George, who had never been a very successful man, smiled sarcastically. He said nothing. But a little later he got up hurried down the neat white path and put out of the gate. He was gone over a quarter of an hour. "Where the dickens have you been?" said Captain Barr, unseeingly, on his return.
 "Only just down to the hollow," said George, "to spit in the river."

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. |
| Bluenose for Yarmouth..... | 1.03 p.m. |
| Express for Halifax..... | 2.00 p.m. |
| Bluenose for Halifax..... | 4.00 p.m. |
| Express for Annapolis..... | 7.53 p.m. |
| Saturday only..... | 7.53 p.m. |
| Express for Halifax..... | 7.53 p.m. |
| Monday only..... | 4.13 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 6:45 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 Bluenose trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "YARMOUTH" 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.

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| | | |
|-------------|----------------------|-------------|
| Accom. | Time Table in effect | Accom. |
| Mon. & Fri. | June 23, 1914 | Mon. & Fri. |
| Read down. | Stations | Read up. |
| 11.10 | Lv. Middleton St. | 15.45 |
| 11.38 | "Clarence" | 15.37 |
| 11.55 | Bridgetown | 15.01 |
| 12.23 | Granville Centre | 14.33 |
| 12.59 | Granville Ferry | 14.21 |
| 12.55 | "Karadale" | 14.05 |
| 13.15 | Ar. Port Wade Lv. | 13.45 |

*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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Bridgetown
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