

ANY DYSPYPTIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Biliousness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble.

PORT BURWELL, ONT., May 8th, 1913. "A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken "Fruit-a-tives" and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that "Fruit-a-tives" have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking "Fruit-a-tives" according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit!"

H. SWAN

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

The Seal's Ventilator

Not many people know how the seal of the far North gets air when the Arctic Ocean is entirely covered with many feet of ice. The "Youth's Companion" tells how he does it:

The small spotted seal, which is a hair seal, and not a fur bearer, is the hardy dweller of northern waters. Under his tough, thick skin he has an inch or more of blubber. When the ice closes up the open water in the Arctic, the seal selects a spot and begins to drill a hole to the surface by pressing his warm nose against the ice. No one knows how many hours it takes him to accomplish his task, but he manages it; and although he is obliged to work most of the time, because the surface or the hole is continually freezing, he keeps it open all winter and obtains air.

Seals have been known to drill in this manner through fifty feet of solid ice. Whether or not they take turns in the slow drilling is not positively known.

It is at these sea-holes that the polar bear seeks food in the winter, and there the Eskimo waits, spear in hand, for his weekly supply of meat.

Gain 40 Pounds in 40 Days

Remarkable Results of the New Tissue Builder Tonaline Tablets in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women

PROVE IT YOURSELF BY BUYING a box of Tonaline Tablets NOW.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of this new treatment, Tonaline Tablets, for building up weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine. I was a well-known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer and almost everything else you could think of, but without result."

Any man or woman who is thin can recover normal weight by the best new treatment, Tonaline Tablets. "I have been thin for years and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable processes brought about by the use of Tonaline Tablets, so I decided to try myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is some body else. I have put on just forty pounds during the last forty days, and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

Tonaline Tablets are a powerful inducer to nutrition, increases cell-growth, food, increases the number of blood corpuscles and as a necessary result builds up muscles and solid healthy flesh, and rounds out the figure.

For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener. Tonaline Tabs cost \$1 for a 50-days' treatment, at druggists, or mailed by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

Canada as a Citizen Factory

Since Canada is an English speaking country, bred to British traditions, trained to British ideals, impregnated with British democracy, of course it was "unprepared" as "unprepared" as the mother country has ever been as "unprepared" as its neighbor to the south, a country of similar origin and characteristics, proverbially is. And yet, five months after the call came, five months since it was thrown upon its own resources it is confident in its preparedness. The Dominion of Canada may be taken today as a world object lesson in the results of a system that is employed in the making of citizens rather than in the training of warriors, says the Christian Science Monitor.

A Dental Episode

BY ETHEL A. FITCH

The three old maids had lived together happily and primly since the death of their parents twenty years ago. Their life had been one of religious adherence to routine, and their only excitement had been found in church socials and in the study of the life history and personal habits of their two gentlemen boarders.

They followed a schedule of household duties as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Agnes, the eldest, a small round-shouldered and very near-sighted woman was the cook. Cynthia, sleek and plump, though slow, did the mending and buying generally; she was also an active church worker, and her household duties were somewhat liable to interruptions. Cordelia, the youngest, looked, in fact, the oldest. She was more round-shouldered than Agnes, and more sallow than Cynthia, and less stylish in her dress than either. Cordelia did the dusting and sweeping, and twice during the year at Spring and Fall housecleaning she was the mistress of the house.

And now everything would be changed Cynthia was going to marry the Rev. Cyril Macdonald, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, who for five years had been one of their gentlemen boarders and go with him on a wedding tour to his home in Scotland.

It was the morning of the fateful day. All three had risen early, unable to sleep, and long before the regular breakfast hour, had finished their usual morning tasks. All three were unusually excited, but it was a point of honor with Agnes and Cordelia not to show the slightest sign of excitement, least they "upset" Cynthia, and Cynthia assumed a nonchalant air, "quite at variance with her true feelings, lest she should cause her sisters to 'break down'."

The Rev. Cyril had been forced, as a concession to the intense modesty of the old maids, to seek rooms elsewhere, immediately after his engagement to Cynthia was announced but they still had the other gentleman boarder with them, a young bank clerk by the name of Barker. Mr. Barker's meals had suffered during the weeks of anxious preparation for the wedding festivity, and he had been considered a general nuisance.

"Shan't we 'uns have a smack of breakfast," said Agnes to Cordelia, who had just finished dusting the front stairs down for the fourth time, moistening the dust cloth surreptitiously with her tears. "Mr. Barker can eat with himself. He is that pinickety and fractious lately that I can't bear him anyway."

"Yes. Let us," answered Cordelia. "I put the coffee on," said Agnes, and she added in a breathless voice, such as one hears in a sick room, "Cynth is making pancakes."

Cordelia gasped. She would not have been more astonished if told that Caesar's ghost was playing marbles. "Ain't she bearing up wonderful. I guess that there ain't many brides that make pancakes the day they are married."

"They say 'she was a good cook,'" said Agnes.

In explanation of this cryptic remark he it known to the reader that the Rev. Cyril was a widower, and during the five years he had boarded with the sisters an enlarged picture of his deceased wife had hung on the wall of the front bedroom. After his engagement to Cynthia the sisters always referred to the defunct wife as "she;" while the Rev. Cyril himself was known as "he."

"'He' is getting a good pastor's wife," said Cordelia stoutly. "Cynth has a way with people."

"Yes, but I think Cynth is getting a bit worried. Ain't you noticed that she is trying to spruce up a bit on her cooking?"

wiches and salads protected with damp cloths, and numerous cakes, among which of course the bride's cake was conspicuously large and decorative. No less than two hundred people were invited.

"Don't say nothing," said Cordelia. "It is the last day that we will have her with us."

As a matter of fact, the Rev. Cyril and his wife when they returned from their honeymoon would live but a few doors away from the home of the sisters, but Agnes and Cordelia felt and perhaps not entirely without reason that they were losing Cynthia forever.

Presently the hall door opened and Cynthia emerged hot and disheveled from the kitchen, bringing with her the unmistakable odor of burned pancakes.

"Breakfast is ready," she announced airily, and began to ring violently a bell which she carried in her hand.

"Oh, my, Cynth, don't ring that bell. It is only seven o'clock and Mr. Barker does not get up until eight-thirty," exclaimed Agnes.

"Oh Land! I forgot," said Cynthia. "It seems as if it must be about ten o'clock. Oh well, he ain't likely to get up, being so shiftless. If he does, breakfast is ready."

"Oh, Cynthia," exclaimed Agnes, as they filed into the dining room, "why did you go to so much trouble making pancakes. You ought to eat light having an ocean voyage before you. I thought we would all just take a smack like off the kitchen table."

"Oh, that is all right," said Cynthia. "I thought we would just celebrate a little, being as this is the last breakfast we'll ever have together."

At this Agnes sniffed and began to peer anxiously into the milk picher for possible specks; Cordelia gulped and intently examined a hole in the table cloth; while Cynthia, the most emotional and not the least excited of the trio, choked over a piece of toast and coughed so immoderately that Mr. Barker, consisting of four front teeth, admitted by all to be "perfect deceptions" were precipitated onto the table. She picked them up hastily and placed them in a cup on the sideboard. A stranger would have exclaimed at the horrible change in Cynthia's appearance which the removal of her "bridge" produced, but the sisters accustomed to the metamorphosis made no comment.

The meal proceeded in silence. All striving to repress the emotions that made the swallowing of food a hazardous undertaking.

Suddenly the door of the dining room was burst open, and Mr. Barker, a slim, pimply youth, entered, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"Say," he exclaimed rudely, "What do you mean by getting a fellow up at this unearthly hour?"

Agnes, who had lately taken a grave "disliking" to the young man, made no reply, but arose and went hastily to the kitchen to fetch his coffee. Cordelia muttered weak excuses about thinking it later than it really was, these beautiful June mornings. Cynthia always more tolerant than the others of the young man's presence, was "wont to have earnest and confidential talks with him over his morning coffee, exhorting him to attend the church social and to reform his irregular habits of living. Today, however, she was indifferent to his presence, and conscious also of the absence of her bridge made no attempt at conversation. Both sisters folded up their napkins and silently withdrew. The boarder was left in undisputed possession of the breakfast table.

Mr. Barker was very sleepy and felt "rotten." He had not got in until 2 o'clock in the morning, and had had an unusual number of cocktails at the Merchants' Club.

"Land! Land! I wish that old girl would bring my coffee," he exclaimed. He speared a forkful of the pancakes and spreading them liberally with syrup assayed a mouthful, and hastily taking a swallow of water said: "cold and burned, the food gets worse here every day." Rising impatiently and yawning again he took a glance at the fragrant rose bushes outside through the daintily curtained window. "If that old stiff would bring my coffee, I could go out and take a walk before going to the bank."



In turning to reseat himself at the table, his eyes fell on the sideboard, and with a chuckle he took up the cup containing Cynthia's "bridge."

"Ha! so one of the old girls has false teeth." Then with virtuous indignation, "ain't that nough to turn a fellow's stomach. Leaving teeth scattered around a dining room like this. I'll just teach them to be more careful." And taking the teeth gingerly in his hands, he wrapped them in a fragment of laundry bill produced from his vest pocket and thrust them deep into a trouser pocket.

At this moment Agnes entered with his coffee.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I guess that them pancakes is cold. I'll get you some hot ones."

"I don't want anything but coffee now, thank you," snapped Mr. Barker. "I have a rotten headache. It always makes me sick to get up early."

He hastily gulped down a cup of coffee, and ignoring the hospitable remarks of Agnes concerning the inadvisability of going to work on an empty stomach, he grabbed his hat from the hall rack and departed slamming the front door.

"Thank heaven," said Agnes, "We won't have him under our feet any more today." Mr. Barker took his lunch down town.

The trio worked busily. At eleven o'clock all the household duties and luncheon preparations were completed, and the arduous task of dressing began. Cordelia completed her toilette first. She was always the least stylish of the three, and made her way to Cynthia's room.

"How are you making it, Cynth?" she inquired.

Cynthia arrayed in bridal longie was seated before the mirror waving her hair with the curling tongs.

"All right," she replied. "Oh, Delia, would you mind going down stairs in the dining room and bringing up my bridge. They are in the blue cup with the gold rim on the side board, right beside the bird seed."

Cordelia hastily departed on the errand. She remembered exactly where the teeth had been placed, and no premonition warned her of approaching disaster. The cup of course was empty.

"Cynthia," she shouted up the stairs. "You must have took your teeth up with you. They ain't here."

Cynthia did not hear but Agnes did and came and hung anxiously over the banisters.

"What's wrong Delia?"

"Why, Cynth left her teeth on the sideboard and they are gone."

"Oh, they can't be," said Agnes, yet she paddled anxiously down. Together they looked in the blue cup and all the other cups and dishes which the pantry and dining room afforded. At the end of their careful search they faced each other in panic.

"She must have taken them up stairs," said Agnes. "Go up Delia and look around quiet like, but don't let her know that we can't find 'em."

Cordelia obeyed.

in the doorway. She had looked in the blue cup and all the other cups, and guessed their motive in searching the garbage.

"Girls!" she screamed. "Where are my teeth?"

They dropped the hopeless task, and the three formed a grim council of war in the kitchen.

"Agnes," screamed Cynthia, "it's ten to twelve and the carriage is at the door. Go and tell Mr. Macdonald that I am ill and the marriage will have to be postponed."

"Oh, no," chorused Agnes and Cordelia.

"You'll have to go through with it," said Agnes. "All the folk is waiting now, and there would be an awful talk, besides, he has bought the tickets and paid for the berths."

"Cynth," said Cordelia, "nons will ever notice, if you will just remember not to laugh and not to talk."

"I ain't at all likely to laugh, sobbed Cynthia. "But I can't be a mute when folks come to wish me joy."

"You can stop off at the first place you get to and get new teeth."

"We don't stop until we get to London," said Cynthia, and a sizer of his is to meet us when we get off the boat. I'd rather never get married at all than meet his people without my teeth. Oh, I can't do it! I can't do it!"

She threw herself sobbing on the kitchen floor. She had now reached such a state of nervous excitement as to be quite incapable of making any decision in the matter.

"We must decide instantly," said Agnes. "It is now five to twelve. The train goes ten to two."

A ring sounded at the front door. Agnes peered through the glass in the hall door. It is Mr. Macdonald. He is as pale as death, and Deacon Beasley.

"Say I'm sick," wailed Cynthia. "I won't see him."

Agnes looked at Cordelia a very picture of indecision. The bell pealed again.

Agnes advanced nervously into the hall and opened the front door.

"Where is Cynthia?" gasped the Rev. Cyril. His face was deathly pale even under a crop of sandy freckles. His tall angular frame seemed ungainly in the dress suit he wore, and a rose in his buttonhole seemed out of accord with his general funeral appearance.

He grasped Agnes' hands in something more than friendly pressure. It was the first time that Agnes had ever seen him other than professionally composed. "I bet he can't be real disagreeable," she mentally remarked.

"Cynth is sick," stammered Agnes. "I told you so Brother" said the Deacon.

"Let me see her," exclaimed the bridegroom attempting to enter.

"No," said Agnes, "she says she won't see nobody."

"Ah, Deacon," said the Rev. Cyril, stepping sadly back. "This is as I feared."

"Will you take her a written message from me?"

The Deacon produced a pad and pencil and the bridegroom began to scribble hastily.

wish to marry him because he was a widower. He remembered that on one occasion, she had almost asked him to take down the picture of his first wife from the walls of his bedroom, which he had emphatically refused to do.

The notes which closely resembled each other read something like this: "My Darling: No woman has ever meant as much to me as you do. My first wife was merely my boyhood's sweetheart. I did not really love her. She was my little homemaker, but you shall be the partner of my mind and soul, my help-mate, my other self. I solemnly promise that if you consent to go now and marry me, I will never in all our married life again mention the name of my first wife."

Yours in an agony of waiting, Cyril.

Cordelia entered the kitchen with a bound. Cynthia took her teeth without questions as a gift from the hands of a relenting providence. They crept up the back stairs, and never did a bride finish dressing more quickly than Cynthia. She bathed her red and tear stained eyes, and then supported by Cordelia appeared at the head of the stairs, smiling sweetly and sadly.

"Cyril," she said, "I will go."

From this point the wedding proceeded hastily but smoothly, according to accepted pattern for such events. The luncheon was a success and the bride and bridegroom departed as usual amid good wishes and showers of rice.

Mr. Barker returning home at six o'clock found all his personal possessions on the front doorstep together with a brief notice requesting him to find lodgings elsewhere. Glad to escape anything in the nature of an explanation he readily complied.

That night before Cordelia and Agnes laid their toil worn bodies down to sleep, they went calmly over the events of the day.

"I ain't sorry it happened," said Agnes. "It will teach Cynthia to be careful of her teeth, which will be a good thing now that she is married and going among his people."

"I ain't sorry it happened," said Cordelia. "I don't know how you felt Agnes, but I always thought he talked too much about his first wife, after he was engaged to Cynthia."

"I felt just like what you did Delia. I ain't sorry that Cynth has got all them notes to use on him."

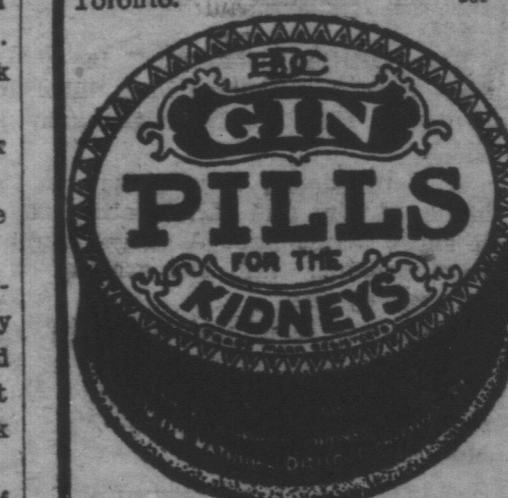
"And best of all," said Cordelia, "we are rid at last of that horrid Mr. Barker."

And then they went peacefully to sleep.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

OLD BACKS NEED HELP

When people get to be 50 and 60 and 70, they need a little help some time to get through with the day's work. Their backs can't stand the heavy loads, the steady strain, of lusty youth. They need



Be Not Deceived

about securing employment. More Maritime-trained students were employed last year than the total enrollment of all other schools in the province attempting similar work.

We have fourteen experienced instructors, ample accommodation, and first-class equipment, including 75 typewriters. You can enter any day at the

Maritime Business College Halifax, N. S. E. Kaulbach, C. A.

Constipation--the bane of old age is not to be cured by harsh purgatives; they rather aggravate the trouble. For a gentle, but sure laxative, use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They stir up the liver, tone the nerves and freshen the stomach and bowels just like an internal bath.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS Woman's best friend. From girlhood to old age, these little red health restorers are an unfailing guide to an active liver and a clean, healthy, normal stomach. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at night and the sour stomach and fermentation, and the headache, have all gone by morning. All druggists, etc., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 12

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVARGELINE ROUTE"

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 6.40 a. m., 2.30 p. m., and 12.50 noon, connect for Truro at 7.05 a. m. 6.15 p. m. and 7.50 a. m., and from Truro at 6.40 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.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted) Canadian Pacific Steamship "YAR-MOUTH" 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.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays. P. GIFFKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect January 4, 1915, Accom. Mon. & Fri. Rows: 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

FURNESS SAILINGS

Table with columns: From London, From Halifax, From Liverpool, From Halifax. Rows: Start Point, Galiana, Sagamore, Caterino, Durango, Tabasco, Roanoke.

Furness Withy & Co., Limited Halifax, N. S.

Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd

Two Trips per week in each direction between Yarmouth and Boston. Steamers leave Yarmouth Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 5.00 p. m. for Boston. Leave Boston Tuesdays, and Fridays at 1.00 p. m. for Yarmouth. Tickets and Staterooms at Wharf Office. A. B. WILLIAMS, Agent