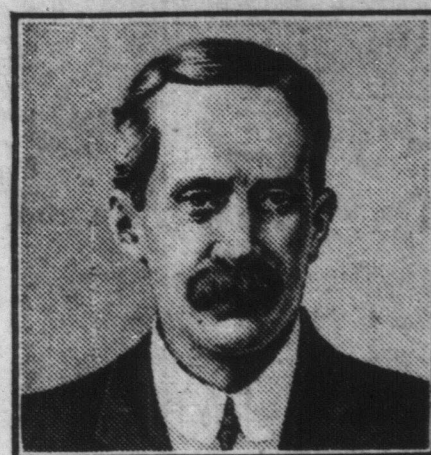


WHOLE FAMILY USES THEM

"Fruit-a-lives" Keeps Young And Old In Splendid Health



J. W. HAMMOND Esq. SCOTLAND, ONT., Aug. 25th, 1913 "Fruit-a-lives" are the only pills manufactured, to my way of thinking. They work completely, no griping whatever, and one is plenty for an ordinary person at a dose. My wife was martyred to Constipation. We tried everything on the calendar without satisfaction, and spent large sums of money until we happened on "Fruit-a-lives". I cannot say too much in their favor. We have used them in the family for about two years and we would not use anything else as long as we can get "Fruit-a-lives". Their action is mild, and no distress at all. I have recommended them to many other people, and our whole family uses them.

The Mouse

I'm only a poor little mouse, ma'am! I live in the wall of your house, ma'am! With a fragment of cheese and a very few peas I was having a little carouse, ma'am! No mischief at all, I intend, ma'am! I hope you will set as my friend, ma'am! If my life you should take, many hearts would it break, And the trouble would be without end, ma'am! My wife lives in there in the crack, ma'am! She's waiting for me to come back, ma'am! She hoped I might find a bit of a rind, For the children their dinner do lack, ma'am! 'Tis hard living there in the wall, ma'am! For plaster and mortar will fall, ma'am! On the minds of the young, and when specially hung— As, upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am! In your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am! Oh, there's no need to open the door, I'll slip through the crack and I'll never come back, ma'am! Oh, I'll never come back any more, ma'am.

Where's Mother

When Father came from work at night, Before he'd wash his hands and face, Or hang his hat upon the peg, His glance would wander round the place, And if dear Mother's sunny head Was not within his vision's ken, He'd search for her from room to room, Upstairs and down and all and then He'd stop and ask: "Where's Mother?" But if he found her in her chair, He'd pester off about the lot, And pick a mess of early greens, Or fix a chicken for the pot, He'd mend a fence, or set a hen, Or do some other homely chore, With only now and then a glance Toward the half-open kitchen door That seemed to ask: "Where's Mother?"

Summer Furs

Some of the exclusive furriers are now making a specialty of summer furs to wear at mountain and seaside resorts. These furs are usually made up in combination with chiffon, so that their weight and warmth is minimized. One attractive collar is made of strips of dyed yellow fox fastened on a seal brown chiffon scarf. A muff to match, with more chiffon than fur in its makeup is sold with the collar.

Embroidered Pique

Waistcoats made of a narrow stripe pique are smart additions to the serge or gabardine street suit. They are often embroidered in white cotton, sometimes scalloped about the edges. One of the smartest, however, is made without embroidery. The edges are bound with white braid. The waistcoat buttons high in the neck and all the way down to the waist with big white crocheted buttons. Two patch pockets, bound with braid, finish it.

Keep Minard's Lissiment in the house

The Mission Doctor--A Friend

Dr. Hare Tells of His Work in Labrador.

At the Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, London, on Thursday, April 30th, the thirty-third annual meetings of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen were held. There was a reunion of many earnest workers who have not much opportunity of seeing each other in the course of the year except that which is afforded by these annual meetings. Dr. Mather Hare gave a short account of the mission work in Labrador. He said: You know that in every family there is generally one member who is not so strong as his brothers and sisters. I am the weak one of the family. (Laughter.) I have had the honor to represent this mission, which, in my opinion, is the best mission extant to-day, on the north of the gulf of St. Lawrence for the last eight years, and what I mean by saying that I am the weak one of the family is that we are the one which is not in touch with the chain of hospitals.

A LONELY SPHERE

We are nearly 350 miles away from anybody else. On that coast we have something over 2,000 white people, French and English, to look after, and I have been given charge of 500 Indians. This was put upon me by Earl Grey by an Order in Council, and it was without salary—but we have changed that now. (Laughter.) In a country where you are so much shut up as we are, and there is no chance to do things as in a large city, we get self-contained, we get more or less self-reliant, and we have learnt, as far as possible, to rely upon ourselves and do the best we can with the things at hand. Wars you have no roads everything in summer is done by boat, and this strip of coast stretches about 350 miles from end to end, and has to be covered by myself winter and summer, you can imagine something of the life we lead. These people situated so that there is one family in a harbor sometimes five in a harbor, so you can understand how they look forward to the visit of the doctor as he goes along winter and summer to get the latest news.

GROWING CONFIDENCE.

It has been my pleasure not only to run in and give them a pill for this or that, but to get in touch with the people, so that now they look upon the mission doctor as a real friend. (Applause.) They are getting so that they come to him, not only in sickness, but also in trouble, and as to one who will help them (Applause.) We have a hospital of twelve beds, and we try as best we can to keep in touch with every one, not only medically, but in little things like distributing Christmas presents. (Applause.) Not long ago the children there never saw a toy, but now boxes of toys are distributed and are to be opened on Christmas Eve; so that every child has something to help it to remember Christmas and to make it happy. (Applause.) Even if this does mean a little more effort, yet a small thing like that adds to the general pleasure of the youngsters, at Christmas especially.

A FIRST PRESENT.

A few years ago I gave a knitted scarf to an old grandmother, and as I told her that some lady had knitted it for me to give away, she said, "Doctor, tell that lady, God bless her, it is the first present I ever had." And she was 70 years of age. If we want to do these people any permanent good we must get their confidence and affection. In Labrador we have nine months' winter and three months' bad weather. (Laughter.) That may possibly be a little exaggeration, but when we have to fight the climatic conditions we have to put up with many hardships. I have hung on to two anchors for twenty-four hours, expecting to be drifted, and if so we should have been beaten to pieces on a cliff.

WINTER WORK

In winter our travelling is altogether by dog sledge and snow-shoes, and we have the sudden changes in winter as in summer, only at a different temperature. I manage to be in telephonic communication with the hospital nearly every night, and so am able to keep in touch with the cure and know what is going on. (Applause.) After being away on a long eastern trip and being home only two days, I was called away in a hurry to go two hundred miles west. My little girl climbed on my knee and said, "Father, where is your home?" (Laughter.) No wonder the little kiddie asked where my home was! It means that you are always at the beck and call of people who are living far away. Dogs, treacherous and ill-natured though they are, we cannot do without. Whether we shall have the reindeer on our part of the coast is very doubtful, because I don't think the conditions are favorable.

OLD ENGLISH STOCK

Several of the people are the descendants of men who emigrated from Devon some hundred years ago to Newfoundland and then went across, thinking it would be better. They have perpetuated the Devonshire dialect. They are honest, God-fearing for the most part, hard working, industrious fishermen—men who have no second string to their bow. If the fishing fails they have no other chance to make a living. They are absolutely dependent on the

FISHERMAN'S HARDSHIPS

For three years the people have not had anything like a good fishing. The sealers have failed. You know how they kill seals, and I have tried without success to have an arrangement arrived at by which the seals should go into the Gulf should not be touched by the steamers, but should be for the benefit of the people living on the coast, but this year five vessels went in and "cut them up," as they call it. We hardly get enough to make the seal-skin boots for the winter. A certain amount of work is done in fur catching, and some years it is good. We seldom see money on our coast. Most of the trade is simply by the barter system—the traders come down there and bring their supplies, looking for the fishermen to pay their account in fish, if possible. The other mission that is working on the coast is the Anglican Mission, under the Diocese of Quebec. We are working in the happiest co-operation with that Society, and help each other as best we can. (Applause.) There is no denominationalism in our mission. All a man needs is the needy condition. We have had Indians in the hospital, as well as French and our own English—though for years we could not get the French people to come to our hospital. We are trying to hold the fort on that part of the coast, doing whatever lies in our power to make life a little more real and a little less grey for the people living there. (Applause.)—"Tollers of the Deep."

Dickens' Popularity

This, I think, is a convenient place in which to give three or four out of a large number of instances of my father's widespread popularity, as evidenced to myself at different times among all sorts and conditions of men. When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge I was asked by a friend of mine if I would like to meet Charles Kingsley. As I was a great admirer of his works, I said it would give me the greatest pleasure to do so. Accordingly, I was invited to a large luncheon-party at St. John's College. When I arrived I was introduced to Kingsley, but he did not catch my name, and shook hands with me as a matter of ordinary politeness. In the course of the luncheon someone asked me a question about my father, on hearing which Kingsley—who was seated at the other end of a long table—putting down his knife and fork, said, "Are you a son of Charles Dickens?" And on my answering in the affirmative he came all the way around that table to shake me by the hand.

The next incident took place at Toronto, Canada. I had been staying there with two of my daughters, and we were going by rail to Niagara. When we arrived at the station I found the "boots" of the hotel with a hold-all under each arm and a bag in each hand, and I said to him, "Please take the wraps to my parlor—name Dickens." "In any way related?" he answered. "Oh, yes; I am a son." Down went the hold-alls and the bags, and, holding out his hand to me, he said, "God bless you, sir!"

The scene shifts to Jamaica. Some years ago I had to go out to that island to represent several insurance offices in some very heavy litigation which arose out of the fire which followed upon the great earthquake which laid Kingston in ruins. One of the test cases was fought at Montego Bay, quite the other side of the island from Kingston. The litigation caused immense excitement, and the papers were full of the trial, and published portraits of the counsel engaged. One morning between six and seven, when I was having my early morning walk, I saw a burly man with two comfortable-looking little black people inside it coming toward me. As it came abreast of me the buggy stopped and a little black man, leaning out of it, said:—"Mr. Dickens, sah?" "Yes," I replied. "Will you shake hands with us, sah?" "Certainly—by all means."

So I first shook hands with his smiling little wife and then with his smiling little self, and then they both proceeded to tell me how greatly they loved my father's books, and, so far as I could judge, they had read them, every one.—H. F. Dickens, K. C., in Harper's Magazine for July.

TULLE AND BEADS.

One of the new mull blouses is made with a flaring organdy collar under which is drawn a tie of black tulle—a fold of the black tulle half an inch wide. The tie ends in a tassel of colored beads which give just the desirable dash of brightness to the blouse.

EMBROIDERED EPONGE.

Embroidered sponge waistcoats are very effective, especially with white coat suits. The embroidery is done in colors that would have been called Bulgarian a year or two ago—in big, irregular designs. These waistcoats usually are made to button just above the waist, and like those of pique they carry patch pockets.

ROSE PARASOL.

One of the prettiest of the summer's parasols is made in a perfectly ordinary umbrella shape, but at the tip of each rib the silk is gathered a little. These parasols are made of shaded silk, very pale rose in the center, and deep rose at the edge.



Dumb Friends in Turbulent Mexico

(By Felix J. Koch.)

You remember the old saw about how, "for the want of a nail, the shoe was lost, and for want of the shoe, the horse was lost," and, not to give the intermediate stages, as a result of the slipping out of that single nail, an entire battle's history was changed? Down in turbulent Mexico today many a poor refugee, wandering over the ruins of his home or his shop, may be paraphrasing the little adage, while he reproaches himself with the thought that had he been a bit kinder to that horse or that burro of his, he would today have stood to lose considerably less! All Mexico over, the people who escaped with their lives from the ruined towns and villages tell the story of the salvage done for them by their equine friends. The stronger, the better condition in which your little animal was, the greater load you could put upon him; and the oftener could you drive him from the doomed settlement to the line, with salvage, then return for more and more again.

How many of our dumb friends were made to succumb, however, in this dreadful period, as a result of overwork and Mexican disregard for the feelings of their animals, will never be known. Nor were the beasts of burden the only ones to suffer. Range cattle, for days ahead of the invasion of a given region, were driven, hot-footed, to what was thought safety; and when the guerilla bands were reported near and it was "nip-and-tuck" with the cowboys to save as much as they could, the mad steers were driven till they trampled each other, and the calves went under, beneath the hoofs of the herd.

Dogs and cats fared perhaps best of all the domestic creatures at this time, for they could care for themselves; and many a child took care to take the pet parrot, with its perch, along on the little van with the salvage; but, on the other hand, Mexican men, in their eagerness to save more valuable property or to pillage their neighbor's house, while he and his drove away with some load, forgot to unleash the fighting cock or turn the poultry out of the two-floor coops on the wagons from which they hawked them, and these poor creatures were burnt to a crisp.

What the dumb animals did toward helping their friends of the genus homo in the Mexican revolution is perhaps told best by a typical example. In Nuevo Laredo men were content to drive their mule carts or ride into town on their ranch horses, attending their business, little caring whether one side or other were in power. When the government forces received the news that they had lost Monterey and the towns about, however, they immediately notified, through their commanders, the *cis* of Ciudad Porfirio Diaz and Nuevo Laredo, that these places would be destroyed.

Rest assured that it was then that carters began looking to their humble steeds as never before! Horses, mules, burros, donkeys—all manner of beasts of burden, became worth literally their weight in gold. Men outbid one another savagely for the rent or hire of these, that they might save what they could of their wares. What would be left behind must go to plunder and flame, so almost any price paid for the hire of a draft animal was cheap at that! Poor little animals—the frenzied drivers cared little for them after this, as they dashed back and forth with the heavy loads which they were taking to safety! By one of the afternoon the town began to evacuate, full force, most of the people making, of course, for Laredo, Texas.

Summer Clothes for Children

There are some women whose summer will include relief from the strain of keeping up appearances and instead of supplying the family with dainty frocks, beruffled and embroidered, they are making the most dainty of collars for the many materials which do not require ironing.

The mother who likes to see her children clad fresh and clean once or perhaps twice a day may yet have pity on the one maid upon whom the weight of the ironing would fall, or she may not wish to increase the family laundry bill by the addition of many white frocks. It seems as if the looms never worked more generally to the advantages of such housewives.

One woman with a family of small children is having their morning dresses made from crinkled seersucker with detachable collars and belts of white linen. The latter only will be starched and ironed. The dresses and suits of seersucker will be hung out to dry with more than ordinary care, so that the lines of the goods will hang lengthwise. They will not be starched and only the collar and cuff bands will need smoothing off before the garments fresh and sweet smelling from the drying in the sun, will be hung in the closet.

Joker's Corner

An Irishman walked into a hotel and noticed two men fighting at the far end of the room. Leaning over the bar, he earnestly inquired of the bartender: "Is that a private fight or can anyone get into it?"—Life

The information editor received this letter from a fresh youth: Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her. The editor replied: If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason.

"It's meet and drink to me to fall across a jolly good fellow like Smith," said Jones. "Well judging from the condition you come home in when you have been with Smith," said Mrs. Jones, "I should say it was meet and drink."

A gentleman visiting a jail noticed a colored man of his acquaintance whom he had never known to be guilty of wrong doing. "Why Jim, what are you here for?" he asked. "I don't know, sah," replied the negro. "Well, what have you been doing?" "Nothin' tall, sah—nothin' tall."

"What made 'em put you in here, then?" "Well, dey sez, boss, I wuz sent up fur fragranty."—Chicago "Daily News."

OVERDOING IT

Mr. B., who was dining out, had done lavish justice to the good things before him. By way of a graceful apology he remarked with a beaming smile directed toward his hostess: "I've always heard ma'am, that the highest compliment one pays the housekeeper is to eat heartily. You observe that I have been exceedingly polite!"

"Thank you, Mr. B. smiled back the hostess. "Indeed I think that you have carried politeness to the point of flattery." When Jenkins managed to wake up he found his wife weeping uncontrollably. "My darling," he exclaimed. "What in the world is the matter?" "Oh, I've had such a dream," she said. Jenkins begged her to tell it to him; and finally she consented to say this much: "I thought I was walking down the street and came to a shop where it said 'Husbands for sale.' You could get beautiful ones for \$5,000, and very nice looking ones for even as little as \$500."

"And were there any that looked like me?" asked Jenkins, not altogether ingeniously. "The sobs became suddenly violent. 'Dozens of them,' gasped Mrs. Jenkins. "Done up in bunches like asparagus, and marked 25c a bunch." While visiting in the South recently a traveller chanced upon a resident of a seepy hamlet in Tennessee. "Are you a native of this town?" asked the traveller. "Am I a what?" languidly asked the man as he rose to a sitting posture. "Are you a native of this town?" "What's that?" "I asked you whether you were a native of the place!" Suddenly there appeared at the open door of the cabin the man's wife, gaunt and sallow. After carefully scrutinizing the intruder she said: "Ain't you got no sense at all, Ira! He means was yo' livin' heah when you was born, or was yo' born after you begun livin' heah. Now answer him."

Nothing if not ambitious, the young minister of Popham determined on a plan to gain him greater popularity. "Well, John," he said to the beadle after service one Sunday, "I was just thinking it might greatly enhance my sermons, if you would oblige by saying 'Amen' now and again." "Right, Right, I will sir, But hoo an I tae ken whann tae say 'Amen'?" inquired sturdy John. "I'll have a bag o' green peas beside me, John, and if you just sit under the pulpit I'll drop one when I wish you to speak," was the reply. The following Sunday all went well, until of a sudden John exclaimed, hurriedly: "Amen, amen, amen, amen—" "Hush, John," the minister whispered, "the bag's burst."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

Cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

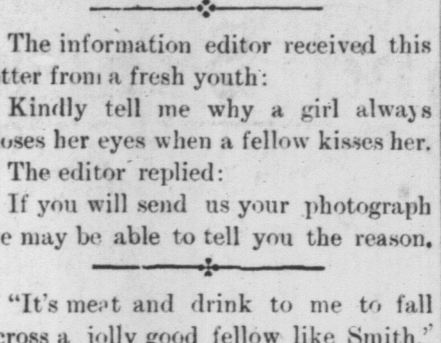
Save Doctors' Bills

Another mother who likes to see her two little daughters dressed in white and pale colors has made some simple but dainty frocks of cotton crepe in white, pale blue and pale pink. These must not be ironed but shaken several times during the drying process. If made with shirred round skirts they keep their shape admirably and make it dainty afternoon frocks.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

No Friends Like The Old Friends

Life and right along to old age Chamberlain's Tablets are woman's best friend—keep the nerves, aid digestion, stop headaches, keep the blood rich and assure good health generally. Try them. Sec. a bottle. Druggists and Dealers or by mail. Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto.



DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

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..... Saturday only 7.53 p.m. Express for Halifax 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 "YAKMOUTH" 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. P. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

FULL PASSENGER LIST

The "S. S. Digby" on her last trip from Halifax, June 20th, carried a full passenger list. This is a striking evidence of the popularity of this splendid new passenger ship. The "Digby's" next sailing from Halifax is July 18th and any person anticipating a trip to Europe this summer should make reservations for this next sailing.

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Saloon \$60.00 Second Class \$45.00

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