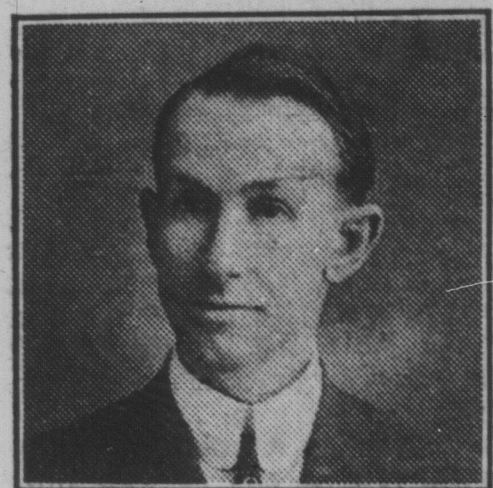


MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

Suffered Terribly for 15 Years Until He Tried "Fruit-a-lives"



D. A. WHITE, Esq.
21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO,
Dec. 22nd, 1913.

"Having been a great sufferer from Asthma for a period of fifteen years (sometimes having to sit up at night for weeks at a time) I began the use of 'Fruit-a-lives'. These wonderful tablets relieved me of Indigestion, and through the continued use of same, I am no longer distressed with that terrible disease, Asthma, thanks to 'Fruit-a-lives' which are worth their weight in gold to anyone suffering as I did. I would heartily recommend them to all sufferers from Asthma, which I believe is caused or aggravated by Indigestion."

D. A. WHITE

For Asthma, for Hay Fever, for any trouble caused by excessive nervousness due to Impure Blood, faulty Digestion or Constipation, take 'Fruit-a-lives' 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

What recollections of the past,
Of scenes gone by, and days that
were;
Crowd through my mind whenever I
cast
A look upon my father's chair.

How often have I climb'd his knees
To pat his head and stroke his hair;
The kind paternal kiss to seize,
When seated in this old arm chair.

And much of monitory lore,
Which bade me of the world beware,
His tongue has uttered o'er and o'er,
When seated in this old arm chair.

When evening called us round the
hearth,
And storms disturb'd the wintry
air,
What merry tales of social mirth
Have issued from this old arm chair.

With summer's toil and heat o'ercome,
When weary nature sought repair,
Oft has he thrown his languid frame,
Exhausted in this old arm chair.

When adverse fortune cross'd his
road,
And bow'd him down with anxious
care—
How has he sighed beneath his load,
When seated in this old arm chair.

But death has long since clos'd his
eyes,
And peacefully he slumbers, where
A grassy turf is seen to rise,
And fills no more this old arm
chair.

Ev'n that which does these seems
recall,
Which age and wasting worms im-
pair,
Must shortly into pieces fall,
And cease to be an old arm chair.

Yet while its smallest parts remain,
My fancy shall behold him there;
And memory stir those thoughts
again,
Of him whom filled the old arm
chair.

First Dose Ends Indigestion, Heart-burn, Or Gas On Stomach

The question as to how long you are going to continue suffering from indigestion, dyspepsia or out-of-order stomach is merely a matter of how soon you begin taking Tonaline Tabs. People with weak stomachs should take Tonaline Tablets occasionally, and there will be no more indigestion, no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach, no heartburn, sour risings, gas on stomach, or belching of undigested food, headaches, dizziness or sick stomach; and besides, what you eat will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors. All these symptoms resulting from a sour, out-of-order stomach and dyspepsia are generally relieved five minutes after taking Tonaline Tablets.

Go to your druggist and get a \$1.00 box of Tonaline Tablets and you will go to the table with a hearty appetite, what you eat will taste good, because your stomach and intestines will be clean and fresh and you will know there are not going to be any more bad nights and miserable days for you. Tonaline tabs freshen you and make you feel like life is worth living.

Tonaline Tablets cost \$1.00 for a 50 days' treatment. At druggists or mailed by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

Twin Prodigals

MISS ETHEL FITCH

CHAPTER IV.

Neither of the two excited occupants of the room noticed the quiet entrance of Parish. Hogan still continued to flourish his revolver with nerve-racking carelessness, demanding the whereabouts of Maudie and the rocks, while Percy's entire attention was absorbed in futile efforts to explain his identity and dodge the formidable weapon. Parish stood, an amused spectator. Though not a word of the heated argument escaped him, his keen eyes appraised his double, and took in every detail of the disordered room. The suite which Percy occupied he noticed was one of the best in the hotel, from which we will infer that three weeks of hardship had not taught the son of the multi-millionaire economy. He perceived also that the garments thrown about the room were expensive and well-tailored, and decided that this might indeed be the son of Van Ness.

At length fearing that Hogan's loud tones would attract attention, and tiring of the quarrel which though apparently endless promised no new developments, he interposed by tapping Hogan smartly on the shoulder with his cane. Hogan wheeled sharply, and stood for a moment gasping with astonishment, starting from Percy to Parish, as if in doubt of evidences of his senses. Then, with cry of intense relief, he sank almost blubbering into a chair.

"Is it you, Jim," he exclaimed. "The Lord be praised, I thought you had given me the double-cross. This living picture of yours here," waving his arm towards Percy, "put a fearful scare into me."

Parish paid little attention to his pal, beyond an admonition to 'cheer up.' With a differential bow he proffered Percy a cigar, then deliberately sat down and smoothly and suavely sought to engage him in conversation. "I deeply regret," he said, "that your resemblance to me has caused you to suffer at the hands of my impetuous Irish friend. At this point the impetuous Irish friend, prompted by a glance from Parish, muttered a gruff apology.

"Oh that is all right," answered Percy lightly. "It was clearly a case of mistaken identity, and I was partly in fault."

Percy felt greatly relieved by the advent of this third party, whom he rightly supposed to be Gentleman Jim. He would have welcomed the devil himself, if his coming had meant relief from the bore of subjects of Maudie and the rocks. He did not exactly fancy the idea of hobnobbing with crooks, but was not adverse to a few moments chat with Parish, who seemed a gentleman of refinement and education. The adventure had a spice of novelty about it, and moreover gave him an opportunity to study his double at close quarters, and compare his features with his own reflected image in the mirror. He knew also that Hogan must be bursting with inquiries about Maudie and the rocks, and took an implicit delight in prolonging his anxiety.

Although Parish and Percy were very similar in features, size, coloring and even the calibre of their voices, a keen observer would have noticed that Parish seemed somewhat the older of the two. There was also an exaggerated sauvage in the manner of the former, which Percy lacked; being stolid and phlegmatic as a Dutchman, which indeed he was by descent. Parish also had a certain nervousness of manner, glance and gesture, and a furtive habit of looking over his shoulder, which would have furnished the same keen observer with a clue to his method of earning a livelihood. He talked well, and even brilliantly, frequently punctuating his remarks with a jolly laugh, which exposed to view rows of faultless teeth, more even and white than those which Percy boasted. His hands also were slimmer, longer, and the fingers more tapering, and free from the stains of cigarettes.

"I wonder," said Parish, after they had chatted for a time on indifferent topics, "if we are any relation."

"My people are southerners. I was born in Georgia. My grandfather was Colonel Parish, one of Lee's generals. My mother was of French descent."

Whereupon Percy with not a little pride delved into his own family tree, incidentally telling many intimate things about his parents and of his life in New York.

"Well," said Parish at length. "We have had a very pleasant talk. Now I want to do something to atone for the trouble which Hogan has caused you. Come out with us and have something to drink and a little lunch. I know a swell cafe on Boylston Street."

"Oh! No thanks," exclaimed Percy, who suddenly remembered the detective who had shadowed him, and

realized that he did not want to be seen in public with the crooks.

"I have a flask of Scotch in my pocket," interposed Hogan.

"Good enough for me," assented Percy, producing glasses from the cupboard. While his back was turned Parish gave a peculiar sign to Hogan, who nodded immediate assent, and drew also a small phial from his pocket, containing a dark brown liquid.

"Our mutual health," proposed Parish, bowing to Percy, and lifting his glass with a great flourish. Percy drained his glass. "I will have another," he said, "for this is my birthday."

"Your birthday," exclaimed Parish. "Why we are indeed twins. It is mine as well. I am twenty-one," he added not without an appraising glance at Percy.

"Twenty-one," exclaimed Percy. "Why so am I."

They shook hands with enthusiasm, wishing each other many happy returns of the day. Hogan took advantage of the opportunity to pour a few drops of the brown fluid in Percy's glass.

"Our next meeting," proposed Percy, lifting his glass, for in spite of prudence, he was beginning to like the clever crook immensely.

They drank again.

In a few moments Percy began to feel very sleepy, his head nodded, the faces of Hogan and Parish grew faint, their voices sounded a long way off and the help of the Van Ness fell on an unconscious heap to the floor.

The two crooks faced each other across the table.

"Well," demanded Hogan. "What is the game? But first of all," interposed, as Parish was about to reply, "Tell me what you did with the swag?"

"I went out to Denver as planned," said Parish, "but found myself shadowed."

"Who by?" inquired Hogan.

"I don't know," replied Parish. "A smart looking guy in plain clothes. I never saw him before. I came back at once to Boston, and I was followed by Epstein, although he slacked a bit on his first offer. I picked them out of the settings and sold them in bulk."

"Without recutting?" exclaimed Hogan. "It was the only way the old thief would take them."

Hogan shook his head as if in disapproval of such rashness.

"What did he pay you?"

"\$25,000," replied Parish. "They are easily worth twice that amount, but money is scarce, and we were lucky to dispose of them at all. I banked the money and will give you your cheque now for half."

"What about Maudie's share?" interposed Hogan. "Where is she anyway?"

"Maudie has left the firm, at least for the present," said Parish with a rueful laugh.

"Married?" screamed Hogan.

"No not so bad as that," Parish assured him, with a smile at the lover's ardor. "One Sunday night when we were out in Denver," he continued, "we went to hear Bill Sunday just for a lark. He is some little talker. He could talk a hen off her nest. Maudie got converted, and swears that she is going to live straight. At the present moment she is dressed in cheap serge, working behind the counter at Jordan & Marsh's for a small sum of \$4.25 per week."

Hogan gave a grunt of disgust. "When a woman gets religion," he announced, you can't do anything with her. I paid my sister Nora's way out from Ireland, and when she got here she would not do a thing to help me, though she had places in rich families. That is religion for you."

"Just let Maudie alone," admonished Parish. "I think that she will come

AT YOUR STORE

25¢

At this time of the year Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters are specially valuable. The blood is apt to be clogged with impurities which are the cause of headaches, indigestion and that tired feeling which comes with the Spring.

Dr. Wilson's Herbine Bitters have stood the test of fifty years and have proved to be a true blood purifier.

THE BRADLEY DRUG COMPANY, Limited
Wholesale Druggists
St. John, N.E.

Dr. Wilson's Deadshot Wormstick in candy form for children is a safe cure.



around alright. She is very fond of pretty things, and it does not run in our family to work very hard or very long."

"Now as regards this cub," he continued, prodding Percy with his toe. "You have made a great find Hogan. I could not have asked a better Christmas present than this. Every Gentleman of Fortune should have a double. Then if any unpleasantness arises, he can send his proxy to the Pen, and still go about his life work."

"What do you mean?" asked Hogan, mystified.

"Just this," exclaimed Parish. "Things are going to get too hot for us here soon. Martel has been promoted to Chief, and a new broom sweeps clean. He will want to make a lot of arrests. All our friends on the police staff have been fired. Reforms is the order of the day. Now if anything turns up about those stones, here—indicating Percy—is a peace offering for Martel. We will send this lamb to the slaughter. As for myself, I am going to New York."

"What for?" inquired Hogan.

"To visit my Papa and Mamma Van Ness. They must be lonesome without me. Strip off his duds. I am going to change with him. Probably his parents would not know his rags—these rich people seldom see their children—but servants have sharp eyes. Pack all his things into that grip, and then phone a hack. I will settle his bill. Go through his pockets carefully for letters, and if you come across any read them to me, while I undress."

"What shall I do with him while you are gone?" asked Hogan, starting to remove Percy's coat.

"Take him down to Bert's place and keep him snug. Do not let Maudie in on this. She is not to be trusted just at present. I will write just as soon as I can."

The programme outlined was quickly carried out. Nothing of interest was found in Percy's pockets, except a pawn ticket, which mystified the two crooks. A hotel porter helped them back the apparently intoxicated Percy into the hack.

"If I send for you come at once," said Parish, in parting instruction.

"Yes," replied Hogan.

"And above all, keep Maudie out of this," he added, as he banged to the door of the hack. "Joy Street," he bawled to the driver, "and drive smart." He stood watching the hack for a few moments as it rolled down the street. Then he made his way quickly to South Station and purchased a ticket to New York, and was soon en route to the bosom of his adopted family.

(To be continued.)

The Revenue Question

When prohibition is enforced the revenue question settles itself quite easily with a good balance on the credit side. That has been the experience of Maine, Kansas, N. Dakota, Russia, Norway and in our own country Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and the many municipalities that have prohibition by local option.

The Minister of Russia explains it in a pithy manner. He says "When we sold Vodka the people were poor. The money for the drink went into the treasury but the human machine that made that money became weaker and weaker. So the nation was really cutting off the revenue at its source."

When mobilization began the doctors found all sorts of complaints superinduced by drink. Now at the end of this very short period the new armies are of a healthier sort of men. And what is the result financially? There is money in the savings banks. If the country is a little poorer, the people are already a good deal richer. If the people are poor we tax them without results. If they are rich we levy on them by indirect taxation as we are doing now.

"In the coal regions we have sent thirty per cent of the men to the war and yet the output of work is greater by thirty per cent because everybody is sober. I have received delegations of former drinkers and their wives and families thanking the government for the new conditions and asking that they continue. Delegations have come from employers all over Russia asking that we never again sell Vodka."

"A large number of men cannot break off drink without some help and it is cruel to tempt them with the open bar and store instead of helping them in their struggle."

H. ARNOTT, M.B., M.C.P.S.

Bombardment being a daily danger, the schools at Rheims are conducted in the champagne cellars of that city.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

The Nation First

(Continued from page six.)

clenched his hands again in rage at the robbery, for the Germans took what they would and paid for nothing, and how could the former-folk exist at times like these if they could not sell their produce?

He entered the pastures by the lower gate, and saw to his dismay that the cattle were scattered all over the wide meadow. What a time it would take him to round them up! And they were lumpy things to drive when they did not choose to move. He would be discovered, and his chance of saving them would be gone.

Was there no way? He drove his hands into his pockets with a movement of desperation, and his knuckles hit a bit of rock salt, and then he suddenly had an inspiration.

"Salt, salt!" he cried, sending his voice out with a quivering shout. He had to risk the enemy hearing him call, but that risk was the less, as another pig had begun to squeal. Three pigs! What robbers they were! There would be no bacon for the winter now, nor any lard. They would have to eat their potatoes with oily salt—they might even not be able to save the potatoes.

"Salt, salt!" he was calling—in French, for the cattle would not have understood English, nor did he understand it himself. A big red steer in the middle of the meadow had lifted its head, and after pausing a moment, as if in doubt, came marching towards him. This was the leader; two minutes later and the whole lot were on the move.

Jean backed sufficiently to make sure they were all through the gate, then he stopped to give the steer a lick at the salt; and when he had satisfied the animal as to good faith of his call, he slipped round to shut the gate of the meadow, so that there could be no danger of the cattle doubling back.

With such trouble and labor he drove the cattle into a part of the forest crossed by no road or track, and then he herded them carefully, intending to keep them there until nearly sundown, by which time the Germans would have passed right on without discovering the whereabouts of such a valuable find.

He got dreadfully hungry as the time went on, and was just thinking that he might soon start back to the farm, when suddenly there was a shout, then quite a volley of shouting, and a troop of about twenty Germans burst into the open from one of the leafy forest ways.

They surrounded the cattle with loud cries of satisfaction, and one of them presenting a revolver at the head of Jean, harshly bade him drive the beasts onwards to the place where the night camp was made.

Stiff and dazed with horror the boy had to obey or be shot, and all the time he was thinking that if only he had left the beasts at home in the meadow this night he would not have happened.

What a lot of blunders he seemed to make that day yet he had tried so hard to put the Nation first, only somehow he had failed to do anything except to warp the soldiers that the enemy were in the neighborhood. Certainly he had done that much, and the thought of the lives he had saved kept him from feeling an absolute failure.

He was wondering whether he could so blunder his driving that he could make the cattle stampede and scatter in the thick undergrowth, when the German who was holding the revolver at his head called a halt, and held a short consultation with the others. From what Jean could understand of the talk, he gathered that they were debating whether it would be safe to stay where they were for supper and rest. They had had no food that day, and had got out of touch with the main body which he had seen advancing on the way to the farm, and this was a small patrol belonging to it.

"We had better kill the boy, or he may give an alarm," growled a German who had slipped from his horse, and walked with a limp.

"Yes, it won't be safe to let him run, or he may bring trouble on us before we can cook our supper," remarked another, as he hid he slid from his horse.

Kill him! Jean's hair felt as if it stood straight up all over his head, and a horrible shiver caught him in the back. He had to set his teeth hard to keep from crying out in sheer panic, for right down at the bottom he did not feel a bit brave.

He wondered if Marie would ever hear what had become of him, and whether she would cry very much. He wondered, too, if old Gascoyne would know how hard he had tried to save the cattle, and then he suddenly turned rigid with sheer terror as the man with the revolver lifted it pointing it full at him.

All at once the cattle stampeded wildly; the big red steer came charging along, bowling over the man with the revolver, which cracked harmlessly in the lush weeds and ferns. The air was full of shouts and cries, and a party of the French infantry whom he had warned a short time before burst out of the thicket and flung themselves on the astonished Germans. The enemy taken so completely unawares,



Many women with disfigured complexions never seem to think that they need an occasional cleansing inside as well as outside. Yet neglect of this internal bathing shows itself in spots, and sallow complexions—as well as in dreadful headaches and biliousness. It's because the liver becomes sluggish, and waste matter accumulates which Nature cannot remove without assistance. The best

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remedy is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, which stimulate the liver to healthy activity, remove fermentation, gently cleanse the stomach and bowels and tone the whole digestive system. Sure, safe and reliable. Take one at night and you feel bright and sunny in the morning. Get Chamberlain's today—druggists 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto



DOMINION ATLANTIC RY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUT"

On and after November 3rd, 1914, train services on the 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 for Windsor at 6.40 a.m., 2.30 p.m. and 12.50 p.m. connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

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

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE
(Sunday excepted.)

Canadian Pacific Steamship "Yarmouth" leaves St. John 7.00 a.m., leaves Digby 1.45 p.m., arrives at St. John about 5.00, connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston and 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.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
Graciana	May 12
Appenine	June 3
Messina	June 15
May 20	Caterino June 25

From Liverpool	From Halifax
May 27	Durango June 15

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

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect January 4, 1915	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.10	Lv. Middleton Ax.	15.45
11.38	* Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Centre	14.36
12.30	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	* Karadale	14.05
13.15	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RAILWAY AND D. A. RAILWAY.

P. MOONEY

General Freight and Passenger Agent

Seed Time

Then the

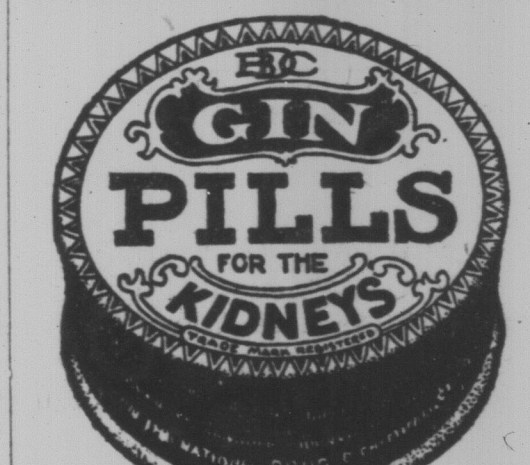
HARVEST

If the farmer keeps his seed in the granary this spring you can safely predict the marketable value of his crop in the autumn. If you do not now begin your training you will not be ready for those Civil Service Examinations in November next. Initial salaries \$500 to \$800 per annum. Tuition—\$30.00 per quarter, payable on entrance.

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will clear up your urine—neutralize uric acid—dissolve stone in the bladder or kidneys—stop the pain in the back—and cure all Kidney and Bladder Trouble. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Trial treatment free if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

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Our Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairs have always given satisfaction.

Ross A. Bishop
LOCKETT BLOCK

Administration Notice

All persons having legal demands against the estate of William R. Inglis, late of Tupperville, in the County of Annapolis, Farmer, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within one year from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to Philip C. Inglis, Tupperville, N.S., or Chas. R. Chipman, Bridgetown, N.S., administrators.

Letters of administration dated January 8th, 1915.

Dated at Bridgetown, N. S., this 8th day of January, 1915.

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