

# THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

Pure Blood Is Absolutely Necessary To Health

## "FRUIT-A-TIVES" PURIFIES

These Wonderful Tablets, Made of Fruit Juices, Are The Best Of All Tonics To Purify And Enrich The Blood.

Pure, rich blood can flow only in a clean body. Now, a clean body is one in which the waste matter is regularly and naturally eliminated from the system. The blood cannot be pure when the skin action is weak, when the stomach does not digest the food properly, when the bowels do not move regularly, when the kidneys are strained or overworked.

Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives", by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

"Fruit-a-tives" tones up, invigorates, strengthens, purifies, cleans and gives pure, rich, clean blood that is, in truth, the stream of life.

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

### BE SQUARE.

Say, my boy, though there are drawbacks

That may hamper you in life, Though the skies above are darkened, And the future seems a strife, Just resolve to face it bravely, Have the grit up and dare, And you'll win, despite the drawbacks, If, in all things, you'll 'Be square.'

There's a something in the sparkle Of an honest youngster's eye That demands the admiration Which the world does not deny. Meet him where you will, you'll notice By his frank and fearless air, He convinces those about him That in all things he'll 'Be square.'

Plan great deeds, then up and at them With a manly, glowing face; Just forget about the drawbacks, Be a leader in the race, Have a noble, steadfast purpose, And you'll conquer all you dare; For you've learned true victory's secret, In those simple words, 'Be square.'

### 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 keen, 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 pucker up 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?"

When Mother left us sorrowing He followed her within a day; And while we laid white flowers around His smooth-brushed hair, as white as they, We could but think that when the light And beauty of that wondrous place Burst on his newly-quickened gaze, He must have raised an eager face And simply asked: "Where's Mother?"

—Marion Parks, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Dutch common sense is again confirmed in a custom noted by a traveller in Holland. When anyone is ill a slip of paper with a note of information as to the patient's condition is put up each morning on the front door. By this means inquiring friends may keep informed of the condition of the patient without disturbing the household.

It is said also that when a death occurs in a family the relationship of the deceased is indicated by the position of the following shutters of the windows. If a cousin, one section; a brother, two; while for a parent all but one is closed.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

# Twin Prodigals

By MRS. P. H. SAUNDERS

## CHAPTER VI.

As the train, which carried as a first class passenger, Jim Parish, was speeding on its way to New York, that gentleman was for once in his eventful life, kept very busy racking his brain to think, and plan how he was going to carry out his scheme of deceiving Papa and Mama Van Ness. He had learned a good deal from his talk with Percy in the room at the Ritz Hotel, when Hogan had mistaken him for "Gentleman Jim," he felt pretty sure that even his resemblance to the real Van Ness heir, he would have his hands full to really live in the bosom of his adopted family day after day, and not commit some blunder; however he is determined to risk it. He has found out the avenue on which the palatial mansion of the Van Ness is situated, but failed to get the number; how shall he proceed in as yet, not quite clear to him; he will leave it to chance.

He was sitting very quietly in his seat, with his hat pulled down over his face feigning sleep; but never was he more wide awake.

"Book Sir?" breaks in on his thought. On looking up, the train-boy is standing beside him, who with a quick nod, and touching his cap, exclaims, "Mr. Van Ness! here is just the book you want." Gentleman Jim is for a moment rather taken aback, but quickly recovers himself. If this train-boy takes him for the real Percy Van Ness, surely others may too, and it was with a feeling of great relief, that he produces from his pocket a coin, and gives it to the boy in exchange for the book he knows he will not read. The boy passes on little dreaming of the mistake he has made, and the light heart he has left behind him. Gentleman Jim amuses himself looking through the magazine, but really not seeing a word, his mind is too full of what is in store for him at home. If he only knew a little more! It puzzles him to know why the rich man's son was masquerading in Boston at a second rate hotel, why did he not ask a few more questions? But it was too late now, and in an hour the train will be rolling into the Grand Central at all goes well. How shall he pass the time? He has not been a millionaire's son long enough to venture into the smoker, so is obliged to again feign sleep; this time he really does lose himself in a short nap, for the discovery through the train-boy that he looks like Percy has wonderfully raised his spirits, and given him that easy feeling that with careful manoeuvring he may, for a time at least, impersonate the real Percy. For a moment he wonders what that young gentleman is doing and if Hogan will succeed in keeping him dark. But he Hogan, promised to let him know if any difficulty should arise; and with these thoughts of Hogan he finds the train has arrived at the "Grand Central," and it is now or never with him. Just how to proceed is not clear; but while he is passing through the gate from the train he is accosted by two fashionably dressed young men with "Hello Old Man," where did you drop from? I tell you, you are just in time for the ball! But, of course, you know all about it as the matter, no doubt, has written you.—For no word of the real disappearance from home of Percy has gotten abroad. Gentleman Jim thinks quickly. If he could only get a clue to the names of his would-be old-time friends, but as this is impossible, his sharp wits must come to the rescue.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have been going about so much from place to place, that I have got my mail very irregularly, and in fact, it is a week since I have heard from home."

"Ah? well then, you do not know of the grand 'Charity Ball' at your house tonight in aid of the 'Red Cross' work? I tell you it is quite the fashion to combine pleasure with profit, and nothing like getting your money's worth," and with the words, "Well! hope to see you tonight," the young men pass on.

Fearing that he will commit himself he decides as he does not know the number of his new home he will order a carriage and tell the driver to take him to the Van Ness house. Calling a porter he slips a coin into his hand, with the words, "Get me a carriage," and with the reply, "All right Sir," he dashes away. In a short time he comes back, with the announcement that the carriage is waiting. "Shall I carry your grip Sir?" Giving his luggage to the porter, he follows him outside and is soon on his way to Fifth Avenue. What is in store for him he knows not, but it is determined to be watchful and if possible escape detection. Arriving at his destination he finds as he descends from the carriage that the awning is up from the street to the front entrance of the Van Ness' abode, which proves the truth of the report given by his friends at the depot. The driver

takes his grips and proceeds through the canvas covered walk and rings the bell. The door is opened by a servant in livery, and the driver delivers the luggage inside the vestibule. Percy—as we must now call him—pays him, and he departs, leaving the adventurer rather undecided what to do, but the old trained servant, who thinking him to be the real Percy, takes his grips and proceeds to carry them to his room. Just at this moment Mrs. Van Ness enters the corridor on her way down-stairs. On seeing James with the grips she knows so well in his hands, she exclaims, "Has Mr. Percival arrived?"

"Yes madam?"

"Where is he?"

"He is in the library?"

"Wait! James leave the grips here till I see about his room." Hastily descending the stairs, she goes quickly to the library, and seeing her son throws her arms about his neck, while real tears fall from her eyes.

"My son! I am so relieved to have you home again. I want you to forgive me for not coming to see you that morning you left so suddenly. I have suffered tortures thinking about you, and what you might be enduring with that pitifully small allowance of \$500.00."

So that is the way the wind blows, Percy thinks, Ah! I have it now but aloud, "Be seated mother mine and we will talk it over more comfortably, which amazes even himself, it is evidently believed by him—if he only knew it—at last anxious mother, for never has she been so solicitous of his welfare.

"You must want to go to your room, but the house is full of guests, and your room being empty I gave it to Fred North, whom you will be glad to see. I will see at once about arranging another." Ringing the bell a maid enters. "Nora, you may tell James to put Mr. Percival's things in the blue room and let me know here when it is ready." The maid with a nod leaves the room. "Where in the world has 'Gentleman Jim' seen that face? Surely somewhere! and she gave him such a look as if she had seen him before but no clue to the mystery comes to him. But yes, no, yes I have it. Hogan! it must be the sister he spoke about. I must be careful and not awaken her suspicion.

"What are you thinking about Percy? I have been waiting some time for you to tell me of your travels, and there you sit making all kinds of faces and motions as if you were talking to some one. Pardon me, Percy, but you have changed somewhat, and your general appearance seems different?"

"But mother! you know I have been away a whole month, and a whole lot can happen in that time." "Yes my son, but now you are home again I do sincerely hope you will do nothing to annoy your father. I think he is sorry he was so hasty in sending you away for three years, but as no one knows why you went I trust you will lead them to believe you were only away on a business trip, and another thing Percy," and the wistful look she gives him determines him to do his best. "Marion will be here tonight and I want you to be particularly nice to her, you know how much my heart is set on having her for a daughter. They arrived home three weeks ago and this is her first appearance out since her arrival." Here the door is opened and James says, "Mr. Percy's room is ready madam."

"Very well James. Oh, by the way Percy, your valet went away after you left and I do not know where he is now."

"Oh, no matter mother, I will do very well alone and James can help me if I need him." Thus talking our would-be Percy and his lady mother pass together up the stairs, while he manages to keep her beside him till—"here's your room, Percy, for the present." As the door closes leaving him alone, he crosses the room which is furnished with all the luxuries to be found in a home like this, and looks at his reflection in the long cheval glass. He is startled at the close resemblance between himself and Percy, and no longer wonders at the readiness of people to believe him to be indeed the heir to the Van Ness millions. Through the blue silk portiers he can see the shining rim of a bath-tub. Entering the room he finds everything laid out in readiness for him. Emerging from the refreshing bath, and donning the costly and elegant made garments that he wonders why the real Percy can be content to leave it all and become a wanderer. He frowns as he thinks of Marion. He would give a lot to know her other name, but surely the fates will help him. He laughs aloud as he thinks of the valet, "one trouble less to confront." A tap on the door interrupts him. On opening it James gives him the message that his father has

arrived and wishes to see him in the library.

"Tell him I will be down immediately." As the door closes he exclaims, "Now Jim Parish look to your laurels and keep a brave heart."

On entering the library, his father rises to meet him.

"My son, let by-gones be by-gones, and let us from today try to do better."

Percy is, as the occasion demands, very much over-come, and with trembling lips, and penitent mien, promises to do better. His mother who is also present, thinking there has been enough of these solemn proceedings interposes after a glance at the handsome time-piece on the marble mantle. Dinner will be served in twenty minutes." A rustle of silken robes is heard, and one by one the guests enter the room and form in groups talking and laughing. All welcome Percy back from his travels.

"Where were you buried a whole month, Percy?" cried a beautiful girl with a laughing flower-like face. "We missed you so much." But dinner is announced.

"Percy, take Marion out to dinner," his mother says, and offering her his arm they enter the dining room.

Never before has it been his luck to dine with millionaires. With fear and trembling, he takes the place assigned him, but keen observance helps him through the ordeal without a mishap. At ten-thirty, the guests begin to arrive. The drawing room presents a rather unusual appearance. Over the end of the long room, flags have been draped. In the centre where they have been caught up, is a square of white velvet, ornamented with a red cross abaze with tiny electric stars. Just above the flags, two clusters of lights form the letters B. R. "What are they?" "Oh how lovely," was heard on all sides. Except for the light from the gas-lights upon the tiled hearth, and the lights at the end, the room is in shadow. Suddenly from behind the draped flags, the orchestra begins a soft, wondrous melody filling the room with charm and beauty. A voice of rare sweetness begins to sing. The glorious voice of the unseen singer, seemed to lead through battlefields, where are strewn the wounded and dying. One seems to see the Red Cross Nurses, moving about among them on their errands of mercy. Soon the song takes up another strain, and the good ship seems to be bravely breaking the waves, while those on board are straining their eyes, to catch the first glimpse of the home-land. The awful war is over, and with a burst of gladness, one can see again the land filled with peace and plenty. The notes of "Home Sweet Home," floated over the assembled throng. As the last note died away, the hush which had been over all, was broken by clapping of hands. "How came you to think of it?" "It was a great surprise!" The hostess is delighted with her "little plan" as she calls it, and is greatly pleased to know it has been so successful.

The orchestra commences to play again and the grand ball-room presents a gay appearance. Into the wee small hours the dances linger. At a late hour—or rather early—the last carriage rolls away, and the mansion sinks into quiet. The grand ball has been a great success and a goodly sum has been added to the Belgian Relief Fund.

About two weeks after this, Percy is very much startled by receiving a letter from Hogan, it read thus:

"Dear Jim: The cub we nabbed has escaped; don't know where he is hanging out. Better look out for him, he may turn up and spoil yer game. Thought I would just warn ye, Maudie is still at her job. Hope you are having no end of a time, and will soon send for yours truly to help bag the swag. A. HOGAN."

Percy read the very characteristic letter of his old pal, with dismay; he is not so sure but what he would rather keep on as he is, that is if the lovely Marion will continue to smile upon him. One day his mother rather calls him to account about his queer way of passing friends without the slightest notice.

"They think it very strange, I wish you would call at Julia Sylvester's to-day. I am sure you have not been there since your return."

Now who can she be? He has met her to his knowledge; but he will try, and trust to luck to help him out of this dilemma. A little later as he is standing on the sidewalk drawing on his expensive kid gloves, he catches sight of a figure at the corner. Surely he has seen him before, but as he does not appear again he thinks no more about it, which way shall he go. "Hello Percy! what are you just for a walk. I have a call to make, can you not go with me?"

As they stroll down the street together Percy suddenly clutches his friend's arm, as in faint, "what is the matter old man? But

(To be continued.)

## MUNICIPAL ABATTOIRS AND PUBLIC HEALTH

(Continued from page six.)

this meat had not been inspected, some of it at least would have found its way into the stores and been sold for food. The temptation to the butcher to trim off diseased portions and sell the rest of the carcass is very great, and it is only by strictest supervision that this can be prevented.

Beside the actual disease there are many conditions which render meat unwholesome, one of the chief of which is immaturity. Farmers and others endeavor to sell calves for veal before they have become sufficiently mature to furnish wholesome food. Over 3,000 of these calves were condemned last year by our inspectors and undoubtedly the majority of them would, under other conditions, have found their way into the food supply.

The expense of establishing a municipal abattoir is not so great as to over-ride its manifold advantages. No city with efficient government should be without its civic abattoir. The investment should be looked upon from the same point of view as the money spent in providing pure water for the use of the citizens.

If the abattoir is self-supporting, so much the better; if not, the deficit may be looked upon to pay for protection against impure food and money well spent. Wherever an abattoir is well planned and well managed, it should produce a revenue rather than a deficit. The revenue is derived as follows:

(1) The fees paid by the butchers for the use of the facilities of the abattoir.

(2) The fees derived from the slaughter of animals by the employees of the abattoir for persons bringing live animals there for that purpose.

(3) The profit to be derived from the rendering works in connection with the abattoir.

(4) The rentals derived from the cold storage branch of the establishment.

These sources of revenue should go for towards paying all the operating and other expenses of a municipal abattoir, and where properly situated and efficiently managed should show a profit on the investment.

It is difficult to point to the experience of other places in Canada or the United States along this line of civic activity, for the reason that up to the present time comparatively few municipal abattoirs have been established in America. Comparisons might be made with municipal abattoirs in England, Germany, France and other countries, where they have been operating for many years and giving great satisfaction to the people.

Conditions in America, however, are very different to those in Europe, and such comparison would be of little value in guiding Canadians as to what is needed under the conditions of our country.

As an indication, however, of satisfactory operation of a plant on a small scale the experience of Paris, Texas, may be cited:

In February of 1910, Mr. Ed. H. McCuiston, Mayor of Paris, Texas, stated, with respect to the municipal abattoir in his city

"The City of Paris began the operation of a municipal abattoir on the first day of December, 1909, and we are delighted both with the service and the plan which we are pursuing. Our plant consists of an abattoir and cold storage house, which in height is two stories, also a reduction plant, which is operated with the same machinery and under the same roof, but in different departments.

"We have never undertaken any enterprise which has commended itself to our people as strongly as our abattoir and reduction plant. When we undertook to vote bonds for it there was quite a good deal of opposition among all our people. Both the plant and the plan were considered impractical and visionary, but there is not now, so far as I have been able to hear since we began operations, a single dissenting voice, and our people appreciate it more than any improvement we have ever undertaken."

After making the above statement and after two years' operation, Mayor McCuiston, says:—

"Our municipal abattoir continues to be the same glowing success as it was the day we started it. It has grown in popularity with our people and in favor with our meat cutters with every passing month."

Toronto is the first Canadian city to establish a civic abattoir. This was put in operation in July, 1914. Statistics are not available, showing the expenses of maintaining it, but the manager assured the writer last summer that the amount of business which they were doing was sufficient to warrant the statement that the abattoir would be a paying proposition much sooner than had been expected. This coming so soon after the inauguration of the establishment is highly satisfactory. If events justify this statement, Toronto will set an example to other Canadian cities which should follow as soon as possible.

Toronto applied for federal inspection and this was granted, so that the establishment has been under the in-



"No more headache for you--take these"

Don't just "smother" the headache without removing the cause. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They not only cure the headache but give you a buoyant, healthful feeling because they tone the liver, sweeten the stomach and cleanse the bowels. Try them.

All Druggists, 25c., or by mail CHAMBERLAIN MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont.

## CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

## 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 p.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. GIPKINS, General Manager.

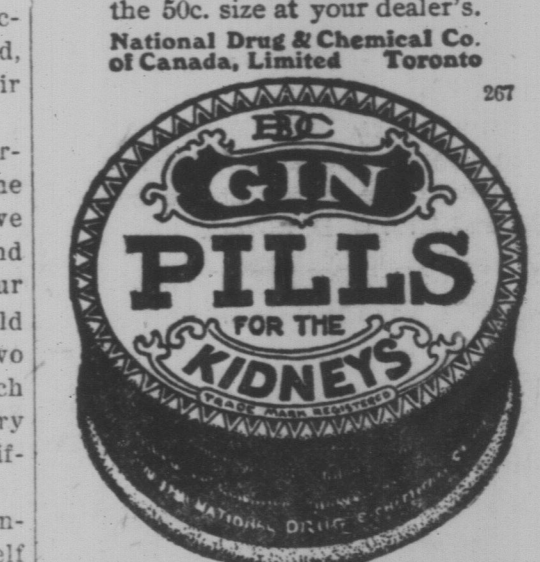
**REZISTOL**—A safe and sure remedy in all cases of overstimulation; also indicated in all cases of Brain Fatigue, Nervous Exhaustion caused by overwork or malnutrition, unequalled for nausea or general depression. A general tonic and body builder. Mail orders filled by Rezistol Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

When a missionary called the attention of the largest publishing house in the Orient to an apparent insinuation against Christianity in one of their text books, the publishers—who are Chinese—gave notice of their intention to withdraw the entire edition for immediate revision. "We have always intended to be a help to Christianity, not a hindrance" declared one of the publishers, "and we hold to it though it means in this instance financial loss."

## MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

A train without a single operator abroad will carry London's mail through the nine-foot tunnel which the city plans to build. The train will travel at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and will stop at little platform stations along the route.

**WELL SEND THE FIRST** few doses of Gin Pills to you free—if you have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble. After you see how good they are—get the 50c. size at your dealer's. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited Toronto



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or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value American Cashmere Hosiery

or 4 Pairs of our 50c. value American Cotton-Lisle Hosiery

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Appenine	June 3
Messina	June 15
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From Liverpool	From Halifax
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## Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd