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Puts Up Her Medicines In Most Tempting Form.

Have you ever tasted anything more delicious than the fresh, ripe, luscious fruits? These are Nature's medicines. A regular diet without fruit is positively dangerous, for the system soon gets clogged with waste matter and the blood poisoned. Fruit juices stir up bowels, kidneys and skin, making them work vigorously to throw off the dead tissue and indigestible food which, if retained, soon poisons the blood and causes indigestion, headaches, rheumatism, neuralgia and a host of other distressing troubles.

But there is a quicker way to stimulate the organs to do their work properly. Take one or two "Fruit-a-lives" tablets every night, besides eating some fresh fruit every day. "Fruit-a-lives" combine the medicinal properties—many times intensified—of oranges, apples, prunes and figs, with the best tonics and internal disinfectants added.

Their action on bowels, liver, kidneys and skin is as natural as Nature's own, but quicker and more effective. Sold by all dealers—25c. for trial box—50c. for regular size—8 boxes for \$2.50. Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Fate

"Something happened in front of my house very recently that set me to thinking," said a New York man of business the other day.

"I rent and occupy a home on Eighth street. The front yard is enclosed by an iron fence with an iron gate which had been broken and not yet repaired. Going home to lunch one day I was surprised to find a workman engaged in repairing the gate. As I had not notified the owner I was somewhat surprised at his unwelcome zeal in making unsolicited repairs. I asked the workman who sent him to do the work and he replied:

"Mr. Brown, who owns the house."

"But," said I, "he doesn't own it. It is owned by Mr. Smith, and I rent it of him."

"Oh, no," said he, "Mr. Brown owns the house. He owns a lot of houses and I do all his iron work. Here is a postal he sent me telling me to go and repair a broken iron gate at No. — Eighth street. There can't be any mistake."

"I examined the card carefully. The name of the house was the same as mine and at first glance the street appeared to be Eighth street, but upon closer scrutiny I saw that it was Fifth street. I explained the matter to the workman, but as he had half completed the job I told him to go ahead and finish it and I would pay him. He did and went away. In the course of the work he had been obliged to take up some of the bricks in the walk and when he related them there was half a brick left over and not needed. This he had tossed into the street. That evening two boys came racing down the street on bicycles. They were moving at a rapid rate. Simultaneously the clergyman of a nearby church started to cross the street. When he was half way across and in front of my house he saw the boys bearing down upon him like a whirlwind. He did what any person of good judgment and strong nerve would do. He stopped and waited for them to pass.

"As they approached they divided, one going a little to the right and the other a little to the left. Just as they were directly opposite him the bicycle of one of the boys struck the piece of brick the workman had tossed into the street and the boy was thrown upon the clergyman with such force as to knock the latter down. His skull was fractured and he was dead before he could be removed to his home. As I have said, the affair set me to thinking. Here was a man brought to an untimely death because some other man whom he never saw and of whom he had never heard in writing the figure '5' made it look like the figure '8.' And I wondered if there might not be somewhere in the world some unknown one who held my fate in his hands and who even then with a stroke of his pen might not be signing my death warrant. It made me feel real creepy for several days."—New York Sun.

In Baltimore rival undertakers are covering the dead walls with coffin advertisements and enticing offers of rare burial bargains.

Black Watch
A new sensation.
A real pleasure.
The big black plug.
Chewing Tobacco

2270

MRS. JENKINS' HOUSECLEANING

(Continued from page 2.)

whom she found carelessly sunning himself in the yard.

"Phemy and 'Phray Hines—christened by their parents Euphemia and Euphrasia—were twin sisters of uncertain age, who supported themselves by doing various kinds of work in the neighborhood. Luckily for Elvira's plans, they were not busy that day, and readily consented to go home with her and help clean house. Jonas had taken it for granted that Elvira had gone to the neighbors, as he had suggested, so they were not troubled by his presence.

"I must say, Elvira, that your ma is a pretty good housekeeper, if she has been sick all winter," said 'Phemy, as they proceeded with their work. "Or Mary Ellen, rather, for she's had most of the chore of things lately. 'Pears like this place doesn't need very much cleaning."

But they went over it all painstakingly and conscientiously, being women who did with their might what their hands found to do, and by the middle of the next afternoon they pronounced their task completed. Elvira was not disposed to linger over it, and was soon on her way to Pine Grove.

Jonas, who had come to town Saturday afternoon on some business of his own, was rather surprised as he stood in front of the railroad station meditatively drawing a long straw to see Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins alight from the west-bound train.

"For peaceable and law-abiding citizens, the Jenkinses is doin' considerable kickin' over the traces lately," observed Jonas to himself. "First here comes Elvira, racin' horse afore her folks expects her, and now her ma and ma descends onto us unlocked for."

"Howdy, Mis' Jenkins!" he said, as he sauntered up to them. "Ain't ve a little ahead of time, pullin' in this evening? The girls wa'n't lookin' for ye for the next week or ten days." "Couldn't keep her any longer!" sighed Mr. Jenkins. "We were having a fine time among all the old folks, but nothing would do but she must go home and look after things. We've brought along Rosy, Brother 'Bilah's girl, though, to make us a little visit and kind of help along," he said, with a wave of his hand toward a stout, gray-looking girl who stood in the back-ground.

"Guess ye won't find anybody at home," ventured Jonas, after they were all seated in the wagon and driving toward home. "Mary Ellen she went over to Pine Grove last Thursday, and the next day here come Elvira. Schoolhouse over to Brewsterville bargued down; and she lit off over there, too. Guess they'll be back the first of the week."

"There!" ejaculated Mrs. Jenkins. "I just knew something would happen. The girls'd never stay at home and tend to things if I went off. I suppose the place is all covered with dirt, and the chickens half starved, and—and—" and Mrs. Jenkins stopped, appalled at the picture her own imagination had drawn of the probable disorder into which things had fallen, as the result of her having deserted her post of duty.

"There, there, ma, I guess everything'll be all right," said Mr. Jenkins, consolingly. But his wife would not be comforted until they found, as they drove into the yard, that at least Old Specie and her brood had escaped the general destruction. The cleanliness and quiet which reigned within the house served still further to mollify her.

"Well," she admitted at last, after she had been in every room and could see nothing with which to find fault. "It isn't so very bad, after all. But I'll never rest till the house is cleaned from top to bottom. I'm feelin' better now, and Rosy'll help me, and we'll set to work Monday mornin' and have it all done before the girls get home."

The remonstrances of her husband had no effect upon her, and finally, concluding that it would do her less harm to be busy than to sit still and fret, he let her have her way.

Tuesday evening a merry party of young people stopped at Mr. Jenkins' front gate about dusk, and the two girls ran up the walk. "For the land sakes, Elvira, I do believe ma's come home!" exclaimed Mary Ellen.

"I did not know you were coming home!" called the mother, as she just then caught sight of them. "And I've got the house all cleaned at last!"

Marconi, in the course of an address before the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, a few days ago, on telegraphy and some of its commercial applications, said that in about four months, when the latest apparatus was installed, his system would be able to handle at least twenty thousand words a day on the trans-Atlantic service.

Repeat it:—"Shloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Expert Opinion at the Tuberculosis Congress

Among the group of scientists at the international congress in Washington, who presented papers on the subject of immunity from tuberculosis, was Dr. Ishigami, director of the Ishigami Institute, at Osaka, Japan. He declared that his experiments had become demonstrations and that the principle was established. There was no longer any doubt in his mind, and his discovery was ready for application. He declared that by the use of a serum tuberculosis patients can be completely cured in from three to six months. It also provided immunization against tuberculosis. He said:

After continuous investigations for more than ten years I have succeeded in getting two remedies of comparatively great efficacy and free from any detrimental reaction.

1. The one is a chemical preparation from tubercle bacilli and is applicable to insipient and feverish patients.

2. The other is an immunization serum and is applicable chiefly to patients in an advanced stage of the disease.

Tuberculo toxinin, the first, is a preparation made by chemically dissolving the tubercle bacilli and transforming the toxic property, thus getting rid of the reaction which is the common detriment of all the other preparations from tubercle bacilli.

From my own experience and the reports of other practitioners who tried the preparation the following conclusions may be drawn:

1. By injecting the preparation in a gradually increasing dose to feverish tuberculosis patients almost every one of them increases in body weight and vital capacity and becomes conscious of the alleviation of the symptom.

2. The bacilli in the sputum are gradually broken up and aeruginosa and finally disappear, although in some rare cases a small amount of expectoration containing bacilli is found for a long time.

3. The quantity of opsonin in the patient's blood is found to gradually increase by the injection treatment.

4. The insipient and feverish tuberculosis patients can be, almost without exception, completely cured within from three to six months by the injection of this preparation.

5. In patients in more or less advanced stages, if the nutrition is in good order, similar results can be obtained. In feverish patients a satisfactory result is often obtained by means of the injection used side by side with antipyretics. In more serious cases, a certain degree of improvement is usually obtained.

6. Those patients who were once cured or alleviated by this treatment suffer only very seldom from the relapse.

7. Out of the total of 772 tuberculous patients, each of whom has received more than 15 injections of tuberculo-toxinin in my clinic within the last few years, there were 274 who were partially cured. These last two figures added together made 532, being 68.91 per cent. of the total number of patients. Those who discontinued the treatment on various reasons numbered 107. Those who died numbered 29 and the remnant numbered 104.

The average number of injections per patient among these completely cured was 65. On the problem of serum therapy of tuberculosis, the results of previous investigators, which

Strength From Food

But it must be well digested.

The power to think well, work well, sleep well, and enjoy life depends mainly upon the ability of your digestive organs to extract strength and nourishment from food. When digestion fails, as in dyspepsia and indigestion, the body is starved, no matter how much food is eaten. It also becomes poisoned. Food remaining in the stomach ferments, producing poisonous gases, which, being absorbed into the blood, shatter the nerves, dull the brain, create disease, and give rise to headaches, languor, loss of appetite, palpitation, flatulence, and other disorders of the blood and nerves.

When the stomach, liver and kidneys fail to perform their functions perfectly, there is no remedy that will so soon restore them to health and vigor as Mother Seigel's Syrup. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy it has no equal. This is the testimony of thousands. Mrs. Peter Brennan, Peterville, P.E.I., writing on August 16th, 1908, says:—Our little daughter, Annie May, suffered from stomach malady and headaches for nearly three years. We tried numerous remedies but nothing seemed to do her any good until we gave her a fair trial of Mother Seigel's Syrup. She has now taken the contents of two bottles and to-day she is in perfect health.

Price 60 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. White & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

DOCTORS SAID "CUT OFF!"



"The only thing I can do now is to take the finger completely off. It cannot otherwise be cured." So said one of the leading doctors of Toronto to Mr. W. C. Edwards, P.D.C.R.A.O.F., P.G.M.I.O.O.F., the well-known Friendly Society leader, of Peter Street, Toronto. Almost a year before, Mr. Edwards' doctor had been treating him, but no good had resulted, and this was the final decision. A fifty-cent box of Zam-Buk saved Mr. Edwards from life-long mutilation which \$500 would not have compensated him for. He says: "The blood poison from the finger spread up my hand and arm and caused me terrible agony. After months' treatment the doctor said there was no cure, and amputation would have to take place if I intended to save the arm. My hand, at that time, was all swollen up and discolored, and I had to carry it in a sling. I left that doctor and consulted another.

After a few weeks' treatment he also told me that operation would be necessary, and the finger would have to be opened so that the bone could be scraped. I went away to consider when I would have the operation performed, and met a friend who advised me to try Zam-Buk. That night I bathed the wound and put on some Zam-Buk. I got a little sleep for the first time for many nights. In the morning the wound began to bleed instead of the foul discharging as in the past. This was a healthy sign so I went on with the Zam-Buk. Well, to cut a long story short, in a few days I put away the sling and in a few weeks the finger was healed completely. To-day that finger is as sound as a bell and I owe it to Zam-Buk."

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