

OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Cured Both Stomach Trouble and Headaches

PALMERSTON, ONT., June 20th, 1913.
"I really believe that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. Ever since childhood, I have been under the care of physicians and have been paying doctor's bills. I was so sick and worn out that people on the street often asked me if I thought I could get along without help. The same old Stomach Trouble and distressing Headaches nearly drove me wild. Sometime ago, I got a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' and the first box did me good. My husband was delighted and advised a continuation of their use.

Today, I am feeling fine, and a physician meeting me on the street, noticed my improved appearance and asked the reason. I replied, 'I am taking Fruit-a-tives'. He said, 'Well, if Fruit-a-tives are making you look so well, go ahead and take them. They are doing more for you than I can'.

Mrs. H. S. WILLIAMS.

"Fruit-a-tives" are 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.

Sober Doctors

Sir Victor Horsley says "All doctors should be teetotallers, for alcohol in any dose, however small, is a narcotic poison and the nation would greatly benefit by increased efficiency of medical service if all medical men were total abstainers just as the public would enjoy a notable freedom from accidents if taxi-drivers and motorists of all sorts and conditions were teetotallers. As regards the custom which still lingers, oddly enough, of using alcohol as a drug there is no question that no doctor should use the products of the liquor business or speak of them as though they were tonics for they are not. Innumerable victims have not unjustly attributed their fatal misfortune to advice given by a doctor.

If alcohol is to be used as a drug it ought to be employed like other narcotic drugs, namely in measured quantities and for a limited period only. But no doctor can or should be restricted in any way in his choice of a remedy.

No one, who has closely investigated the action of alcohol in recent years, prescribes alcohol. It is rapidly disappearing from both hospital and private practice. This great advance in medical work is the outcome of our better recognition, not only of its invariably adverse effects but also of the unreasonableness of using a very bad drug when there are so infinitely better ones at hand. When this scientific position we add the immense losses caused to the nation by this drug, every one will feel relief when it is abolished by civilization."

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

Getting Off to School

When I'm starting off for school,
Shortly after eight,
Not a minute's time to spare,
"Fraid I will be late,
Then from out the sitting-room,
Or some other place,
Mother always calls to me,
"Have you washed your face?"

When I'm hurrying like mad,
Then I hear her say,
"Have you brushed your teeth my child?
Do it right a way."
Then she comes and looks at me,
Before I'm fairly through:
"Why, you haven't combed your hair
I'm surprised at you!"

And another thing she asks
Whether rain or shine:
"Have you cleaned your finger nails?
It is nearly nine."
Then it will be, "Wait my dear,
Do tie up your shoe,
What a lirty handkerchief!
That will never do."

So it goes till I am tired,
Say, it's funny, though!
Don't see why she always wants
Everything just so.
When I think I'm ready, then
She is sure to call,
Wonder how I ever do
Get to school at all!

My Conscience

Sometimes my conscience, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skered through and
through.
"O' course I do
You are a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry, you make me pray,
And all of them good things that—away
—That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my conscience says onc' more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-tremblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right
I love you better ever' night
You come around—tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and grabs, of course,
Some o' old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' that thing—tel my closets friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keeful as you'd or to be,
And allus think o' me!"

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Century Magazine.

Twin Prodigals

BY ETHEL A. FITCH

CHAPTER I.

It was the morning of the day after; to be exact, the day after the semi-annual banquet of the Elk Lodge, held at the Regal Club in New York, Percival VanNess awoke reluctantly in the possession of a raging thirst, a blinding headache and the proverbial dark brown taste. The remorseless rays of dawn made their way into the luxuriant bed chamber even through the tightly drawn blinds and the barred shutters. Surely it could not be day so soon. Percival decided to treat this false testimony of the new day's arrival with silent contempt. He closed his eyes tightly, drew the clothes over his head, turned over on his side and tried to snore. But this process jarred his aching head and he soon desisted. He felt that he could drink the Hudson dry.

Thus smothered, he fell into a troubled doze. In a feverish dream, he followed Hendrick Hudson and his followers over the Catskills, but never succeeded in catching up with them or in getting one little drop out of the flasks which they carried under their arms.

A loud knock awoke him and Norah the second girl's voice called, "Mr. Percival; Mr. Percival."

"Yes," groaned the sufferer.

"Get up Mr. Percy; Mr. VanNess wants to see you in the dining room before he goes to the office."

"All right" muttered Percy. "Another call down, I suppose. Why can't father let a fellow sleep."

"Hurry up," added Norah, "It's half past eight now. He said not to stop to dress, but come down in your dressing gown."

Percy grinned wryly. The admonition as to dressing or rather not dressing was unnecessary. He was still clad in the dress suit in which on the previous evening he had proposed the toast, "The Ladies, God Bless Them."

"Hurry up," was Norah's parting injunction.

Percival dragged himself wearily to the edge of the bed and sat there doubled up, his long legs clumsily extended, his throbbing brows tightly clasped in his trembling hands. The only son of a multi-millionaire he felt at that moment as wretched as any beggar in whole city of New York.

At length he arose. It would not do to delay longer. Norah's excited tones were indicative of the paternal anger. He surveyed his handsome dissipated features somewhat ruefully in the mirror, ran his fingers through his curly auburn locks and then descended haltingly to the dining room.

Percy VanNess Sr., a slight bald man, in whose peevish face one might read dyspepsia, was dividing his attention

impartially between graham wafers and postum, the morning paper and indiscriminate abuse of the servants.

He looked up irately at his son's entrance. "You are a fine sight arnt you," he exclaimed, as his shrewd eyes took in every detail of the boy's appearance, the rumpled dress suit, the bleary eyes and trembling hands. Percy shrugged his shoulders sheepishly and made a detour to the side board, where he slacked his thirst.

Mr. VanNess nervously consulted a handsome time-piece. "I have just five minutes to deal with you sir" he said. "This is the fifth time within three weeks that you have been brought in to the house in a state of helpless intoxication. I have spent about a million dollars it seems, in the production of an imbecile. This is the last straw. I have reached the limit of human endurance. Pack up your things and get out of the house. I will deposit five hundred dollars to your credit in the Manhattan Trust Co. I don't want to see your face again for three years. If at the end of that time you feel ready and fit to go to work, come back."

"All right sir," answered Percy, and prided himself that not a muscle of his face betrayed his inward trepidation.

Mr. VanNess rang the electric bell fiercely. The butler appeared instantly.

"My hat and coat James."

"And now sir," concluded the parent as he struggled into his coat and rammed his silk hat on his head, "I don't want any complaints from you or any begging letter to your mother. You can hoe your own row. Money has made a milkop of you. Let us see what poverty will do."

With a grunt that might possibly have construed as a farewell, he hastily departed.

His mother had never been very near to him. Society and charity absorbed most of her time, and he had always been left more or less to the servants.

"Well Norah" he said a bit ruefully, "I am not a Belgian and therefore of little importance. Tell her I am going on a trip for three years and will write often. No, tell her I will write sometimes. So long Norah."

And so the heir of VanNesses or rather the disinherited heir left his ancestral halls and in the home of his childhood only an Irish servant watched him depart.

By the time he reached the Grand Central depot, Percival's resolution to go to Denver was altered by the pale cast of thought. Why should he spend his meagre hoard in an expensive journey, when influential men near at home

WHEN BUYING YEAST INSIST ON HAVING THIS PACKAGE



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leaving his son and heir staring moodily at the table.

Where would he go? What should he do? He had had an expensive education, had travelled in Europe and most of U. S. A., yet he knew no trade and no profession. The only money he had ever earned had been over the poker table. One thing, however, was certain, he must leave New York at once. Should he go east or west? It did not matter. He would let chance decide it. What month was it, December, Well, he would go to Denver.

"Coffee?" asked the solicitous James.

"No," said Percival, with decision, "But pack my grip will you. I am going on the next train to Denver."

Bathed and properly garbed for daylight, travelling bag in hand, the only son of the VanNesses took a farewell survey of his apartments.

"What is the water doing?" he asked Norah, who stood sympathetically by.

"She has not rung yet," Mr. Percy.

"Tell her I want to see her will you Norah."

Norah nodded assent and quickly departed. Percy watched her go lightly, thinking with regret that he would miss her pleasant Irish face even more than the faces of his parents.

Norah soon returned. "She says she cant see you now. She was all tired out last night with the Charity Ball, and she is talking on the phone to Mrs. Sylvester about the Belgian relief work and the Red Cross."

"All right," said Percy and shrugged his shoulder resignedly.

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would perhaps help him for his father's sake, if for nothing more. He resolved to go to Boston. A train was just pulling out. He hastily bought a ticket and swung himself on the car.

He made his way to the smoker, where for a time he idly smoked, and smoked, and watched the passing scenes and his fellow passengers. At length he fell into a doze. The day so far had been an eventful one and the future was uncertain, but man is mortal and must sleep sometime. He was aroused by a heavy hand on his shoulder and a hoarse voice whispered,

"Why didn't you go to Denver."

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(To be Continued)

Will the Old Order Change

That enthusiastic and persistent friend of the movement for world peace, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Stanford University gave an address before Y.M.C.A. of the University of California the other day that had some clear-cut sentences in it. Here is a quotation:

"This war was not brought on by envy between the nations. There is more rivalry between the two great German trusts than between Germany and England. And who ever heard of an Englishman envying anything and anybody? The war was brought on by being prepared for it. Like most other murders, it came from carrying weapons of defence. So the nation most prepared was the nation most responsible."

Of course there is nothing specially new in this, for others have been saying about the same things and most of us have come to quite believe them. But looking toward the future, they are tremendously significant, and they are so clearly stated that they make an excellent text for some very definite and positive thinking that we ought all to be indulging in.

As the war drags its weary course most of us find ourselves asking with increasing earnestness the question, "Will this really be the war that will end war?" And it must be confessed that the answer which comes is occasionally somewhat disquieting. And especially is it so when we try to think out the way by which such an excellent and much-to-be-desired consummation might be reached.

Of course there are some who see a plain and assured way to it. They tell us that if the allies will only smash Germany, crush and cripple her by the strong and relentless hand of war, the thing will be practically done. But we are by no means hopeful of the genuineness and permanency of a world of peace that is wrought out by such methods. There must enter into the situation something else of a different quality before we have what we desire. The Germany we smash may decide to abide her time in bitterness and hatred and wait for the new day in which she will be able to smash back. And we who have smashed may also decide that we must keep prepared to meet that day when it comes.

There must somehow come a new order in international politics, a new word feeling, or we be worse off after the

war than we were before it. If that new order does not come we will see a mad rush in armaments such as the past has never witnessed, and the whole world will go back with a fresh determination to that insane and futile effort of trying to prepare and establish peace by preparing for war.

But what do we mean by a new order in international politics, and how is such to be brought about? Truly these are great questions, and what man can answer them? Not this writer certainly, and probably not any other one either. But what this writer can say is, that he believes these questions can be answered, that they must be answered. They are the questions that we must live with and struggle with and give our very lives to solve. World peace will be an achievement of mind and spirit, not of gunboats and cannon.

And how can we ordinary individuals, who seem so helpless in the face of such a tremendous proposition, do anything to further the good cause and solve the great problem? Perhaps we can do more, a great deal more, than we are inclined to think at times. We can do this, we can cultivate in our own souls an atmosphere that will make a new nationalism, a new patriotism, a new world-vision, a new internationalism, possible. We can learn to think of this world as a unity, of mankind as a brotherhood, of human relations as a sacred trust and obligation to service. And that will help mightily to bring on the great good day for which we long.

—The Christian Guardian

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Dr. Wilson's Deadshot Wormstick in candy form for children. A sure and never failing cure.

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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. Ignis, 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 Phillip G. Ignis, 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

OH, SUCH A HEADACHE!

Nearly everyone has ripping, tearing headaches at times. Disordered stomach—sluggish liver does it. Cheer up! here's the real relief—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They put the stomach and bowels right. All druggists, etc., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE 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 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.

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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. GIPKINS, General Manager.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
Start Point	April 24
Caterino	April 27
April 15 (via St. John's, Nfld.)	Graciana May 12
	Tobasco May 20
	Appenine June 3

From Liverpool	From Halifax
Roanoke	April 23
April 16	Durango May 7
April 23	Tobasco
May 10	Roanoke May 21

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 Av.	15.45
11.35	* Clarence	15.17
11.55	Bridgetown	15.01
12.23	Granville Ferry	14.36
12.39	Granville Centre	14.21
12.55	* Karadale	14.05
13.15	As. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

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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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