

TORTURED BY CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Paralyzed Bowels and Digestion

ST. BONIFACE DE SHAWINGAN, QUE.
Feb. 27, 1914.

"It is a pleasure to me to inform you that after suffering from Chronic Constipation for 2 1/2 years, I have been cured by 'Fruit-a-lives'. While I was a student at Berthier College, I became so ill I was forced to leave the college. Seven years later, the intestines continually tortured me and it came to a point when I could not stoop down at all, and my Digestion became paralyzed. Some one advised me to take 'Fruit-a-lives' and at once I felt a great improvement. After I had taken four or five boxes, I realized that I was completely cured and what made me glad, also, was that they were acting gently, causing no pain whatever to the bowels. All those who suffer with Chronic Constipation should follow my example and take 'Fruit-a-lives' for they are the medicine that cures."

MAGLOIRE PAQUIN

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

Seek The Heavenly

No matter how stately your dwelling may be,

'Tis earthly and doomed to decay;

No matter what honors are wreathed round your name,

A breath may blow them away.

But the wealth you lay up in the Kingdom above,

Shall be yours when Time shall have passed;

And the joys you obtain through the Lamb that was slain

Forever and ever shall last.

—PASTOR J. C. CLARK.

War! War! What is It

(Private John Hunter, of the 6th

Dragon Guards, and formerly of the

Leeds police force, extracts from

whose diary were published in 1900,

also sent to his comrade, P. C. Whit-

tam, a copy of the following verses,

which were found by him on the

velvet, and are supposed to have been

written by one of his brother sol-

diers.)

War! War! what is it? They talk in

a mighty way,

As if they knew all about it when

they read what the papers say.

A thrill of delight runs through them

when they hear of a victory won.

And at the brave deeds of our sol-

diers they utter a proud "Well

done."

They sit in a cosy parlour, surround-

ed by children and wife.

They smile at the glow'n picture

that makes them so happy in

life—

But, oh, what about the soldiers

fighting away over the foam?

And 'ch! what about the children,

And the heart broken wife at home?

War! War! what is it? Its horrors

you cannot know.

Until you have been in the carnage,

In front of a terrible foe.

When the bullets are flying and whiz-

zing, and falling about like rain.

And you hear the roar of cannon,

booming loudly over the plain;

And the cries of the dying and wound-

ed are mixed in the din.

And at the sight of your comrade

falling, you set your teeth and

grin.

And when the battle is over, and the

field of blood you walk—

But there, you are safe in England,

where 'tis easy enough to talk.

War! War! what is it? The thing

about which men rave?

Go ask that heart broken father,

whose son found a soldier's

grave.

Go ask that grave stricken widow,

alone in her cheerless home;

Go ask that poor orphan children,

who are waiting for daddy to

come.

We, who are happy in England, ask

not the question again.

But work for the good time coming,

when Jehovah himself shall

reign.

Away with the Jingo spirit, let the

Yor of the canon cease;

And listen, and only listen, to the

Master's voice of peace.

—The Maritime Baptist

Stomach Troubles Quickly

Cured

People go on suffering from little

Belgium and Its People

A long line of yellow sand dunes with little villages here and there among ridges; a dyked seacoast dotted with gay Summer resorts where children of many nations build wonderful forts in the sand and where the sea is crowded with bathers during the long, sunny day. That is Belgium as the Summer tourist views it from the North Sea. From the dunes, which are practically at sea level, the country, comprising farming land, mining districts, pasture fields, gently slopes upward till it reaches its greatest height at the extreme south-east.

There is a boundary line running through Belgium from east to west—invisible and yet very clearly marked. North of this line is the country of the Flemings; south of it live the Walloons. And these people, while both claiming allegiance to the red, black and yellow flag of Belgium, are of entirely different origin, which makes itself known in their language, their customs.

The Flemish are a large-boned, fair people, not swift to grasp new ideas, yet very practical. Through the centuries they have retained a love for tilling the soil, and in the face of great odds have carried on their agricultural pursuits. For they live on land that is naturally barren, sometimes requiring to be fertilized two or three times a year, and two or three years' neglect is sure to mean that it has reverted to its original condition. With the greatest perseverance they have continued to toil from three or four in the morning till eight or nine o'clock at night, if necessary, spading the ground, enriching the soil, providing the proper rotation of crops to the best of their ability. There is a Belgian saying, "Scratch a Flemish industrial workman, and you will find a farmer." There are fine old buildings in Antwerp and other towns and cities, however, that bear silent witness to the fact that the Flemish merchant and manufacturer of old succeeded extremely well in his business.

But the Walloon is much better suited to take his part in the industrial world than the Fleming of today. His mind is not in such a rut; he learns much more quickly; it is not so difficult to teach him a trade. He aims to enjoy life as much as he can. His Flemish fellow-countryman with a snug bank account will probably live very simply, while the Walloon spends all his money freely. He is hospitable, he enjoys trivial gossip with his neighbor; he is vivacious in his conversation, in his respect he resembles the Frenchman, whose language he speaks. In so small a country you would expect that one language would serve all the people, but this is not the case. As has been said, the Walloons usually speak French, which is the official language and is used by the educated Belgians, while the lower middle class, particularly in Flanders, speak Flemish. There are, of course, a number of laws and customs for the purpose of overcoming the bi-lingual difficulties. The use of Flemish is allowed in law courts and by officers commanding soldiers, although it is not the official language. The names of streets are sometimes given in both tongues, and railway tickets are printed in French and Flemish.

Yet, in spite of the pronounced race distinction, the Belgians have some national characteristics. Having been tossed around among the different nations of Europe to such an extent in times past has developed in them great powers of adaptability.

Individualism in Belgium owes much to what it has borrowed from other countries. The mechanical skill of England, the commercial alertness of Germany, the taste of the French, have all contributed towards making Belgium goods successful in the markets of the world. And all the people unite in their love for music, festivals, pageants, processions and certain kinds of sports. Almost every organization has its band, which plays either for the sheer love of playing or upon the most trivial excuses for some manifestation of joyousness. Imagine a procession headed by a band starting from the market-place, marching around town, and finally stopping before a house, where the band played tune after tune, ending up with the Belgian National Anthem. And all this celebration merely because the householder's boy had got a prize at school. A golden wedding or the winning of a cup by a football team will probably mean a procession. Every village has a fair each year, not to mention several pageants.

The national sport is archery, and almost every town or village has its Society of Archers, many of which date from the days when the bow and arrow was a weapon of warfare. There is a Society of St. George of Bruges, which observed a curious festival every year. It is the Hammekefeest, or festival of the ham. It takes place in a large hall, where a table is laid with ham, salads and many other things. There is a target divided into spaces, which are marked with the names of the different kinds of food displayed. The men shoot at this target with cross bows, and if, for example, a person hits the space marked "ham" he goes to the table and helps himself to that particular viand. But when some one

PILES

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It cures the burning, itching pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance with Zam-Buk means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Grocers—see box.

Zam-Buk

FOR ALL SUMMER SORES

else following him hits the same space, he has to give up his place. Whoever hits the bull's eye has his choice of anything on the table.

Belgium has three chief political parties—Catholics, Liberals and Socialists—and a men's political leaning in that country have a much greater effect on his daily life than we in Canada could imagine. It is amazing to a Belgian that men who may be bitterly opposed to each other in public affairs may mingle together on very friendly terms in private life. In his land such a thing is unthinkable. Catholics, Liberals and Socialists will not belong to the same trade union. There is a separate one for the members of each party. A cafe or a bakery will find its patrons among the members of one party only. Gymnasiums, literary societies and choral societies have membership lists governed by their politics.

Many of the farms of Belgium have a most peculiar feature. The land, cultivated by one man, instead of being in one piece, often consists of many plots, scattered here and there at varying distances from the farmhouse, and only to be reached by walking over the property of a neighbor or several neighbors. What would a Canadian farmer, who thinks it a great disadvantage that he has to spend part of his time working on the fifty acres of "the other place" a mile or so away, say if he were confronted with an estate of 123 acres split into thirty-four scattered plots? He would probably be strongly tempted to emigrate to a land of broad prairies and few neighbors. But the Belgian farmer copes with such a situation uncomplainingly. The man who worked the farm preferred to rent his plots from sixteen different landlords, and when it was necessary for him to walk to the farthest one he spent an hour and a half in so doing. Besides the time wasted in going to the different plots their size prevented the farmer from making the best use of them. The largest was 151 acres and the smallest was less than a quarter of an acre. If a Belgian farmer known to have a larger holding is asked how many plots he works, he will give an amused smile, shrug his shoulders and reply, "Ah, monsieur, I have no idea!" If the questioner will not be put off with this answer, he will start to count them over on his fingers, and finally say, "Between forty and fifty." One reason why the land is subdivided to such an extent is that there is a law in Belgium which says that at a man's death his property shall be divided equally among his children. This necessarily leads to some very small holdings, though in many cases one man will buy his brothers' and sisters' portions. A person who gets a small plot from his father as a start is usually not satisfied with that. He rents land here and there wherever he can get it; he may marry a woman who has several plots of her own; a childless relation may leave him some more, and thus grows the scattered farm.

One branch of the intensive farming which is a specialty in Belgium is market gardening. Most of the market gardeners will tell you that they are doing well, but that they have to do a great deal of hard work. Not only the men, but the women and children work early and late. One man declared that he would rather have his son a miner than follow his own occupation. He thought he would not work so hard and be better paid. However, most of these people waste a great deal of time in marketing their fruit and vegetables. They rush off to town with a little produce for sale when they might far better be home working in the garden. Early in the morning the roads leading to the large towns present a bustling scene. They are filled with carts drawn by men, women, dogs, donkeys, ponies, or possibly horses, all hurrying to get a good place in the market. By three, or even as early as two in the morning, the streets around the market square may be filled with carts, while the footpaths are crowded with women, who have marked the places they wish to have with straw or cabbage leaves. But they are not satisfied until the signal is given, and they all go in and make sure of the place by depositing their market basket upon it. They are followed by the carts, and business goes on briskly till nine o'clock, when market is over for the day.

Though women do a great deal of the work in connection with the market gardening, the woman who has the most important place in the agricultural world of Belgium is she who lives on the pasture lands of Herve. Here is not a ploughed field or a furrow to break the stretch of fine green grass upon which mild-eyed spotted cows graze quietly. The cheese and butter are made by the wife, who directs the opera-

tion of the place while the farmer busies himself with looking after fields and hedges or taking the result of his wife's labors to market. The size of these dairy farms is reckoned by the number of cows kept on them, and they range from "three-cow" farms to "twenty-cow" farms.

As in other parts of the world, machinery is taking its occupation from the home worker. It used to be that thousands of Flemish peasants grew flax on their holdings. During the Winter the women wove and spun, and the linen was sold with the other farm products. The flax, which was prepared in the River Lys, a tributary of the Scheldt, makes the finest linen in the world, and it is a strange thing that no one has been able to discover what particular property is possessed by its water that makes it so. On account of its wonderful effect on the flax, making the linen so beautiful and valuable, it has been called "The Golden River." Most of this work has been shifted from the homes to the factories, however. The picturesque groups of charcoal burners and saw makers, whom one might often stumble upon in the forests of the Ardennes, are also having their numbers diminished. With the opening up or improvement of roads, the materials are being brought out to factories when the output is greatly increased.

The people who work in these factories are not so well paid as their fellow-workers in some other countries—England, for example. As a rule, their homes are just as comfortable, but they have to eat coarser food, black bread, potatoes, and salted pork or fish being a common diet. They have less chance to cultivate their individual tastes, and their clothing is not so adequate as that of the ordinary English laborer. We may see the reason for this in the fact that there is not compulsory education in Belgium. As a consequence, about twenty-one per cent of the population over ten years old can neither read or write. Their mental calibre usually corresponds to their illiteracy, so they work less efficiently, and the result is that the average wage is lower.

Travelling in Belgium is a joy to the traveller on account of its cheapness. For a very small sum one may buy a fortnight ticket, and travel on it through the country where and when one likes during that time. Cheaper yet is the five days' ticket, which costs only \$6.25 first class. To get one of these you must take a photograph of yourself to the station at least an hour before you want to start, telling the agent by which class you wish to travel. When you go back to the station he will give you your ticket, with your picture pasted on it. You pay for it, and though you travel here and there over Belgium on the state railway for five days or fourteen, as the case may be, stopping when you feel like it and riding when you want to, you pay no more and you have no further trouble with buying tickets. On the train you will come across ever so many people who are travelling on season tickets. It may be the old woman, with their long black cloaks and white caps. Some morning or evening the train will likely be full of peasants in their blue blouses and wooden sabots, who are using working men's tickets. These are so cheap that it is quite usual for men who work in the factories in the city to live many miles away. Each has a cottage and a little plot of ground, where his wife makes a splendid garden and keeps a cow, a pig and some hens, and the children are brought up in the fresh air and pleasant surroundings of the country. The drawback to the laborer has to work very long hours, and a weekly half holiday being almost unknown, he has very little waking time to spend at home, and the long ride before and after work makes that less than it would be if he lived in the city.

Besides its numerous railways, Belgium has a network of canals. Though it costs very little to send things from place to place by rail, it is only half as dear to ship them by canal boats, and this slower method is very popular. On the bank of a canal is a towing-path, along which horses, and even men or women, may be seen walking, dragging after them a heavily laden barge. However, little steam tugs, which can pull three or four barges, are becoming more and more common. The owner of the barge often has his whole family with him, and the decks then present very pretty home-like scenes, with children playing around the brightly painted deck cabin.

When the powers of Europe declared that Belgium was a neutral state, that is a country that shall not make war upon other countries and which may not be entered or attacked by the armies of other warring nations, it was considered unnecessary for her to keep a big standing army. However, it had to provide for just such a contingency as arose when Germany disregarded the treaty and her army marched through the country on its way to France. So that she might not be perfectly helpless if the agreement was broken, Belgium has a standing army of about 40,000 men, with 200,000 reserves. Those who are to serve in the army are chosen by lot. In February of each year all the young men who become nineteen years old during that year come to-

ROYAL YEAST

MAKES PERFECT BREAD

gether in different places to draw lots. This is usually done in the Hotel de Ville of this chief town in a district. Those who draw the lowest numbers have to serve for 2 or 3 years in the army, and they then belong to the reserves for ten years. If 50 men are needed out of 150 who appear, those who draw the first fifty numbers are the ones to go. As a rule, they are not very anxious to go into the army, and it used to be that people who could afford it and wished to do so would pay a substitute to serve for them. This cost about \$320. However, substitution has lately been forbidden.

THE GIRL WITH BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Uses Newpro's Herpicide

There is one sure and certain way for every woman to have beautiful hair, and that is to give it intelligent care, which includes the use of Newpro's Herpicide.

This remarkable preparation absolutely eradicates dandruff and prevents the hair from falling.

The prophylactic action of Herpicide keeps the hair free from disease and with the scalp sweet and clean a natural hair growth is inevitable.

Herpicide hair scintillates with health and vigor, luster and lustre, produced only by the well-known scalp and hair dressing, Newpro's Herpicide.

Newpro's Herpicide in 50c and \$1.00 sizes is sold and guaranteed to do all that is claimed. If you are not satisfied your money will be refunded.

All first-class barbers and hair dressers use and recommend it.

Bear River Drug Store, Bear River, N. S. Special Agents.

Some of Canada's Big Things

Canada has the largest consecutive wheat field in the world, 900 by 300 miles.

Canada has the most prolific sea and extensive sea fisheries in the world.

Canada has the largest nickel mines in the world.

Canada has a greater railway mileage than Australia and New Zealand or Italy and Spain combined, and more than all the South American countries.

Canada has the largest mountain park system in the world, of over 15,000 square miles.

Canada has one of the world's most remarkable constabulary forces in the Northwest Mounted Police.

Canada has the world's largest lift lock at Peterborough.

Canada has 6,000 miles of waterways, with only 150 miles of a land break.

Canada has the largest buffalo herd in the world, of over 1,000.

Canada has the largest elevator, the largest saw mills, the largest departmental stores and the largest agricultural implement manufactory in the Empire.

Canada has one of the world's greatest mountain regions.

Canada excels all lands in the potential wealth of its water powers.

Canada has the world's greatest pulp wood forests.

Canada's Vast Size

Canada has one-third of area of British Empire.

Canada's area is one-third of that of Africa, and one-fifth of that of Asia.

Canada is larger in area than the United States, including Alaska, by 111,992 square miles (Canada, 3,729,665; United States and Alaska, 3,617,673.) Canada's area in acres 2,386,965,995.

Canada is as large as 30 United Kingdoms and 18 Germanys; twice the size of British India; almost as large as Europe; 18 times size of France; 33 of Italy.

Canada's proportion of population, nearly two per square mile; United States, 25; England and Wales, 558; British Empire (outside of India), 4.

Canada is bounded by three oceans; its 13,000 miles of coast line nearly equal half circumference of earth.

Canada is 3,500 miles by 1,400 in area. The United States-Canada boundary is 3,000 miles long; 1,600 by land, 1,400 through water.

In 1868, the area of the four Provinces entering Confederation was 62,148 square miles; now the Dominion Parliament exercises jurisdiction over 3,729,665 square miles.

Mildredina Hair Remedy Never Fails

To restore gray hair to its natural color and beauty. No matter how old and faded your hair looks, or how long you have been gray, it will work wonders for you, keep your looking young, promote a luxuriant growth of healthy hair, stop its falling out and positively remove dandruff. Will not soil skin or linen. Will not injure your hair. Is not a dye.

Refuse all substitutes; 50c a bottle at druggists.

FREE We will send a large trial bottle FREE by return mail to anyone who sends this Coupon to American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass., with their name and address and five in silver or stamps to pay postage.

Joker's Corner

"Paw, why did they give the officers the medals?" "For bravery, son." "What's a bravery, paw?" "Well, in most cases it's having the luck to command a lot of mighty good fighters."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TAKE NOTICE

A specialist claims to be able to make hair grow on a bald head by rubbing it frequently with a Turkish towel. It is barely possible that fuzz off the towel has given him false encouragement.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Johnny, out to dinner, thrice refused chicken gravy, of which he was very fond. His hostess, who had added macaroni to the gravy, finally said:

"Why, I thought you liked chicken gravy?"

"I do sometimes," replied Johnny, "but my mamma never puts the wind-pipes in."—Selected.

WRONG IDEAS.

A husband, a few weeks after the honeymoon, came home and said in desolate accents:

"My love, I'm heartbroken. My salary has been cut down 15 per cent."

"Oh, that's nothing," cried the young bride cheerily. "Cheap and Co. are advertising perfectly lovely things cut down 25 per cent."

The teacher was earnestly trying to picture the outcome of laziness. He drew a terrible picture of the habitual loafer, the man who hates work, and his ultimate fate.

"Now, Charlie," he continued to a little boy who had been looking out of the window and whose mind was far from the lesson of the hour, "tell me who is the wretched, miserable individual who gets clothes, food and lodgings and gives nothing in return."

Charlie's face glowed.

"Please, sir," he replied, "the baby."—Selected.

The railroad station of Meridian, Tex., is about a mile from the business part of the town. One night a sleepy, weary travelling man said to the dorky who was driving him to the hotel:

"Old man, why did they put this depot so far from town?"

The dorky scratched his head in thought and replied:

"Was, boss, I's to'ed to admit dat I hasn't give de matter s'cient cogitation, but jes' jumped up for a answer like dis: I s'pose dey done dat so as to have the depot, as near as possible to the railroad."—Mother's Magazine.

It was at a birthday banquet given the other evening by a prominent Paris millionaire banker. The fcn was at its height when a lady cried out: "Oh! my pearl necklace has disappeared!"

Uproar followed, while everyone suggested plans for its recovery. Then the banker had a brilliant idea.

"We will place a solver in the middle of the room," he said, "lights will be extinguished, and the perpetrator of this silly joke will have an opportunity of restoring the missing necklace."

This was done. The lights were turned on again and there was more consternation.

The solver had disappeared!

Pat had been at work for three days digging a well, and as the foreman wanted it finished within the week he had promised Pat another man to help him. It was getting on to 11 o'clock, and Towser, the foreman's bulldog, was looking over the edge of the pit, when Pat said to himself, "I'll have a shuntle." He had filled his pipe and was about to light it when he glanced up and beheld Towser's handsome features. Slowly removing his pipe from his mouth, he said, "Be-ge-er, Ol' ve worked with Germans and Hungarians, and Ol' ve worked with Ottomans, but if a man wid a face like that comes down here to work beside me Ol' gives up."—Country Life in Canada.

Dr. M. S. Rice, of Detroit, tells this story on himself. He is a great admirer of Bishop Quayle and in his earlier ministry was much impressed by the statement of that eloquent divine that come to his greatest thoughts had come to him when he was in God's out-of-doors—during terrific storms.

"I made up my mind," said Dr. Rice, "that I would go out in the very next big storm and see if I couldn't have a great thought, too. It came in the middle of the night, but that never daunted me and at 2 o'clock in the morning found me sitting out on a bench, drenched to the skin, and with thunder and lightning going on all about me, but no great thoughts within. Years afterwards I told Bishop Quayle about it.