

BLAME THE NERVES.

When you cannot sleep and are easily irritated and worried you have reason to suspect that their nerves are below normal.

A TRURO RETURNED WOUNDED SOLDIER HAD FOOT CRUSHED BY TRAIN.

William Smith, a recent returned soldier who lost his left arm at the battle-front, when jumping from No 11 train at Young Street Crossing on the right of the 29th fell and had his foot crushed by a moving car passing over it.

MRS. CHAS. BARTLETT.

The death of Sarah Bell, wife of Charles Bartlett of East Queen Street, occurred at her home on Monday, July 29th.

The Truro Red Cross acknowledge with thanks the following cash contributions: Mrs. H. W. Crowe \$50.25

DAILY SUPPLIES AT THE FRONT

M. de Maratray, a French war correspondent well-known on the British front, publishes some remarkable figures concerning the supply services of the British Armies in France.

Mrs. Frank Carroll and daughter, Henrietta, and Mrs. W. A. McKay, and children, all of Bible Hill, Truro, are enjoying the sea breezes at Merigomish, and are guests of Warden Geo. W. Thompson.

HAD SEVERE PAINS IN SIDES AND BACK. HAD TO GO TO BED.

Women are the greatest sufferers from weak, lame and aching backs owing to the continual stooping, bending and lifting so necessary to perform their household duties.

WILLIE BITE.

Uncle Jack swung lazily in the hammock on the shady porch, just on the brink of slipping into a doze, when he heard chattering voices coming nearer, and in a minute was hailed excitedly: "Uncle Jack! Uncle Jack! Where are you?"

"Where is he? I don't see any little boy," grumbled Uncle Jack, still drowsy, and wondering why children wanted to play such a lively game.

"Here he is, right here! Do come and see him! Oh, he's sticking out his head again!" and Helen hopped off with a little squeal.

Curious in spite of himself, Uncle Jack sat up and looked over the piazza rail. There on the grass was a fairly good-sized turtle, gingerly making his slow way over the grass.

"Where'd you get him?" Uncle Jack's voice was suddenly wide-awake with interest. Long ago the children had found out that Uncle Jack liked every kind of a bug and animal, and they were always sure he could tell them all sorts of curious things about any live thing they found.

"But where's your Willie-whatever his name is?"

"Willie Bite!" shouted Malcolm, gleefully. "This is Willie Bite! We found him on that muddy bank of the pond, and Helen 'most stepped on him, and then both the girls kept shrieking: 'Will he bite? Will he bite?' so we named him Willie Bite, and I picked him up and carried him home to show you."

Uncle Jack was on the lawn by this time, the children clustered around him. "Found him on that muddy bank by the pond, did you?" Uncle Jack's interest was by this time equal to their own.

"Eggs!" rebuked the children. "Why Uncle Jack?" Helen went on—"why, Uncle Jack, you know perfectly well the hens lay in the henhouse. They don't wander off to lay on a muddy bank."

"I didn't say hen's eggs, did I?" replied Uncle Jack. "This might be Mrs. Willie Bite, and she might have been on the mud bank to choose a place to dig her hole to bury her eggs."

"Well?" said the surprised Malcolm, "I didn't know a turtle laid eggs. I thought just birds laid eggs." The two small girls looked as surprised as their brother—but then they were always having surprises from Uncle Jack.

"No, not just birds," answered Uncle Jack, gently stroking the turtle's hard back with his finger as he spoke. "Snakes lay eggs too, and turtles, as I just told you. Once, a long time ago, I saw a turtle dig her nest. I happened to spy her from a distance, and I ducked down behind a bush, on a little bank just above her, and lay flat on my stomach the whole afternoon watching her. I want to know how she did it?"

No audience could have given more instant or more hearty approval, and Uncle Jack, always happy to find that his little nieces and nephew shared his enthusiasm for outdoor things, went on: "Well, this turtle chose a bare spot of ground, and, to my surprise, began to dig a hole with her tail."

"O Uncle Jack, you're fooling us! Not with her tail!" protested Helen.

"Well, maybe she didn't dig with her tail," Uncle Jack amended, "but she began to bore a hole with her tail. I was just as surprised as you are now. In some way she made her tail stiff and you can see for yourselves that the end of Willie Bite's tail is sharp. Then she moved her tail round and round, till she had drilled out a hole that was almost as deep as her tail was long. After she used her tail to go in the first drill hole she began to make the hole bigger by digging it out with her hind legs, first one hind leg and then the other, using her feet just as if they were shovels."

"Carried a hole tool-kit with her, didn't she?" remarked the practical Malcolm.

"Yes, she did," laughed Uncle Jack. "She worked away, and worked hard too carrying each shovelful of dirt some little distance from her hole till her hind legs couldn't reach down to dig any farther. All this time where do you suppose she kept her head?"

"Twisted around to watch her hind feet," guessed Marjorie.

"No, she kept it hidden all the time, drawn inside her shell, just where Willie Bite has his now," said Uncle Jack.

"How big was the hole?" asked Malcolm.

"Oh, about five inches across the top of it, and it was shaped something like an egg—smaller at the top and bottom than at the middle. After she had the hole fixed to suit her she began to put in her eggs—nine she had—yes, they were white and she used her hind feet, just as if they were hands, to lower them in. She put the eggs in as gently and carefully as you children put your hen's eggs in a basket when you gather them. After she had lowered in the last egg she began to fill up the hole, using her hind feet again. Then she must have been tired, because she

rested a long time—an hour at least. I began to think there wouldn't be anything more to see, but still I stayed hidden, and I'm glad I did, because when she was rested she did a pretty funny thing."

"What?" The interest of the audience was still at top notch.

"Evidently she wanted to tamp the earth down hard, just as good gardeners tamp it down after they have planted their seeds. This time she didn't use her feet, but instead the whole under side of her shell. First she raised the hind end of her body, and when it was up as high as she could get it she let it drop quickly, as hard as she could. After the ground was well tamped down, she tried to scratch it up a little, to make it look rough on top as if one had disturbed it, because of course she didn't want any one to know where her nest was. Then she walked on slowly to the pond, crawled out on an old log and flopped in."

"O dear!" mourned Malcolm. "I wish I had been with you."

"How long do the eggs stay in the hole?" questioned Marjorie.

"Suppose you could have kept still? You know you have to learn to keep pretty still to catch any wild animal at work," reminded Uncle Jack. Then, to Marjorie: "The eggs stay in the ground ten or eleven months before they hatch. Come on, let's all take Willie Bite back to the pond now. See, I'll pick him up gently and scratch your initials on his back with my knife point—just lightly so it can't possibly hurt him, because you know he has blood in that hard shell of his, as well as in his body. There—two M's—one for Marjorie and one for a Malcolm—and an H for Helen. Now you can always be sure of Willie Bite. Let's go and look on the muddy bank, to see if possibly we can find any little hole or any eggs."

But, search as they would, not an egg and not a hole could the children find. When they were quite sure of this they put Willie Bite down, and he stuck out his head and tail and all four feet as quickly as ever he could, and scurried for the pond. Safe in the water, he stopped and stuck up his head.

"Good by, Willie Bite!" said Malcolm. "Remember, you're our turtle, even if you do live in your own pond; and if you ever hear that any friend of yours is going to dig her nest, I wish you'd crawl up to the house and let us know!"—Rose Brooks, in The Christian Register.

PARTIAL REPORT OF MISSIONARY CONFERENCE HELD AT WOLFVILLE, N. S.

The Missionary Conference that has been in session at Wolfville, N. S., for the past week closed Tuesday evening July 30—18.

This Conference was a very helpful one, a number of missionaries being present from the Foreign Field, inspired all with new zeal for missionary work.

Each delegate present felt he or she must do something definite to help with the great work, either at home or in the Foreign Field.

Mission Study Classes, Bible Study, and other helpful work was taken up in the mornings. Then the afternoons were given over to recreation, and the evenings were spent in listening to addresses and illustrated lectures by the different leaders.

The Chief speakers of the Conference were as follows: Rev. H. C. Priest—Toronto. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Robb—Missionaries from Korea. Rev. Mr. Orchard—Missionary from India. Rev. Mr. Barraclough—Moncton. Rev. Mr. Robertson—Toronto. Mrs. Hardy—Missionary from India. Miss Robb—Missionary from Korea. Mrs. Forbes—Scotsburn, Pictou, C. N. S. Miss Bishop—Returned Missionary from India.

Sergt. Charles Armstrong who has been spending a few days at his home in Brookdale, has returned to Sussex.

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Lemon juice takes off tan. Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well and you have a quart pint of the best freckle sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms, and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappears and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes it is harmless.

ACADIA UNIVERSITY WOLFVILLE - Nova Scotia. Departments: Arts and Sciences, Applied Science, Theology, Dapage, B.A., B.Sc., B.Th., M.A., and certificates admitting to the best technical schools.

ACADIA LADIES' SEMINARY WOLFVILLE - Nova Scotia. The Aim.—To prepare Girls and Young Women for Complete Living. The Courses.—Twelve; including College Matriculation, General, Music, Art, Expression, Household Science, Business, The Faculty.—Twenty; each of fine personality and Special Training.

Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy WOLFVILLE - Nova Scotia. A Residential School for Boys and Young Men. Nineteenth Year Courses.—Collegiate, Manual Training, Business, Special Courses.

ONE HUNDRETH BIRTHDAY

Mrs. Stephen Beals Passed the Century Mark on Sunday.

On Sunday, last Mrs. Stephen Beals reached her 100th birthday. In observation of the event she enjoyed an auto ride; posed for a picture in which were included four generations and entertained three of her special lady friends.

The three lady friends were Mrs. George Neily, Mrs. Rebecca Middlemas and Mrs. Sarah Craig. The combined ages of these with her own totalled 364 years.

On Sunday and the proceeding and following days Mrs. Beals received many callers who came to offer congratulation. The mails also brought many tokens of remembrance. The latter included flowers from Mrs. Beals' grandson, Stephen Beals of Concord, N. H.

A telegram of congratulations also came from Mrs. J. L. Batty and Miss Olga Sponagle of Winnipeg.

The friends who called upon Mrs. Beals found her in possession of all her faculties despite her age. She is slightly deaf of hearing and complains of failing memory, but she converses with ease and with the aid of a cane can walk about the house.—Midleton, Outlook, July 5.

CHIPS OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

It warms the heart to read that since the raid of German submarines off the North Atlantic Coasts all the naval recruiting stations in New York and other stations have been swamped by thousands of applicants for enlistment in the naval reserves. One station had more than 3,000 in a single day. Thus it is our American cousins demonstrate once again that they are "chips off the old block."

The raids on the defenceless coast towns of England and the slaughter of civilian population by airships had the same effect on recruiting in the motherland. The results no doubt puzzle German psychologists.

The Hun evidently argues this way: 2 and 2 make 4; hence a campaign of frightfulness is going to frighten people. It is just here that the wooden philosophy of the German fails. It does not provide for all the contingencies. The formula should run: 2 plus 2 equals the quality of the British heart equals an unknown quantity—to the German philosopher.—Yarmouth Times

HEVY LOSSES EAST OF RHEIMS

London, July 16—Great numbers of German corpses are hanging on the tangle of barbed wire in front of the French positions and all the reports state that the losses of the Germans must have been exceedingly heavy. The main attack to the east of Rheims, continued up to seven o'clock last night. The fighting was extremely heavy in the vicinity of Souain and at Prunay, where the Germans captured a wood south of the villages. This however, was an exception, the Germans attack elsewhere being repulsed with heavy losses. The french line of resistance remains practically everywhere intact.

OFFENSIV A FAILURE

With the American Forces on the Marne, July 16, Reports from one end of the battle line to the other say that, except for a few minor localities, the German offensive so far has been a complete failure.

THE FAIRY BOOK.

When mother takes the fairy book And we curl up to hear, 'Tis "All aboard for fiary-land" Which seems to be so near.

For soon we reach the pleasant place Of once upon a time, Where birdies sing the hour of day, And flowers talk in rhyme.

Where Bobby is a velvet prince, And where I am a queen; Where one can talk with animals, And walk about unseen.

Where little people live in nuts And ride on butterflies, And wonders kindly come to pass Before your very eyes.

Where candy grows on every bush, And playthings on the trees, And visitors pick basketfuls As often as they please.

It is the nicest time of day— Though bedtime is so near— When mother takes the fairy book And we curl up to hear.

THE TWO TRANSPORTS.

By Margaret Hilda Wise.

I dreamt I saw a ship go by, A ship go by, With cheering men and flags a-fly It made me sigh, And I know why, And I know why.

I dreamt I saw a ship go by, A ship go by, Come in from sea so silently And this time I did more than sigh, And you know why, And I know why.

—From The Canadian Magazine for July.

MAKE YOURSELF STRONG.

People with strong constitutions escape most of the minor ills that make life miserable for others. Don't you envy the friend who does not know what a headache is, whose digestion is perfect, and who sleeps soundly at night? How far do you come from this description? Have you ever made an earnest effort to strengthen your constitution, to build up your system to ward off discomfort and disease? Unless you have an organic disease it is generally possible to so improve your physical condition that perfect health will be yours. The first thing to be done is to build up your blood as poor blood is the source of physical weakness. To build up the blood Dr. Williams Pink Pills is just the medicine you need. Every dose helps to make new blood which reaches every nerve and every part of the body, bringing color to the cheeks, brightness to the eyes, a steadiness to the hands, a good appetite and splendid energy. Thousands throughout the country whose condition once made them despair, owe their present good health to this medicine. If you are one of the weak and ailing give Dr. Williams Pink Pills a fair trial and note the daily gain in new health and abounding vitality.

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail post paid at 50 cents box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LAUNCH AT PORT GREVILLE.

H. Elderkin and Company launched from their shipyard Thursday, at Port Greville, last week in the presence of a large crowd, the four masted schooner Fredie E. She is 199 feet long, 36.9 wide and 19 feet deep, and is 669 tons register. She is classed in bureau veritas for thirteen years, and is fitted with gasoline for hoisting purposes. Her after cabin is finished in Douglas fir, and has hardwood floors. In every particular she is an up-to-date vessel.

She goes from Port Greville to St. John to load lumber for Durban, South African, and will be commanded by Captain Leonard G. Berry, of Advocate Harbor, George E. Wagstaff was the master builder, and she is owned by the Elderkins, Wagstaff, the master and others.

The Elderkins will commence the building of a tern schooner of about 275 tons at once, so as to finish her before navigation closes this fall.

The School Board of North Sydney has engaged H. J. Ryan of Yarmouth as successor to ex-Principal Haverstock, who will join the ranks of the legal fraternity and practice in North Sydney. Mr. Ryan, who takes charge of the public schools at the beginning of the school term, is a gentleman highly recommended, and has an experience of over twenty years as a teacher, being Principal of the County Academy in Yarmouth during this period. Convinced that the best man available is the right man at the head of our schools, the School Board did well in selecting Mr. Ryan as principal.—North Sydney, Herald.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 18 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.



Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

LOCAL AND GENERAL. Mr. and Mrs. A.S. Mahon are spending some time at the home of Mr. Mahon's father—Capt. Mahon, Great Village.

Rev. A. L. Fraser, of Smith's Falls, Ont., formerly of Great Village is visiting in Nova Scotia.

It is reported that the Coach Service between Londonderry Station and the Mines conducted for thirty years by the late J. Shenton Bigney will be continued by R. P. Bigney.

The Winnipeg letter carriers are back on their job today.

The Great War Veterans have "Split" in their Toronto Convention. The Winnipeg and Ottawa delegates have walked out.

As the result of a fight on the Furness, Withy wharf late last night, Arthur McBride, aged fifty years, is dead, and Donald Shaw, chief mate on the steamer Siberian Prince has been arrested and charged with manslaughter.

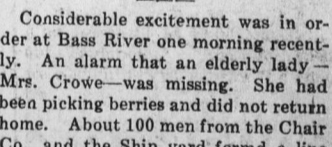
Messrs. Ira Goodwin and J. T. Spear who are charged with stealing an auto from the Royal Garage here on the night July 29th and were arrested in Amherst on the 27th, had their examination before Stipendiary Magistrate Robt. Taylor on the 30th. Both men were sent up for trial in the Supreme Court.

Considerable excitement was in order at Bass River one morning recently. An alarm that an elderly lady—Mrs. Crowe—was missing. She had been picking berries and did not return home. About 100 men from the Chair Co., and the Ship yard found a line and swept the wood. Inside an hour Mrs. Crowe was found none the worse for her night in the experience.

At the tidy farm of Ex-C.G.R Samuel Stewart, Halifax Road Friday, a 'N ew's' reporter was show an acre of excellent wheat. It stands high, is thick and even, and fully headed out. This field is on land reclaimed from a veritable swamp since Mr. and Mrs. Stewart started to build up the place, Mr. Stewart also has a nice field of hay showing a good crop in fact his crops are all up to a good average. His is one of the well painted and attractive places in the town suburbs. Stewart has built up his present fine property, between times while holding the throttle on the road. He has been on the railroad for over 40 years and now at the age of 62 will retire on a tidy pension.

The Amherst News reports Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Blomqvist of Truro, spending their vacation at Tidnish. They were in Amherst for a short time on Saturday.

GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT



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