

## PAIN NEARLY DROVE HIM MAD

Suffered Horribly Until He Turned  
To "Fruit-a-lives"



J. A. CORRIVEAU

DRYSDALE, Ont., June 15th, 1913  
"I am a general storekeeper at the above address, and on account of the great good I have experienced from using 'Fruit-a-lives', I recommend them strongly to my customers. They were a great boon to me, I can tell you, for about two years ago, I was laid up in bed with vomiting and a terrific pain at the base of my skull. The pain nearly drove me mad. Doctors feared it would turn to inflammation of the brain but I took 'Fruit-a-lives' steadily until I was cured. I have gained fifteen pounds since taking 'Fruit-a-lives' and I verily believe they saved me from a disastrous illness."

J. A. CORRIVEAU.

For Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood, "Fruit-a-lives" is invaluable and infallible. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

## MARCONI HAS 'PHONED ACROSS OCEAN

Talks With Glace Bay From Warship  
Steaming off the Sicilian Coast.

New York, March 16.—A cable to the Tribune from Rome says:

William Marconi has achieved a notable success with his experiments in long distance wireless telephonic communications. The inventor has been conducting a series of tests from the Italian battleship Regina Elena on the high seas. During these experiments he used his newly devised high sounding receivers, in connection with phonographic registers and repeaters.

The first day while the warship was off the Sicilian coast, Signor Marconi received very clear messages from Clifden, Ireland, 1,750 miles distant.

The next evening the fleet received signals from Canada 4,062 miles away by means of wireless telephony. On the last day a radio telephonic conversation between warships in motion succeeded perfectly, and with a minimum expenditure of energy. Communications under these conditions was kept up between vessels forty-five miles apart, and up to sixteen miles where land intervened between the communicating vessels. A conversation was kept up without a break and with great success for twelve hours.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

## THE TRICKS OF UP-TO-DATE PICKPOCKETS.

(New York Sun)

On the East Side there are a number of men who make their living by buying and selling old clothes. One of them will start out each morning with \$10 or \$20 in his pocket and an empty bag slung over his shoulder prepared to do business. The pickpockets of the East Side have recently invented a new way of robbing these men.

The old clothes man walks along the street uttering his familiar cry. A woman looks out from a window on the fourth or fifth floor of one of the tenement houses and beckons to him. He climbs up the four or five flights of stairs, enters the woman's apartment and asks her what she has to sell. She turns on him and says: "Oh, I haven't anything to sell, but my little boy has been very naughty all day and I told him I would call you up and have you take him away from me."

The old clothes man becomes angry and expostulates with the woman. She pacifies him by promising to have a fine supply of old clothes for him on the following day. He departs.

On the staircase, which is usually narrow and dark, he encounters two or three men. They jostle him. When he reaches the street his wallet is gone. He cries out, gets a policeman and runs up to the woman's flat. She disclaims all knowledge of the theft, the men are gone, the money is lost and no one can be held.

From 5 to 6 p.m. every day there is a constant stream of people returning from their day's work going eastward on Delancey street. The pickpockets are wont at this time to employ two women pushing baby carriages. The women walk toward each other, and just where the crowd is thickest, their carriages collide.

The women begin to quarrel. The homegoing crowd stops for a moment's fun. With amused faces they stand listening to the women, and some of the younger people spur the two combatants on. The women keep up their dialogue, and when the argument has reached its highest pitch and everyone is intensely interested the work of picking pockets begins.

The gang reaps a harvest, especially if it happens to be pay day. The women on the East Side when they go in the morning to do their day's shopping among the pushcarts never put on hats or coats. They usually throw a shawl of some kind over their shoulders, and basket on arm—go from cart to cart making their purchases. If the pushcart vendors see a woman with a hat coming toward them they are impressed. She must be one of those who have risen from their ranks to an uptown or Bronx estate, but who clings to her old pushcart habits, they argue. The vendors are quite sure she will pay them well and will not bargain.

The woman approaches one of the boys about fifty cents worth of fruit or fish and then begins to look about for her purse. She doesn't find it. She turns to the pedlar and says: "I have left my purse home. In it I have a \$10 bill. Send one of your children with me with \$3.50 change and I will give him the \$10."

The pedlar immediately summons one of his numerous family, who are playing about, gives him the \$3.50 wrapped in a paper and sends him with the customer. They arrive at her house. She says to the child: "Give me the change. I will throw the bill down to you through my window."

Ladies with hats on must be obeyed. The urchin gives up his money. The lady ascends the step of the house to the roof and goes down again through another house to the street. The pedlar has lost his \$10.

## MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS IN THE MOSCOW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, Moscow's Governor, Count L. N. Mouraviev, and many other mighty persons are deep in discussion of the Massacre of the Innocents. The Massacre of the Innocents (nothing like it has been seen since Herod's day) is the terrible slaughter of babies that goes on in Moscow's Foundling Hospital.

Everyone in Moscow knows the Foundling Hospital—the "Vospitatelni-Dom"—a vast, white barrack-like house, probably the Empire's biggest building, which lies on the bank of the Moscow river. Nobody can help knowing it, for from it every day issue from ten to fifty coffins of little children who have done no harm except the harm of being born into the world. Since this charitable institution was founded it has put nearly a million babies to death, and despite "science" and "civilization," and "the progress of medicine," it is more fatal to be put into it today than it was in the barbarous age of its founder, Catherine the Great. For though in the first years of foundation sixty per cent of the foundlings died before one year of life was finished, that is nothing to what happens now. Of the 119,000 foundlings brought into the "dom" during the decade ending 1911, 99,859 were dead within a year.

Last summer a member of the Moscow Municipal Assembly called the "Vospitatelni Dom" a "great lethal chamber; but somewhat expensive. If they must all be killed why not kill them at once." This remark was called forth by a newspaper report that of 207 children brought into the hospital during Easter week, 135 were dead before the end of July. Moscow wits call the big institution "bozhya grablya," or "God's rake," for there is a proverb that "God rakes in everything at the end," and a baby sent to the "dom" is almost as sure to be raked into the grave as is a sentenced man who already has the noose round his neck.

Less Dyspepsia Now—Here's  
The Reason

The fact that there is less dyspepsia and indigestion in this community than there used to be is largely due to the extensive use of Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, hundreds of packages of which we have sold. No wonder we have faith in them. No wonder we are willing to offer them to you for trial entirely at our risk.

Among other things, they contain Pepsin and Bismuth, two of the greatest digestive aids known to medical science. They soothe the inflamed stomach, allay pain, check heartburn and distress, help to digest the food, and tend to quickly restore the stomach to its natural, comfortable, healthy state. There is no red tape about our guarantee. It means just what it says. We'll ask you no questions. Your word is enough for us. If Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets don't restore your stomach to health and make your digestion easy and comfortable, we want you to come back for your money. They are sold only at the 7,000 Rexall Stores, and in this town only by us. Three sizes, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—W. A. Warren, Bridgetown.

During the last century war caused the death of over 38,000,000 civilized men.

## NO ALUM



GALLANT SPINSTERHOOD.

She was a gentle-looking little woman of about thirty-five, and as she bade each of her little kindergartners good-bye they turned to her with many a spontaneous caress. Then came a father to take home the last and tiniest girl. He and the kindergarten had gone to kindergarten together in their day, and he said: "Put on your hat, Mary, we go right past your door."

While small Nancy followed with alert eyes a stray dog which capered at her feet, the two talked.

"Mary," said the man, waving a hand towards the disappearing bevy of little people, "please forgive my impertinence, but why do you choose this instead of marriage? I know you have made a great success of it and have written books about it and all that sort of thing, but—do you think it is worth it?"

"My dear Tom," Mary replied with a note of scorn in her voice, "what reason have you to suppose that I choose this instead of marriage?"

"Oh, well, Mary," was the stammered reply, "every woman has opportunities, and—well, I know you've had lots of them."

"Never mind, Tom, I have had opportunities, of course, but do you think a bad marriage is better than a good profession?"

"Well," Tom regained his composure and became somewhat obstinate, "I don't know about bad marriages, but I know you've had some really good chances, and the ideal place for a woman is the home."

"Don't talk to me about ideals," Mary flared; "at least, half the girls in my set buried their ideals when they accepted matrimony." Tom squirmed, and wondered if the list included his wife. "I'm the one who clings to my ideals. You see, they hadn't any patience with fate, they were afraid of being old maids—and what came, Idealists! Cowards! I'm the idealist!"

"You cousins and aunts and old fogies who are generally scolding someone for not getting married make me sick! You seem to think that women like me set their teeth and will have a career. It's only this, Tom: We'll have the right man, or none. There's no second best. Our right man may not be very rich or very handsome or very clever, but we'd know him if he came, and, well, chance in the world will do, he'll be the best."

"Perhaps you think, Tom, that if I had not gone in for what you doubtless call a 'career,' if I had concentrated my mind on housekeeping and cooking and matrimony, I should have been married. Well, my mother took all the responsibility for the home and felt that if I shared it she was being put 'on the shelf.' The drudgery end, which was all that was left, with none of the planning, would naturally appeal to no human being except a young and active brain. Anyway, the girl who concentrates her mind upon household matters to the exclusion of everything else, who fits herself for matrimony—if that is fitting herself for matrimony—and nothing else, is going to be a disappointed woman if matrimony doesn't come her way; whereas the other, interested to cope with the problems of married life."

"That I have had the strength to hold out for my ideals against all the temptations to cave in—the temptations tangled up in other girls' trousseaus, and home-making, and activity in all the lines a woman most loves—that I have had the strength to go on giving my best energy and love to other women's children, tiring myself out and growing old, is my greatest pride in life. I may have failed in lots of things, but I've waited (in vain it seems) for my ideal. Yet, it hasn't been in vain for I made work of my waiting, my dream energy turned the wheels of everyday accomplishment. It takes a gallant heart to be an old maid. Tom, you ought to give me God-speed in my task instead of discouragement and criticism. Here's my gate. Good-bye."—Polly Peele.

BUTTER-MAKING IN HOLLAND.

According to the Practical Dairyman, dairy conditions are changing in Holland. Heretofore cheese-making has been the main industry. There are many excellent co-operative creameries in Holland, and as a consequence more butter is being made than ever before for the British market. It is said that the Hollander is paying a great deal of attention to an increased fat production on the part of cows, and a great number are now testing around 3.5 per cent fat and quite a number 4 per cent. The dam of one young bull, shown at the Leeuwarden fair in October averaged 4.33 per cent of another has a record of 16,500 lbs. milk with an average of 4.23 per cent. These are not forced records, but are made under normal farm conditions with six months in the pasture and six in the stable.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

## Joker's Corner

Villager (to Squire's daughter)—"I dunno 'ow 'tis, miss. There's you never 'ad a 'usban, an' 'ere's me buried two; this one 'e's my third, and if the Lord want to 'ave 'e I do know where I can lay 'ands on another."

Mrs. Subbubs (to tramp)—"Out of work, are you? Then you're just in time. I've a cord of wood to be cut up and I was just going to send for a man to do it."

Tramp—"That so, mum? Where does he live? I'll go and get him."

THE AGE OF COSMETICS.

Lady Aberdeen, at a dinner recently uttered a neat epigram on the modern woman.

"The modern woman," she said, rarely weeps. Her complexion won't stand it."

A farmer, who had gone to London for the first time, was walking along the Strand. He was filling his pipe when a match boy came up to him with his usual "Lights, sir?" The farmer took the box from the boy, extracted a match, lit his pipe, and handed the box back to the astonished lad, passing on with the remark: "Lor! What a wonderful place London is, to be sure."

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded omnibus kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could no longer stand it, and turned to the lad. "Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a very dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I 'ave; but I don't lend it to strangers!"

A pretty, go-ahead New York girl, dressed in masculine attire, often rides her horse in one of the public parks. Recently she got a severe fall and a burly sailor rushed to her aid. As he lifted her gently he felt her corset and yelled out in alarm to the people who had gathered round: "Some of you get a doctor at once. This youngster's got his ribs goin' North and South, instead of East and West."

The tramp looked shrewdly at Miss Wary, and she returned his gaze with equal shrewdness, but her expression did not soften in the least.

"You see, it's like this, ma'am. Six months ago I had a little home of my own, but I made an unfortunate marriage. My wife's temper was such that it kept me in hot water all the time."

"H'm," said Miss Wary, dryly. "It is a pity there couldn't have been a little soap in it. Only six months ago, did you say?"

His Worship—"What we want you to tell us is the exact words used by the prisoner when he spoke to you."

Witness—"He said, your Worship, that he stole the pig."

His Worship: "No, no, he would not use the third person."

Witness: "But, your Worship, there was no third person."

His Worship: "Then he must have said, 'I stole the pig.'"

Witness: "Well, may be you did, your Worship, but he did not tell on you."

A miner, who was proud of his boy's attainments at school, one evening picked up a home-lesson book and read from it a quotation which ran like this: "Some books should be tasted, some swallowed, and some chewed and digested.—Bacon." Turning to his boy, he said:—

"What's this, sonnie? Thou doesn't eat books at school, does that? I know you are very clever, but you cannot do those nannygoat tricks, I'm sure. I'll warrant that'll be one of those printer's errors, sonnie!"

"Oh, no, father," said the boy. "Metaphorically speaking, we eat books."

"Now, you cannot diddle me, like that," said the father. "I didn't go to school very long, but I ken that's one of those printer's errors. Why, sonnie, can thou not see? He's put the word 'Bacon' in the wrong place. It should be, 'Some bacon should be tasted, some swallowed, and some chewed and digested.'"

## Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are not a new and untried remedy—our grandfathers used them. Half a century ago, before Confederation, they were on sale in nearly every drug or general store in the Canada of that day, and were the recognized cure in thousands of homes for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Rheumatism and Kidney and Liver Troubles. To-day they are just as effective, just as reliable as ever, and nothing better has yet been devised to

Cure Common Ills

## FRESH FRAGRANT FLAVORFUL



You'll Like the Flavor  
35¢-40¢-50¢ Per Pound

A HOUSE FLY AS BIG AS A CAT.

Many thousands of people have seen the big glass mosquito at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Now it has a companion in a house-fly sixty-four thousand times as big as the one we are so often adjured to "swat" or "starve." This model has cost nine months of work and study on the part of Ignaz Matuschak, a Hungarian model maker in the service of the museum. The proportions have been preserved with the minutest care. Mr. Matuschak having made his drawings and casts for the head, body and various members of the insect from dissection.

Larvae and pupae of the fly are shown in models moulded on the same scale, as are the eggs, which appear as little, cucumber-shaped pieces of paraffin about two inches long. A real fly's egg is just about visible to the naked eye. The same artist has painted an enlargement (one thousand five hundred diameters) of the hairy foot of the fly, showing the typhoid bacilli, of which the insect is the common carrier, on the claw-like tip of the member.—The Outlook.

Boston, according to figures just compiled at Washington, is the richest city, per capita, in the United States.

## Why Do Women Suffer

When They Could Be Well?

It is so easy to be well and strong and able to enjoy life, that it is surprising how many women drag themselves through the day suffering tortures from lame back due to kidney trouble. Mrs. Wilcox found the way to cure herself and gladly writes about it so that others may be induced to use the same remedy.



BIG LORRAINE.  
"During the last winter, I was bothered very much with a Weak Back. I was advised by a friend to try GIN PILLS and I did. The first box I found helped me very much and I found when I had taken the second, I was completely cured."

Mrs. F. WILCOX.  
If GIN PILLS do not do all that we say they will—let us know, and we will cheerfully refund your money. Send for a free sample and see for yourself that they will do you good. Then buy the regular boxes at your dealers—soc., 6 for \$4.50.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited  
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## FIRST OF ALL! WHAT TIME IS IT?

This important question is correctly answered by one of our fine line of time keepers. After a practical inspection of the various watches I have selected the Waltham line for my trade. The prices of these in various cases range from \$6.00 to six hundred dollars, and for the capital invested are unexcelled. A straight discount of 10 p. c. from all present prices during February. Fine repairing a specialty.

Ross A. Bishop  
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Insure your buildings in the  
OLD RELIABLE  
"NORTHERN"

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DALY & CORBETT, Provincial Agents  
HALIFAX, N. S.

FRED E. BATH, Local Agent  
Bridgetown

May 14, 1923-17

## DOMINION ATLANTIC RY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE"

On and after Nov. 3rd, 1913, train service of this railway is as follows:  
Express for Yarmouth.....11.54 a.m.  
Express for Halifax.....2.02 p.m.  
Accom. for Halifax.....7.50 a.m.  
Accom. for Yarmouth.....5.50 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 7.55 a.m., and from Truro at 6.40 a.m., 2.30 p.m. and 12.50 noon, 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 trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

## St. JOHN and DIGBY

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted)  
Canadian Pacific Steamship leaves St. John 7.00 a.m., arrives in Digby about 10.15 a.m., leaves Digby 2.00 p.m., arrives in St. John about 5.00 p.m., connecting at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for Montreal and the West.

## Boston Service

Steamers of the Boston & Yarmouth S. S. Company sail from Yarmouth for Boston  
Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesday and Saturday.  
P. GIPKINS,  
General Manager,  
Kentville.

## TO OLD ENGLAND By the S.S. "DIGBY"

Hundreds of travellers speak in the highest terms of this new passenger ship. As a comfortable speedy, craft, she is unexcelled. Every convenience and pleasure afforded by the great ocean liner is to be had aboard this ship at the minimum cost.

To Liverpool from Halifax,  
Saloon Passengers is \$60.00  
Second Class . . . \$45.00

The "Digby" calls at St. John's, Nfld. affording passengers a day in which to see this interesting old City. For further particulars apply to the agents.

## Furness Withy & Co. Limited

AGENTS, Halifax, N. S.

## H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Accom. Mon. & Fri.	Time Table in effect Oct. 6th, 1913.	Accom. Mon. & Fri.
Read down.	Stations	Read up.
11.30	Lv. Middleton A.S.	16.35
12.01	" Clarence	15.54
12.20	Bridgetown	15.36
12.50	Granville Ferry	15.07
13.07	Granville Ferry	14.50
13.26	" Karsdale	14.34
13.45	Ar. Port Wade L.V.	14.10

\*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal.  
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