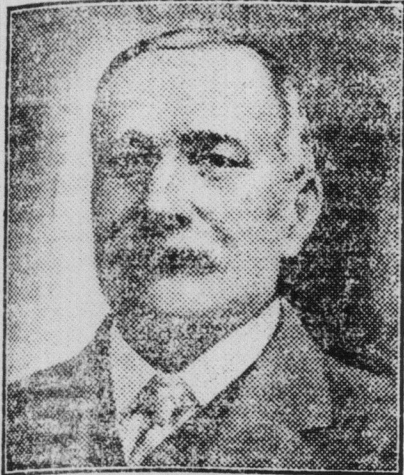


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**DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY**

TIME TABLE REVISED TO MONDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1918.

GOING WEST

Stations	Express Daily	Mixed Daily
Middleton	11.35	6.00
Lawrencetown	11.50	6.25
Paradise	12.15	6.40
Bridgetown	12.40	7.00
Tapperville	12.18	7.35
Roundhill	12.28	7.45
Annapolis Royal	12.42	7.55
Upper Clements	12.53	8.05
Clementsport	12.59	8.15
Deep Brook	1.06	8.25
Bear River	1.15	8.35
Imbertville	1.18	8.45
Smith's Cove	1.22	8.55
Digby	1.37	9.10

GOING EAST

Stations	Express Daily	Mixed Daily
Digby	12.05	4.20
Smith's Cove	12.20	4.40
Imbertville	12.24	4.55
Bear River	12.28	5.10
Deep Brook	12.37	5.25
Clementsport	12.44	5.35
Upper Clements	12.53	5.45
Annapolis Royal	1.07	5.50
Round Hill	1.22	6.05
Tapperville	1.32	6.15
Bridgetown	1.45	6.30
Paradise	1.56	6.40
Lawrencetown	2.03	6.50
Middleton	2.20	7.00

R. U. PARKER,  
 General Passenger Agent.

GEO. E. GRAHAM,  
 General Manager.

**H. & S. W. RAILWAY**

Accom.	TIME TABLE	Accom.
Wednes-	IN EFFECT	Wednes-
days only	March 10, 1918	days only
Readown	STATIONS	Read up
11.10 a.m.	Lv. Middleton Ar.	5.00 p.m.
11.41 a.m.	*Clarence	4.28 p.m.
12.00 p.m.	Bridgetown	4.10 p.m.
12.32 p.m.	Granville Centre	3.43 p.m.
12.49 p.m.	Granville Ferry	3.25 p.m.
12.52 p.m.	*Karsdale	3.05 p.m.
1.00 p.m.	Ar Port Wade Lv.	2.45 p.m.

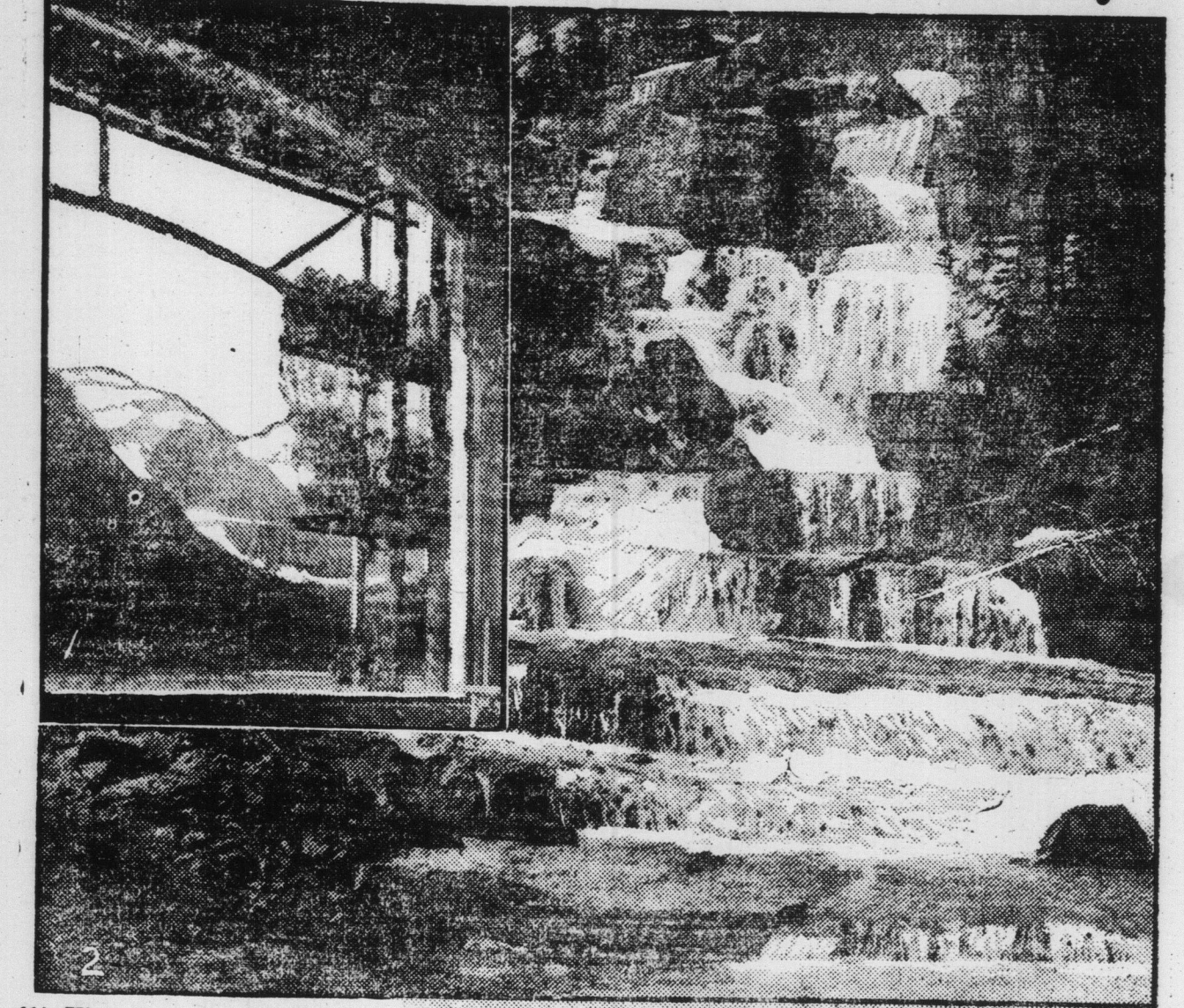
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 2311

**IMPRISONING LOUISE**



(1) View from the Chateau verandah.  
 (2) Giant Steps in the Paradise Valley.  
 (3) At Lake Louise.

NOBODY ever gets accustomed to Lake Louise. You come down in the morning, thinking of cantelous and coffee. And at the stairhead you have your first—yes, it is a smashing glimpse of the lake. No water could be so greenly-blue, so shot with amethyst half-shadows, so blent with undersurface diamonds and banded agates and shivering sapphires. The slender cliffs to the left make a frame for it—the jade slopes to the right give it fire by their sombre contrast. But that smiling, unbelievable whiteness that froth over the top of the world at the lake's end—that soaring, singing, living wonder that somebody tethered to the earth by the process of naming it the Victoria Glacier—it is smaller than Louise itself.

But the artist looks at it with just the same worshipful hopelessness, at least so says Walter D. Wilcox, P.R.G.S., who got his first sight of Louise in 1891, and has been an annual pilgrim ever since. It was just an annex of Banff then, this wonder lake, and there weren't a hundred people in the east who had ever seen it.

"You can't paint it," declared Mr. Wilcox this year, out of twenty-seven season knowledge of its dancing modicness. "You get your clouds and your rock colors in. Then you try for the water. But the clouds you painted are gone and this lake is quite different in tone from the lake that went with your light effect. You might work for years and never see the thing the green combination repeated that you tried to get—and got a maddening half of."

Mr. Wilcox made his second visit with some college friends in 1897 and this time he brought a camera, a little 5 x 7, that laid the foundation for all his future reputation in the world of films and plates.

In addition to the delicacy and correctness of his photographs, Mr. Wilcox can claim to have taken the largest picture ever achieved in Canada at a height of 10,000 feet. This is his panorama from Mt. Niblock with an IXX 14 camera, so real looking that a hot day makes you want to put it up beside the electric fan as a chill-producer.

Mr. Wilcox's famous Lake O'Hara study in another bit of wizardry. "It took me just four years to get that one," he told me. "I believe I brought the camera back at least ten times, and when I finally had a promising day, I waited from eight till twelve o'clock for the psychological moment that brought the light I wanted on the water and the mountains."

Another scene the picture-maker coveted was the sparkling Giant's steps in Paradise Valley. "I worked on that falls for two days and I had a man to help me. We cut down a tree that interfered with the camera and we tidied up heaven knows how much rubbish. I don't believe in making a scene artificial but I do believe in making it artistically natural."

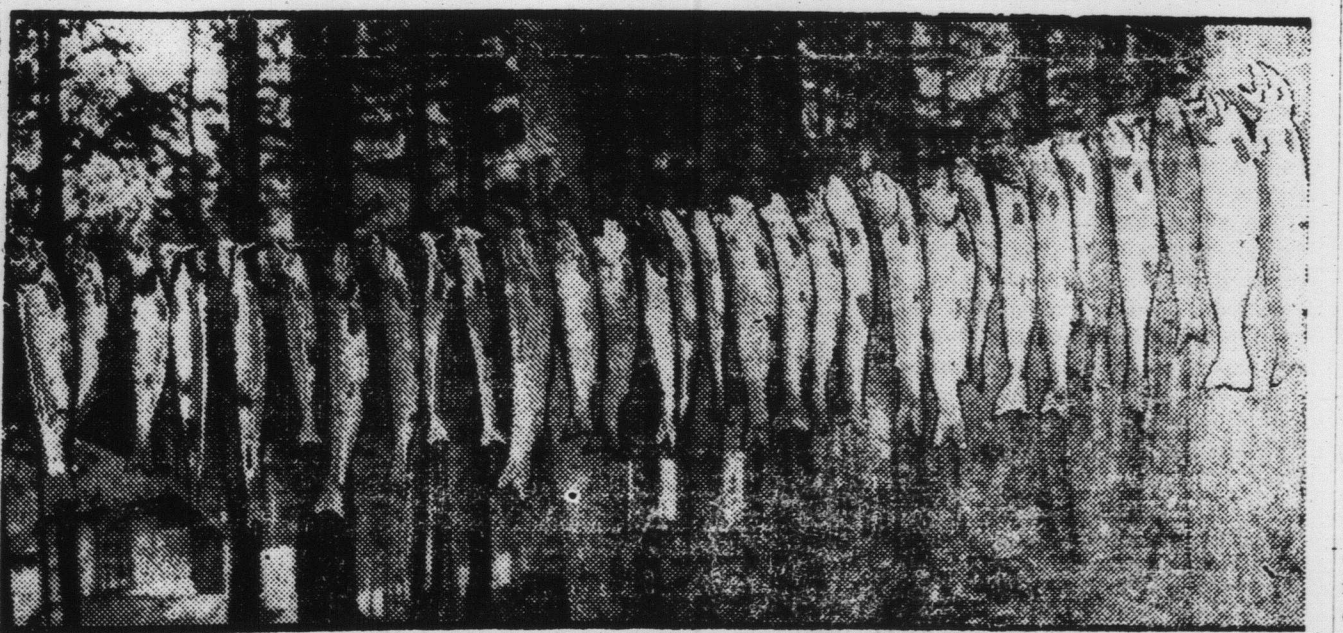
"The beginner doesn't get one plate in twelve," said Mr. Wilcox. "Often he spoils his whole dozen. You can be a little careless and still have some sort of result in ordinary photography. But in color work, it's all or nothing."

Nowadays I'm going over all the old beauty spots here in the new way. I have the composition worked out from my experiments of years ago. The precise location of the camera is marked in every case. All that I have to do is to wait for the right light effect."

Sixty-two thousand people came to see Louise last year. Won't it be wonderful, folks, when the time comes that will give every pilgrim the chance to carry it away with him, imprisoned in a little gorgeous opal-colored miniature?

But alas, even that won't altogether satisfy the true Louise-lover. You can't photograph the spice of the first, the cool breath that blows straight from the glistening heart of the glacier, the puff of snow-spray and the long rumble that spells avalanche to the traced watcher on the hotel verandah. And you can't have a fairly movie-man standing behind your eye as an achromat, stirring the shifting shadows of clouding into the spell of your lake.

**Big Trout in the Spray**



TWO and a-re-quarter dozen fighting fish, speckled and gleaming from the ice-cold waters of the Spray River, near Banff, and nose under eight ounces in weight. They were heavy on the line when they first took the hook and surged and charged and sulked and finally came in to be landed, and they grew marvellously heavier by the time they had all been caught and then carried four miles back to the buggy which we had left by the falls where the first fish on the string had lain beneath the great rocks that scorned the green eddies of the roaring river and would only come forth when drawn by stout silk and trusty gut.

And the whole trip was not a long one, as fishing goes. We tied our horse at the new bridge, below the falls and left him placidly munching oats while we crossed the river and took to the precariously narrow pack-trail that twisted and climbed and dropped and went higher across and around the great lower ramparts of Mount Rundle. We dallied at a promising eddy and drew forth three fish. We climbed three hundred feet in a half-mile walk and paused at the entrance of a steep, smooth gully of granite which led to a tremendous pool of crystal water past which the foam-decked current dashed. In its thousand feet of length the gully would take from us the altitudinous advantage of our climb, but we slid down to the tempting water, trusting to good luck and strong spikes to get us back to the trail.

A Black Ant and a Common Coachman hit the water simultaneously. A Nipigon trout, the product of transplanted roe, slid up from the bottom of eleven feet of water like a streak of silver steel and struck the Ant with a vigorous anxiety that brought joy to the angler and angry resistance from the fish. A hungry trout checked his whirling reel and watched the bending rod with cheerful care. If you know how the fish lie in the waters of the mountain paradise of Banff Park you need lose little time in vain casting. The game waits at the upper or lower ends of big pools, sheltered behind rocks; or it conceals itself behind some protective stone that lute into swift water from the bank and there, in the restful eddy waits and watches the current dashing past, ready to flash out on any delicate morsel of food that is brought along with the food. So one needs only fish the pools and the shoulders, and if there is not a strike after a dozen casts it is good judgment to move on for the fish have moved on.

We followed these directions and fished quite a stretch of beautiful river. We had left our horse at noon. We were at the first lumber camp at two o'clock, and we had fished the big holes in the canyon by three o'clock. At that time, morally certain that we had better quit fishing in self-defense, because we had caught an honest day's string we counted the prizes and found thirty-three spotted beauties. So hungry and tired and fully content we walked back the broad highway on the west side of the river and rejoined our steed four miles away. Then, in another hour, we sat in the great dining room of the C. P. R. hotel and ate enormously of delicious trout, reared from the chef's hot skillets. The only experience that can equal a fishing trip is another one.—L. V. K.

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**BEGINNING WITH MOTHER.**  
 (Continued from page 6.)

er's to her own problem for them to comprehend at once.

"I am going to be more human. I've got to or lose my job," here was a catch in Susan's voice. "I'm through compelling people. From this minute I am going to be a constructive critic, if I criticize at all. I don't promise to be successful, but I'm going to try like mad. And I'm beginning with mother."

"Well," said Page, "I've always taken mother's part when my attention has been called to her alleged shortcomings, but I'll admit that I've had to be bound and gagged before my interest was caught. I have been outrageously indifferent. I haven't forgotten that I didn't get to the station in time to see her off. I am going to be more human, too, Sukey, and I am beginning with mother."

"Your mother's life," Louise began after a pause, "the hardships and privation of those years on the homestead, her cleverness in keeping the land out of the hands of unscrupulous men, reads like a romance, but I was not interested, because her clothes were rather queer. Father told me to study her. He saw what she was. Hereafter, I'm going beneath the surface; and I, too, am beginning with mother."

"We talk," said Susan, "about beginning with mother, and mother's fifteen hundred miles away!"

"Let's plan how we can make up for some of the pain we've caused her," Louise suggested, "and then let's telegraph her to come home."

"Do it!" Page urged. "Requisition anything I've got except my instruments."

"May we requisition your bank account?" asked his wife, with a smile.

"Even that I was going to get a new car, but I'd rather have a happy mother."

After that the chief conspirators spent busy days. They decided that the guest room should be Mrs. Wilmerding's permanent room. There she could have the sun all day. They opened the unused fireplace and put a new rug—gray, with a border of faint pink—on the floor. Louise bought a lounge and covered it with chintz cushions to match the hangings. She also bought a tea gown of dull old blue. Susan made new Madras curtains in the evenings. And she bought a toilet table and accessories, with ivory mountings.

"We'll have to borrow from mother for months to come," Susan tittered after a hasty glance at her check book. Susan's laugh was frequent during those days.

That their mother could well afford to buy all the things for herself made no difference. These were spontaneous, loving gifts.

When Mrs. Wilmerding received the message, "Come immediately, we need you," she was greatly alarmed; in two hours she had packed and was aboard the Limited. "She telegraphed Page, 'Wire particulars Albuquerque,' and waited in a fever of anxiety until that point was reached.

There she received Page's second message. It read: "There are no particulars; we just need you."

It was a puzzled and still alarmed mother who left the Pullman two days

later for the indiscriminate grasp of three young people.

The young folk, however, were gleeful enough to make her dismiss her apprehension. Susan had completely lost her reserve, and loved the sensation. "That very day one of the girls of the school had linked her arm in hers as they went together down the stairs! And Dr. Stockley had smiled genially that morning and had said, "Keep right on." Three weeks had wrought a marvelous change in her. "Children—why?" Mrs. Wilmerding begged.

"How do you expect a family to get along without a mother?" Louise demanded.

"And besides," Susan added, "the president of your club has gone South, for the rest of the winter, and you've got to get into her official shoes. That's one why."

"I summoned you back to kiss your good-bye," Page told her with a laughing salute.

Mrs. Wilmerding was inarticulate as they drove home, and Louise and Susan, crowded together on the rumble, pinched each other sharply from the sheer joy and excitement of living. The three young people trooped up the stairs with their mother and with a flourish ushered her into her new room.

The lights were softened by patterned shades. On the magazine-laden table was a beautiful reading lamp. Her old, familiar books lined the walls. A fire glowed on the hearth. Her battered desk, at which she had done so much efficient work, was near a window.

"You're going to dine in your new tea gown tonight, mummie," Susan declared. "Louise selected it, and it's a dream! She'll help you get into it. And hurry, please; we've pink-shaded candles and pink canies and pink tea cream downstairs, not to mention the roses."

Mrs. Wilmerding looked at her daughter in amazement; it seemed to her that never before had she seen her so like a little girl. Then she looked at the others. It was the same there—their faces were alight with love and understanding.

"Children, in my wildest imaginings, I've never conceived of anything so lovely as this. If it is a dream—"

"Dream?" Susan took her mother by the shoulders and shook her gently while she struggled with the quaver in her voice. "Dream? Why, Mummie Wilmerding, what is the matter with your olfactory nerves? Is it possible you can't smell that turkey?"

**Big Cut in U. S. Naval Estimates**

WASHINGTON, November 30—Naval estimates for 1920 have been reduced \$1,180,315,000 as the result of the signing of the armistice, Secretary McAdoo was informed by Secretary Daniels. The original estimate on a war basis was \$2,644,397,000 and this has been reduced to \$1,463,992,000.

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