

HIS HEALTH IN A TERRIBLE STATE

"Fruit-a-tives" Healed His Kidneys and Cured Him

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., AUG. 26th. 1913.
"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My Kidneys were not doing their work and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-tives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect, I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected. My Kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes, and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am enjoying the best health I have ever had."

B. A. KELLY

"Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest Kidney Remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and skin as well as on the kidneys, and thereby soothes and cures any kidney soreness. "Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Are the Picture Brides Such a Gamble?

"There's a big ship in from Japan, said the woman who knows, 'come on, let's go over to Angel Island and see the Picture Brides.'
And so, as the sky was blue and the sea smooth and the sun shone gayly on the waters, we put on our trot-about clothes and went up the bay to Angel Island to see the Picture Brides.
On our way over my friend, the woman who knows, told me about them.
"When a Japanese gets to the marrying age," said the woman who knows, "he sits down and writes a letter home about it. In the letter he tells just what he's doing, how many times he's been ill during the last year, how much money he has in the bank, and what sort of a wife he thinks he wants, and he sends his photograph."
"And then the folks at home look around for the bride and when they find what seems to be the right sort of girl they send her photograph to the man and if things have gone all right so far the marriageable young man sends the money to Japan, and as soon as she can get ready the Picture Bride starts to America and her brand new husband.
"I've always wanted to see the Picture Brides."
"And now," said I, "we'll see them," and we did.
We were not the only persons interested in the Picture Brides. The little boat that took us over to Angel Island was full of men, Japanese, most of them young, one or two of them middle-aged, all of them hopeful, and every one of them smiling and conscious.
They were the Picture Brides. And dear me, how they were trying to live up to their pictures! They were dressed in the last extreme as to ties and hats, and their natty boots were a marvel to see. One square-shouldered little brown man wore a silk hat and carried a fine walking stick.
You would never in the world have taken him for a farmer, yet a farmer he is nevertheless, and making a very good thing with loganberries and various small fruits.
And one, though neat, was just a trifle shabby. I think his suit had been mended more than once, and his hat was not quite new. There was something in his face that made me believe that he had put the money in his purse instead of upon his person, and that he intended to buy something very nice and quite American for his Picture Bride.
They were just coming from noon-day dinner—the Picture Brides—when we got to the island and they and the Hindoos and the Malays and the South Sea Islanders and the Chinese and the Russians and the Greeks, and all the strange peoples of the earth gathered, like fish, in Uncle Sam's wide thrown net.
And four of them came out and sat in the reception room and met right before our eyes, the Picture Brides.
The farmer was there with his silk hat in his hand, and his little bride was fairly overcome with the splendor of it.
She held her sleek head down in modest fashion, but her shining eyes strayed ever and anon to the glory of the hat, and it was plain to see that she hoped all the other Picture Brides saw the hat and realized what it meant.
It is isn't so simple after all, this matter of the Picture Brides. The bridegroom has to prove that

he is healthy and of good habits and is able to take good care of a wife, before he can get his bride.

And the bride must qualify too. Each knows a great deal more about the other's real character than most of our brides and grooms know when they walk up the aisle to the tune of the wedding march.

The neat little man whose suit was not quite new was in a dream of delight.

His little bride wore American slippers and a pair of silk stockings. Nobody can make me believe he had not seen them to her, and I'd be willing to wager that there was a poem in the package when it went across the sea to cheer the heart of the little girl who was crossing so many miles of tumbling water to meet her Picture Bridegroom.

What a sight it was, the Picture Brides and their Picture Bridegrooms. I do hope they'll be happy. They stand about as much chance of it as do our friends who marry each other because somebody thinks they should or to keep some other girl from getting him, or to show the other fellows that he can win her if he wants to.

What do you think about it?
We clip the above article on Picture Brides from the Japan Advertiser, Tokyo, which copied it from the San Francisco Examiner, in which it first appeared. The article is not fact, founded upon the Japanese custom which demands that the parents and immediate relatives select the brides for the young men. The custom extends to the young Japanese in America, and both in Japan and America, the young men frequently never see his bride until the marriage hour.

The article concludes by asking "What do you think about it?" Well, it often turns out well. But, often it is a failure. And, in either case, it is the outcome of the idea that the woman is inferior to the man, an idea accepted among peoples of a lower civilization, and too often practised among peoples of a higher civilization.—Ed. Monitor.

Gain 40 Pounds in 40 Days

Remarkable Results of the New Tissue Builder Tonic Tablets in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women
PROVE IT YOURSELF BY BUYING a box of Tonic Tablets NOW.
"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Tonic Tablets, for building up weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well-known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer and almost everything else you could think of, but without result."
Any man or woman who is thin can recover normal weight by the best new treatment, Tonic Tablets. "I have been thin for years and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable processes brought about by the use of Tonic Tablets, so I decided to try myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just forty pounds during the last forty days, and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."
Tonic Tablets give a powerful impetus to nutrition, increases cell-growth, food, increases the number of blood corpuscles and as a necessary result builds up muscles and solid healthy flesh, and rounds off the figure.
For women who can never appear stylish in anything they wear because of their thinness, this remarkable treatment may prove a revelation. It is a beauty maker as well as a form builder and nerve strengthener. Tonic Tablets cost \$1 for a 50-days' treatment, at druggists, or mailed by American Proprietary Co., Boston, Mass.

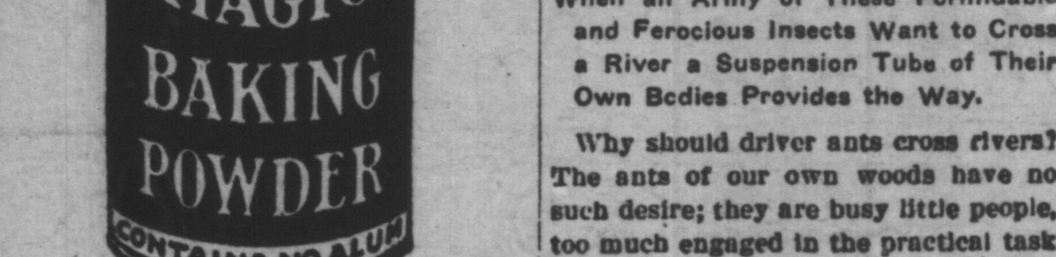
Parole System

The old and popular idea of penal servitude undergoing a radical change under modern investigation and experiment. It has now been shown conclusively that the reformation of criminals is possible, and that prison life is not the best way of bringing about this reform. There are few men who have sunk so low that they have not a spark of honor or some lingering desire for a better life. If this is appealed to at the proper time and in the right way, it is seldom without response. The parole system is an attempt in the right direction to save men from being dragged down by the evil environment in which they have become involved and confirmed in a life of sin and shame. The Solicitor-General of Canada, Hon. Arthur Meighen, told the Canadian Bar Association, last week, of the success of the parole system in Canada. He stated that of 6,500 persons paroled since the introduction of the system in 1899, all but 418, or 6.04 per cent, had made good. Results such as these are worthy of more than a brief and limited trial. If there is any hope for the criminal, his chances for reformation are greatly enhanced, as he is removed from the depressing surroundings and penal atmosphere of the prison to a life in the open air with interesting employment, and given another chance to regain self-respect and make an honest living in the world.—Presbyterian Witness.

NO ALUM UGLY DRIVER ANTS

All Living Creatures Fly Before These African Terrors.

THEY BUILD LIVING BRIDGES.



QUEER JOURNALISTIC FEAT.

When an Army of these Formidable and Ferocious Insects Want to Cross a River a Suspension Tube of Their Own Bodies Provides the Way.
Why should driver ants cross rivers? The ants of our own woods have no such desire; they are busy little people, too much engaged in the practical task of finding and storing food to have any vagaries of this sort. They are contented and harmless if not disturbed or annoyed. An angry ant is to be avoided, and an angry swarm can make its displeasure felt in a very unpleasant way, as every one knows who has carelessly broken into a nest. But if left alone they are peaceful little workmen, absorbed in their own affairs.
The great driver or *Bulkhoney* ant, however, has nothing peaceable in its composition. He is nothing if not aggressive and spiteful; neither is he contented. In the great forests of Africa these insects multiply to an alarming extent. They swarm in thousands, perhaps millions, and formidable at any time, during the season of migration they are a terror to the whole district in which they live.
Myriads of these insects are seized with a restless desire for change. Obeying some mysterious instinct or following the commands of their queen, they set out upon their travels, and woe betide the man or beast that crosses their path. In a moment the hapless creature is covered with ants, and in an incredibly short space of time nothing is left but bare bones.
The driver ant is so called because it drives away all living creatures. When this most terrible host is on the march men and animals, great and small, take flight. Lions and tigers may be seen rushing along side by side with the timid gazelle. All are too much frightened to dream of attacking or avoiding each other. For once in their lives they are united in their terror of the common enemy. Size and strength are of no avail, and a rhinoceros or an elephant is as much terrified and is in as much danger as a rabbit.
When the vast army of ants arrive on the bank of a river a halt is called. They have no idea of turning back, but to cross that river they must have a bridge, and the making of this bridge takes time, and probably the engineers of the army have to bustle up to the front.
The making of an ant bridge is one of the most wonderful things in the world. The ants swarm on a tree, choosing one which overhangs the river. Upon the bough which reaches farthest over the stream they mass themselves and begin to form a thick rope of their own bodies. This they do by means of holding on firmly with their hind legs, while with the front pair of legs they grasp the bodies of other ants. Constantly fresh ants range themselves in front, and as the rope grows and grows until at last it reaches the water.
By and by the floating chain is carried by the current toward the other side where probably grass and great reeds spring out of the water. The foremost ants seize upon the first bough they touch, and from one slender foothold to another they climb until at last they reach land. The nearest tree is quickly climbed, the foremost pair of legs doing all the work, and very soon the living rope is swinging high above the river. The bridge is made, and quickly the army crosses the stream.
Du Challin, in his African travels, had an opportunity of observing one of these bridges, and he declares that it is made with a hollow center, the living bodies of the ants forming the walls of a tunnel, through which the main body of ants travel safely over the water. When the last ant has crossed and the bridge is no longer needed, the ants in the rear release their hold and the rope or tunnel drops into the river. The ants do not like water, but they are soon released from this position, for the vanguard are dispersing as fast as they can, and the self-sacrificing ants who began the great chain are quickly upon dry land.
It is all very strange and very wonderful. Why do they travel at all? By what direction and by what laws do they act, and how did they learn to make bridges? Our naturalists have learned much of their ways and their doings, but these questions they cannot answer; they are part of the mystery of life and nature of which the wisest knows little.—J. Cutler in London Family Herald.
Even Up.
Snobley—Aw-aw—it must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people—aw-aw-whom you wouldn't ask to dinner. American Retie—Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner.—Christian Register.
Preferring His Suit.
Cynthia—Oh, Tom, think of coming to ask papa's consent in such shabby clothes! Tom—That's right; I had one suit ruined.—Judge.
The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed.—Sheridan.
Minard's Lintment cures Colds, &c.

AN OPTICAL ENIGMA.

Why Is It the Human Eye Sees Things Right Side Up?

Just why we are able to see things right side up is a mystery which science has not yet been able to explain.
We know that the human eye involves the same optical principles as a camera. Owing to the fact that light always travels in a straight line and never in a curve, the rays which emanate from any object within our range of vision have to descend and ascend in order to travel into the narrow opening in the eye which corresponds to the camera's lens.
These rays finally reach a point where they intersect. Continuing on in straight lines, their relative position becomes just the reverse of what they were when they left the object seen.
Thus the image register on the retina of your eye is topsy turvy, just as it is on the photographic plate in a camera. If you are looking at a house, for instance, the image your eye gets will show the chimneys down below, the foundation walls up above, and so on.
But the impression your brain gets reveals the house right side up unless you happen to be afflicted with a rare disorder, which results in everything always appearing topsy turvy.
During the infinitesimally short period required to flash the image seen from the eye's retina to the brain all the light rays which created the image are reassembled and put back in their proper places, so that the brain sees the object as it really is and not in the topsy turvy form it was registered on the retina. Just how this miracle is performed is what science would like to find out.—New York American.

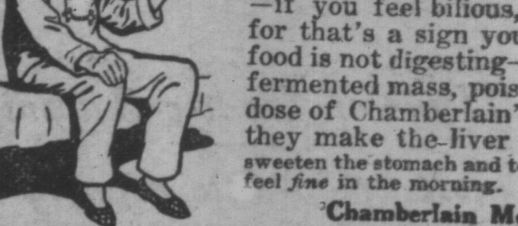
GRAVESTONE LUNCHEONS.

One of the Curious Sights of New York's Financial District.
In old Trinity churchyard, where Robert Fulton and Alexander Hamilton lie buried, dozens of girls can be seen through the pickets of the bronze fences every day enjoying their noon day lunches amid the tombs of the old time New Yorkers. All about are high skyscraper office buildings. The elevated trains clatter and bang overhead, and on Broadway the trolley's gongs add tumult to the roar of the city. Within the old churchyard all is peace and quiet. It is here that the girls from these big office buildings come from a noontime to eat their lunch.
"far from the madding crowd," yet within a hand's reach of the bustle of Broadway.
It was only a few years ago that some girl, a typewriter in nearby office building, chanced to let her eyes fall over the gravestones of old Trinity. They did not bring thoughts of ghosts to her mind—they only made her think that it would be lonely if she could eat her lunch among such peaceful scenes.
The next day she and a girl friend brought their lunches. They entered the churchyard and, seeking a secluded spot behind the old church, sat down on an old tomb and began to eat their sandwiches. Nobody objected. The next day they came again. Other girls, emerging from stuffy restaurants, saw them and resolved to imitate them.
The next day there were half a dozen there, and nowadays, when the moon hour is bright and sunny, the number has increased to sometimes seventy-five.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Equality of Sex.

There is a little girl in Springfield, Mass., who, like many of her sex, resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine.
One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen.
"You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never!"
"H'm!" exclaimed the child indignantly. "I think they know just as much as the roosters!"—Youth's Companion.
Mystery of the Stomach.
"Why does not the stomach digest itself?" is a question often asked. The Journal of the American Medical Association confesses that the reason has not yet been found. There are many theories, but not one of them is entirely satisfactory.
"Why does not Hunter said more than a century ago, 'that these living cells remain intact under such circumstances because they are alive?'"—New York World.
Honesty the Best Policy.
Doubtless the sorrest man in the United States today is the fellow who dropped his purse, containing \$50, while he was robbing a chicken coop, and who is afraid to claim his property. Verily, honesty is the best policy.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.
Something Learned.
Farmer Cinpole—Ees that city feller who bought Stone's farm learned anything? Farmer Sande—Well, he's learnt it don't do no good ter try ter make apple butter in a churn.—Judge.
A Missing Man.
"What has become of the old fashioned man," asks the Cincinnati Enquirer, "who used to wear a yard of crape on his hat?" Perhaps he's married again.—Toledo Blade.
Both Bad.
"Is there anything worse than owing money you can't pay?"
"Yes; being owed money you can't collect."—Boston Transcript.
No one of us may do that which if done by all would ruin society.
Minard's Lintment cures Dandruff.

Take One Tonight



—if you feel bilious, "headachy" and irritable—for that's a sign your liver is out of order. Your food is not digesting—it stays in the stomach a sour, fermented mass, poisoning the system. Just take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets—they make the liver do its work—they cleanse and sweeten the stomach and tone the whole digestive system. You'll feel fine in the morning. At all druggists, 25c., or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Company, Toronto 14

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

RUSSIA'S GUIDE.

The Remarkable Secret Will of Peter the Great.
Russia's proclamation of the annexation of Galicia the other week serves to recall a most remarkable historical document—the secret will of Peter the Great—which, it is said, is read to every Czar of Russia on his accession to the throne.
In that will Peter laid out an amazing program of aggression for future Czars to follow, which had as its consummation the commercial or political subjugation of the entire world.
Nearly two centuries have passed since Peter died. The proportion of his prophecies that have come true is startling. Poland has disappeared; Sweden has been humbled and isolated; the Turk has been driven from the Black sea; the road to India is mostly in the Czar's hands; and a vast line of Russian advance has spread over northern Asia to the Pacific ocean.
The guiding hands of the dead Czar may be seen as clearly in the present war as at any time in the past. England must be made a commercial ally, Peter counseled his successors. All Slavonic peoples must be molded into one nation, Constantinople should be taken and the ascendancy over the Teuton race gained by fair means or foul.
Three far-reaching objectives, and all of them possible as an outcome of the titanic war now in progress. It seems almost that Russia has no other policy than a determination to make Peter's prophecies come true.
He said:
"We must make the house of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and we must neutralize its jealousy by procuring of Constantinople either by procuring it with a war with other European states, or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterward resume at our leisure."
What could be more prophetic? Russia's advance along the Black sea was marked by the acquisition of Galicia, Bukovina, Bosnia, and Novorossia by Austria. It has already lost the latter to Serbia, the two former will become Russian territory if the allies win the present war and Serbian arms are now invading Bosnia. Russia, it would seem, is resuming at its leisure.
No effort should be spared to gain control of Constantinople, Peter urged. Russia has spared none. Had it not been for the united resistance of the powers of Europe in the Crimean war it would be Czar-gard instead of Constantinople now. He wrote:
"We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of those points is the real ruler of the world. With that view we must provoke constant quarrels with Turkey and at another time with Persia. * * * Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing its schemes for future aggrandizement and of the whole, carefully rousing the jealousy of the minor states against it. In this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia, and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country, which will pave the way for future supremacy."
Serbia and Montenegro were provoked to war and appealed to Russia for aid. That furnished the spark which kindled the war of nine nations. Poland once turned to Russia as the Balkan states did only yesterday.
Peter believed that the future greatness of the Russian race was ordained by fate. Not westward, but northward, the star of empire would vend its way according to his plans. Egypt, Chaldea, Babylon, Greece, Rome, France, England, why not Russia next? Kismet, Russia would be next.
"I look on the future invasion of the eastern and western countries by the north as a providential movement, ordained by providence, who in like manner regenerated the Roman nation by barbarian invasions. These emigrations of men from the north are as the reflux of the Nile, which at certain seasons comes to fertilize the impoverished lands of Egypt by its deposits. I found Russia as a rivulet. I leave it as a river. My successors will make it a large sea, destined to fertilize the impoverished lands of Europe, and its waters will overflow in spite of opposing dams erected by weak hands, if our descendants only know how to direct its course. This is the reason I leave them these instructions. I give these countries to their watchfulness and care, as Moses gave the tables of law to the Jewish people."

DOMINION ATLANTIC RY

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 at 6.40 a. m., 2.30 p. m., and 12.50 noon, for Truro at 7.05 a. m. 6.16 p. m. and 7.30 a. m., and from Truro at 6.40 a. m., 2.30 p. m., and 12.25 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 between Halifax and Yarmouth.

St. John - Digby

DAILY SERVICE (Sunday Excepted)
Canadian Pacific Steamship "YARMOUTH" leaves St. John 7.00 a. m., leaves Digby 1.45 p. m., arrives in St. John about 5.00 connecting with 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 after arrival of Express train from Halifax and Truro, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
P. GIPKINS, General Manager, Kentville.

FURNESS SAILINGS

From London	From Halifax
March 26 Sagamore	March 31
March 28 Caterino	April 19
April 3 Start Point	April 25
April 15 (via N.F.) Graciana	May 7

From Liverpool	From Halifax
Via Newfoundland	
March 26 Tobasco	April 1
March 28 Roanoke	April 20
April 8 Durango	May 2

Furness Withy & Co., Limited

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
11.58	Clarence	15.17
12.25	Bridgetown	15.11
12.53	Granville Centre	14.58
12.59	Granville Ferry	14.21
12.55	* Karsdale	14.05
13.15	Ar. Port Wade Lv.	13.45

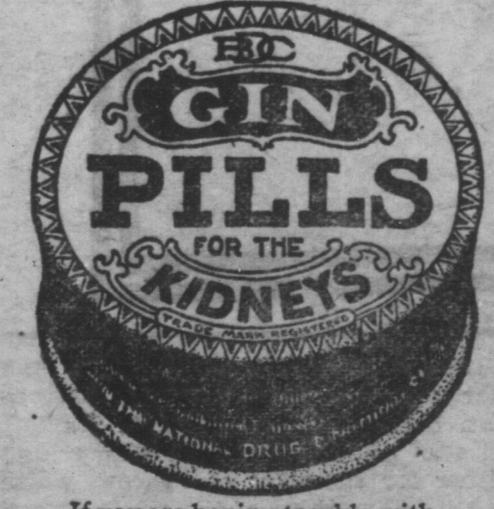
*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND D. A. RY.
P. MOONEY
General Freight and Passenger Agent

Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Ltd

Two Trips per week in each direction between Yarmouth and Boston
Sail on 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

Wanted

for Civil Service of Canada before December 31st, 1915.
30 Male Clerks
8 Female Clerks
2 Male Stenographers
20 Female Stenographers
30 Male Clerks, five of whom must be stenographers.
Who said there is nothing for the Maritime-trained to do?
Our new term opens April 6th.
Maritime Business College
Halifax, N. S.
E. Kaulbach, C. A.



If you are having trouble with your bladder—with incontinence or suppression of urine—burning pain—weakness or pain in the back—or stones in the bladder—take GIN PILLS. They cure—50c.—6 for \$2.50. At dealers everywhere.