

Nerves...

Wasted and Shattered by Overwork or Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

"Nerves"—what a world of meaning this word has to scores of thousands of women who, through the strains of social life and the worry of home cares, are fast approaching the grave. Nervous headaches, dyspepsia, irritability by day, restlessness and sleeplessness by night. Pains and aches in the body, derangements of the organs peculiarly feminine, loss of energy and ambition, despondency and despair. These are some of the symptoms known to the woman of exhausted nerves. These are symptoms which entirely disappear when Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is used. By creating new, rich blood and nerve tissue this great food cure of Dr. A. W. Chase restores and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells, puts new vigor and vitality into the system and frees woman of many ills which are due to exhausted nerves. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food cures by the building-up process, which makes the body round and plump, and restores the glow of health to the pale, sallow cheek. Get a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 1-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

WEAR the celebrated P.D.

CORSETS

To be bought from all leading dry goods stores.

THE '99

"Imperial Wheels" ARE THE BICYCLES Par Excellence.

STRENGTH BEAUTY DURABILITY

It takes less energy to propel the IMPERIAL than any Bicycle made. Its construction renders it almost indestructible.

IS THE BEST TOO GOOD FOR YOU?

FRED P. NEWSON, AGENT

"SUNNYSIDE" DENTISTRY

Office in New Prowse Block, first door to the right up stairs.

DR. AYERS

KIPLING AND HIS STORIES

(Continued from 2 p.)

sent to school and was accordingly placed as a boarder in the well known naval school at New Cross, near Blackheath, a few miles from London. He proved an able scholar and kept his place in his classes throughout his career there. Strange to say, he never seemed to study seriously and continuously as other students, but was always ready for a lark or some practical joke, which kept him frequently in disgrace and a prisoner in the school. During his frequent terms of confinement to his quarters he conceived the idea of editing and publishing a weekly school newspaper. This aroused the admiration of the professors, and then and there he made his first reputation as a writer. He finally ran away from the school, and later the editor of The Pioneer at Lahore, India, where his parents then lived, offered him a handsome salary to start for India via America, Honolulu, Japan, China, and so to Lahore, writing letters for publication. The offer was accepted.

When he returned to Lahore, he entered the office of The Pioneer and took a subordinate position in order to learn everything in the publishing line. The work was not congenial to him, and he was anxious to turn his attention to something else. It happened that the Duke of Connaught, then military commander of the northwestern district of India, would occasionally pay a visit to the Kiplings and spend an evening at their house. When he met Rudyard, he became greatly interested in him and, in the course of conversation, remarked, "What are you going to do, Mr. Kipling, now that you are in India again?" "Well, sir, I have an ambition beyond the drudgery of working in the office of The Pioneer."

"What would you like to do, then, Mr. Kipling?" "I would like, sir, to live with the army for a time and go to the frontier to write up Tommy Atkins." The duke considered the matter and finally gave him carte blanche to do whatever he liked, go to any military station in his command and, if he wished, go to the frontier and live with officers or men, and if at any time he required an escort he could have one. Rudyard availed himself of the duke's offer and went off to make acquaintance with Tommy Atkins. At the same time he became a great student of nature and the life and character of the people.

Thus began a career in literature which has given Mr. Kipling wide and enduring fame. Mr. Kipling was married Jan. 19, 1892, in London, to Miss Balestier, sister of the young American novelist, Wolcott Balestier, who died in Dresden in 1891, and with whom Kipling collaborated in the story called "The Naulahka." It was through this brother that she became acquainted with Mr. Kipling. Her father, Joseph Navarro Balestier, was a very successful real estate man and lawyer of New York city. He bought very extensively property in and around Brattleboro, Vt., and today the Balestier estate there includes many hundreds of acres.

It was thus that Mr. Kipling settled in Brattleboro shortly after his marriage. He and Mrs. Kipling lived in the town until their new home was finished just outside the Brattleboro line. It is fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow, in which one long corridor from end to end of the building divides all the apartments, as in a ho-



There is no more stirring sight in the world than the picture of the stalwart young farmer and his rose-cheeked wife starting out to fight the battle of life. There is no reason why all such couples should not live long, happy, healthful lives. Much depends upon the wife herself. To some extent, she must be a jack of all trades. Her husband must be a little of a blacksmith and a little of a harness maker and a little of a veterinary surgeon as well as a farmer. It is the same with the wife. It is a long way to town, and she must have a handy hand at many things. It is possibly many miles to the first physician, and the farmer's wife should be able to see that every member of the family is kept in good health. If the young farmer's wife is wise, when her husband shows that he is out of sorts, when he is suffering from biliousness or torpidity of the liver or indigestion, she will not permit him to neglect these disorders, but will have at hand Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine is not a cure-all, but as most diseases have their inception in a torpid liver or a disordered digestion, it is a cure for a great many of them. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all malarial troubles and rheumatism. Medicine dealers sell it, and keep nothing else "just as good."

The farmer's wife may frequently save the life of her husband or that of one of her children by owning a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It tells how to treat all the ordinary ills of life and how to care for serious accident cases while awaiting the arrival of a physician. It contains 1008 pages. It used to cost \$1.50 a copy; now it is free. For a paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Honest druggists do not recommend something else as "just as good."

tel and is built on the side of a hill. It is a long, curious looking structure, without an entrance on the side that faces the roadway and with but one door in the house, that on the hillside. The property slopes down from the hillside to the roadway, and at the base of the hill, although there are no fences or obstructions, are scattered signs reading, "Trespassing on These Premises is Forbidden."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Kipling lived for some time the year round, and many stories are told in Brattleboro of his life there. Strangers who saw him for the first time thought a cowboy had come to town, and his boots, his greatcoat and his sombrero, whenever the weather permitted him to go without a thick cap, were familiar to all the town folk.

There are few personalities more interesting than that of Rudyard Kipling, and there is no man of letters about whom there has been so much inquiry, yet he is very little known. He has what is sometimes called the British insular prejudice against inquiry into his private life and habits.

A good many hundreds of people who have come in contact with him have called him all the names that one may use in polite society. The explanation thereof is simple enough. Mr. Kipling did not care to know them and resented their attempts to know him. To these Kipling is inclined to be exceedingly short, not to say rude. He believes that he gives the best he has to the public in his writings and that it has no right to bother about his private life.

To those to whom he gives his friendship he is as genial, as kindly, as warm hearted, as any one could ask. He is the most delightful of companions.

Personally Kipling is as complex and remarkable as his writings. His affection for his wife and children amounts to worship. Everything in connection with his life in this country shows how desirous is the young man to avoid people who bother him. He absolutely refuses to be lionized, and the thought of seeing in print what he ate for dinner draws from him language as picturesque and as vivid as his poems, but not so printable.

While Kipling has steadfastly refused to tell the reporters much about himself, his personality is quite fully revealed in his works. He may have had Scudery's idea, "I know better than any other writer how to tell anecdotes about myself." As a newspaper man Kipling is described by himself in his remarkable story of "The Man Who Would Be King" he has given us a sketch of himself sitting at his desk one Saturday night waiting to put the paper to press. "A king or courtier was dying at the other end of the world," he says, "and the paper was to be held until the last possible moment."

"It was a pitchy, black, hot night, and raining—now and again a spot of almost boiling water would fall on the dust. * * * The thing whatever it was was keeping us back. It would not come off. * * * I drowsed off and wondered whether the telegraph was a blessing, and whether this dying man was aware of the inconvenience and delay he was causing. * * * The clock hands crept up to 3 o'clock, and the machines spun their flywheels two or three times to see that all was in order before I said the word that would set them off. I could have shrieked aloud. Then the roar and rattle of the wheels shivered the quiet into little bits."

It was in this trying environment that Kipling nevertheless composed some of his best things. In a couple of pages on "My First Book," which he contributed to McClure's four or five years ago, he told something about the way in which his verses were written, saying:

"Bad as they were, I burned twice as many as were published, and of the survivors at least two-thirds were cut down at the last moment. Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir. Just coming proper length today. You giving more soon. One-third column just proper. Always can take or third page.'"

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as Ek aur chiz—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindoo does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's."

"And in this manner, week by week, my verses came to be printed in the paper."

Of course these verses immediately attracted the attention of the English exiles in India, and scores of people soon began to demand the publication of the rhymes in book form. This was a little more than Kipling had bargained for when he dashed off his lines as the exigencies of the paper or the inspiration of the moment suggested. Here again we may quote his own words:

"A real book was out of the question, but I knew that Rukn-Din and the office plant were at my disposal at

a price, if I did not use the office time also I had handled in the previous year a couple of small books, of which I was part owner and had lost nothing. So there was built a sort of a book, a lean oblong docket, wire stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and secured with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and all government officials, and among a pile of papers would have received a clerk of 20 years' service. Of these 'books' we made some hundreds, and as there was no necessity for advertising, my public being to my hand, I took reply postcards, printed the news of the birth of the book on one side, the blank order form on the other and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore and from Quetta to Colombo. There was no trade discount, no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commission and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from the publisher, the left hand pocket, direct to the author, the right hand pocket. Every copy sold in a few weeks, and the ratio of expenses to profits, as I remember it, has since prevented my injuring my health by sympathizing with publishers who talk of their risks and advertisements."

The price received by Kipling for his work he regards as nobody's business but his own; nevertheless everybody will feel a keen interest in The British Weekly's paragraph on this subject.

"Perhaps no one receives such large prices for his work as Mr. Rudyard Kipling. He has contracted to write eight stories for one of the magazines next year, for each of which he will receive about £240. This is simply for the English serial rights of the stories. In addition Mr. Kipling receives payment from America, India and the colonies. This will probably bring up the price of the stories to about £500 each, making £4,000 for the year. In addition to this, Mr. Kipling receives the royalties for book publication in England and America. This will not amount to less than about £4,000, so that for each story the author ultimately receives not less than £1,000. Whether these high prices will be kept up is very doubtful. If the cheap magazine succeeds in injuring the older periodicals they cannot be maintained. It remains to be seen whether the public cares much for names, and it must be remembered that the papers with the largest circulation in this country do not depend upon names at all. I remember some years ago Mr. Kipling contributed one of his best pieces of work, better work by a great deal than he has been doing lately, to a monthly review. The editor informed me that not one extra copy of the periodical was sold."

Among the first of the stories of Kipling to attract attention was "The Man Who Would Be King," and later came from his prolific and versatile pen such fascinating stories as "The Phantom Rickshaw," "The Taking of Lungtungpen," "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," "The Matter of a Private," "The Rout of the White Hussars" and "The Story of the Gadsbys," a number of which are included in "The Plain Tales From the Hills," which give vivid and interesting pictures of native and garrison life in India. Kipling's fame as a poet is not less well merited than his reputation as a writer of fiction. "The Truce of the Bear," in which he attacked the aggression of Russia, is one of his strongest poems, while "Bethrothed" may be regarded as one of the most delightful of the products of his poetic genius. Other poems which have attracted wide and favorable attention are "The Seven Seas," "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Mary Gloster," "Tommy Atkins" and "Files on Parade." His latest poems, which all the English speaking world know almost by heart, "The Recessional" and "The White Man's Burden," have given him enduring fame as a poet.

Dr. A. W. CHASE

Triumphs over the Worst Forms of KIDNEY... DISEASE

The wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills adds to the fame of the great doctor whose name is familiar in almost every home as the author of the world famous Recipe Book.

Scores and thousands of grateful men and women have been rescued from the miseries and dangers of kidney disease by this greatest of all kidney cures.

Mr. D. C. Simmons, Mabec, Ont., writes: "My kidneys and back were so bad, I was unable to work or sleep. My urine had sediment like brick dust. I was compelled to get up four or five times during the night. I saw Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills advertised and concluded to give them a trial. I have only used one box and am completely cured. I was a great sufferer for 18 years, but my kidneys do not bother me now. I enjoy good rest and sleep and consider Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a boon to suffering humanity."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



FROM INDIA & CEYLON

It's a Treat!!

To Drink

"TETLEY'S"

TEAS

Always Best of Tea Values

Office for Maritime Provinces 7 & 9 Bedford Row, Halifax, N.S.

A TOUCH IN TIME

with the paint brush is like that "stitch in time" that "saves nine." Paint is a labor-saver in the home. A glossy, painted surface discourages dust. But the labor of painting is lost if you use the wrong paint.

Different surfaces call for different coverings. Housewives don't put rag carpet on the parlor floor nor velvet carpet in the kitchen. They wouldn't suit. Paint making has progressed more than carpet making. There's a special paint for every kind of painting. Looks best, wears best.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

For painting base boards, window blinds, cupboards, shelves, flower stands and other little things about the house, get The Sherwin-Williams Family Paint. For furniture, pottery, wicker-work and decorative work use The Sherwin-Williams Enamel Paint. For bath tubs, iron bedsteads and metal work get The Sherwin-Williams Bath Enamel. Be sure you're right. "Paint Points," sent free, will help you.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, Canadian Dept., 91 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

For Sale by S. W. Crabbe.

OUR SEEDS

"THE BEST THAT GROW."

The above line is a strong one, but WESTICK BY OUR BOOT

The Best hat Grow—OUR SEEDS—The Best

Our Specialties

Flower and Garden Vegetable Seeds.

See our 1899 Catalogue for new varieties. SWEET PEAS EEDS.

HASZARD & MOORE.

SEEDSMEN, BOOKSELLERS, AND PRINTERS, SUNNYSIDE.

What Is Untold.

This would not be the store it is, nor the stock it is, if we could do either justice in our store new.

Salient points here and there may be picked out from time to time, and mentioned in this paper, but far more must remain untold than told.

You must come in, and see for yourself.

The Heintzman Piano

must be seen and heard to be appreciated. We would like to show you its special points over and above all other makes.

Our prices are right too—when you consider and are convinced of the quality. In fact, they are lower than most dealers ask for ordinary commercial pianos.

We have a number of second hand pianos on hand, that we are offering at auction prices to clear.

MILLER BROTHERS.

The P. E. Island Music House
Connolly Building Queen St.