

Nerves...

Wasted and Shattered by Worry or Overwork are Revitalized by **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 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.

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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, labeled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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DR. AYERS

IN THE MATTER OF A PRIVATE.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

Hurrah! Hurrah! A soldier's life for me! Shout, boys, shout, for it makes you jolly and free!

—The Ramrod Corps.

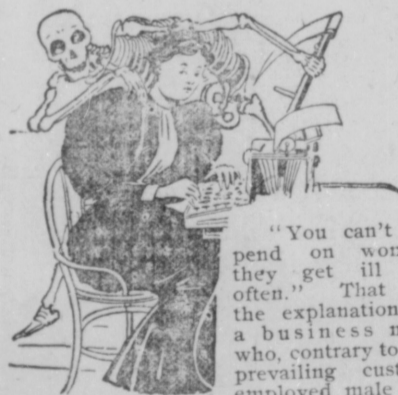
People who have seen state that one of the quaintest spectacles of human frailty is an outbreak of hysterics in a girls' school. It starts without warning, generally on a hot afternoon, among the elder pupils. A girl giggles till the giggle gets beyond control. Then she throws up her head and cries, "Honk, honk, honk!" like a wild goose, and tears mix with the laughter. If the mistress be wise, she will say something severe at this point to check matters. If she be tender hearted and send for a drink of water, the chances are largely in favor of another girl laughing at the afflicted one and herself collapsing. Thus the trouble spreads and may end in half of what answers to the lower sixth of a boys' school rocking and whooping together. Given a week of warm weather, two stately promenades per diem, a heavy mutton and rice meal in the middle of the day, a certain amount of nagging from the teachers and a few other things, some really amazing effects can be secured. At least this is what folk say who have had experience.

Now the mother superior of a convent and the colonel of a British infantry regiment would be justly shocked at any comparison being made between their respective charges. But it is a fact that under certain circumstances Thomas in bulk can be worked up into dithering, rippling hysteria. He does not weep, but he shows his trouble unmistakably, and the consequences get into the newspapers, and all the good and virtuous people who hardly know a Martini from a Snider say, "Take away the brute's ammunition!"

Thomas isn't a brute, and his business, which is to look after the virtuous people, demands that he shall have his ammunition to his hand. He doesn't wear silk stockings, and he really ought to be supplied with a new adjective to help him to express his opinions, but, for all that, he is a great man. If you call him "the heroic defender of the national honor" one day and "a brutal and licentious soldiery" the next, you naturally bewilder him, and he looks upon you with suspicion. There is nobody to speak for Thomas except people who have theories to work off on him, and nobody understands Thomas except Thomas, and he does not know what is the matter with himself.

That is the prologue. This is the story.

Corporal Slane was engaged to be married to Miss Jhansi McKenna, whose history is well known in the regiment and elsewhere. He had secured his colonel's leave, and, being popular with the men, every arrangement had been made to give the wedding what Private Ortheris called "eeklar." It fell in the heart of the hot weather, and after the wedding Slane was going up to the hills with the bride. None the less, Slane's grievance was that the affair would be only a hired carriage wedding, and he felt that the "eeklar" of that was meager. Miss McKenna did not care so much. The sergeant's wife was helping her to make her wedding dress, and she was very busy. Slane was, just then, the only moderately



"You can't depend on women, they get ill too often." That was the explanation of a business man, who, contrary to the prevailing custom, employed male stenographers and type-writers. If every young woman would take the right care of her distinctly maidenly self, this complaint would never be heard. The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate feminine organs is unfitted for her duties, either in the house or in the office.

Young unmarried women, especially, do not like to confide in their troubles of this nature to their home doctor. They shudder at the thought of the examinations and local applications to which they may have to submit. These are entirely unnecessary, and all letters addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., are held in the most sacred confidence. Dr. Pierce has been for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., one of the greatest medical institutions in the world.

His neighbors made him congressman and he was a personal friend of the martyr-president. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs of femininity, upon which depend a young woman's health. Honest druggists don't substitute.

"I have recommended your 'Favorite Prescription' to a great many of my friends, and there has not been a single lady who did not get cured by it. It is the best medicine for females I have ever taken. I tried four doctors and they did me no good. They said I was bound to die," thus writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd County, Georgia.

A bad business head and a bad working body are the results of biliousness and constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a sure cure for these ailments. They regulate and invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One a laxative, two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. At medicine stores.

contented man in barracks. All the rest were more or less miserable.

And they had so much to make them happy too! All their work was over at 8 in the morning, and for the rest of the day they could lie on their backs and smoke canteen plug and swear at the punkah coolies. They enjoyed a fine, full flesh meal in the middle of the day and then threw themselves down on their cots and sweated and slept till it was cool enough to go out with their "towny" whose vocabulary contained less than 600 words and the adjective and whose views on every conceivable question they had heard many months before.

There was the canteen, of course, and there was the temperance room with the secondhand papers in it, but a man of any profession cannot read for eight hours a day in a temperature of 96 or 98 degrees in the shade, running up sometimes to 103 degrees at midnight. Very few men, even though they get a pannikin of flat, stale, muddy beer and hide it under their cots, can continue drinking for six hours a day. One man tried, but he died, and nearly the whole regiment went to his funeral because it gave them something to do. It was too early for the modified excitement of fever or cholera. The men could only wait and wait and wait and watch the shadow of the barrack creeping across the blinding white dust. "That was a gay life!"

They lounged about canteens—it was too hot for any sort of game and almost too hot for vice—and bled themselves in the evening and filled themselves to distension with the healthy nitrogenous food provided for them, and the more they stoked the less exercise they took and more explosive they grew. Then the tempers began to wear away, and men fell a-brooding over insults real or imaginary. They had nothing else to think of. The tone of the "repartees" changed, and instead of saying light heartedly, "I'll knock your silly face in," they grew indignantly polite and hinted that the canteens were not big enough for them selves and their enemy, and that there would be more space for one of the two in a place which it is not polite to mention.

It may have been the devil who arranged the thing, but the fact of the case is that Losson had for a long time been worrying Simmons in an amuse-way. It gave him occupation. The two men had their cots side by side and would sometimes spend a long afternoon swearing at each other, but Simmons was afraid of Losson and dared not challenge him to a fight. He thought over the words in the hot, still nights, and half the hate he felt toward Losson he vented on the wretched punkah coolie.

Losson bought a parrot in the bazaar and put it into a little cage and lowered the cage into the cool darkness of a well and sat on the well curb shouting bad language down to the parrot. He taught it to say, "Simmons, ye so-oor," which means swine, and several other things entirely unfit for publication. He was a big, gross man, and he shook like a jelly when the parrot caught the sentence correctly. Simmons, however, shook with rage, for all the room was laughing at him—the parrot was such a disreputable puff of green feathers and looked so human when it chattered. Losson used to sit swinging his fat legs on the side of the cot and ask the parrot what it thought of Simmons. The parrot would answer, "Simmons, ye so-oor." "Good boy," Losson used to say, scratching the parrot's head. "Ye ear that, Sim?" And Simmons used to turn over on his stomach and make answer, "I ear Take 'eed you don't ear something one of these days."

In the restless nights, after he had been asleep all day, fits of blind rage came upon Simmons and held him till he trembled all over, while he thought in how many different ways he would slay Losson. Sometimes he would picture himself tramping the life out of the man with heavy ammunition boots, and at others smashing in his face with the butt, and at others jumping on his shoulders and dragging the head back till the neck bone cracked. Then his mouth would feel hot and fevered, and he would reach out for another sup of the beer in the pannikin.

But the fancy that came to him most frequently and staid with him longest was one connected with the great roll of fat under Losson's right ear. He noticed it first on a moonlight night, and thereafter it was always before his eyes. It was a fascinating roll of fat. A man could get his hand upon it and tear away one side of the neck, or he could place the muzzle of a rifle on it and blow away all the head in a flash. Losson had no right to be sleek and contented and well to do when he, Simmons, was the butt of the room. Some day, perhaps, he would show those who laughed at "Simmons, ye so-oor," joke that he was as good as the rest, and held a man's life in the crook of his forefinger. When Losson snored, Simmons hated him more bitterly than ever. Why should Losson be able to sleep when Simmons had to stay awake hour after hour, tossing and turning on the tapes, with the dull pain gnawing into his right side and his head throbbing and aching after canteen? He thought over this for many nights, and the world became unprofitable to him. He even blunted his naturally fine appetite with beer and tobacco, and all the while the parrot talked at and made a mock of him.

The heat continued and the tempers wore away more quickly than before. A sergeant's wife died of heat apoplexy in the night, and the rumor ran abroad that it was cholera. Men rejoiced openly, hoping that it would spread and send them into camp. But that was a false alarm.

It was late on a Tuesday evening, and the men were waiting in the deep double verandas for "last posts," when Simmons went to the box at the foot of his bed, took out his pipe and slammed the lid down with a bang that echoed through the deserted barrack like the crack of a rifle. Ordinarily speaking, the men would have taken no notice, but their nerves were fretted to fiddlestrings. They jumped up, and three or four clattered into the barrack room only to find Simmons kneeling by his box.

"Owl! It's you, is it?" they said and laughed foolishly. "We thought twas!"

Simmons rose slowly. If the accident had so shaken his fellows, what would not the reality do?

"You thought it was, did you? An what makes you think?" he said, lashing himself into madness as he went on. "To hell with your thinkin, you dirty spies!"

"Simmons, ye so-oor," chuckled the parrot in the veranda, sleepily recognizing a well known voice. And that was absolutely all.

The tension snapped. Simmons fell back on the arm rack deliberately—the men were at the far end of the room—and took out his rifle and packet of ammunition. "Don't go playing the goat, Sim!" said Losson. "Put it down." But there was a quaver in his voice. Another man stooped, slipped his boot and hurled it at Simmons' head. The prompt answer was a shot which, fired at random, found its billet in Losson's throat. Losson fell forward without a word, and the others scattered.

"You thought it was!" yelled Simmons. "You're drivin me to it! I tell you you're drivin me to it! Get up Losson, an don't lie shammin there—you an your blasted parrot that druv me to it!"

But there was an unaffected reality about Losson's pose that showed Simmons what he had done. The men were still clamoring in the veranda. Simmons appropriated two more packets of ammunition and ran into the moonlight muttering, "I'll make a night of it. Thirty rounds, an the last for myself. Take you that, you dogs!"

He dropped on one knee and fired into the brown of the men in the veranda, but the bullet flew high and landed in the brickwork with a vicious "phwit" that made some of the younger men turn pale. It is, as musketry theorists observe, one thing to fire and another to be fired at.

Then the instinct of the chase flared up. The news spread from barrack to barrack and the men doubled out intent on the capture of Simmons, the wild beast, who was heading for the cavalry parade ground, stopping now and again to send back a shot and a curse in the direction of his pursuers.

"I'll learn you to spy on me!" he shouted. "I'll learn you to give me dog's names! Come on, the 'ole lot of you! Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B.!"—he turned toward the infantry mess and shook his rifle—"you think yourself the devil of a man, but I tell you that if you put your ugly old carcass outside of that door, I'll make you the poorest lookin man in the army. Come out, Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B.!" Come out an see me practise on the range. I'm the crack shot of the 'ole bloomin battalion." In proof of which statement Simmons fired at the lighted windows of the messhouse.

"Private Simmons, E. comp'ny, on the cavalry p'rade ground, sir, with 30 rounds," said a sergeant breathlessly to the colonel. "Shootin right an' lef', sir. Shot Private Losson. What's to be done, sir?"

Colonel John Anthony Deever, C. B., sallied out, only to be saluted by a spurt of dust at his feet.

"Pull up!" said the second in command. "I don't want my stone in that."

(Continued on page 8.)

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."

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