

NERVES ALL GONE TO PIECES

"Fruit-a-lives" Conquered Nervous Prostration

R. R. No. 4, GILBERT PLAINS, MAN.
"In the year 1910, I had *Nervous Prostration* in its worst form; dropping from 170 to 115 pounds.
The doctors had no hope of my recovery, and every medicine I tried proved useless until a friend induced me to take "Fruit-a-lives".
I began to mend almost at once, and never had such good health as I have enjoyed the past eight years. I am never without "Fruit-a-lives" in the house". JAS. S. DELGATY.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Has fringe gone out of fashion? No, indeed. It may not be used in just the same way it used to be used, but it is still used. Feather fringe is in vogue and is applied to evening frocks quite entrancingly. And some of the new frocks in duvety show aprons of long silk ribbon fringe. There is nothing commonplace about this feature in spite of the fact that it isn't very new. It is cleverly used.

FOR SALE—An Eastman folding camera, 4x5, in good condition; will be sold at a bargain. Apply at the Mail Office.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 19th December, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week on the *Maugerville* Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of *Maugerville* and *Sheffield*, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 6th, 1919.

TOM THUMB'S COURTSHIP IS DESCRIBED

(Continued from page three.)

"You will find it very pleasant," remarked the General. "I have been there twice, in fact I have spent six years abroad, and I like the old country very much."

"I hope I shall like the trip, and I expect I shall," responded Lavinia, "for Mr. Barnum says I shall appear before the Queen of England, the Emperor and Empress of France, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria and at the courts of any other countries we may visit."

"Aren't you afraid you will be lonesome in a strange country?"

"I think there is no danger; my friends will be with me."

"I wish I were going over, for I know all about the different countries, and I could explain them to you," said Tom Thumb.

"That would be very nice," said Lavinia.

"Do you think so?" said the General moving his chair closer to Lavinia's.

Depended on the Company

"Of course," said Lavinia, coolly, "for I being a stranger to all the

STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLE

Once the liver fails to filter the poisonous bile from the blood, there is a clogging up and poisoning of the whole system which causes many troubles to arise. Therefore, upon the liver, more than any other organ of the body depends the general health.

Carelessness and neglect, and oftentimes wilful disregard of nature's laws will put the system out of sorts. The bowels become constipated, the liver inactive and the stomach upset. To bring the system back to its normal state, you should take *Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills*. They live up the liver, get the bowels back to their proper condition and tone up the stomach.

Mrs. G. L. Cackett, Enchant, Alta., writes: "I have used *Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills* and have found them good for both stomach and liver troubles. I have told others about your valuable medicine and they have used them with good results."

"They are also good for headache." *Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills* are 25c. a vial at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn

habits and customs of the people, as well as to the country, it would be pleasant to have some person along who could answer all my foolish questions."

"I should like it first rate, if Mr. Barnum would engage me," said the General.

"I thought you remarked the other day that you had money enough, and were tired of travelling," said Lavinia, with a slight mischievous look from one corner of her eye.

"That depends upon my company when travelling," replied the General. "You might not find my company agreeable."

"I would be glad to risk it."

"Well, perhaps Mr. Barnum would engage you, if you asked him," said Lavinia.

"Would you really like to have me go?" asked the General, quietly insinuating his arm around her waist, but hardly close enough to touch her.

"Of course, I would," was the reply. The little General's arm clasped the waist closer as he turned his face nearer to hers, and said: "Don't you think it would be pleasant if we went as man and wife?"

The little fairy quickly disengaged his arm, and remarked that the General was a funny fellow to joke in that way.

"I wonder why the commodore doesn't come," said Lavinia.

"I hope you are not anxious for his arrival; I assure you I am not," responded the General, "and what is more, I hope you will say 'yes' before he comes at all."

Magnificent Wedding

Well, it was out. There was some more sparring of the conventional sort, but ferche the commodore arrived the two mites were engaged, secretly. Barnum gave them a magnificent wedding in Grace Church, New York, inviting governors, congressmen and select society of the day. He was accused of making a show out of the wedding. This he indignantly denies, though he does muse a little in his book over how much money he might have taken in if he had held it in the Academy of Music, New York.

There was a magnificent reception with thousands of people attending in the Metropolitan Hotel, and then the two little people started on their wedding journey. They visited President Lincoln in the White House and then retired to private life.

It could not last however. Both General and Mrs. Tom Thumb had become too much accustomed to the excitement and after only a few months they went back before the public. For many, many years thereafter, with Commodore Nutt and Mrs. Tom Thumb's sister, Minnie Warren, they gave their exhibitions.

Finest Thing Ever For Chronic Catarrh!

Gets Away From the Medicine
Habit, Cures by Novel
Method.

With the many remedies you have tried you surely know that no liquid medicine can cure your throat or nose. Even a gargle only bathes the entrance of the throat—it can't really get inside, nor can it reach the inflamed bronchial tubes.

With Catarrhazone, it's so different from medicine-taking—you simply breathe its healing vapor, inhale its balsamic fumes, which carry cure and relief to the minutest air cells in the lungs, nose, throat, and bronchial tubes.

In this scientific way the soreness and inflammation is rapidly allayed, relaxed cords are toned up, the entire mucous membrane invigorated. Every trace of catarrh disappears, the disagreeable dropping of mucus in the throat, hawking, spitting, and stopped-up nostrils—all these sure signs of catarrh and bronchitis are permanently cured by Catarrhazone. Large outfit lasts two months, costs \$1.00; small size 50 cents, trial size 25 cents, at dealers everywhere.

KISSES VARY SAYS A JUDGE

Edinburgh, Dec. 8.—The learned divorce judge, Lord Sands, of the Scottish Session has delivered a portentous pronouncement on kissing, both as regards religious and amatory custom. It had been said in a case before him that the correspondent had kissed the respondent merely as a part of a religious ceremony after communion service.

Lord Sands said it might be all very well for elderly saints to greet one another with a chaste religion salute, but it was a different matter when it came to a young married woman being promiscuously kissed by casual acquaintances who happened to be fellow communicants. Extension of the custom was viewed with disapproval by many, but still to a certain extent the custom persisted.

Lord Sands held, however, that the kissing in the case in question had exceeded religious custom and he granted a decree of divorce.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on FRIDAY, the 19th December, 1919, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 3 times per week on the *Chipman* Rural Route No. 1, commencing at the pleasure of the Postmaster General.
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the post offices of *Chipman* and *Linton*, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

H. W. WOODS,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7th, 1919.

AN N. Y. GIRL'S RECIPE FOR A PERFECT LOVER

Ladies and gentlemen: Step right up and read what Clara Leav, 20 years old of 1604 Madison Avenue, New York has to say on what constitutes a perfect lover. Clara should know, because she romped under the wire with a silver loving cup, the prize given for her essay. Sit tight, we're going 'round a curve.

The Recipe

Ingredients may be secured at any moving-picture theatre, wrestling arena, opera house or ringside.

Take the face of Wallace Reid and the voice of Caruso. Thicken with the body of Elmo Lincoln and stretch to the size of Jess Willard. Mix in the agility of Douglas Fairbanks and the courage of William S. Hart. Dilute the muscles of Jack Dempsey with the disposition of Fatty Arbuckle. Moisten with the spirits of Harold Lloyd. Add a dash of Bothwell Brown. Set on stove for 20 minutes and let it shimmy. Rub in the mind of D. W. Griffith and the talent of Richard Barthelmess. Stir with the heart of William Sarnum. Add the strength of Joe Secher and the jealousy of Owen Moore. Flavor with the charm of Eugene O'Brien. Cover the whole thing with the luck of Mack Sennett and sprinkle liberally with the income of Charlie Chaplin. Pour carefully into mould and turn right side up. Result: One perfect lover.

Batik work is used a good deal on accessories of dress. Silk scarves stamped in batik fashion give a clever finish to some of the dark toned frocks of the early autumn.

Confessions of an Every-Day Wife

By Idah McGlone Gibson

STORIES ABOUT DAD.

It was a great comfort to me to see the hundreds—yes, thousands—of people who came to "pay their last respects to the Chief."

Dad was greatly loved.

Many old men had trudged miles from a distant part of the city for the sake of standing near his bier and saying, "I knew him when he was a policeman on our beat," and not one of them, that did not recount some kindness that he had done for him or his family at that time or later.

Boys of all ages most of them gamins who were trying to pick up a living by selling newspapers or by other more or less devious devices, came bringing a flower or two bought with their few spare pennies.

"I never came to the Chief and told a hard luck story that he did not help me out," said one of them.

And do ye mind the time the cop pinched me for taking that bit of copper wire I found in H Street and selling it to old Pete for enough money to buy me a cup of coffee and a sinker, me that had not had a bite for almost two days?

Well I'd been sent to the reform school then sure but by lucky chance the Chief happened in at the station just when they brought me in. Of course I had fought a little to get away and my clothes what there was of them were nearly torn off me. I had given the cop a scratch or two and he was pretty mad.

But the chief sat down beside me and said, 'Don't be afraid Jimmy; tell the truth and I'll see what I can do for you.'

Well I told him the whole story while that big stiff of a cop kept interrupting until the Chief held him to shut up.

When I told him I had nothing to eat since the day before, he ordered that cop to go out and get me a beefsteak and bring it in immediately. Then he said to me, 'Did you know it was stealing to take that copper wire?'

"Of course I did sir, I answers; I am not a fool."

Then you are a crook, he said, severe like.

"I began to cry and I said I ain't no crook, either, and if anyone but you Chief had called me that I'd haul off and hit 'em; I'm just hungry, that's all, and that copper wire was lying out there in the road where it had fallen, off a delivery wagon. I'd just said, 'Take me—I'll buy you a breakfast,' and I took it. The cop saw me with it and asked me where I got it, and I said 'You go to Hell, and he ran me in!'

What would you have done if you had not been hungry? asked the Chief.

"I'd have run down the street and found the driver of the wagon and give it to him."

I was afraid he would not give me a cent for getting it back to him, and I'd be hungry still.

The Chief looked at me as though he was boring gimlet holes through me, but he did not say a word until I had put away a steak, fried potatoes and a piece of pie. Then he asks, 'Are you sure you are perfectly honest now?'

"Yes sir, I said. A man that is not honest on a full stomach is a fool."

If I set you up as a newsboy will you come and tell me if you have any bad luck and get hungry again?

"Yes sir."

"Well here is a couple of dollars. Johnston see that this boy has a chance to sell papers outside this station."

"I've got a chance at a good station just down near the Hotel if I could pay the boy five bucks I said sagely I know I could pay you back very soon."

He handed over a five-dollar bill without a word and then he said, Go to it.

And now he is dead and I can't tell him that next week I'm going to have a regular news stand."

The boy just stood there and looked at my father's calm face and sobbed. He did not know me, and had told his story to a friend who came with him.

(Tomorrow—"A New Thoe.")

FRICK LEFT A LARGE SUM TO UNIVERSITIES

New York, Dec. 8.—Henry Clay Frick, the multi-millionaire, iron master and collector of art, left all but \$5,000,000 of his vast estate to public charitable and educational institutions, according to the terms of his will made public here Saturday night.

The value of the public bequests at

ter \$25,000,000 is set aside for his widow, son and daughter, is \$117,000,000 exclusive of 131 acres of Pittsburgh real estate left for a public park.

Princeton and Harvard Universities and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are bequeathed approximately \$25,000,000, divided so that Princeton will receive about \$15,000,000 and Harvard and the Institute of Technology each about \$5,000,000. About five million is left to the educational fund commission at Pittsburgh.

Christmas this year will provide little egg and no nogg.

Through the garden of New Brunswick

QUEBEC—ST. JOHN
Through Rapid, Sleeping, Parlor Car Service.
Quebec Bridge and St. John River Valley

Southbound (Read Down)		Northbound (Read Up)	
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Dep. Arr.	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Dep. Arr.
1:45 p.m.	Quebec (Main Station)	11:30 a.m.	St. John
2:40 a.m.	Edmundston	12:45 a.m.	Edmundston
3:40 a.m.	St. Leonard	1:35 a.m.	St. Leonard
4:40 a.m.	Grand Falls	2:35 a.m.	Grand Falls
5:40 a.m.	Plaster Rock	3:35 a.m.	Plaster Rock
6:40 a.m.	McGivney	4:35 a.m.	McGivney
7:40 a.m.	Fredericton	5:35 a.m.	Fredericton
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