

Fruit Cures Constipation

"Fruit-a-lives" cure Constipation because they are Fruit Juices in Tablet form.

Constipation means a disordered liver. When the liver is weak, bile is lacking. And it is the bile—which the liver secretes—that flows into the intestines and moves the bowels.

"Fruit-a-lives" are fruit from calomel, cascara, senna and other bowel irritants. They are concentrated fruit juices with valuable tonics and internal antiseptics added.

"Fruit-a-lives" move the bowels regularly and easily every day—and thus cure Constipation.

on a box—4 boxes for 25c. Sent on receipt of price if your druggist does not have them.

takes place when the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes are combined.

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Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.



A BOILING LAKE MOST WONDERFUL WATER-SHEET IN THE WORLD

Lies in the Crater of a Volcano and May Be Visited by Means of a Launch.

The story of the eruption of the New Zealand volcano Tarawera has been told by scientific observers in minutest detail, but there are some salient features which stand out from the general chaos of the outbreak. Earthquakes preceded the eruption; the first was noticed soon after midnight on the morning of June 10, 1886. The eruption began at about 1.30 o'clock, when Wahanga, the northern portion of the mountain, burst forth in a huge, black cloud, quickly followed by a similar outbreak from Kawahia, the middle portion of the sector. Tarawera. Earthquake after earthquake rocked the land; valleys were made in the twinkling of an eye, and the mountains were rent. Firey lightnings flashed and struck downwards at the growing land; trees were set on fire and blazed like torches. The great rift in Tarawera made by the eruption split right down into Rotomahana lake. The whole lake, water, mud, islets, terraces and all, were blown into the air with the crash and roar of countless cannons. The debris was scattered for miles across the country, and with the ash or comminuted fragments of volcanic rock from Tarawera, covered the district in a universal pall of dread. One of the most stupendous features of the eruption was the tremendous discharge of vapor which rose in the air when Tarawera burst. The steam and smoke, spreading like an umbrella, attained an enormous height, estimated by scientific observers at nine miles. This steam cloud hung in the atmosphere for weeks and was visible at Auckland City, 185 miles to the north. Scientists have endeavored to calculate the quantity of mud and ash ejected by Tarawera and the steam shattered Rotomahana. Prof. A. P. Thomas estimated that the almost inconceivable quantity of nearly 2,000,000,000 cubic yards of ash, mud, etc., was rained from Tarawera into the lake.

To-day the sloping talus and steep upper faces of Tarawera are shamed in a thousand gulches and canyons, the work of the rain. Sandy silt, loose scoria, great blocks of rhyolitic rock, black and grey lava, cover the mountain side and encumber the climber's track. The excursion to the summit of the volcano does not take long and is more than worth the trouble. One is quickly on the rim of the steam-split rift which burst its way through the mountain, leaving only narrow walls of adamantine rock standing here and there in the course. This chasm, drearier and wilder than any wilderness picture of Doer's, piled with shattered rocks and volcanic ruin, extends from the bottom of Rotomahana lake for four miles through the mountain range. From the summit the gullies and ravines radiate outwards on all sides like huge irregular wheel spokes trending to the valleys of dazzling sand. The weary soil is clothing itself again in vegetation, and thick fern and high shrubs are seen in the monochrome of grey ash and rock. These thickets are now so dense that they have become a haunt for wild pigs and deer. The water in the rift is a favorite spot of visitors to Tarawera. Steam puffs, wreaths and clouds rise in innumerable places in the wilderness and clear heat radiates from the most wonderful watersheet in the world—the hot lake of Rotomahana.

On board the Rotomahana ferry-launch the tourists taken up this way many lakes, skirting the northern side in order to see closely the startling thermal phenomena along the shore. The immense chasm formed when the lake was blown up at an earlier date, hundreds of feet in depth, and extending into the hissing heart of Tarawera, became a furnace of craters hurling up showers of mud and stones and sending great clouds of steam which hung like a pall over the terraces. Gradually cooling, the vast hollow filled with water, and a new lake was born. Old Rotomahana, shallow and reedy, was less than a mile in length and covered not quite 200 acres; the present lake is five and one-quarter miles long by two and one-half miles in extreme width and has an area between 5,000 and 6,000 acres. Soundings have placed its greatest depth at 420 feet. Its level (1,140 feet) is 70 feet above that of the old lake. The water is still thickly charged with earthy sediment, the washings of ash-coated hills.

It affords the most wonderful boating trip in the world. A great cliff on the right is steaming hot water, and the summit, thousands of bow holes, and boiling jets send their white clouds into the air. Warm billows of swirling vapor close round you, and the water under your feet begins to simmer, a roiling, buzzing and hissing indescribable breaks on your ears. Close by, but hidden in the recesses of the cliff, fumaroles are emitting steam with the roar of steam Springs of boiling water line the shore, and scalding cascades jump into the lake from niches in the sulphurous wall. But even in this seething place of perpetual boil and bubble there is luxuriant vegetable life. As you push near the rocks the hot water pulsing and heaving under you, the most skeptical is fain to burst into expressions of astonishment and delight at the wonderful wealth of exuberant color with which nature has painted these cliffs. Graceful, feathery ferns of tender green, bright moths and algae whose beautiful tints are enhanced in vividness by the perpetual warm moisture of their home, climb from the water's edge to the broken summits and insinuate themselves into every nook and crevice of the heat-riven precipice. It is a fairland of exquisite painting, a fairland whose charms of jeweled moss and drooping fern and leafy shrub are intensified rather than dulled by its veil of vaporous haze.

Kansas Co-ed A Mail Carrier. Miss Mary Matthews, an attractive young girl of Sabetha, is a rural mail carrier now. Miss Matthews is a daughter of J. P. Matthews, a rural mail carrier. Mr. Matthews has one of the best rural mail carrier records for promptness in the United States. For two years he has not had a vacation. This year he took a month off and his daughter is delivering the mail.

Miss Matthews is a student at Baker University, in Baldwin. She is taking a five year course. She will leave next week for Baldwin to take up some special summer work in that line. She is just twenty years old.

A big bottle of pure fresh lime juice for 25c. at Wad's drug store.

EVERY SHIP SALUTES HER Woman's Twenty Years' Vigil on Savannah River.

Several weeks ago, as the Savannah line steamer City of Columbus was picking her way carefully up the narrow channel of the Savannah river, the passengers on deck were surprised to hear Captain Burg give three long blasts of the steamer's whistle. There were no steamers in sight, and those on deck, says the New York Tribune, were naturally curious to know what the skipper was blowing at. A young woman started for the bridge to find out, but was restrained by a fellow-passenger, who said the captain was not busy at that moment to tell why he saluted. "If you will take this marine glass," he said, "and look over on the south shore you will most likely see a woman waving a white flag from the porch of that little white cottage."

It was some minutes before the young woman was able to focus the glass on the cottage, and the steamer had gone about 200 fathoms beyond the place where the three blasts were blown. "I've found it," said the girl with the glass, excitedly. "I can see the woman waving the flag. She is waving it now."

"Yes," observed the man who owned the glass, "and she will continue to wave it until we are completely out of sight."

"After many passengers had taken their turns for a look at the white cottage the curious young woman wanted to know why the ship had whistled three times."

"I thought you knew by this time," said the man. "You saw the woman waving, didn't you?"

"Oh I see," she replied. "How silly of me not to have seen it before. Of course, the woman waving the flag on the porch is the captain's wife."

The man replied: "You'd better not let the skipper hear you say that."

"Well, why he salute the woman of the white cottage? Is she the owner of the line, or does he salute everybody who waves a flag to him along the Savannah river?"

"Not at all," said the man, who by this time had the entire passenger complement for an audience. "The woman whom Captain Burg saluted a few minutes ago is recognized by every skipper who passes up and down the river, and for the last 20 years no steamer has passed Tybee Light that has not saluted her."

"How about the tramp steamers that have never been to Savannah before?" broke in one of the men in the group. "How can they salute when they don't know it is customary to answer her signal?"

"Easy enough," replied the man who owned the glass. "Every tramp steamer that comes in on the Savannah, night or day, has to take a pilot, and leave it to the pilot to answer that white flag on the porch of the white cottage."

"But she surely doesn't wave to steamers at night?" remarked the young woman.

"I should say she does. That little woman keeps track of all the steamers bound for and scheduled to leave Savannah, and unless she goes up to the city, shopping, there isn't one gets past her."

"But why does she do it?" asked the young woman earnestly.

"Well, now you've got me," replied the man with the glass. "I don't know what she does in her career, but the woman's faithful vigil. Some say she lost a lover on a deep-water tramp 20 years or more ago and she has saluted every steamer in her memory."

Others say the passing of ships in the night or in the day is the only diversion that ever comes to that God-forsaken marsh where the cottage stands.

"What is her name?" asked the woman.

"I'm going down to see her when I get to Savannah."

"Her name is Miss Mortus," said the man with the glass. "I've forgotten her first name. She lives there with her mother and her brother. The brother is in charge of the range lights on Elba Island."

Two weeks later, as the City of Memphis was steaming by the white cottage on the south march, the same young woman waved a small American flag from the bow, and after Captain Dyer gave the customary three toots of the siren a tiny American flag waved from the porch of the white cottage. Rushing back to her quarters the woman scribbled a hasty note on arrival in New York.

"There's great material for a novel on Elba Island," she whispered to her room-mate, "and she's waving off that little American flag from the white cottage on the marsh was the signal that I was free to write the story."

One Of Father's Tasks. "Bout every fortnight mother says 'I guess I'll wash my hair.'"

Ma keeps on combing all the time, Pa fans at awful pace; An' he gets mad when ma sometimes fans of tender green, bright moths and algae whose beautiful tints are enhanced in vividness by the perpetual warm moisture of their home, climb from the water's edge to the broken summits and insinuate themselves into every nook and crevice of the heat-riven precipice.

TAYLOR'S GREAT SCHEME.

Proprietor Kept Stable Dark—Handy Shoe Factory.

Down in the southern part of the state of New Hampshire, at a railway station where the farmers for miles around used to come to take the train for Boston, a certain man had a house and a big stable, and in the long rows of stalls they kept their horses during the day until they returned from their journey to "the hub." Then they would hitch up and drive home. Everybody waits on himself in these democratic communities, so they were in the habit of hitching their own horses, hanging the harness on the pegs at the foot of the stalls and giving each animal a measure of oats from a big bin over in the corner. The stable was kept very dark, so that sometimes on a cloudy day they had to feel their way around, but Mr. Taylor, the proprietor, explained its advantages—that it kept out the flies and other insects.

One day Mr. Taylor was employed by a stranger to drive him over to Haverhill, where a shoe factory with all its contents and appurtenances was to be sold at auction under foreclosure. Everything was going very cheap, and Mr. Taylor bought several barrels of shoe pegs for almost nothing. When he got home he put them in the barn without explaining what he was going to do with them.

It was something more than a coincidence that about this time Taylor quit buying oats and the horses that were placed in his barn while their owners went to Boston almost invariably got "off their feed."

The owners hitched and put them in the stalls and gave them a measure of grain, as usual, from the bin in the dark corner, but when they returned at night the feed lay untouched in the trough.

Taylor had some medicine, made of burdock leaves, which he recommended as an appetite restorative, and he sold a good many bottles at 25c. each. He told his customers to give their horses a dose before they started to drive home and another after their arrival before feeding, and he thought it would cure them.

And it did. It worked like a charm and there was a great demand for the burdock remedy.

One day an inquisitive farmer took his measure of oats to the stable door and found it full of shoe pegs. For nearly a year, ever since Taylor went over to that auction at Haverhill, his customers had been feeding shoe pegs to their horses, and paying Taylor 25 cents per animal for the privilege.

As one might expect, there was a good deal of comment on the discovery, and Taylor went out of business.

The Marriage Age. In Austria a "man" and a "woman" are considered to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the ages of 14—a fact which accounts in no small degree for the spirit of "child-fatherhood of the man" so prevalent in Austria.

In Germany a man must be 18 years of age; but the age of the bride-elect is left to popular discretion.

In France the man must be 18 and the woman 15, while in Belgium the same standard prevails.

In Spain the intending husband must have passed his 14th year, and the woman her 12th. These figures, in connection with the admitted poverty of Spain, socially considered, are full of the deepest meaning.

In Hungary, for Roman Catholics, the man must be 14 years old, and the woman 12; for Protestants the man must be 18 and the woman 15. This speaks well for Protestant common-sense in this particular matter.

In Greece the man must have seen at least 14 summers, and the woman 12. In Portugal a boy of 14 is considered marriageable, and a woman of 12.

In Russia and Saxony they are a little more sensible, for in both countries a youth must refrain from matrimony till he can count 18 years, and the woman till she can count 16.

In Switzerland the men, from the age of 14, and the women, from the age of 12, are allowed to marry.

Odd Birth Notice. The following amusing birth notice appeared in a recent issue of the Dresden Anzeiger: "To our seven hearty boys there came to-day, in God's early morning, not the wished for little daughter, but in compensation, a pair of fine boys. We judge by this elementary event these strenuous times demand more men than blossoms of the gentler sex, and console ourselves with thoughts of our fatherland, to which we call: 'Hurrah! hurrah! Now there are nine, Firm stand and true the watch on the Rhine!'"

"To all dear friends and acquaintances and to whom else the joyous tidings and to whom else we give this notice—be content of its kind—Eduard Ross and wife."

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Dad says: "Half the world eats too much meat; they can have all they want, but give me Malta-Vita." The KID.

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