

## AUTOINTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

The Dangerous Condition Which Produces Many Well Known Diseases.

## HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THIS TROUBLE

"FRUIT-A-LIVES" - The Wonderful Fruit Medicine - Will Protect You

Auto-intoxication means self-poisoning, caused by continuous or partial constipation, or insufficient action of the bowels. Instead of the refuse matter passing daily from the body, it is absorbed by the blood. As a result, the Kidney and Skin are overworked, in their efforts to rid the blood of this poison.

### White Ribbon News.

Women's Christian Temperance Union Best organized in 1874.

Motto - For God and Home and Native Land

Waterford - Agitate, educate, or organize.

### Officers of Wolfville Union.

President - Mrs. E. W. Bishop. Vice President - Mrs. Irene Fitch.

### Win the War.

Women of Canada, we are to-day standing at the most critical period of our country's history.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Dr. Markland enjoys the distinction of being the only woman surgeon in the British army.

### Nerves are Exhausted.

When you have frequent headaches, find yourself easily irritated and annoyed, feel discouraged and downhearted, cannot rest and sleep well, and find your appetite and digestion bad, you may know that the nerves are in bad condition.

That industrial development has stagnated so long as transport facilities are inadequate tends to emphasize and emphasize it is borne to mind that there is not a road worthy of the name, so much as 100 miles long through Canada.

## Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Peter is now no more in Germany that there is practically no more left for wrapping purposes in the stores and shops.

The hum of the busy world for men to demonstrate their rights to the title of designers.

It is a glorious task and a wonderful opportunity. Are we going to rise to the occasion?

There are other things that women can do. One of the most important is the food question.

Let us be worthy of our day and age, and it shall go down in history that the women of Canada stood united at the time of the Empire's need.

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### EXTRACTS From Some Letters About

## Cam Dills FOR THE KIDNEYS

PAIN IN THE BACK  
I suffered with a continual pain in the back, having sold the pills, I gave them a fair trial and the result I found to be good.

RHEUMATISM  
I have been for the last two years a cripple from Rheumatism and I have taken Cam Dills, and am now cured.

STONE GRAVEL  
I had been suffering terribly with stone in the bladder, and I have taken Cam Dills, and am now cured.

KIDNEY TROUBLE  
Your remedy I find, of 60 years ago, is just what I need, and I have taken Cam Dills, and am now cured.

URINARY TROUBLE  
I had been suffering for some time with my urinary tract, and I have taken Cam Dills, and am now cured.

Cam Dills will cost 50c a box of 60 pills for \$2.00 at all good dealers. Sample free if you write to H. C. Mendenhall, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

### Fruit-Picking Pole with Gravity Delivery Chute

For picking fruit without bringing it in the home garden, or for exhibition purposes, the fruit-picking pole shown in the sketch is useful.



It is a simple and efficient device, and is well adapted for the purpose.

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### COAL! COAL! COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

## Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL. Burgess & Co.

### DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

In ten days the diseased parts by the use of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Powder.

It is a simple and efficient device, and is well adapted for the purpose.

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## The King Of The Rockies

WITH his back broken by a heavy or unlucky shot of a section of the Rockies in the headwaters of the Kootenay River, sits awaiting the dogs, the first of which can be dimly seen in the background, scouting cautiously to learn if it is judicious to fly at the bearded throat of the striped dominion of the heights.

It all came about through a way impetuous temper and a long, successful warfare waged against opponents. No sympathy ever stirred the old buck's life. From his infancy, when his mother taught him to dash to the rocks and turn his sharp little horns skyward when the shadow of an eagle fitted across the sun-kissed rocks on high he had battled, fearless, and with profit, as testified by his beard and his magnitude, in time he became the biggest and most sought-after mountain goat in the reaches of the westward peaks above the stretches of beaver-dams that go to assist in shaping the Kootenay River.

Horns and mountain lions he had slipped in his youth, through his own audacity, and the waistlines of his mother and other relatives. When maturity came he met other dangers, the lightning fury of which he had seen in him a coming interloper to the happy home circle. These he fought, and won, in the end.

They became lord of a vast domain. Their care was his care. Other and more selfish interests also called for his attention, and he had to leave out of ambitious bucks, or had to leave them even his sure footing hundreds of feet below. After he had led his band down to the first grass flats of the upper meadows, he had to lead his band back. Frequently, according to judgment, he took them to the lower plateaus at nightfall and had them during the dark hours, slipping back in the safety of dawn and sleeping in safety on the sun-warmed plateau.

Tourists and hunters sought him eagerly and earnestly, for he was a specimen of the mountains. Sometimes he was seen in the rubble of a great slide, sometimes he was down a precipice like a fly down a wall, sometimes his short tail flicked around an edge of granite as the steel-rimmed bullet clipped splinters from the face of the ledge.

But finally he met dogs. First it was the trail-mate of a trapper that he got on a fascinating trail of his own. The dog charged boldly. The goat received him on his sharp black spines, and then trampled him to pulp. Again it was a group of distant hunters, led by a pair of Alouettes. These he shook off by slipping up the face of a sheer height, and then down the further slope, leading his band to more inaccessible peaks ten miles further south where the higher peaks gave view as far as the entrance to the Vermilion Pass.

One day a man from New York, skilled in hunting in all big game countries, arrived at Leachell estate, on the C. P. R., with a pack of six powerful dogs. He was going after bear, and anything else that the Canadian Rockies had to offer. His guide knew the Kootenay country like his favorite book, and the prospect was bright for a big haul. The bears were in the bushes, the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the river.

Forty hours later the dogs were baying as they scrambled over the loose rubble on the trail of the big goat. Two miles behind and below the man, the dogs had gone beyond control. The goat band scattered, and the big billy, still uttering, was pinned in a corner of rocks where even his sure feet could find no way out except through the dogs. So he waited. He spited the first and loomed him aside, he ripped the second wide open, he drove his spikes deep in the shoulder of another. The other dogs snarled aside the water from a rock, and the goat rushed away through the gap by whence he had come.

Two dead dogs and a wounded one was bad medicine for the hunting pack. The hunters doctored the injured one and in a few days it was able to take its place again. They then decided to make another try for the big goat. They took the goat who had been hurt and turned it loose, holding the others in leash. They climbed the heights, in a grand old game of grass, flanked by the grey cliffs of the summit they tried the white dots of the herd. The

haying of the loose dog started the goats toward the rocks, all excepting the leader. He loitered again, for he had heard the sound before and knew he could treat it with contempt. The dog came up, and the goat stood with lowered head, making short, angry rushes. But the canine had learned. He ran around the white figure, and did not come to grief. Meaning the men drew nearer. From out of the clear sky something struck the goat just in front of the hips with humming force. He set down. No sound was heard. A white man's hand had fired, and wind and distance had softened the report, but a vagrant fortune had guided the bullet. The dog crouched nearer, the other dogs were loose, and still the goat sat helpless, his head arched with its needle-pointed dangers being still an active menace from which all the dogs shrank as they circled. Then the men came and a successful hunt was at an end to the highest mountain goat in the lower part of Kootenays in the history of the middle West. Another thing now loomed it over the hand of man and wide, and growing young males.

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## Hog Raising Is Very Profitable

THE raising of hogs has for long been one of the most profitable branches of the farming industry in Western Canada. At the present time it is more profitable than ever before.

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