HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

"Fruit-a-tives" Point the Way to Quick Relief

VERONA, ONT.

"I suffered for a number of years with *Rheumatism and severe Pains in my Side and Back*, caused by strains and heavy lifting.

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended 'Fruit-a-tives' to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them; and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your wonderful fruit medicine".

W. M. LAMPSON,

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c.—or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. L. W. Sleep.
1st Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch.
2nd Vice President—Mrs G. Miller.
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Evangelistic—Mrs. Purves Smith.
Press—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Esam.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

Beer and Crime.

Says Dr. Hope:

The brutalizing effort of beer alcoholism is shown most clearly by the fact that in Germany crimes of personal violence particularly dangerous bodily injuries occour most frequently in Bavaria, where there is the highest consumption of beer.

This coincides with the experience of Belgium. M. Lejune, a Belgium Minister of Justice, is quoted by Ernest Gordon in his anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe, to the following effect:

One sees in the country exhibitions of savagery unparalled among civilized people. Bands of persons in an advanced stage of intoxication armed with knives or revolvers, fight among themselves or attack passersby merely for the pleasure of shedding blood. They leave wounded and frequently dead persons on the roads. They break windows, smash in doors, ravage fields and gardens, and often set fire to buildings. Recently at Erkeran, near Antwerp, a band of drunkards raided a workman's house, dragged his wife out of bed and clubbed the husband to death. These brutes do not drink hard liquor, but alcohol in the form of 10 to 20 glasses of beer. This drink is the chief stimulus to crime in the country of Belgium There has been a considerable diminution in the consumption of liquor, but that of beer constantly arises.

Jerusalem.

At last after a long and chequered history through the war Jerusalem is to be restored to its own people. Both Jews and Christians rejoice that after four hundred years of brutal and barbarous Turks rule, the glad day of deliverance has come the way into the warp and woof of human story.

There is no city that is woven in the same way into the warp and woof of human story or is touched with the same spiritual significance.

'Rome is the 'Eternal City;' but Jerusalem to all the Christian world is the city of the Eternal sanctified by association that made it sacred to men for two thousand years. From the Life that has lived in its neighborhood and found its tragic and glorious close in its midst have sprung the most powerful currents of human history.'

On November 2nd last, Mr. Balfour sent the follywing to Lord Rothschild:—'His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.'

So swiftly events moved that on December 10th it was announced that General Allenby and his troops had entered Jerusalem. The sacred places were not touched. The General, with his staff, and French and Italian commanders, entered the city on foot when a Royal proclamation was made promising protection and safety to every person pursuing his lawful business and to all sacred places. Thus Palestine will be freed from an age-long curse, a canker and disturbing influence of Europe removed, and a noble and worthy people who through the ages have held fast their nationality be restored to their Fatherland. That is not all. Another of the plans of the Kaiser has gone awry. Sad and terrible war, apart from the great issue, there are great great gains, and great hopes accomplished. The Crusaders of old said God wills it.' Can any doubt it as to free Palestine? An end to Russian autocracy? Whatever be the outcome Russia's day of peril, the ferment will work surely for better and greater things than those of the past; for generally revolutions, unless it be in Mexico, don't walk backwards.—(Journal of Commerce.)

Almost Helpless From Rheumatism.

ONLY ABLE TO MOVE ABOUT ON CRUTCHES—DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED ACTIVITY.

Inflammatory rheumatism, acute rheumatism and rheumatic fever are different names for practically the same thing. It comes on with hardly any warning. The pain is excruciating, and there is a tendeodcy of the disease to attack the heart when it may have fatal results.

Any one who has suffered from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism knows that the usual treatment is highly unsatisfactory. External applications of hot cloths and liniments and internal doses of salicylates to relieve the pain are not enough, for they do not drive the poison from the blood, and the sufferer is liable to renewed attacks whenever exposed to cold or dampness.

To cure rheumatism so that it will stay cured the rheumatic poison in the blood must be driven out, and the blood made rich and red. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the blood, make it rich red and pure and in this way cure the most obstinate cases of rheumatism Mr. George Harbottle, R. R. No 1, Feversham, Ont., is one whose cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is striking. His mother gives the particulars of his attack and cure as follows:—'Some years ago while my son was working as a blacksmith in a Michigan lumber camp he was attacked with rheumatic fever. He was at once taken to a hospital at Marsenett, and was there under medical treatment for four months with but little or no relief. He then decided to go to Mount Clemmens, where he took the baths for three weeks, but did not find any benefit from them. By this time he felt that his case was hopeless and decided to return home. When he reached home he could only move around by the use of a crutch and a cane. One knee was so stiff that he could not bend it, and most of his joints were swollen out of shape. He could neither dress nor undress himself and had to be helped like a child. I urged him to try Dr Williams, Pink Pills and finally he consented to do so. He had only been taking the pills a few weeks when he could limp about without the crutch and his appetite greatly improved This gave him new courage and as he continued the use of the pills he showed constant improvement, and was able to walk about outside. He continued to use the pills for some four months, by which time every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and he went to his work in Michigan a cured man. His case was well known to the neighbors around here and his cure was looked upon as marvelous, for everyone thought that at the best he was doomed to be a rheumatic cripple.

It is because they have made such wonderful cures as Mr. Harbottle's that Dr Williams Pink Pills have a world wide reputation, and are the medicine used in thousands of homes. You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The average human body, besides the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen of which it is chiefly composed, contains three and three-fourths pounds of lime, one pound eleven ounces of phosphorus, two and two-thirds ounces of potash, two and one-half ounces of sodium, one and three-fifths ounces each of magnesium, sulphur and silica and about one-sixth of an ounce of iron.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blood ing, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you. 60c a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

A girl is deliberately blind to the defects of the man she desires to marry.

A Clubman—Is that old chap in the corner always so glum as now? Another—by no means He laughs twice a year, spring and fall, when the women's hats come is.—Puck.

The Seventh Young Man

By C. B. Lewis

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alderman Thomas Andrews of the city of Jonesboro, could be very mild or very stern, as occasion required.

Just stern, as this story opens, he was very stern. Occasion required it.

He had got to have a talk with his daughter Nellie.

"You have a gang of young fellows hanging about, and people are calling you a flirt," he began.

"Not a gang, father, but a group."

"The word signifies nothing, but my orders do. They have got to go. How many are they?"

The girl counted up on her fingers and replied:

"I can't count but six that have proposed to me."

"Thunder and blazes!"

"Don't get excited, father. It's fashionable now to be engaged to eight or ten men at the same time. I ought to have at least two more on my list."

The alderman raised his arm and brought his heavy hand down on the table and almost shouted:

"Bounce the last one of them, and do it today!"

"But I'm engaged to the six, and whoever heard of a girl bouncing six at once!"

"But you'll hear of it mighty soon. I won't put up with it, I tell you! Sit right down this evening and write the six that all is over between you. If you don't I'll—"

"But I will, father," she interrupted. "I have always obeyed you in everything, and shall in this."

The letters were written and mailed, and no hearts were broken. When a week had passed, the father asked:

"Did you write those letters?"

"Surely I did, father."

"Well, if any other young man comes snooking around here to ask for your hand and heart, just call me in before you pledge yourself."

It was one evening a month later when Roy Garnett called and asked for Miss Andrews.

"Why—why—" she exclaimed, as she entered the parlor.

"I have been away for a month, you see," he said.

"But didn't you receive a letter from me a few weeks ago—a letter saying that I had analyzed my heart and found that I did not love you?"

"Gracious me, but I never heard of such a letter!" exclaimed the young man.

"Then let me see how the mistake came about. I was as good as engaged to six of you, when father raised a row about it and made me write to each one of you."

"But you and I were not engaged. We never even talked of love."

"That's so—that's so," mused the girl. "I thought it queer that you should call if I had broken your heart. It's just a social call, I see."

"Miss Andrews, don't see too much or too little. You ought to know that I am an admirer of yours."

"I had a dim idea that you thought I had beautiful eyes,"

"And I have several dim ideas. One of them is that I am going to love you."

"Then I'll have to write a seventh letter," she sighed.

"Don't be in a hurry to waste your postage stamps. Have I your permission to call twice a week?"

"But I have as good as promised father not to fall in love again without his consent."

"Stick to that like a good girl!"

In the course of two or three weeks Miss Nellie observed that solemn look on her father's face again, and she was not surprised when he said:

"Daughter, I think I have observed the tracks of a new young man on our doorsteps."

"Yes, it's a Mr. Roy Garnett."

"Does he come here to eat peanuts or to talk love?"

"He hasn't done either as yet."

"Do you like him?"

"Y-e-s."

"But you are not in love with him?"

"I plainly told him that I had promised not to fall in love without your consent."

"Good girl!"

"I think he'll want to have a talk with you some evening soon."

"Well, I can tell him that there is no hurry about your getting married. Neither do I want some dude hanging around here half the evenings of the week."

"You won't be too brusque with Mr. Garnett, father?"

"Oh, I shan't apply the boot, but I shall have to speak rather plainly. If you were madly in love I'd be very gentle with him, but I don't think you are much."

"No—o—a."

When it's a case of love and a father leaving his politics to mix up in it, a girl may fib or she may not. If she does it won't be held up against her. Miss Nellie did like Mr. Garnett very much. She more than liked him, but she felt in duty bound to stand by her father.

Three or four weeks went past and for the third or fourth time the alderman asked:

"Well, Nellie, that young Garnett hasn't asked to see see me yet."

"No," she replied.

"Can't make up his mind to face the music, eh?"

"I have an idea that he is waiting for political reasons."

"What! Why, what has a young man of twenty-two got to do with politics?"

"I don't know."

"What ward does he live in?"

"In this, where you are alderman."

"Um! Um! I never heard of him in politics. Maybe he has got a friend who wants to be elected constable."

A week later as Mr. Garnett and Miss Nellie sat in the parlor the alderman entered and said to the young man:

"I presume you are Mr. Garnett?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you want to see me on business?"

"Well—er, yes. It's about politics. I want to ask your advice. The case is this," began Mr. Garnett. "It's only a month to our city election and the people are beginning to talk of the fitness of this or that man for office."

"It is always so, and the people are seldom mistaken."

"To my amazement they are asking me to run for office."

"But you are young, sir—very young."

"That's what I tell them, but they will have it that a man hasn't got to be middle-aged to be honest."

"But is there any talk of dishonesty among the office holders?" asked the alderman with a tingle of anxiety in his tone.

"Yes, a bit. There was a mile of paving done last year, you know, and it is whispered that there was a divvy in it. And they say there was another divvy in supplies bought for the fire department. Mr. Andrews, they will have it that I ought to take an aldermanic nomination."

"Too young, sir—too young, as I said."

"The alderman from one of our wards was elected by only forty majority. I can get a majority of 124 in that ward."

"But you must have the nomination first," was the sulky reply.

"Oh, the Daily Times will help me to that for what I can dig out of the cement bridge divvy two years ago. Is your advice to me, Mr. Andrews, to go into politics?"

"I don't say yes, and I don't say no."

Then Miss Nellie spoke for the first time:

"I have also a question to ask you, father. Are you willing that I should fall in love with a young politician?"

"If he is in politics to get the office of city clerk, yes. If he's after my aldermanship scalp as well as my daughter, no, by thunder!"

"Father, isn't it a better thing for a young man to be the son-in-law of a politician than to be a politician himself?"

"It strikes me that way," was the thoughtful reply.

"And it strikes me that way, too," added Mr. Garnett.

"And as the three of us are struck alike—"

And then and there two of the three went out of politics, and the third one said he would have the check ready at the wedding breakfast.

Why She Cried.

A couple of men were talking about their respective wives the other day at the club.

"You have a very sympathetic wife, I should say," remarked one.

"I don't know about that," hesitated the other.

"Well, I only judge from what I saw from my house the other morning when you slipped and fell on the steps as you were coming out with her. Why, I saw her actually crying over it."

The other man didn't look pleased at all.

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "She cried, but not over my injuries. I sat down on that confounded dog of her's."

"Indeed! I didn't hear him howl."

"Well, I should say not. The dog weighs—or did weigh—two pounds, and I weigh 200."

Patents Authorized by Congress.

A patent is an exclusive grant or monopoly by authority of congress. The first patent law was approved April 10, 1790, a year after the Constitution was enacted. We were not a very inventive people at that time, perhaps, because there were not many of us, says an exchange. Only three patents were granted during the first year after the law was passed, 33 the second year and 11 the third year. The patent office was originally attached to the department of state, but in 1849 was transferred to the interior department. Under a law of 1842 patents were granted for only seven years. The time was afterward extended to 14 and then to 17 years, the present time.

No Amateur Stuff.

"The Browns have invited us to dinner."

"Good. I'd rather eat there than anywhere else."

"Why?"

"All vegetables they serve were raised by professionals."

Qualified.

She (romantically)—The man I marry must be willing to go through fire for me.

He—Then I'm your man. My wife has fired me for telephoning yes so often.

Given to Airs.

Professor—You have a promising contralto voice.

Miss Newrich—But, professor, I'd rather sing soprano; it's much higher toned.

Thanksgiving Day In Burgess Pass

FOR one who thinks of Banff as the only place in the Canadian Rockies—or for those who think of summer days playing tennis, afternoon teas at the hotels, bridge and dances in the evenings, the following paragraphs may be of interest.

Having spent the summer and fall in the mountains making my gradu- ating climb of Cathedral (10,453 ft.) to become a member of the Alpine Club, staying in camp south of Hector and spending the remainder of the time at the Club House in Banff, I still had not had enough of the mountains and took the morning train from Banff to Field, where I had a full seven hours before leaving at night.

Where to go in that time was the question as there were so many delightful and charming spots. Burgess Pass was said to be a very beautiful walk, and being fond of walking I started out alone at 1.15 p.m. The trail was good, having been used by ponies all summer going to the Yoho Valley. It was a steady but gradual ascent all the time; the timber was heavy and beautiful, the autumnal tints on poplar trees and fruit bushes gave just the needed touch of color. Added to the beauty of the foliage were high banks of moss in varied shades of green and bronze, and the bright scarlet of the pigeon berries was seen along the trail; a stream came rushing madly down the mountain side, as if to retard one's progress, but the usual "stepping stones" were there. I already felt repaid by my first hour's climb. Mount Stephen and Cathedral could be seen to advantage at this point and needless to say the summit of the latter interested me, for I had not forgotten my seven hours climb to reach it.

Time passed, at last the peak loomed up which I thought must surely be my goal. I immediately took a short cut over some rock and shale, thinking it would soon lead to my wonderful view, but alas! nothing but dense timber was ahead. After several attempts the trail was found and it was a steady climb till another ridge loomed up. As Mount Burgess was now on my left and I was walking along the base of the summit, and could see the sky line between some scraggy trees (they were now fewer and farther between) I knew it was no distance to my summit. Two and a half hours had now gone by, though the day was perfect and the sky cloudless, so that one could obtain the best of views, I wondered if it would be worth the climb.

Unless one has climbed the indescribable expectancy as you reach a summit cannot be understood, nor can it be even by those who climb. You hold your breath and wonder in which direction to look first; each step means so much, like steps taken slowly and deliberately in some great crisis in life. They are of such import. The first snow-capped peak appears—a few more steps are taken when a glacial hung summit comes into view; then more peaks with their snow fields, even the crevasses were discernable, another few steps and the summit is reached; never as long as I live shall that moment be forgotten; looking ahead for the summit I little dreamt of the view behind. Mountains, mountains in all directions, as far as the eye could reach—Mount Burgess to my left with Emerald Lake lying at its base (more green, if possible, than any emerald) in a most beautiful valley.

President and Vice-President ahead of me, Mount Wapta to my right, with its pony trail leading to the Yoho on its side, Cathedral and Mount Stephen southeast of it, and to the south range upon range of snow-capped mountains. I was literally dumb and numb of soul. No thought or words could express such a moment, it was several minutes before I could think, and then I found my soul breathing a prayer of joy—utter joy in the fact that I was alive and could enjoy such a view—it surpassed even the Grand Canyon of Arizona. To be under the canopy of heaven with no living thing in sight as far as the eye could reach, where only silence is heard, for a silence such as that is not silence, for the "infinite" speaks. It surpassed any service ever attended on Thanksgiving Day. I was not only on the summit but further away I knew not where, on another planet another world—at least in the world of thought.

The sun was now dipping behind Mount Burgess and how quickly the colors changed, the Emerald Lake became the color of olivines, the mountains began to grow hazy. It was time to leave or darkness would overtake me, so I started, loath to go. After an hour and a quarter walking steadily I sat down to rest the coloring was now in all the rich tints of Roman days. The mountains wore blues and purples, the pine trees looked dark and dismal, and the yellows and reds of other trees looked deeper and richer than they had an hour ago.

The dusk was falling quickly, and the path was barely discernible when nearing the end of the trail. The lights of Field now began twinkling through the trees like so many stars. There were fifty minutes before my train left, though one had just passed and I wondered if I had mistaken the time on account of the mountain and Pacific time, so why leave! I sat down on the trail, the night had come, the day was passed and my wonderful walk a thing of the past, but what memories, and what a Thanksgiving Day. One never to be forgotten. "Alone!" No, one is not alone when with Nature, for many voices are heard: such were my thoughts at this moment when I heard a sound—what was moving on the trail? A figure emerged from the gloom, and he too was "alone." I spoke first and asked if the train that had just passed was the regular, and to my joy it was not. This "Lonely Figure" had walked fourteen miles. We went back to the hotel together. Kindred spirits and one with nature. He told me of his travels in the Alps and the Sierras, but nothing touched this for grandeur. He asked if there was much to see at Banff, and I said nothing that compares with this. "I should," he said, "imagine it were rather the edge of things," and my answer said, that expressed it perfectly. We both agreed that to see the real nature of the mountains the beaten trails and high roads should be left and the pony trails and high roads should be taken, either on foot or riding, then the grandeur, the magnificence and awe inspiring Canadian Rockies can be seen to the best advantage. A few days should be spent at Field, or if time will not allow, at least miss one train to go through Burgess Pass, for the whole trip is certainly worth that one glorious view.—E. C. McD.

The Government's Wolverine

JOE SMITH has been the population at Castle Mountain, Alberta, ever since the rest of the population moved out with C. P. R. construction in the early eighties of the last century. He makes his living by hunting, trapping and prospecting. Three winters ago, bothered by the depredations of a wolverine he set traps with a cunning which was partly natural and partly acquired, the result being that he caught a lusty young but somewhat incautious wolverine.

Joe, who has found that live animals of the wild often brought more money from the government officials at the zoological gardens in Banff, twenty miles away, than the dead ones did from the fur dealers, decided to take his prize to the government park. So, after painful adventures he boxed the muscular young fury and delivered it before the superintendent of the park. He was greeted with warm words of commendation, for the park had now a live wolverine in its cages. The fact that the animal had broken a front leg did not mitigate at all against the price Joe asked.

Joe put his catch in the strongly wired cage, took his money and went home.

The wolverine sulked and licked his paw. He snarled and growled and glowered at the keeper, who strove hard to win his liking with fancy foods. Two weeks passed, the broken bones of the foreleg knit—but crookedly, the limb flaring outward. The wolverine was so far advanced in captivity that he deigned to eat the food given him, but he always waited until after dark to do so. During the day he crouched and gloomed. With good food, and the loss of pain from his leg he regained his strength and put on flesh. His cage, strong, galvanized iron wire a one-inch mesh, was floored with concrete, and had proven sufficient to hold grey wolves, half-grown bears, and full-grown badgers. He was considered located for life. But one morning there was excitement. The keeper found the cage empty, and in the wire, three feet up from the ground, a neat hole, the stiff wires thrust outward as though an eight-inch shell has passed through. On the ground was the broken half of a tusk, showing that the animal had bitten and torn at the wires until he had it broken enough to force himself through.

This was in the fall. That winter a trapper was camped on the headwaters of the Kootenay, near the point where the Banff-Windermere motor trail crosses the Kootenay River. He had a snug, mud-roofed cabin of massive logs, and he had plenty of food. Along about Christmas time he decided he would trail out to Golden for the Christmas holidays, so he locked his place and started with his dog and such furs as he had caught. He was a careful trapper, and he left a small ventilation door, eight by ten inches, open. This door was cut through the second log of his cabin. He knew that no packrats would come in because a weasel had taken up its abode in a stump nearby and did most of his hunting in and around the building.

A week later he returned, pleased with his trip and pleased to get back. He opened his door and stood aghast. The bacon was down from its nail on the wall and little was left but the string, his four sacks were ripped open and the contents scattered everywhere, his sugar and tea and coffee were mixed in an awful mess on the floor. His dog growled with bristling mane, and then dashed under the bed. There came the sound of snarls and worryings, and then there rolled from beneath the place of rest a furry bundle which snapped. It was the dog and a wolverine, a fat wolverine, who fought with vigor. The trapper, at an opportune moment crunched its skull with the back of an axe, and the badly torn canine limped away to treat his jagged wounds.

Investigation by the man showed that the appetite of the wolverine had caused its downfall. Lean and hungry it must have come prowling around the house and found the ventilation hole through which it crawled. Then it found food. Now a wolverine has another name, and it is as commonly known by that as by its real title. This name is "glutton," and whenever possible it lives up to it. That is what this animal did. It ate so much that it could not get back through the hole and had curled up to sleep off its gluttony and rise beneath the bed. Before this happened the white man came back. Like many another creature in higher walks of life its carnal appetite had been the cause of its death.

The trapper turned it over. Its blood-stained jaws snarled in death, one long fang showing broken and ragged. Its right forepaw flared outward where it had been ill-knit after a fracture.

L. V. E.

Household Hints.

A few grains of rice in the cellar will prevent the salt from caking in damp weather.

When working on silk or embroidering keep a piece of fine sandpaper near you and when the silk sticks to your fingers rub them on sandpaper.

When cooking cabbage, put one teacup of vinegar and the same amount of water in a small pan and let it simmer while the cabbage is cooking. The odor of cabbage can hardly be detected in the room.

When washing fine laces or old pieces of embroidery, take any good white soap, shave and put in a glass jar and partly fill with warm water. Put in articles, and shake well, and let them stand in a window where the sun can shine on them. Try this and see how white they will be.

I am sending a simple discovery in the conserving of coal. I was almost worn out with mine; it was nothing but shake down and renew, and the cinders about all scale. I tried about everything, and remembering that we used to wash all cinders years ago, I tried boiling water—about two cups to a coal hod—and what a change. My fire will burn to the last coal now, with about double the heat, and the ashes are a soft powder, with nothing to sift. The real reason was the coal was too dry. Cold water will help, but it is slower in action.

Every Boy Scout

Should carry a small jar of **Mentholatum** in his kit bag for use in case of scratches or bruises.

After a ramble through the woods **Mentholatum** will quickly relieve the smart of sun or wind burn, as well as tired and aching feet.

A Healing Salve

Sold and recommended by the leading druggists throughout the Maritime Provinces.

2 sizes—25c and 50c

Send 3c in stamps for a generous size sample.

The Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont.

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A Soldier's Strength

Every enlisted man would stand up stronger and resist much sickness if he could have the benefits of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

because it fortifies the lungs and throat, creates strength to avoid grippe and pneumonia and makes rich blood to avert rheumatic tendencies.

Send a bottle of SCOTT'S to a relative or friend in the service.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 15-24

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

To clean fly specks from varnished goods, wipe with a soft cloth dipped in equal parts of skim milk and water.

If spoon is wet before using it to serve jelly you will find jelly will not stick to it and the serving easily accomplished.

When chopping suet, if sprinkled with a little ground rice it will not stick to the knife and it will chop quite easily.

When baking potatoes, if a small pan of water is placed in the oven the potatoes will bake much quicker.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc

NOW IS THE TIME!

To Get Your Furniture Upholstered.

Carpenter work is slack at present, and I am prepared to do Upholstery of all kinds of Furniture, also Carriage and Sleigh Seats, will also repair Furniture of all kinds.

I have had a large experience in this work and can guarantee satisfacion.

J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville.

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