DANGER LURKS IN EVERY ONE OF US

We Are As Full of Deadly Poisons As A Germ Laboratory.

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"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Absolutely Prevents This Dangerous Condition.

The chief cause of poor health is our neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood.

In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that *Auto-intoxication*, due to non-action of the bowels, is *directly responsible* for serious Kidney and Bladder Troubles; that it upsets the Stomach, causes Indigestion, Loss of Appetite and Sleeplessness; that chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Pain In The Back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular; and that Pimples, Rashes, Eczema and other Skin Affections disappear when "Fruit-a-tives" are taken to correct Constipation.

"Fruit-a-tives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price 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.

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White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Eaan.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

Freedom.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathes on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it works another's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Women! who shall one day bear
Sons to breathe sweet Freedom's air,
If ye hear, without a blush,
Deeds to make the roused blood rush
Like red lava through your veins,
For your sisters now in chains—
Answer! Are ye fit to be
Mothers of the brave and free?

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake?
And with lantern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains that others wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare to be
In the right with two or three

—LOWELL

King George a Strict Teetotaller

Impetus has been given the campaign for pledge signers for the period of the war, which English W. C. T. U. leaders are conducting, through the circulation of the following information given to Miss Agnes E. Slack, one of the honorary secretaries of the World's W. C. T. U., in an interview with Lord Ranksborough. Knowing that he was serving his usual fortnight as lord-in-waiting to the King, Miss Slack asked him if his Majesty was a teetotaller. He replied: 'Most rigidly so. We have no liquors or wine or beer at Buckingham Palace or at any of the King's residence.'

If a man is really in love with a girl her freckles are invisible.

Don't forget to laugh when your boss tells a story with whiskers on it.

Some mothers teach their babies to talk and then expect them to learn to keep still.

If a man is abused while on earth and praised after shuffling off this mortal soil—well, that's fame.

When some people have no other excuse for failing to do their duty they blame it on the weather.

Edith—You made a good impression on everyone in the family but pa.
Cholly—Weally? But I thought your mothah was the real boss, you know.
Edith—Yes, but she lets pa decide on little things.

Canning Vegetables.

Shell the peas, blanch them in steam or boiling water for five to ten minutes, counting the time from the moment the peas go into the water. This stops the boiling, but the time is counted nevertheless. Then take from steam or boiling water and immediately plunge them into a deep pan of as cold water as possible. Just dip in and take them out at once. The jars should be ready and hot, then fill with the cold dipped peas; add a teaspoon of salt to each quart jar and fill jars full of boiling water. Adjust rubbers and covers to partially seal the jars and place them at once in a boiler containing boiling water, so that the water is two inches over the top of the jars. Boil (sterilize) for two hours, remove jars at once and then seal completely and test for leaks.

Following the foregoing directions for canning beans

Corn is blanched on the cob and cold-dipped before cutting off the cob. Follow the same process, but do not fill jars full; allow about one-half inch at top of jar for swelling, and boil (sterilize) for three hours.

Blanching is best done by having a large piece of cheese-cloth in which the peas and beans are placed, and dipping in the boiling water is then easy. They are given the cold dip so as to give a shock which destroys certain bacteria that might otherwise cause trouble.

The method of putting up plain stewed tomatoes is as follows: Place tomatoes in wire basket or cheese cloth, and lower into boiling water for one or two minutes, until skin cracks. Dip in cold water and remove skins and core with a sharp knife. Cut up the tomatoes into hot jars and fill with tomatoes only, adding no water, but press tomatoes down so that jars overflow with their own juice. Add one teaspoonful of salt for quart-size jar, adjust rubbers and covers and partially seal, sterilize under boiling water twenty two minutes. Seal and test for leaks.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. a box

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the tissues, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Bewhiskered Russia.

(By Walt Macon.)

I fear that Russia won't behave until her people learn to shave. We can not look for good horse sense in men whose shrubbery is dense, whose lambrequins obstruct the view, and often block the traffic too. I hope to see sad Russia rise from that deep pit in which she lies; I hope to see her rise in time, and hew a destiny sublime, but first her men will have to hew the whiskers that impede their view. No nation can be truly great whose voters pack a hundred eight of spinach up and down the street so long it gets beneath their feet. When poor old Russia spilled the beans, and swapped her birthright for some greens, when windy demagogues arose and turned her over to her foes, when desolation o'er her crept the allied nations looked and wept. There was no harshness in their gaze, they sympathized with those poor jays, by fool advisers led afar from where the wreaths of glory are. The allied nations wept and sighed, She hit the long toboggan slide; such spectacles disgust, deject; but what can any one expect from men whose whiskers seem to grow eight inches every hour or so? And thus 'twill ever, always be, no future for the Russ we see, until, with motion strong and blithe, he reaps his whiskers with a scythe.

Got Rid of Bronchitis.

Mr. W. H. Walker, Calmar, Alta writes:—'I am pleased to say that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has done much good to myself, wife and children. My eldest girl, 7 years, had bronchitis and the doctor who attended her did not seem to do much good. We got Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for her and she soon got well. We always keep this medicine in the house now ready for use and find that it soon cures coughs and colds.'

Ever hear of him?—Talking of unusual names, I once knew a man who was baptised Lapdoth. I wonder how many students of the Bible could indentify his prototype without a concordance. He only appears once, and I fancy he must have been a henpecked man. His only claim to fame is the reference, 'Deborah the prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth.'

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A private in a certain regiment had occasion to go before his O. C., on the fourth charge of absence.

O. C. 'Didn't I tell you the last time that I wished to see your face no more?'

Private: 'So you did, sir, but the Sergeant here wouldn't have it!'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The Knut—It's simply absurd! What's the use of showing me low-cut coats like these? Do you mean to say you keep nothing taller?'

Shop-Girl—'I'm sorry, but our next size is cuffs.'

Old Eton At the War

IT has been said by many a good judge that the real secret of this war, and its fortunes hitherto, has lain in the essential difference between the German officer and the British, quite as much, in fact, as between the voluntary spirit of Thomas in the ranks and the Boche with the bayonet behind him. As a matter of fact, writes J. Collins in London to The Boston Transcript, this is merely stating the same proposition twice. It is better to lead men than to leather 'em, and it makes all the difference to the value of the impetus supplied when it is given in the form of a shining example of valor well in front. This noble emulation is also yours, judging by all the signs. The figure of a subaltern mounting the parapet and waving his men on with sword or revolver has become so tragically familiar that we have almost ceased to think what a high proportion these gallant youngsters of ours make in the enormous total of officers on our roll of honor, or even to raise our brows as we used to do when anyone cynically referred to this terrible toll of life as "the massacre of the innocents." The men themselves as you talk to them in hospital often shut their eyes and shake an aching head as they recall a favorite leader plunging through a barrage or into the teeth of a machine-gun fire, or down a reeking and bullet-riddled trench and waving his men on with a last gesture as he dropped. That is why you find so many letters from commanding officers written to the parents and widows of junior officers "gone west," which conclude with the telling words, "he was beloved by all his men" or "the platoon would have followed him anywhere."

When we begin to cast up our debts, therefore, after the war, and attend to the moral as well as the material side of the account, we shall have to pay due honor in one outstanding quarter. The British public schools have not merely sent many thousands of their best products into the service; they are turning officers out as fast as they can, and will continue to do so as long as the war lasts, and beyond. For this is the main difference between the schools and the universities in war time. Oxford and Cambridge, so far as students go, are practically deserted, and the old familiar stately halls are given up to nurses and doctors for tending wounded from the front.

But the public schools are as full and as busy as ever, in pursuit of their right vocations, and though the average of age has dropped a year or two, the quality of the lads that fill them remains the same, and happily the supply has never failed us yet. Directly the war began, the pick of their pupils moved on to Sandhurst or Woolwich. Men who had meant their sons for other lines in life revoked their decision without a murmur, and yielded these youngsters the dearest wish of their hearts. Younger brothers have had the benefit, for they have moved up all the earlier to fill the gaps thus created and have gone forward in their turn, from the preparatory school or the private tutor to Eton or Harrow or Rugby, from there to the camp or military school.

There is no longer the old reluctance to leave school behind, that unaccountable reluctance which is, perhaps, the highest compliment that any school can earn. It is told of that fine spirit, the late Alfred Lyttelton, that on his last day but one at Eton, after a brilliant record at nearly all its games, he said to his chum Brodrick (now Lord Middleton): "Just think, only twenty-four hours between me and utter insignificance;" It was the heart-break of one who had taken the lead in all the pursuits that lads admire, and was now dropping through into a heedless world where nobody knew the thrill of a "bully" in the football field or the glory of pulling off the gold cup on a great Thames day. There is none of the reluctance at leaving school nowadays. Athletics and the river are a necessary part of the business of life, but war, you may say, is life itself, and the men who are honored in young Britain to-day are those who win a battle or a V.C.—or a death that adds fresh laurels to their old school's fame.

Eton has many claims to be taken as the representative school in this connection. It has only one senior—Winchester School, which dates from the fourteenth century. Another decade or two brings in the fifth century of Eton's foundation, and it has an enviable list of historic soldiers on its roll, including Wellington and Roberts. Most of us remember the day in 1880, when, fresh from his Indian triumphs, "Bobs" (he was only Sir Frederick then) went down to his old school to inspect its rifle corps, to receive a presentation sword of honor in the great school yard, and incidentally to have his carriage drawn by the Eton boys as far as Windsor Bridge, to the huge delight of Lady Roberts. That rifle corps dates back to 1860, and to the volunteer movement of 1859. In the following January, when the designs of Napoleon III. were making our grandsires uneasy, the school set up a cadet corps, and a year later this was considerable enough to be reviewed by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort on the castle lawn at Windsor. It was Prince Albert's last appearance in public, by the way, so the day was memorable in other respects, and great things were to accrue from this rally of lads in their grey tunics with the school's pale blue. In The Illustrated Times of those days there is a woodcut showing the corps there in a schoolyard around the statue of King Henry VI., and they wear the top hat which the war has practically demolished everywhere, you may say, except at Eton, synagogues, and funerals.

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AUSTRALIAN SLANG.

Differs Greatly From That of Other Anglo-Saxon Countries.

The Australian language differs in many respects from the Canadian or English or South African; no reader of a Melbourne or Sydney paper, whether he live in London or Toronto or Cape Town, but will find expressions novel in the mother tongue as he knows it. And Australian slang has naturally words and phrases of its own. Some words are purely English—as "blighter," "boko" for nose), "quod" (prison), and "twig" (to observe). A good many are American, with the flavor of the California coast, from which or through which they were imported. But some are antipodean, as any reader will find from C. J. Dennis' "Ginger Mick," a little book of slangy poems about an Australian soldier. We learn, for example, that "to toss in the alley" is to give up the ghost; that the "ead serang" is the commander; that a "tabby" is a female. To "track with a girl" is elegant Australian for wooing her. A "white-headed boy" is a favorite or pet. When an Australian wishes to express surprise, instead of saying "Behold!" or "What now!" he ejaculates "What price!" When an Australian goes to his work he goes to his "yakker." When he stops doing anything he "tawes a pull." Whereas any good American would say that an enterprise was "put on the blink," or perhaps would simply say "queered," the Australian takes from cricket the phrase that some one has "queered the pitch." Our "rush the growler" is "queried into "rush the rabbit." A clergyman is a "pious cove," which any one acquainted with our own Western "sky pilot" would comprehend. "Back chat" is another phrase which can easily be studied out. Less easily comprehensible are "a fair cow," used to characterize any person, thing, place, or happening that is utterly obnoxious; and "crack a boo," meaning to tell a secret. "To do a bunk" is to depart. De Quincey and his generation could have made out "Brums," a word for tawdry finery that is obviously derived from Brummagem. Mr. Dennis' book is of note as pointing to the need for a good dictionary of Australian slang in the interests of philology. But doubtless there are scholars at the Universities of Melbourne and Victoria who are looking after that. Such phrases as "to poke nullock" for to deride, or "to sprunk" for to speak, ought not be lost to the world.

A Thoughtful King.

A writer in The Philadelphia Public Ledger is reminded of the tale Julian Story once told about his picture of King Edward VII. as Prince of Wales. "I met His Majesty at the opera in London," said the noted Philadelphia portrait painter, "and I made so bold as to ask him if I might paint his picture. He arranged at an hour with his equerry, Sir Henry Ponsonby, and he came to my Kensington studio. Thinking the first-appointed hour might be the last as well, I worked with all my might. Now and then he'd leave the dais and saunter about the room looking at things, pulling at a big and very black cigar. But I went ahead full tilt, filling in the details till he resumed his seat. By the end of the hour my thumb was stiff from holding it in the palette. He saw me massaging it. 'What's the matter, Mr. Story?' he exclaimed. I told him, and I showed him the red ring the thumbhole had made around the base of the thumb. The next time he came—he came several times—he said: 'I couldn't sleep very well last night. I was worrying about the rice famine in India and thinking about the arrangements for the marriage of my daughter, the Princess Maud, to Prince Charles of Denmark. And then I wondered if you couldn't have a pad made for your palette so that it wouldn't hurt your thumb.' The thoughtfulness the anecdote illustrates was the secret of the King's hold on the affections of all who knew him.

German Efficiency.

Germany was well governed in certain particulars; it has grown rich and powerful; it surpassed most other states in a variety of ways not necessary to enumerate here. But why? To the mind steeped in Prussianism there was but one answer possible. It was the Government! To this two objections at once present themselves. The first is that there are two kinds or degrees of efficiency; the one like theirs, which, for want of a better name, we may call mechanical; the other of a less tangible quality, easily recognized, but hard to define, the efficiency of the individual as opposed to the corporate efficiency of the community. It is not possible here—perhaps it is not possible at all—to determine which of these is the more to be desired. But it is very apparent that what we call the spirit of liberty aligns itself rather with individual than with communal efficiency. And to that school, rightly or wrongly, we belong. And the second answer is not unlike the first. It is that we still await the proof that the desirable factors in the position which the Germans have attained, are due wholly or even in considerable part to their form of government. That is an assumption which, like too many assumptions proceeding from the same source, remains a dogma rather than a provable proposition.

Japan Is Anxious.

The ban on cotton and restriction on steel have caused much anxiety throughout Japan, but now chemical importers are at the fore protesting against the shutting off of their supplies of caustic soda, glycerin and soda ash, all of which are largely obtained from the United States. These three articles are much wanted in Japan. Attempts have been made to manufacture soda ash in Japan, but they are still in the experimental stage. Glycerin is produced in Japan by a few concerns, but their combined output is entirely inadequate.—East and West News.

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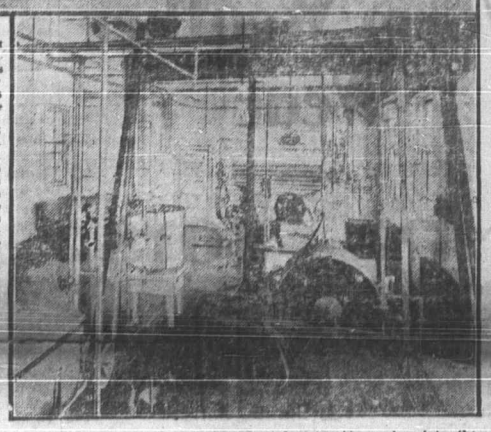
Manitoba Makes Another Record in Butter Exports



MANITOBA expects to export butter to the value of over $1,000,000 this year. When it is remembered that up to a very few years ago, it was necessary for this province to import butter for its home needs, the growth of the dairy industry there is remarkable. In 1916 fifty-eight cars of butter were exported. Last year the number was increased to ninety-six cars. Up to June 1st this year, with the grass season only well begun, fifty-six cars of butter had been sent out of the province. This number compares with twenty-five cars in the corresponding period of last year. The butter is made up in fifty-six pound prints and four hundred boxes make a car-load, so that, at present prices each car-load is worth $19,000. There is every indication that the present rate of export will be maintained if not accelerated during the year. All the expected butter from Manitoba is being sent to Montreal for shipment to the Allied nations in Europe.

The cheese industry is also progressing, it is only so far back as 1916 that fifty to fifty-five car loads of cheese were brought into the province for local consumption. With the output of the provincial factories increasing continually, the quantity of cheese imported was considerably reduced last year, and now for the first time in the history of the province a full carload of cheese is on its way for consumption elsewhere. The consignment left Winnipeg a few days ago for Montreal, where it will be graded and shipped overseas.

Although still in its infancy and capable of considerable growth yet, the dairy industry in Western Canada has been developing rapidly during the last few years. A high standard of quality is striven for, the aim being to produce butter of the best flavor with long keeping qualities. That the efforts in this direction have met with some measure of success is evidenced by the growing demand for butter from these provinces—a demand which is far greater than the output.

Pasteurization is almost universal in the creameries of Western Canada and more than ninety per cent of the butter made in Manitoba this year will be from pasteurized cream. The application of the Storch test has been very satisfactory in enabling the dairy officials to determine whether this process has been properly carried out. At rural points the cream is tested in the creameries by a travelling inspector; in the laboratories of the Department of Agriculture the test is applied to representative samples of butter. When the Department now tests and grades a car load of butter, it can, to all practical purposes, tell just how long it can stand in cold storage without deterioration.

At the present time the creameries are receiving forty-three cents a pound at points of shipment for special grade of butter; forty-two cents for No. 1 and forty cents for No. 2.

Judge (to negro who had been brought up by an Irishman): 'What were you doing when the prisoner at the bar saw you?'

Negro: 'I were'ot doin' nuthin', yer honah.'

Judge: 'You must have been doing something or the prisoner would not have attacked you.'

Negro: 'I weren't doin' nuthin', yer honah. I were just going along de street singing.'

Judge: 'What were you singing?'

Negro: 'Ireland must be heaven as my mother came from there.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'That b'y av mo'ne'll make his mark in the wurruld,' said an Irishman. 'He will that same,' replied his neighbor, 'if it's only by puttin' a lot in the mud.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'I don't exactly see how Nephew Arthur is going to get along over there in Europe,' said Mrs. Hornbeak. 'He can't speak enough of the foreign language to make him understood.'

'I suppose he'll need to,' replied Farmer Hornbeak. 'As I understand it, he has gone to shoot Germans, not to debate with them.'

Could Not Lift Stick of Wood

Would Almost Faint From Severe Pain in Back — Doctors Could Not Get the Kidneys Set Right.

A great many people suffer the results of deranged kidneys and do not understand the cause of trouble or the way to obtain cure. The writer of this letter suffered excruciating pains in the back and in vain his physician tried to cure him. For some reason or other his medicines did not have the desired effect.

Mr. Olts' brother was a merchant selling, among other medicines, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and he heard his customers telling about how they were cured of kidney derangements by their use. This led to Mr. Olts putting them to the test, with the splendid results reported in this letter.

Mr. E. C. Olts, Benton, Carleton County, N. B., writes: "I am glad to let you know how much your medicine has done for me. I suffered from my kidneys, which at one time were so bad I could not lift a stick of wood without getting on my knees, and then would almost faint from the pain in my back. I consulted a doctor about it, and he gave me some medicine, but it did not help me. My brother, who is a merchant, and carries all your medicines, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I got one box and they helped me so I got another one, and kept on until I had taken five boxes, which cured me. I have had no trouble with my back since, and am never without Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house. Last summer I also suffered from piles. I used three boxes of your Ointment, and it cured them. I can certainly recommend Dr. Chase's Pills and Ointment."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for $1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute or you will certainly be disappointed.

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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.

A Job for the Colonel.

Springfield Republican: Unless Col. Roosevelt is too busily engaged in other directions, it might be worth his while to try to ascertain who was responsible for classifying the manufacture of baby carriages as a non-essential industry.