NO MORE KIDNEY TROUBLE

Since He Commenced to Take "Fruit-a-tives"

73 Lees Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.

"Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from *Liver and Kidney Trouble*. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising.

I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now what I have not known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain".

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid 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.

Officers of Wolfville Union.

President—Mrs. B. O. Davidson.
1st Vice President—Mrs. G. W. Miller
2nd Vice President—Mrs. McKenna
Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Ernest Redden
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.

Superintendents.

Evangelistic—Mrs. George Bishop
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. Young
Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Red Cross and Lumbermen—Mrs. J. W. Vaughn.
Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson.
Temperance in Sabbath-scohols—Mrs. C. A. Patriquin.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.—Rm. 14: 31

Businessmeeting of the W. C. T. U. the last Friday of every month.

Holding the Home Trenches

We are thankful for the loyalty and devotion of our women to the old institutions, the W.C.T.U. and Church Societies. In the troubled times some even questioned the advisability of such societies. Social Service work or any kind of any other war work. We all know what a crying need there was for war workers. We all respect and admire the noble bands of women engaged in I O D E and Red Cross but we also admire the women who had faith enough to work along the old lines. [illegible] work in these stirring times. And we feel sure it has met with God's approval—holding in the home trenches for Him.

Maybe not making striking advancement, but just holding on so that the enemy may feel that the work we have started is being held by good soldiers of the Cross, who will not lay their armor down. And this verse comes to us: Fear Thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea I will uphold thee with the Right Hand of My Righteousness.' Why should we fear when we have this wonderful promise, 'I will uphold thee.' Sometimes we are apt to get discouraged and say 'I don't think I'll belong to the W.C.T.U. I cannot see much good in going to a meeting once a month or so; perhaps just a few there.' The answer comes, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name—there am I in the midst of them.' Is it not worth while then to meet together and have that presence with us? For God and home and Canada, the work of the Society must be extended and supported.

How much do we owe to the women pioneers of this movement? Only eternity will reveal. We are coming to a critical time. The Temperance people must rally and stand firm, resolved to fight to the end. It is a terrible menace. More than twenty years ago Frances Willard said: 'Were I asked to define in a sentence the thought and purpose of the W.C.T.U., I would reply, It is to make the world more homelike.' Women to-day have the same ideal, and while woman's advent into political life will not revolutionize society, yet it is believed that the problems of the future will be better solved because men and women will stand together and will apply their united powers of heart and brain to public questions. We must rally round the old temperance banner at this time, allies in a good cause.

As the boys come home, let there be no bar rooms to tempt them; let us fight for clean cities and towns, that will be safe for our children when they leave the home nest where they have been sheltered from all kinds of evil. It is cruel to shield and shelter them and then when the time comes for them to leave the home nest to thrust them out a prey to the demons of intemperance and impurity, all waiting for them along seemingly fair paths. Let our prayer be: 'Use me, my God, in Thy great harvest field which stretcheth far and wide.'

It looks now as if we could at least be assured a good breakfast for the future as eggs, bacon and butter are all on the downward reck in price. The vision of a ten dollar price per bushel for beans has also vanished and now bean eaters can get that article for four dollars or less per bushel.

A Cure for Bad Breath

"Bad breath is a sign of decayed teeth, foul stomach or useless bowel." If your teeth are good, look to your digestive organs at once. Get Seigel's Curative Syrup at druggists. 15 to 30 drops after meals, clean up your food passage and stop the bad breath odor. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles. Do not buy substitutes. Get the genuine. 6

The Linnet With His Breast of Flame.

The linnet, with his breast of flame
And notes all winged with fire,
Sang a mad song without a name;
He sang and sang, and did not tire.
'Come, taste,' he sang, 'this wonderous thing,
New love with new love mated,
New winds, new flowers, new leaves that cling—
The whole world was created.
Summer and Autumn, dull December
To run toward this fair day!'
But a dove kept mourning: 'I remember
A fairer bygone May!'

I listened to the linnet's singing
And put away old grief,
Buried dead love; where winds were swinging
And kissing every shining leaf
I walked, lost gladness to recover
Lost youth to find again
I sought the sunny meadows over
New love to heal old pain
I could have kindled new love's ember
Had I heard but the linnet sing.
But a dove kept mourning: 'I remember
A sweeter vanished Spring!'

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 appetite fickle and digestion bad, when you know that the nerves are in bad condition. Don't wait for these conditions to become chronic but start in early with the use of Dr Chase's Nerve Food and ward off disaster

Newsy Notes

Gleaned From Various Sources

Canada has put in a bill of $1,500,000,000 for the Huns to pay

One out of nine weddings in the United States ends in divorce

Alberta has the greatest coal production of any province in Canada

Our new copper coin will be a little larger than our ten cent silver piece

Members of the Canadian Navy who performed service at sea during the war are to share in any prize money, the same as British marines

German civilian prisoners in Canada are being hurried to the shipping ports and will be sent over the ocean in bunches of 400 to England and thence, later, to Germany.

The Palestine Film Company of San Francisco, is about to establish a subsidiary corporation in Canada with a capitalization of $1,000,000 and plans to open its studio in St John.

To illustrate the shipping shortage as affecting Australia, it may be mentioned that there is at present sufficient wheat in Australia awaiting shipment, to fill 800 vessels of 500 [illegible]

Six thousand Belgian civilians died during the war, as the result of German ill-treatment. Seven thousand children were made orphans, and 125 men were deported from Belgium by the Germans.

The Allies will have to feed 85 000,000 people and will require nearly 400,000 tons of food per month for this big job; so there is but little little chance of cheaper food i these starving ones are satisfied.

The bottom has dropped out of the potato markets as far as Ontario, Aroostook County and St. John river sections are concerned. In Houlton Presque Isle and Caribou, tubers have declined to $1.75 and $2 per barrel and in Ontario to 90 cents and $1 a bag. The market is flat.

A Berlin despatch Thursday reported that the German Government would create a court of investigation for Germans accused of crimes during the war who had requested investigation of their cases. It was said that the court would also try General Ludendorff, Admiral Tirpitz, former Chancellor von Bethmann-Holweg former Foreign Minister von Jagow and others. Former Emperor William and former Crown Prince Frederick William will be among those who will be tried by the high court which the German National Assembly will create. Paris newspapers say Former Foreign Minister Zimmerman also will be brought before the court

PILES

Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, 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 clergyman who was not disinclined toward an occasional glass, says London Tit-Bits, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. He brought out a number of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked to see if there was anything in it. The clergyman, who was walking on the lawn noticed him and said: 'They are all dead ones, Mike.'

'They are,' answered Mike. 'But there is one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they passed away.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Nearly every day sees the return of some of our soldier lads from overseas. They are coming back to receive from us our thanks for the name they have made for themselves for us, and for Canada on the battlefields of Europe. Let their welcome be hearty and our interest in their welfare be continued.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

A Study in Monogamy

By JANE OSBORNE

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It was just before Philip Lewis' last college vacation that his celebrated old uncle, James Devridge, told him in his blunt, quaint way that he was strongly of the opinion that he—Philip—was a lazy, loafing, worthless specimen of humanity, and utterly unworthy of being James Devridge's sole heir, as had been that distinguished man's original intentions.

On the charge of never having done anything in life that he had not been made to do, Philip mentioned the fact, not at all boastfully but only in self-defense, that he had brought down various prizes for his amateur photography.

"Yes, but what value has it been—pictures of pretty girls and horses or something of that sort," muttered the old scientist. "If you could get photographs of birds that would do to illustrate this book I've been working over, they might count for something."

"Give me a chance," challenged the nephew. "What sort of pictures do you want?"

"Read the manuscript and find out," was the uncle's answer. "The book is a study of monogamous habits among the birds of eastern North America. It is not a popular work at all. I doubt if you can make head or tail of it. It requires a scientific point of view, and that you don't possess."

"I'll try it," said the nephew, and the day after work at college was over he started off to a little cabin in the northern mountain country of New England, where his uncle had in years past done considerable observation of bird life, there to get the photographs the uncle had assured him he couldn't get. Philip was perfectly confident of his lenses and his cameras and his photography. The thing that troubled him was knowing what sort of pictures to take. For the first three days of his stay in the woods country he read the duplicate manuscript his uncle had given him. Frankly he was not very much encouraged.

Then he yearned for a letup of his solitude, and with characteristic bluntness asked the old countryman who drove the stage that passed his door twice a day whether there were any nice girls in the neighborhood. "There is only one good-looker," said the old man, who seemed to have made careful observations, "and she's queer. You wouldn't like her and she wouldn't have anything to do with you, neither. She lives alone in the summer in a shack in the woods next to yours. She's awful queer. But she do be good looking."

"How's she queer?" queried Philip.

"Powerful queer—that's how queer. She sometimes sets a whole day at a time under a bush in the gully, and one day I seen her setting way up in the tip-top of a tree. Well, she was there when I went down in the morning and still there when I come home in the afternoon. Don't know how she got there, but there she was. And she goes around with opera glasses, just as if she thought there was a show going on, and she whistles and chirrups to herself, and—well, there's no doubt but she's queer," concluded the old man with a significant tapping of the side of his own head, as if to indicate where the weakness lay.

Philip needed no further proof. He believed the old man had exaggerated the matter, but he had no doubt of the young woman's dementia. One day—while still reading his uncle's manuscript, hoping to find a clue as to what his photographs should be—he saw the strange young lady, sitting not in the top of one of her own trees, but in the top of one of the trees very near to his own shack. He looked at her from the safety of his shack and then assuming a perfectly confident air and a cheerful whistle, ventured out and began to walk noisily about the tree.

"Oh, please tread softly," said the strange young lady. "I think they are settling here in this tree. If you disturb them they may go off again. Please go away, won't you?" Philip withdrew and did not return till later in the day, when the young lady descended very quietly.

"I think they are located," she told him. "They are in the next tree—two thrushes. I watched them in my own trees and then they came over here. I can watch them beautifully from this other tree that I was sitting in. I hope you don't mind."

"Why, please, were you watching just those thrushes?" he asked her, and she told him that if he would let her stay and eat lunch with him in his shack instead of having to tramp back the half mile to her own, she would take time to tell him. It was in his little cabin dining room over a rustic sort of luncheon that Philip prepared for them—coffee, smoky of aroma, but delicious to the appetite, sharpened by woods air, sliced ham, dry biscuits and cheese—that the girl explained.

"Well, you see, I am making a study of monogamy among birds—that is, I want to get a little data that will be of some value in establishing the fact that thrushes either are or are not monogamous—that is, that they do or don't mate for life. Last year I worked hard all summer. I studied the birds from the tree tops and from under the hedges. No one knows how long I sat silently so as not to disturb them, and I trapped some of them long enough to fasten little bracelets on their ankles. I knew that if the same birds came back to these trees this year and mated with the same mates, then I would have some small fact to contribute to this great study. And now two of the birds with my bracelets have come back and I think they are the mates of last year. Once they get settled for nesting I can get closer to them and find out. You know, James Devridge, the greatest of all bird students and one of the greatest scientists of the day, has made a special study of this. I read everything he writes, and I heard him lecture once. He said that he didn't have anywhere near enough data on the subject of monogamy and that anyone who would seriously go about it to collect it might feel that she was making a real contribution to science. So I made up my mind to do it. That is much better than frittering one's time away dancing or loafing at a summer resort. I've got quite a lot of data, and some day I'm going to take it to Mr. Devridge and tell him it is my contribution to science."

"Then—you understand what the old fellow is getting at in those books of his?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He's just finished a new book on bird monogamy. I am so impatient to read it. It must be wonderful."

"Here is a bargain," said Philip, draining the coffee pot for a last cup of coffee to offer to his companion. "I'll let you read that wonderful book if you'll tell me what it is about. And that led very easily to telling the girl the predicament he was in.

It was in mid-summer that James Deveridge came up to the mountain camp to visit his nephew.

"At least you have stayed here," he said. "I don't know what you have been doing, but I thought you would have given up long before this." Philip lost no time in showing his uncle what he had been doing. There were hundreds of photographs that no eyes save those of Philip and Alice Gerry had ever fallen upon before. The negatives had been developed and the pictures had been printed in the shack. Of this detail of the process Philip was a past master. What amazed the uncle was that the pictures were so entirely what he wanted.

"They are the most wonderful pictures I have ever seen," said the old man, tears coming into his usually hard old eyes. "It is as if I had suddenly found you, my nephew. It has always been my grief that no one of my own has been interested in the work I do. But you must be interested or you could not have done these pictures. They are as good in their way as anything I ever did."

A little later Alice Gerry, dressed in her usual tree-climbing attire, slipped into the shack and came straight over to the old man's side.

"I've always longed to meet you," she said with a timidity that indicated her admiration better than any elaborate compliments she might have expressed would have done. "I've been getting together a few notes to give you on my own observations. I have always wondered if you would accept them."

There was just a little disappointment in the old man's face as he took the girl's hands into his. "Then the pictures were not my nephew's work—and you, like the others who understand my work, will go away from me and leave me alone. I had hoped my nephew took the pictures."

"He did take them," the girl assured him. "He took every one and took most of them alone. I just showed him at first and then he became as enthusiastic as I—"

"And, anyway," interrupted the nephew, who perhaps had never appreciated his eccentric old uncle as much before as he should have, "Alice is going to be your niece. We were just waiting to ask your blessing."

And in truly patriarchal fashion the white-haired old man stood and raised his hands in benediction.

Hen Cannot Rival the Fish.

Information concerning the number of eggs produced by various species of fish has been limited mainly to rather rough estimates. According to the Allgemeine Fischerei-Zeitung, some careful counts were made last year at the Bavarian trout hatchery. The first investigations were in connection with common trout and rainbow trout; 58 specimens of the former and 54 of the latter were stripped and the spawn counted. The older and heavier fish were found to have the most eggs (ranging up to about 2,000), but the younger fish yielded a decidedly larger number of eggs in proportion to the weight of the fish. The experiments were repeated with perch (Perca fluviatilis), in this case the females just about to spawn being killed and the ovaries being removed and dissected. The number of eggs in perch ranged from 3,710 for a fish four inches long up to 80,160 for one 10.2 inches long; but in this species, also, the number of eggs per unit weight of fish is much larger in small than in large fish.—Scientific American.

Only One Aviator Has Reached Forty.

All this amazing science of war flying is in the hands of boys and youths. Rarely do we find a successful airman 40 years old. Lieutenant Colonel Piccio of Italy, with a score of seventeen airplanes brought down to date, is the only ace in the world who has reached this age. On the other hand, fully a score of celebrated fighting aces are under the age of 20. It is a young man's game, and solely by the experience and inventions of these young men will this important arm of warfare evolve and become perfected.—Lawrence La Tourette Driggs in the Century Magazine.

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Operation for Appendicitis

Mrs J A Ballantyne, Sturgeon Falls, Ont writes:—My husband was treated for appendicitis and the doctor ordered an operation. But he would not consent to an operation and began the use of Dr Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since doing so he has had no need for an operation or even of a doctor as the trouble has completely left him. I cannot find words to speak our gratitude for his cure.

Canada is making plans for an elaborate increase in her production of eggs and poultry, and to that end a meeting was held at Ottawa recently which was largely attended by farmers from all over the Dominion. Among the leading speakers was Prof. P. C. Elford, of the Dominion Experimental Farm, who advocated the policy of 100 hens for every farmer in Canada, or 75,000,000 head by the next census in 1921. Canada, at the low rate of six dozen eggs per hen per year, should then produce 450,000,000 dozen annually.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

Fox Farming on Prince Edward Island

A FEW years before the war, silver fox farming suddenly sprang into the list of Canadian industries, and from Atlantic to Pacific travellers in the observation cars of the C. P. R. used to have pointed out to them fences where thousands of dollars worth of animals were said to be penned up. Companies were formed to exploit fox farms, and the speculation was about as great as that in the Calgary oilfields. Since the outbreak of war less has been heard of this boom, and yet in certain districts it still seems to flourish. Fox furs are still in demand and are worth a great deal of money.

At the beginning of the pelting season in 1917 the number of foxes on the ranches of Prince Edward Island was approximately 10,000. From December 1st, 1917, to January 31st, 1918, 2,500 foxes were killed and their skins sold. In 1918 there was a pup production of 3,500, thus making the number of foxes at the opening of the last pelting season 11,000. Allowing for a kill of 3,500 during the past season and the shipment of a small number abroad the season of 1919 will open for ranch breeding with about 7,000 selected foxes as a breeding stock.

Good silver fox furs are of great value. They are worn by real queens and movie queens. When the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire was married not long ago a silver fox fur was one of the most prized gifts she received.

One of the best known fox ranches has a central passage through which is carried the feed to be distributed on either side and which is also used for carrying away the refuse from the pens. A guard fence nine feet high of boards with wire overhung and wire extending into ground encloses the ranch proper. This gives privacy, protection and prevents the foxes escaping should they get out from the central pens. Outside of the guard fence is a twenty feet watch tower used by the keeper to keep accurate records during mating season and general supervision throughout the year without unnecessarily disturbing the foxes. Each pen is of a large enough size to give the animal plenty of exercise and passages are arranged so that the keeper can give any pair the full use of two large pens. The pens are divided by double partitions of wire which prevent the animals from fighting and injuring themselves as might happen if only a single partition were provided. The wire netting runs down into the ground about three or four feet or to the hard earth, which is known as hard-pan. The walls are nine or ten feet high and have overhangs of netting extending two feet on either side of perpendicular walls to prevent the foxes from getting out or other foxes getting in. The latest model fox house is a twin-house, one being the den and the other the living room with a chute connecting and another chute for entrance from outside to the living room. These houses are each about four feet long, two feet wide and eighteen inches high with hinged roof to enable cleaning and catching foxes.

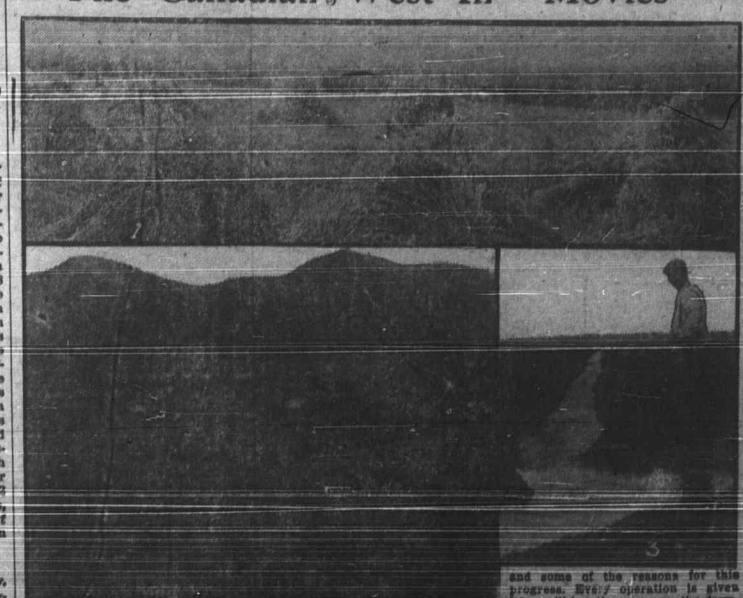
Americans bought 253 island foxes in 1918.

Japanese and Norwegians are entering the fox breeding industry. Japan took 34 island foxes last year and Norway took 24. Good prices were realized, averaging about $750 each.

A good time to visit a fox ranch is in the spring when the coats of the foxes are looking their best. Fox pups are usually born in March or April, mature to full growth by the following November and produce young in the succeeding spring.

(1) Coaxing some pups with tempting morsels.
(2) Black beauties watching the photographer. This pair in the last three years have produced fifteen beautiful pups and are big earners.
(3) A noble sire. This animal is a direct descendant of a fox whose pelt brought the world's record price, $2,700.00.

The Canadian West In "Movies"



(1) An Alberta Wheat Field.
(2) Movie Men Near Banff Springs Hotel.
(3) An Irrigation Stream.

At the present time there are being shown in various parts of the United States some pictures of actual scenes of various phases of farm life in Alberta, one of the prairie provinces of Canada. They show this country in a very different light from what many had been led to believe it to be. The films, which have been produced under the direction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Department of Colonization and Development, deal with irrigation farming, the dairy industry, and (2) lighter side of the farmer's life in Western Canada.

The film dealing with irrigation farming shows the land being prepared for irrigation, the application of water, growing crops of grain and alfalfa, harvesting, and livestock on the irrigated farm. It also shows the irrigation works, including the great Barnaby Dam, the largest of its kind in the world. The idea one gathers of these structures from the picture is that they were built to last, and that those who provided the money had great confidence in the country and the undertaking.

The dairy film shows the rapid progress this industry has made in Alberta during the last few years, and some of the reasons for this progress. Every operation is given life; milking the cows on the farm, delivering the cream to the creamery, grading the cream, making the butter, packing it, and shipping it to the markets in Europe or on the Pacific Coast. The government grading station where the butter is tested and given the grades under which it is sold shows that this new country is not taking second place to any other in the means employed in promoting its dairy industry. In sterilizing, bottling, and delivery of milk to the city residents everything is also up-to-date.

But that it is not all work over there and that the farmer and his family have many diversions is shown in a picture dealing with what may be called the lighter side of life on the farm in Western Canada. A farmer and his family are pictured in their comfortable home, the children have been to school, the mother has finished her household tasks, has fed the chickens and milked the cow, the father has returned from his work in the field. They are planning to go to the summer fair at Calgary. They decide to go. They are shown at the fair mingling with the crowd, enjoying themselves on the roundabouts, in the shows, and watching the automobile races and other events. The splendid horses, cattle, sheep and hogs on view at the exhibition are also pictured. Altogether the party spends a very enjoyable day.

Later in the season, they go for a holiday. They have not far to go. They find in the same services holiday resorts that afford an excellent change. They go to one of these places on the shores of a large inland lake. Here they enjoy themselves bathing, boating, fishing, and basking in the sunshine on the sands. Afterwards they visit Banff in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and in connection with their visit some magnificent mountain scenery is thrown on the screen. Evidently the life of the farmer in Western Canada is not all work and no play.

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5:20 Accom. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday for Liverpool and intermediate stations.

7.35 Accom. daily except Sunday for Middleton and intermediate stations.

10.15 Accom. daily except Sunday for Mahone Jct. and Lunenburg

12.15 Accom. daily except Sunday for Yarmouth and intermediate stations.

15.40 Accom. daily except Sunday for Halifax and intermediate stations.

17.00 Accom. daily except Sunday for New Germany, Caledonia and intermediate stations.

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PUBLIC NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Avard J. Woodman, late of Wolfville, merchant and undertaker, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

SELINA WOODMAN, Administratrix,
OTTA POSHAY, Administrator.

Wolfville, October 3, 1919