OWES HER LIFE TO "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

The Wonderful Medicine, Made From Fruit Juices and Valuable Tonics.

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ

29 St. Rose St., Montreal.

"I am writing you to tell you that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-tives'. This medicine relieved me when I had given up hope of ever being well.

I was a terrible sufferer from *Dyspepsia*—had suffered for years; and nothing I took did me any good.

I read about 'Fruit-a-tives'; and tried them. *After taking a few boxes* I eat now enjoy well. [illegible] when doubtless all hope had vanished. You have my permission to publish this letter, as I hope it will persuade other sufferers from Dyspepsia to take 'Fruit-a-tives' and get well".

MADAME ROSINA FOISIZ.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made from fruit.

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.
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Press—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Eaton.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

World's W. C. T. U. Notes.

Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich writes from China: At our latest W. C. T. U. meeting we decided to make 'comfort bundles' and I have organized a committee for industrial work for the needy. Children's clothes, of strong cotton cloth wadded with cotton, are being made by fifty women. At noon we serve a warm meal of millet broth and large cakes of corn meal—into which beans have been crushed. I do enjoy my four classes in our union Bible School where I teach hygiene and home economics; the women are so eager and their eyes shine so brightly. Our shelter for the jinrik sha men has proved a great boon and we have permission to build another. The protection from the heat, and the pure hot drinking water saves many men from the constant desire to drink and smoke.

The national W. C. T. U. of Japan has held in Tokyo a great bazaar for the benefit of the people living on the island of Tsukisima, most of whom are sufferers from a destructive typhoon. Thousands of garments and other supplies donated by sympathizing friends were sold at a fraction of their value to the needy, the poor and the old. White ribboners stood all day in the selling booths. In preparation for the bazaar the national W. C. T. U. officers and others spent many days washing, repairing and classifying the clothing. All over Japan the people and officials have marvelled at the sympathy and great work of the W. C. T. U.

A Builder of Health

Nothing can be of greater assistance in building up the system than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for this food cure forms new, rich blood, and nourishes and restores the feeble, wasted nerve cells. Gradually and naturally the body and mind regain vigor and energy, and you feel again the joy of living which comes only to people in good health.

At a parade of a company of newly called-up men the drill instructor's face turned scarlet with rage as he stated a new recruit for his awkwardness.

'Now Rafferty, he roared, 'you will spoil the line with those feet. Draw them back at once, man, and get them in line.'

Rafferty's dignity was hurt.

'Pieze, sargint, he said, 'they are not mine! they are Micky Doolan's in the rear rank!'

After Measles Whooping Cough or Scarlet Fever

the extreme weakness often results in impaired hearing, weakened eyesight, bronchitis and other troubles, but if *Scott's Emulsion* is given promptly, it carries strength to the organs and creates rich blood to build up the depleted forces.

Children Relish Scott's Emulsion. Free from Harmful Drugs.

Out of the Shadow

By SUSAN CLAGETT

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

"deer miss kin yo help we uns me an liz Crawford is havin a Hard time guvment tuk our mens an we alls tryin to git vittles an cloths to Give the chilrun to eat we calat an miss Honey we alls mos purish me an liz an her Gal babys is livin with mol wade an arfter we als dun git thru the wuk thars nufin to do but set fore the Fire an tat an knit an wonor of our mensll kum hum an how we unsll git thru the Winter it is Awful cold an me an mol go up the mountin an cut down pine saplins an drag em hum i aint plainin miss honey an i aint begin but i jest wants to know of yore friensll buy we alls Tatin.

'With great Respec yore

"Frien liza rankin."

Lavinia read the letter over and over again. She could make nothing of it but a jumble of words all but illegibly written. Not a comma, not a period. She glanced at the name: liza rankin, and light came to her. The meaning of the letter became clear. Her throat contracted with an uncomfortable ache and tears hid the package in her [illegible] and other articles. Tel Halifax, formerly of Parrsboro. The room. When she fumbled with unseeing eyes.

It was roughly and insecurely tied and she wondered how it had come intact through the mails. As the thought flashed through her mind a smaller package dropped upon the floor. With an exclamation she picked up yards of beautifully fine and intricate tatting. Examining the contents of the larger bundle, she found it contained several sets of table mats with crocheted borders and coarse, homespun linen centers.

Her mind went back to the summer just past and the several summers before when she had helped spin the cloth from flax raised in the little clearing about the cabin. If she had been asked she could not have told how she had heard of the little home in the Tennessee mountains across the border from Virginia, but each summer thereafter had found her a visitor, and she and Eliza Rankin had become fast friends.

She had helped Eliza make her wedding dress; had returned to the mountain for the wedding, taking with her from her own store of furniture enough to make comfortable the tiny two-room log house that was to be Eliza's future home. She had been with her when the child was born; had been with her when, dry-eyed, the grief-stricken mother had laid the still little form in its crib for the last time, and it was in the rough little cabin that Lavinia came under the influence that altered the course of her own life when she raised her head from her spinning and met the keen, questioning gray eyes of the mountain doctor who had stopped for a moment to ask for a drink of milk.

She met him often in her wanderings about the mountain, but aside from the pleasure of an occasional meeting she had given him no thought until she raised her head that day and her eyes were held by the dominant gray ones of the man standing in the doorway.

She felt as if he was reading her very soul. Filled with resentment, the angry color flooded her face under his merciless gaze. Indignantly she straightened in her chair. Then, to her everlasting shame, she left the spinning wheel and walked directly into his arms.

She left the mountain the next day. There was a long wait at Bristol before the arrival of the north-bound train, but almost as it came into sight Doctor Cochran crossed the platform to her side.

"Eliza told me you had gone. Why?" he had asked abruptly.

She had looked at him coolly, critically. A big, awkward but powerfully built man, coarsely clothed with his blue homespun shirt open at the throat and sleeves pushed carelessly back from his muscular arms. Her very silence brought to him a realization of her thought.

"Oh! That's it! A mountain man is not good enough! You want the fine clothes, the suavity and convention to which you are accustomed. You can have them if you want. I do not doubt it. But whoever he be he will never have what you have given to the mountaineer."

She had risen and faced him. "How dare you?"

He had laughed roughly in interruption. "Dare? I dare anything, my dear young lady, and I tell you plainly that in that half hour in Eliza Rankin's cabin you gave me what you will never give another man, and that was your soul," and turning on his heel he left her as the train pulled into the station.

She heard from him once, months later. He wrote that he had volunteered and must see her before he left for France. The note was unanswered. He did not come, and as the days passed she knew her day of reckoning was upon her; that she had let him go to his work thinking her heartless.

It all came back as she looked at the work in her lap and as she let the beautiful tatting slip over her fingers her resolution was taken.

Naturally she met opposition when she told her family she was going to the mountain for a brief stay, but she went on about the carrying out of her plan and blessed the aunt who left her a small legacy to do with as she would.

Knowing that the railroads were congested by the movement of troops, she hired a motortruck to carry food and told the chauffeur she was going with him across the width of Virginia. His expression spoke volumes and when out of hearing uttered words not intended for a woman's ears.

She persuaded a married friend to accompany her. This she regretted later on, for the cold was intense and there was tire trouble. To her it meant delay, but her friend could see nothing in the trip but her own folly in yielding to Lavinia's wishes.

"I will leave you at Hot Springs and go alone," Lavinia told her at last. "It was really too much to ask of you."

"I will keep on until we reach a railroad," Mrs. Howard answered shortly. "When we come to that bond with civilization I will leave you to your own devices. What on earth put such an idea into your head. Couldn't you have sent the things by freight?"

"Eliza and the others need food, and this is the quickest way to get it to them," Lavinia answered.

Fortunately her chauffeur was a Virginian and had come from the section of the state to which she was going. He had known the Rankins and Wades. "We played together when we was kids," he told her. "It'll go hard with the women in the mountains with their men gone." For a moment he looked troubled. "I s'pose you wonder why a husky feller like me isn't stay-at-home. I ain't no slacker. I has a wife an' five kids an' the orfercer tol' me to stay at home an' take kyar of 'em."

Never in her life before had Lavinia been so conscious of the comforts of fire as when she entered the log cabin an hour later, stiff and shivering. But it wasn't much of a fire, just a handful of sticks upon which Eliza threw a few pine cones that blazed up at once. Standing before it, Lavinia looked about. There was but the one room. Side by side in one corner stood two beds covered with gay patchwork quilts. Four bright eyes peered at her from the farthest one. From the nearer came a slight moan.

"I did not know anyone was sick, Eliza."

"Liz wore jes' po'ly when I writ, miss, honey. She give up las' nigh'. I put the chilrun in bed to keep warm. Moil is out tryin' to git wood. Miss, honey, I shorely think the Lord dun sent you."

"There must be someone who can get wood for you," Lavinia said. "Where is Jake Fox? He is too old to be called."

For a moment Eliza did not answer. "He's a-haulin' for money an' we alls didn' have none."

Lavinia opened her purse. "Give him this and tell him to hurry with a load."

The mountain woman drew back. "I ain't beggin', honey."

"Of course not. I expect you to pay it back. But now I am cold and hungry and we will talk about it after a while," and throwing aside her wraps, she went over to speak to Lizzie Crawford.

For a week she watched beside that bed in the corner, resting between times in a big chair before the fire. At the end of that time as she was bending over the bed the door was thrown open and a hearty voice said:

"I came back to take a look around before I left for France, Eliza; heard Lizzie was sick and came over to see what was the matter." The voice stopped short. "You!"

For a second of time Lavinia thought she would suffocate with the beating of her heart, then she said quietly: "I heard they were in trouble, so I came."

The man's hand was not quite steady as he reached over and laid his fingers upon Lizzie's wrist. "There is no fever, I think—" He caught sight of Lavinia's eyes and turned abruptly away.

Her gaze followed him, then rested upon the compass quilt, the figure of which she began to trace absently with her finger. She had thought him in France, now that he was here there were things she must say to him and they would take courage.

He interrupted her thought. "Come here," he said peremptorily. "I must see your eyes again. They gave me your soul once. Convention and training hid them from sight. I am wondering if it was forever."

There was just an instant of pause, her eyes held by his as she went toward him and again, as that first time, she walked directly into his arms.

Our Partners in Joys and Sorrows.

A writer says in the American Magazine:

"It is a good phrase we have for describing women, 'partners of our joys and sorrows.' I know not how it may be with other men, but it is thus with me: In the regular routine of life, when nothing much is happening, when the days go by one after the other filled with their monotonous rounds of duties, I can, if necessary, exist for long periods without the company of women. In such days and weeks they are sometimes, to be sure, a pleasing distraction; but they are not food and drink and shelter. I can, if need be, survive. But let success break through the monotony of the daily grind, and I must have a woman to share it; half its sweetness is lost otherwise. And failure without their God-given chatter and unquenchable optimism is utterly intolerable. I say I know not how it may be with other men, but it is thus with me."

The Reason.

"These mountain-climbing records are not trustworthy."

"Why not?"

"Because mountain climbing is a thing which by its nature is never on the level."

PORT WILLIAMS FRUIT CO. LIMITED

Get Our Prices

on Flour and Feed. Oats also on hand. Try a bag of Ground Wheat or Barley. Best feed on the market to-day for pigs or horses.

What about the cows next fall? Bran and Middlings will be very scarce. Place your order now for Oil cake—34 per cent. protein—and avoid the rush.

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Evening Functions nad After-Theatre Suppers arranged. Afternoon Teas.

W. G. STACKHOUSE,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

PHONE 101.

A Lovely Lake on the Pacific Slope

Okanagan Lake and Kettle Valley Railway. Inserted is a C. P. R. steamer at Penticton, on the Okanagan Lake.

Okanagan Lake!

What an alluring, suggestive place name it is.

First locate it on the map. Down in Southern British Columbia; due south from Sicamous, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway; due south too from picturesque Vernon; due north from Penticton, is the boundary county of British Columbia. Between Vernon and Penticton lies the lake known as Okanagan.

Okanagan is a lake of rarest beauty, even in a land of lakes of rarest beauty. Each mile of its length a mile of scenic loveliness, each league of its bank a league of varied charm.

The journey over the long and winding lake is a day's journey of unique interest, from the moment the steamer is boarded at Okanagan Landing till it ties up for the night at Penticton. A comfortable boat it is, and a comfortable day of travel follows as the panorama of ports passes by.

The nature picture is complete. The shimmering waters that reflect every passing sun ray or carressing, fleecy cloud, are bordered by green-garbed mountains. At their base rest tier on tier of bench lands that spell rich fertility, for they bear the fruits that have spread the fame and name of Okanagan far afield. How the eye feasts on smiling orchards and vineyards, as the mouth feasts on their luscious crops. Down the steep slopes come the leashed waters that irrigate when and where irrigation is needed, the life-giving streams being trained on tree and vine and garden with wonderful results.

Fields of grain and patches of grass make a checker-board of color, while the water-side towns add their note of human communism. Their very place names are musical and attractive: such as Kelowna, Peachland, Summerland, with many a charming in-between settlement.

Then there fits in to the landscape frame the cosy, picturesque bungalow of the rancher farmer or fruit grower, set in a garden and facing an incomparable view.

Down at the wharves, the steamer receives its freightage of crated fruit that will feed many mouths in many a distant home, for the great west is an eager customer for the peaches and pears, the apples and the grapes of this favored fruitland country.

So one drinks in the beauty of the Okanagan from the deck of the steamer during a journey that takes most of the lighted hours of a day. And so one may travel above the lake over a wonderful stretch of railway, for the Kettle Valley Line, defying nature's obstacles, makes its sinuous way near the crests of the mountains. A thrilling scene greets the eye in a bird's eye view of the entire lake hundreds of feet below, nestling like a crystal gem in its granite basin, and taking on a silver hue as the setting sun lays its carpet of sheen on the waters. Each cluster of homes stands out clearly against its background of foliage or forest; motor craft speed along, looking very small in the wide space of waters, and glimpses of shore roadways show that the traveller could circle the lake by land if he so desired.

Finally, the train dips from the heights to the lower levels, from the hill crests to Penticton town. The sun has done its day's work, the shades are swallowing up the beautiful world of water and town and mountain, and the Lake of the Okanagan sleeps, like all nature and some humans.

F. Y.

LABOR and CAPITAL SIT DOWN TOGETHER

Top Row (reading from right to left).—Sir George Bury, Vice-President, Canadian Pacific Railway; Geo. K. Wark, Vice-President, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen; F. F. Backus, General Manager, Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway; H. Shearer, Michigan Central Railroad; J. M. Mein, Deputy President, Order of Railroad Telegraphers; S. R. Payne, Ottawa and New York Railway; S. J. Hungerford, General Manager, Canadian Northern Railway Eastern Lines; W. V. Turnbull, Vice-President, International Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees; C. A. Hayes, General Manager, Canadian Government Railways, Eastern Lines.

Bottom Row (reading from right to left).—S. N. Berry, Vice-President, Order of Railway Conductors; Ash Kennedy, Asst. Grand Chief Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; D. B. Hanna, Third Vice-President, Canadian Northern Railway; Major G. A. Bell, Acting Deputy Minister, Railways and Canals; J. H. Walsh, General Manager, Quebec Central Railway; James Murdock, Vice-President, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

TO work for four years with greater speed, cheaper, and with only brief and local interruptions compared to the choked transportation of neighboring countries, to be cited in those foreign countries as an example of competent long distance operation—and then to be blocked or hampered by labor trouble! This was the anti-climax which the Canadian Railway War Board, under which all Canadian Railways are operated nowadays, strove to avoid and finally did overcome by creating, with the assistance of the Government and the labor unions, the Railway Labor Board of Canada. The accompanying photograph was taken after the meeting between railway labor leaders and the railway managers, at which the new Board was finally formed and commissioned to adjust the application in Canada of the McAdoo Scale of Wages, as well as any other controversies that may arise between the workers and their officers.

In the picture there are shown not only the senior executives of some of the most powerful labor organizations in the world, but an equal number of great railroad managers, including Sir George Bury, the expert operating Vice-President of the C. P. R., whose report on the railroads of Russia brought him knighthood. The picture was taken in the Canadian Railway War Board offices after this group had formed the Railway Labor Board of Canada, which will handle in future all railway labor troubles and will adjust the McAdoo scale of wages to Canada's 147,000 railway employees.

There was a crash of glass out in the hall, and we went out to see what had occurred. When we arrived, the glass was there, some innocent bystanders were there, but there was no visible victim.

'What happened?' we asked.

'Bill was coming along the hall, and his foot slipped, and he plunged forward and struck his head right through that glass door!'

'Well, where's Bill?'

'In the next room being plastered up.'

'Was he cut much?'

'Well, his face w[illegible] an injured expression.'

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Relief is instantaneous. This powder heals the membrane. Catarrh, Coryza, Snuffles, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Deafness, etc. a box, blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

'Was your wife angry when you got home so late last night?'

'Angry! Why she pelted me with flowers.'

'And how did you get that black eye?'

'Well, she neglected to take the flowers out of the pots before she threw them.'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

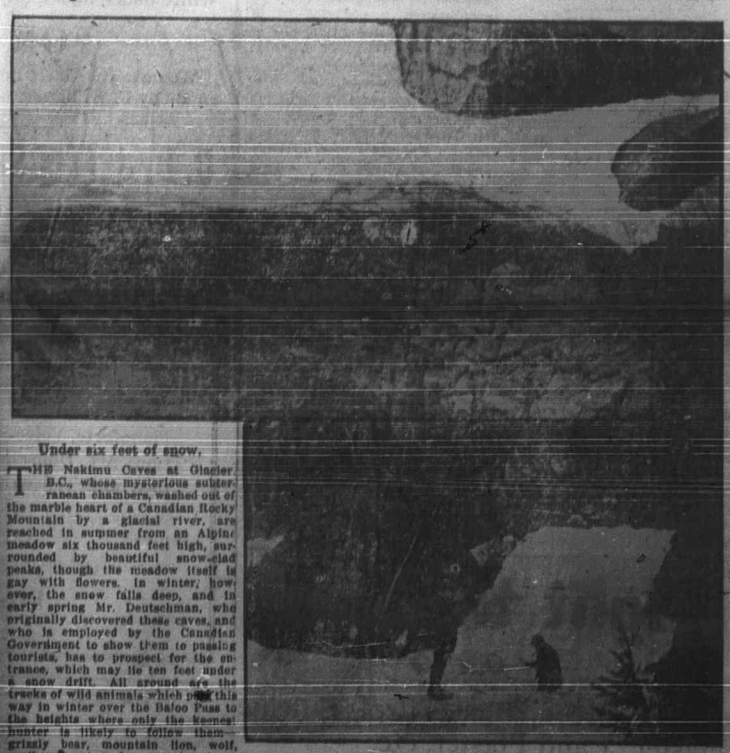
Friendship means more and at the same time less than any other word in the English language.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

After the cow jumped over the moon she probably wandered down the milky way.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Mysterious Subterranean Chambers



Mr. Deutschman digging for the main entrance to caves.

Under six feet of snow.

THE Nakimu Caves at Glacier, B.C., whose mysterious subterranean chambers, washed out of the marble heart of a Canadian Rocky Mountain by a glacial river, are reached in summer from an Alpine meadow six thousand feet high, surrounded by beautiful snow-clad peaks, though the meadow itself is gay with flowers. In winter, however, the snow falls deep, and in early spring Mr. Deutschman, who originally discovered these caves, and who is employed by the Canadian Government to show them to passing tourists, has to prospect for the entrance, which may lie ten feet under a snow drift. All around are the tracks of wild animals which pass this way in winter over the Baloo Pass to the heights where only the keenest hunter is likely to follow them—grizzly bear, mountain lion, wolf, caribou, goat and mountain sheep. In summer, of course, the fiercer animals are but rarely seen, but the whistling marmots come and play around the cabin door, cheekily begging bread from the luncheon sandwiches, while overhead the eagle flies in tireless watch for his own prey. The caves themselves are entirely uninhabited, and so far no fish have been discovered in the waters of the river. Under the blaze of a map nonpareil ribbon, however, there is scenery enough, and to spare—the marble flowered walls contrasting strangely with the water torn floor. Up to the present no one has discovered what becomes of the torrent which rages through the caves. It does not find any exit in the Illecillewaet Valley below, but there are strange springs on the mountain side forty miles away, which Mr. Deutschman suspects to be connected with this subterranean river.

J. C. B. B.

Too Nervous To Sleep

Nerves Wrecked by Accident — Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells Of His Cure.

Much sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakened and excited condition of his nerves.

Detroit doctors did what they could for him, but he could not get back his strength and vigor until he fortunately heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is no mere accident that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves to be exactly what is needed in so many cases of exhausted nerves. It is composed of the ingredients which nature requires to form new blood and create new nerve force. For this reason it cannot fail and for this reason it succeeds when ordinary medicines fail.

Mr. Laurence E. Dorsey, 22 Stanley street, London, Ont., writes: "About three years ago I got my foot smashed in an elevator in Detroit, which completely wrecked my nerves. I doctored with the doctors there, but they did not seem to be able to help me. My nerves were in such a state that I could not go down town alone or go any place where there was a crowd. Sometimes my mother would have to sit and watch over me at night, and sometimes I could not get any sleep at all. But one day last winter I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and before I had completely used the first box I could see a difference in my condition. I continued using these pills for some time. The result was splendid. I feel so much better, can sleep well at night, can go out on the street and attend gatherings like the rest of people. I am so pleased to be able to tell you what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me, and to recommend it to other people."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for $2.75, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

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Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.

Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed.

COAL!

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Albion Nut,
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A. M. WHEATON

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The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.

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Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. Ninety acres of Orchards fully improved, in whole or part. Price exceptionally low. 20

C. A. Porter, Local Agent.

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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 satisfaction.

J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville