

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 86 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

AMERICAN SUBS. CROSSED ATLANTIC

They Are Now Engaged in Hunting German U-boats in British Waters.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—In the face of the bitter wind and gales, American submarines, primarily designed, have crossed the Atlantic to England to enter the common fight against German U-boats. They are now aiding Allied naval forces as are American destroyers and American naval airmen, and they have been in the war zone for some months. Secretary Daniels revealed the fact that the submarines had gone "over there" in his address at Cleveland last Saturday at a Liberty Loan celebration, but gave no details. It is now possible, however, to tell for the first time of the mid-winter passage of the boats across the seas in the face of the most severe weather known in years. In the perilous passages, the best traditions of the service have been maintained.

Little has been said of the work of the British and French submarines in the U-boat hunt. They are playing a definite part, however, and lurking close to enemy bases. There have been encounters between submarines, reports of which read like fiction. The service has been described as a trying one for which men of courage and daring are needed. It is in this work, presumably, that the American submarines are engaged.

NO LOAFING IN WHOLE DOMINION UNDER NEW ORDER.

OTTAWA, April 5.—An order-in-council to suppress idleness has been adopted by the government. It provides that every male person shall be regularly engaged in some useful occupation, with the exception of persons under sixteen years of age and over sixty, or physically unfit, or a student or temporarily unemployed.

THE MINISTER'S MISSING WIFE

A most astounding slander is reported in the columns of a church paper. As it is often the case, this slander was directed against a minister. It was said that his wife was attending a certain meeting, that he went there in a rage, that he by violence dragged her from the hall, and that he by force compelled her to go home with him. He allowed the story to

Sir Robert Borden's Call to Food Production.



The Campaign for increased production of food stuffs now launched by the Canadian Food Board is of the most vital importance to the victory of the Allied cause. Because of our geographical position, the United Kingdom and the Allied Nations are depending on Canada for food as never before. Specific suggestions will be issued from time to time by the Canada Food Board for the guidance of the people; and it is the earnest hope of the Government that every citizen will realize his or her personal individual duty to adopt and carry out these suggestions. Mere perfunctory observance will not be enough; the crisis is grave and urgent beyond possibility of exaggeration; and it will only be through an earnest sense of individual responsibility that Canadians will be able in this matter to honor their obligations to their heroic soldiers overseas, who are defending our liberties at a cost beside which any personal inconvenience or discomfort on our part is insignificant.

R. Borden

circulate for a time, then riddled it as follows:—"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views nor her choice of a meeting. Secondly, my wife did not attend the meeting in question. In the third place, I did not attend the meeting myself. To conclude, neither my wife nor myself had any inclination to go to the meeting. Finally, I never had a wife."

An exchange puts it this way: "We live in a land of high mountains and high taxes, low valleys and low wages, big crooked rivers and big crooked statesmen, big lakes, big pumpkins, big men with pumpkin heads, silver streams that gamble in the mountains, and plous politicians that gamble in the night roaring cataracts and roaring orators, fast trains fast horses, fast young men sharp lawyers, sharp financiers, and sharp-toed shoes, noisy children, fertile plains that lie like a sheet of water, and a thousand newspapers that lie like thunder."

CAREFULLY SEALED IN GERM PROOF TUBES

PURITY OATS

BRINGS TO YOUR TABLE THE DELICIOUS NUT LIKE FLAVOUR OF THE FAMOUS ALBERTA OATS

MANUFACTURED BY

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MY FIRST GARDEN.

The decree has gone forth, that everyone must plant a garden.

Food is getting scarce, and soldiers wants are many. Our country calls us to do our share in the World's War, and a great share is to supply more and more food.

So the idea of the "home garden" takes deep root in the minds of the people, and on all the plots of ground about our country and town houses, the busy click of the hoe is heard, and as 'the man with a hoe,' has gone to the war, the women of the country have to take up the seldom used tool, and 'carry on,' with the rest.

Did you ever plant for the first time, fine fat peas, and beans in rows, nicely lined out with cord, then beet-root, carrots, parsnips, spinach, radishes, and potatoes, and long rows of sweet corn, then watch carefully day after day, to see if anything green appears?

But quicker eyes than ours, are on the look out too, and early one morning, a flock of blue and grey, and silver winged pigeons, rose up from the rows of early peas, and flew away to their home nests, their wings glistening in the rays of the early morning sunshine, but like a visit from an enemy aeroplane, leaving destruction behind, and not one plump early pea remaining.

To have a successful garden, one must get up with the "early birds," and find out what is going on, the neighbours hens like an early stroll, and the young tender leaves of lettuce and cabbage, and grubs of all kinds are ready for their breakfast; so the plague and joy of gardening goes on, as each of these pests requires different attention.

By this time, beautiful little green sprouts of various kinds, are springing up all over the garden, but, alas, with the springing seed, comes up all manner of strange growth, some of it pretty little things with starry flowers, but every one must be ruthlessly rooted out or else, the little enemies of the good seed, will overrun the garden, and there will be no returns for all the work.

The gardener must always remember that the price of

"eternal vigilance" is all that will yield her, the well-filled pods of green peas, the tender green beans, the juicy carrots and beets, the red-ripe tomatoes, the mealy potatoes, the round firm heads of lettuce, the ever welcome cucumber, the summer squash, the giant hubberd squash, and the tasselled golden corn.

After the ploughing, and harrowing, and preparing the land, all of these delicious vegetables were planted and cared for by one pair of women's hands last summer, and the produce was sufficient for a family of three for nine months.

But perhaps the greatest pleasure of all was realized when the corn began to ripen.

A heavy gale in September had laid it low, but the instinct of growth within was strong and after a few days, it was standing erect again.

It needed some, "Camouflage," to protect it from on the blue black of prey, who sat on the tree tops near, cawing and telling each other, "the corn is ripe", but with the aid of a man's hat on top of a stick, and a mock gun, the birds began to lose interest in the corn crop.

Such a garden offers many chances for patriotic work as well, and the gardener had the pleasure of entertaining several parties of soldiers from the Military Camp near, with an old fashioned corn-boil under the trees, and messages from France now, recall the happy days of the corn harvest.

So a garden is not all work. From the cool dewy sparkling morning, with the song-birds singing a joyous welcome, to the calm of the quiet evening, when the birds have gone twittering home to their nests, and the sun-set glow fills the sky, and as of old, "man walked in the garden in the cool of the evening", so we love to walk in our garden, with the days work done, and the sense of growing things all around us, and the satisfied feeling, that we have done our National duty, and really have a—HOME GARDEN.

ALICE E. WEBSTER. A Kentville Gardener.

BRITISH DESTROYER SUNK IN COLLISION.

Admiralty Statement Says All On Board Are Believed to Have Been Lost.

LONDON, April 9.—A British torpedo boat destroyer sank last Thursday as the result of a collision and all hands on board are believed to have drowned, according to an Admiralty statement issued tonight. The statement says:—

"One of His Majesty's torpedo boat destroyers sunk on the fourth instant as the result of a collision in the foggy weather, all hands are missing, and it is presumed they are drowned."

ANYONE CAN DYE THEIR CLOTHES WITH DYOLA. The Dye that colors ANY KIND of Cloth Perfectly, with the SAME DYE. No Croaking of Hens, Chicks and Squabs. No Crowing of Crows, No Cawing of Crows. No Cawing of Crows. No Cawing of Crows.