SUFFERED TERRIBLE AGONY

"Fruit-a-tives" Alone Gave Him Quick Relief

Buckingham, Que., May 3rd, 1915.

"For seven years, I suffered terribly from Severe *Headaches and Indigestion*. I had belching gas from the stomach, and I had chronic Constipation. I tried many remedies but nothing did me good. *Finally, a friend advised* "Fruit-a-tives". I took this grand fruit medicine and it made me well. To everyone who has miserable health with Constipation and Indigestion and Bad Stomach, I say take "Fruit-a-tives", and you will get well".

ALBERT VARNER.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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.

1st Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch
2nd Vice President—Mrs G. Miller.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Armitage.
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. O. Taylor.
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. Ernest Redden
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. Edson Graham.
Evangelistic—Mrs. Purves Smith.
Press—Mrs. M. J. Freeman
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Eaton.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

Origin of the White Ribbon.

Augusta Richardson Brigham.

'I doubt if there are in our work a score of women who know the origin of the White Ribbon. I am almost ashamed to confess my own ignorance on that important question, until, at the Massachusetts convention, I met the delegation from Waltham, who informed me that Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, the 'Red Ribbon Reformer,' about the year 1876, when working in this town, called the ladies together, as his custom has always been, to organize a Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

It seemed then to occur to him that a badge for the ladies was desirable and, as his men wore the red, and the Murphy movement had adopted the blue, he suggested the remaining national color for the ladies, calling attention also to its significance of purity and peace.

This union claims the honor of having been the first to adopt the color and if we can but remember when we see our ribbons—which I earnestly wish we might all wear at all times—that at Waltham, the famous watch-making town, they were first used, that may help us to watch out more carefully for twelve o'clock, our noontide time of prayer.

Let us covenant together that we will wear it constantly, and induce good women everywhere, so far as possible, to do the same.

Let us remember that the white ribbon stands, as our dear Mrs. Bennett of Rhode Island tells us, for purity, consecration, helpfulness and loyalty to each other and to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

'What carefulness it wrought in you, what clearing of yourselves, 'the wearing of a badge that emblems God's white light of truth?'

These are the words of our great leader, and from this time shall we not remember the origin of the white ribbon badge of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and wear it ever as our own emblem.

O little White Bow upon her gown,
What power your silent teaching;
The slaves of Alcohol cower down,
When they see the White Bow preaching!

Fair emblem of faith and purity,
An Angel of light far reaching;
Go, speed your message with love and might—
'FOR GOD AND HOME' you are preaching!

Longevity Statistics.

A child born to-day has about ten times as many chances of living and growing to maturity as had the child born 30 years ago. On the other hand, a man forty years old has fewer years to live than had the man of the same age 30 years ago. Medical statistics prove that infant mortality and preventable diseases are decreasing, whereas degenerative diseases and cancer are increasing. However, the gravity of the wastage of adult life will not be appreciated until there is a nation-wide registration of the sick.—Popular Science Monthly.

Ten field hospitals in France and one large one in England are conducted entirely by women.

WHAT CATARRH IS

It has been said that every third person has catarrh in some form.

Science has shown that nasal catarrh often indicates a general weakness of the whole system, and snuffs and vapors do little, if any good.

To correct catarrh you should enrich your blood with the oil-food in Scott's Emulsion which is a medicinal-food and a building-tonic, free from any harmful drugs. Try it—YOU!

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

Worth Winning

By George Elmer Cobb

John Beardsley charmed people. He was forty, rubicund, jolly, an encyclopedia of jokes and quaint sayings. He was liberal, too, and he made haste to tender the fullest service.

There was no hotel at Bassford, but there were half a dozen grain elevators which drew the farming community for miles around. This meant established trade for the one general store, which was a customer worth having for the jovial traveling man.

Beardsley had to stay overnight at Bassford always, for the trains were infrequent. At his first visit he asked the storekeeper if there was any prospect of making an arrangement for meals and a room anywhere in the village.

"Why, yes," readily answered the merchant. "Mrs. Lisle has done something in that line for transients. She's a widow, and thrifty, and industrious, and needs all she earns. Fine woman, sir! but bad a scallawag of a husband who drank himself to death, leaving her a house and lot and a little child of five. That's her place," and the speaker pointed out an old-fashioned house a block distant. "Tell her I sent you, for she is shy with strangers."

Neither the blooming, kindly faced widow nor the pretty, lively little Ruth were long shy with Beardsley, however. He bustled in upon them, frank and hearty. He paid what was charged when he left, avowing that the lavender scented bed awarded him had induced the soundest sleep he had enjoyed for years, and the scrapple and pancake dainties would leave a lasting longing for more. Something seemed to pass out of the lives of the mother and child when he came to bid them adieu. He waved kisses to the responsive little one until he was out of sight, with his great echoing voice promising her the prettiest city doll he could find, on his next visit.

Beardsley and the doll arrived on schedule time, and at the end of his second day at the neat, homelike domicile of the widow, Beardsley was more effusive than ever in his enthusiastic appreciation of the comfort and attention awarded.

After that, not only Mrs. Lisle and Ruth, but he himself looked forward to these monthly meetings as an event in their lives—he always the genial, pleased visitor, friendly, but respectful, the widow cheery, eager to prepare for him her best cooking, and little Ruth delighted while he was in the house and in tears when he went away.

One wintry night a belated train carried an unusual and unfamiliar John Beardsley through the drafts and snowdrifts, for the smile was absent and the kindly eyes dulled with gloom. Beardsley had just left a town where a former fellow traveling man had settled down. A memory of the cheery home, the loving wife, the comfort anchored husband made him reflect that he was missing the best gifts of life. He was a lone sheep, indeed, he mourned, a wanderer, a species of domestic outcast. However, once beside the cheerful fireplace of the Lisle home his ordinary good nature revived.

He awoke the next morning at the sound of a vigorous knocking on his bedroom door.

"Oh, Mr. Beardsley!" called out Ruth's voice, "mamma says you've hardly got time to get up to eat breakfast and catch your train."

"No wonder!" retorted Beardsley. "After those hotel beds this one is a luxury. I'll be right down, little one."

He hurried his breakfast, for he had limited leeway of time his watch told him. He ran up to his room, lit a cigar and began piling his traps into the satchel. He placed the lighted cigar on the window sill and forgot all about it, leaving it there and rushing down the stairs and Mrs. Lisle called—up:

"Mr. Beardsley, you have barely four minutes, and I hear the train already whistling at the crossing. Ruth insists on seeing you off."

"Good for little Ruthie!" cried Beardsley. "Here I am," and they left the house in company, and he had just time to pile into the rear car of the train as it pulled out of the depot.

He stood on its platform, swinging his hat, while Ruth threw him kisses, and Mrs. Lisle waved him a friendly good-by.

The dull season came on, and it was three months before Beardsley again visited Bassford. During the interim he had sent little Ruth gifts from time to time, and when he was ready to start on the road again he wrote the Bassford merchant, telling him when he would call on him.

It was dark when Beardsley reached Bassford. A little figure was there to greet him, Ruth, and her mother was with her.

"Well, I declare! It's heart warming to have true friends waiting to welcome you," cried Beardsley, and he not only grasped, but held the proffered hand of Mrs. Lisle.

"Mr. Morton, the storekeeper, told us when you would arrive," exclaimed the widow diffidently, "and as we have moved since you were here last, we came to take you to our new home."

"Moved?, How's that?" inquired Beardsley.

"We have got a smaller house," explained Mrs. Lisle evasively, and he found it so when he reached it, but immaculately clean and cozy as the old one.

"I'm going to stock up Morton," said Beardsley, "so I shall be here two or three days."

He arose early the next morning and took a stroll before breakfast. As he passed the site of the old Lisle home he halted, quite staggered, for it showed the burned-out skeleton of the house in which he had passed so many pleasant hours.

"I say!" he hailed a neighbor, going about his yard on crutches, "what's happened here?"

"Oh, the house burned down."

"When was that?"

"About three months ago. It was the first of February, as I well remember, about eight o'clock in the morning. It caught in the west room. I saw the curtains on fire from my place here, but I was alone. I'm a cripple, and I couldn't do anything. I telephoned the fire house, but it was all in flames by the time the hose cart got here."

"How did it catch?" questioned Beardsley, dawning intelligence in his face.

"Don't know—mystery. Mrs. Lisle and little Ruth had gone to the depot with a visitor, and when they got back they found themselves homeless.

Beardsley started blankly away from the spot. There was a queer, inspired, resolute glow in his eye. The first of February! Eight o'clock in the morning! Curtains on fire in the room in which he slept!

"Where I carelessly left my cigar!" he muttered. "That splendid woman must have guessed it, tried to hide it from me, and never let out a word. Bless her dear, honest soul! but I'll surprise her."

Two hours later, a roll of blue paper under his arm, Beardsley reappeared at the new home of the Lisles.

"Oh, dear! where have you been, Mr. Beardsley?" cried Ruth. "We've kept breakfast waiting for two hours, and mamma was afraid something had happened to you, and was almost crying."

"Nonsense," flushed up the widow.

"Blessed woman," apostrophized Beardsley audibly. "Never mind eating," he almost shouted. "I'm too excited for that. Now then, Mrs. Lisle, here are the plans for a new house I've ordered built for you on the old lot, to replace the one I burned down."

"The one you—" fluttered the widow.

"And you knew I did, and you never told me, or blamed me! Dear soul! If I wasn't an old roustabout bachelor, and not worth two thoughts from any woman—I'd—I'd—" his extended arms quivered—"I'd grab you, and hold you, and ask you to marry me."

"You are nothing of the sort!" resented the widow indignantly. "You're the best man I ever met."

"You think that, do you?" cried Beardsley hopefully.

"I know it," declared Mrs. Lisle stanchly.

"Then—"

"Oh, Mr. Beardsley! if we have a new house, why don't you be my papa, and stay with us all of the time?" put in Ruth.

"You've said it, little one!" chuckled Beardsley. "And what do you say?" he challenged, turning to the blushing mother.

Her eyes drooped and her head sank low. There was no need of words, however, for she had placed on his arm a warm, trembling hand, the symbol of perfect confidence and love.

SOAP BUBBLES ARE DURABLE

If Blown in Accordance With Scientist's Directions They Can Be Made to Last for Months.

The transient existence of the soap bubble is proverbial, but Prof. J. Dewar, in a discourse delivered at the Royal Institution in London, explained how soap bubbles could be made to last for months, and exhibited several specimens.

The first requisite is that the air used in blowing the bubble shall be free from dust. In Professor Dewar's process the air is filtered through cotton wool, and the bubbles are blown by opening a stopcock in the air-supply tube. For the soap solution he prefers the purest oleic acid (tested by the iodine number) and ammonium soap (not potassium or sodium.)

To make a bubble durable the sac of liquid must be removed from its bottom by suction through tubes applied from outside. The lecturer showed bubbles more than half a yard in diameter, blown in glass vessels containing pure air at atmospheric pressure. A little water is kept at the bottom of the vessel. A uniform temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit is favorable to longevity.

Professor Dewar said some of the smaller bubbles were a year old.

No Place Like Home.

Neighbor—Hello, Jenkins! How are you? Haven't seen you for quite a time, and you never come and see the wife and me now. Why is that?

Jenkins—Well, the fact is, old chap, that it's not through ill will or bad feeling, or anything like that, you know; only you and Mrs. Posmore have borrowed so many things from me that when I see your place it makes me feel homesick.

His Fault.

"The preacher, who was an exball player, seems to depend much upon his delivery."

"It would be much more effective if he only knew something about being a shortstop."

Entirely Impersonal.

A pretty girl at an evening party was bantering a genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

'No-oo, I never was exactly disappointed in love,' he said. 'I was what you might call discouraged.

You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance. I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at length I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.' And she said, 'Why, who'd have us?'

PILES

Do not suffer another day with Itching, Blind, Bleeding 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.

Waterproof pockets with watertight fastenings for bathing attire have been invented by two New York men.

British Were Tortured

By the Brutal Germans, Says Sir A. Conan Doyle

SIR Arthur Conan Doyle, the author, writing to The London Times from his home in Sussex, says:—

"I had occasion recently to talk with a British officer who had endured captivity in Germany. With a voice which was husky with passion, trembling with the violence of his own feelings, he told me what he and his comrades had gone through. I had read such things in cold print, but to hear them from one who had seen and felt them had an indescribable effect. I was trembling as he was before he had finished.

"This officer, of senior regimental rank, a man of dignity and refinement, was taken wounded at the end of 1914. With his comrades in captivity he was starved during the long two days' journey from the front to his prison. At one spot, he thinks that it was Cologne, a soup canteen upon wheels was rolled up to their compartment in order to mock them. Still starving and suffering torures from their wounds, they reached the town of their captivity. Weak, shaken, and unnerved, they assembled outside the station, hardly able to stand after their dreadful journey.

"What ensued can only be described in his own terrible words. 'They kicked out behinds all the way up the street. There was not one of us who had not his behind kicked.' These were British officers, honorable gentlemen, many of them wounded, now helpless under circumstances which have in all ages appealed to the chivalry of the captors. And we, when a German flier is caught red-handed with his apparatus ready for the murder of the civilians of London, hurry him away that he may have a hot supper.

"This officer was, as I was told by a third party, a witness of the dreadful incident of the burning hut. One of the huts in the prison camp took fire. It was night, and the door had been locked on the outside. The key could not be found. One of the inmates, a sailor, tried to get out through the narrow window.

"The sentry of the hut rushed forward. The prisoners who were spectators thought that he was about to draw the man through. What he actually did was to pass his bayonet through the sailor's throat. I am told that the horrified onlookers dropped on their knees, men of all the allied countries, and swore to God that so long as they lived they would never show mercy to any man of German blood. Can we blame them? Would we not have felt the same?

"Why should we recall these incidents? It is because hate has its uses in war, as the Germans have long discovered. It steels the mind and sets the resolution as no other emotion can do. So much do they feel this that the Germans are constrained to invent all sorts of reasons for hatred against us, who have in truth never injured them in any way save that history and geography both place us between them and their ambitions. To nourish hatred they invent every lie against us, and so they attain a certain national solidity. We have the true reasons for this emotion, we have suffered incredible things from a foe who is void of all chivalry and humanity.

"Many of us could conceive of a peace which included some compromise upon frontiers, so long as Belgium was intact. Many also would be content to sacrifice Russia, if she persisted in her treason. But not one who knows the facts but would fight to the last gasp in order to ensure stern justice being done to the murderers of our women and to the men who tortured our helpless prisoners.

"What then should we do? We should have a statement drawn up, not coldly official but humanly moving, signed by the officers who saw and endured these things. This document should be translated into German and put under the nose of every prisoner in England, that they may at least appreciate the contrast in the culture of the two countries.

"At present we are so pedantically correct in our treatment of these prisoners that when at an earlier stage of the war I made the suggestion that we place, a copy of 'J'accuse' in every prison, it was refused on the grounds that it was against international law to proselytise prisoners. This was about the time when Casement and the Germans were trying to starve the Irish prisoners into enlistment against Great Britain.

"The munition workers have many small vexations to endure, and their nerves get sadly frayed. They need strong elemental emotions to carry them on. Let pictures be made of these and other incidents. Let them be hung in every shop. Let them be distributed thickly in the Sinn Fein districts of Ireland, and in the hotbeds of Socialism and pacifism in England and Scotland. The Irishman has always been a man of chivalrous nature, and I cannot believe that even the wrong-headed Sinn Feiner has got down to the level of his allies of Prussia and Turkey. Let his eyes rest upon the work of his friends and perhaps he will realise more clearly how he stands, and the position which he has taken up in the world's fight for freedom.

"Scatter the facts. Put them in red hot fashion. Do not preach to the solid south, who need no conversion, but spread the propaganda wherever there are signs of enemy intrigues, on the Tyne, the Clyde, in the Midlands, above all in Ireland and French Canada. Let us pay no attention to platitudinous bishops or gloomy deans or any other superior people who preach against retaliation or whole-hearted warfare. We have to win, and we can only win by keeping up the spirit and resolution of our own people."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

'They quarrelled a great deal, didn't they?' 'Yes; it was war all the time at their house.' 'Why don't they get a divorce?' 'I think they will in time, but at present she's holding out for a bigger indemnity than he's willing to pay.'

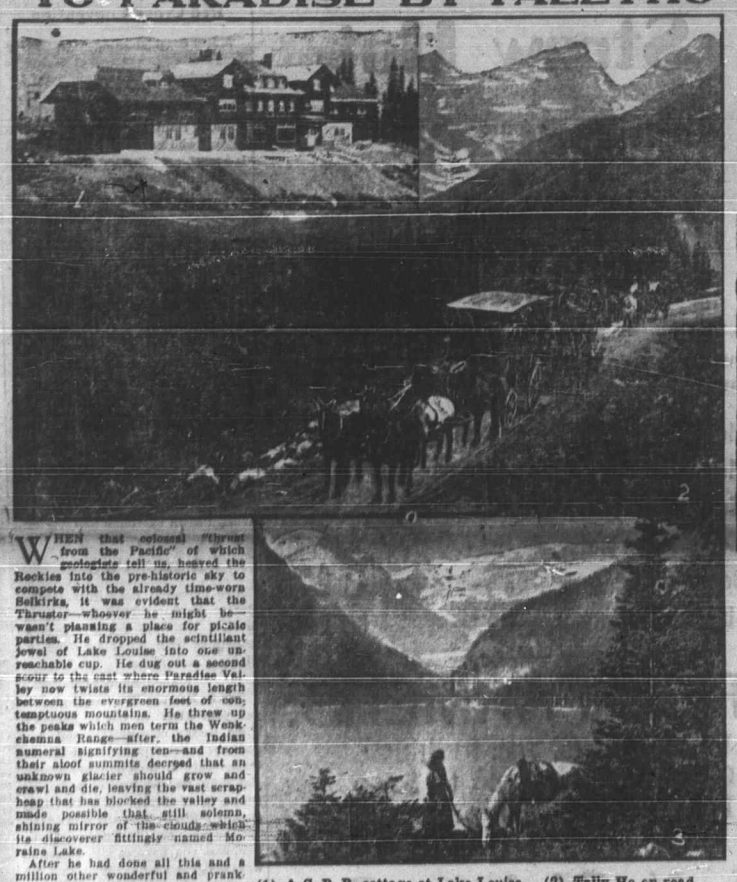
Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

One cold and wet windy night a farmer came upon a negro shivering in the doorway of an Atlanta store. Wondering what the darkey could be doing, standing in such a draughty position, the farmer said: 'I'm what are you doing here?'

'Scuse me, sir,' said Jim, 'but I'm gwine to sing bass to morrow mornin' at church, and I'm tryin' to catch a cold.'

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

TO PARADISE BY TALLYHO



(1) A. C. P. R. cottage at Lake Louise. (2) Tally Ho on road to Moraine Lake. (3) On the shores of Lake Louise.

WHEN that colossal "thrust from the Pacific" of which geologists tell us, heaved the Rockies into the pre-historic sky to compete with the already time-worn Selkirks, it was evident that the Thruster—whoever he might be—wasn't planning a place for picnic parties. He dropped the scintillant jewel of Lake Louise into one unreachable cup. He dug out a second scour to the east where Paradise Valley now twists its enormous length between the evergreen feet of contemptuous mountains. He threw up the peaks which men term the Wenkchemna Range—after the Indian numeral signifying ten—and from their aloof summits decreed that an unknown glacier should grow and crawl and die, leaving the vast scrap-heap that has blocked the valley and made possible that still solemn, shining mirror of the clouds which its discoverer fittingly named Moraine Lake.

After he had done all this and a million other wonderful and prankish bits of engineering, the mountain builder insulated his achievements by a couple of thousand miles of prairie to the east and twice the length of blue water towards the sunset.

None but the brave deserve the fair, but a great many others get her. Yet if it hadn't been for the restless spirits of the true-brave, the adventurers, the busy transit-men, the succeeding railway builder, and finally, the industrious pickand shovel artists of both the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, most of us would never have heard of Moraine Lake, and none of us who aren't graduate Alpinists would have seen it.

To-day there are a few breath-taking sights reserved for the man of spiked shoes, who wears his heart in his mouth. But most of the wonder spots are mapped and trailed, and even carriage roaded so that the laziest is luckiest, and the lady who cant even ride, let alone walk, may jog tret right into paradise on the front seat of a tallyho.

It's hard to excursionize at Lake Louise, for the reason that you can't imagine anything lovelier than the view from the hotel veranda. But even that nature-posed-and-painted panorama will be better appreciated if you get away from it for an hour or two.

Climb up the tallyho ladder for the nine mile drive down the valley of the plunging Bow. You needn't worry about hurrying home again. There's a little cabin nestling up among the cold peaks that will serve you tea and toast this afternoon and a bed over night if you're fortunate enough to wish to rise bedtimes for the trout, or artist enough to hear the call of the morning reflections in Moraine Lake, that are packed up and put away by nine o'clock every day.

The Bow Valley is 5,500 feet above sea level and so wide and deep that after one of the infrequent Rocky rains, a whole double rainbow can be seen in it, intact from end to end, tempting the superstitious to jump down from the tallyho and dig for the pot of gold. Battalions of cloud shadows can drill at once over the faces of the placid mountain, across the valley and the near slopes are a florists' heaven of Indian paintbrush. There is the deep scarlet gypsy brush, the rose red brush, the palest pink, the bleached-blonde-tanzeribe, the snow-white brush. Gather an armful of them if you want to take back a palette-splash of color for your room. A cityful of tourists couldn't denude a single laughing slope.

Here is a rockslide here and scoured to desolation. Here a long smudge of ruin between the so green fields. This is where you must look sharp and whistle if you would be rewarded by the sortie of a fat grey marmot over the grey stones. Marmots are courageous—or is it curious?—beasties, and seem to enjoy the tourist brand of conversation. To see a scuttler come to attention on his hind legs stop a big flat rock, cocking his squirrel head on one side as he listens and perhaps replies to your whistling, is to watch a most friendly sight. Nobody who hadn't a German soul would dream of throwing a stone at him.

At last the road leaves the Bow Valley, turning sharply to the right and the scenery drops its neighborliness. The Tower of Babel, Mt. Babel and Mt. Fay throw their white heads up against the blue. There is a loneliness of long vigil, an aloofness from the world of men. No one needs to tell the tiny tallyhoful of people to stop their pleasant chatter. The curtain has gone up on the grim creation-drama and talk stops automatically.

At last you round the turn into the fissure between the mountains. Ten of them there are, and at their feet the little blue lake. It's really a mile from where you get out of your carriage to the bottom of those six thousand foot peaks that swing into the air carrying aloft great glaciers and huge snow crowns and the black escarpments of bare rock that are too steep for snow. But the clear atmosphere minimizes the distance, and the colossal vertical scale dwarfs the horizontal stretch of the still water.

Somehow, you're glad to take refuge from the immensities in the cosy little tea house. There is a concreteness in toast and a comfortableness in the human size of man-made things that is welcome to the awed soul of you.

I haven't stayed overnight at the Camp. But it's a dream of mine that I shall one day see Queen Cassiopeia swing her chair to rest on Mt. Little with the Great Bear, near neighbor to her. I shall sit by the midnight miracle of this divine crystal, clear as the souls of the trees, face to the mountains head up to the stars. And if I am clever to know the why of this little life of mine—and the why of the paintbrush, and the marmot and the glacier, and God—I shall know it then.

—F. M. B.

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. GODDES, 935 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. FLORENCE ISELLA, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

In Such Cases

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has the greatest record for the greatest good

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

COAL! COAL COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Burgess & Co.

'Stop and Rest" Inn.

AN EXCLUSIVE RESORT for Motorists, House and Week-End Parties. . . .

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

W. G. STACKHOUSE,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
PHONE 101

WALL PAPRES!

Our Spring Stock of Wall Papers is Now Complete!

We also have the sample books of all the big manufacturers. Call and we will be glad to have you see what we have to offer.

Woodman's Furniture Store

WOLFVILLE

'Is Smith a good advertising solicitor?'

'Is he? I should say he was. Say, Smith could talk a brewer into putting a bock beer ad in a prohibition paper and then talk the paper into accepting it.'

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Professional Cards

DENTISTRY.

A. J. McKenna, D. D. S.

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College

Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville. Telephone No. 43.

M. R. ELLIOTT

A.B., M.D. (Harvard)

Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles, Telephone 23.

Hours—8-9 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p.m.

Charles Hogan, C. E.

Provincial Land Surveyor.

Surveys, Plans, Levelling & Estimates

Church Street, Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.

Long distance telephone, Wolfville exchange.

F. J. PORTER

Licensed Auctioner for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

D. S. HART,

Consulting Accountant and Auditor

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Expert Piano Tuning Guaranteed.

Voicing, Regulating, Repairing Organs Tuned and Repaired.

M. C. Collins.

P O Box 321, Wolfville, N S.

E. B. SHAW

Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds

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

Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed

COAL!

Acadia Lump, Albion, Nut, Springhill, Inverness

A. M. WHEATON

Even If War Is On You Must Have Clothes

And we are well prepared to serve you in this line.

Our work in

MEN'S CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS

Is winning us a reputation. We use the best materials, employ the best workmanship and our styles are always right.

We guarantee every garment and shall be pleased to show goods and quote prices.

A. E. Regan, Wolfville

McCallum, L'td

The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.

Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. Ninety acres of Orchard fully improved in whole or part. Price exceptionally low. 26

C. A. Porter, Local Agent.

OFFICES: WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE.

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.

Before you send your money away to a mail order house, consider the folly of paying for something you have never seen. Our local merchants will get you anything you want, if they do not carry it regularly, and you can examine and criticize before you pay a cent. You help, instead of hurting, your own district when you spend your money here.