INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION

Quickly Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"

ROCNOR, P. Q.

"I suffered for many years with *terrible Indigestion and Constipation*. A neighbor advised me to try "*Fruit-a-tives*". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve and he advised me to go on with "*Fruit-a-tives*".

I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from Indigestion, Constipation or Headaches — try "Fruit-a-tives" and you will get well".

CORINE GAUDREAU.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid 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
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Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
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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—Mr. C. A. Patriquin.

Echoes From Lunenburg W. C. T. U. Convention.

Convention was opened on Tuesday, October 8.

The Mayor in his address of welcome, invited the delegates to be guests of the Council for dinner and tea, which is served by the Ladies Aids of the churches.

Part of the program consisted of a procession and addresses on the Academy grounds. A car was loaned the W. C. T. U. for the occasion and a Committee from the local Union decorated it with appropriate banners and flags. The Dominion President, who was the guest of the Convention, Mrs. Anderson, our oldest delegate but one of our most active workers in Halifax, the Provincial President, and three L. T. L. girls, holding temperance posters, occupied the car and rode in the procession. To our astonishment as well as pleasure, the W. C. T. U. car won one of the most valuable prizes.

The Committee asked Mrs. Wright to be one of the speakers. This was quite an innovation, and we were proud indeed that we had a Dominion President who could speak to such a large and representative gathering out-of-doors so as to be heard, and in such a graceful and acceptable manner.

Those who had met Mrs. Wright nine years ago, were delighted to renew their acquaintance, and by her gracious and friendly manner she made many new friends for herself and the work. It being Mrs. Wright's birthday, the Convention remembered her with a slight token of esteem—a piece of gold.

We want to call attention to the honor paid Mrs. Chesley, whom every one knows as Superintendent of Franchise and Dominion Superintendent of Peace and Arbitration. The Convention made her a life member of the Dominion W. C. T. U.

In reviewing the year's work as presented in the Corresponding Secretary's and Treasurer's reports, we are impressed with the fact that it has been easier to get money than members. Besides the $1650 given for the Hot Drink Fund, $129 was was given for Dr. Grenfell's work, $57 for Dominion Missions; and $23 75 for World's work; while very few Unions have had any substantial increase in membership and on the whole there has been a notable decrease.

There were an unusual number of deaths; eight of these were in the explosion at Halifax.

Mrs. O. C. Whitman conducted a most impressive Memorial Service at the noontide hour on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bertha Putnam, deaconess and social service worker, spoke on Tuesday evening and again on Wednesday afternoon, particularly to mothers. She also went to the Academy and spoke to the pupils, who gave her a most enthusiastic reception.

Mrs. Wright told of the work of the Associated Kin for the mothers whose sons have been killed in the war. Mrs. Arthur Hebb, whose youngest of four sons at the Front died in active service, agreed to get the names of all W. C. T. U. mothers and forward them for recognition to Mrs. Wright.

The ants are a people not strong; yet they prepare their meat in the summer.—Solomon.

A Constipation Cure

A druggist says: "For nearly thirty years I have commended the Extract of Roots, known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, for the radical cure of constipation and indigestion. It is an old reliable remedy that never fails to do the work." 30 drops thrice daily. Get the Genuine, at druggists.

The Little Word—Up.

There have been complaints from time to time that certain words have been overworked. 'Camouflage' is a word that is greeted with a groan nowadays; it is so hackneyed. There are others almost as bad.

'Stunt' has been done to death.

But there is a word we all use—and use continually. It is the most overworked word in the dictionary. It consists of two letters, U and P. We wash 'up' we get fed 'up' we button 'up' our things, we do 'up' our hair—if we are women—we back 'up,' hurry up,' light 'up,' we eat 'up' our breakfast, drink 'up' our coffee, clean 'up' the house, ring 'up' a friend, live 'up' to our ideals, pick 'up' this and that, save 'up' for a rainy day. We stir 'up' strife if we dont shut 'up' catch 'up' a friend, line 'up' for our wages, travel 'up' to town—even if it's down-hill all the way—we back 'up,' the Tommies—and get their backs 'up' if we don't; by giving 'up' luxuries we make our enemies sit 'up' throw 'up' the sponge, give 'up' the ghost—and we know it's all 'up' if we can't.

But there, cheer ,up; it's no use getting worked 'up'.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, 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.

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in this state would occasionally cease breathing, and lie so apparently extinct for some time, when he would again come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick asked him, 'An' how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're ded—you're after wakin' up every time?' 'Bring me a glass o' grog, an' say to me 'Here's to ye Jimmy,' and if I don't rise up and drink, then bury me.

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For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

One moment, Miss Jones. At present I am wrapped up in my own thoughts,' said a conceited fellow to a clever girl

'Gracious, Mr Robinson, aren't you afraid you will catch cold?'

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The term 'bridge head' is a new term arising out of the war, and the definition is this: 'A point commanding a river, but not necessarily a bridge. It may be miles back of stream controlled.'

Twenty bags of minted gold have been sent from Germany to the former German Emperor. It will take a lot more than that to keep his neck out of the noose.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The former Kaiser is said to be willing to leave Holland. And where shall Cain find sanctuary!

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Prudence, frugality and good management are excellent cobblers for mending bad times.—Samuel Drew

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Women are queer creatures. One may laugh at you if you are rich and smile on you if you are poor.

A young physician will use more Latin words than a dozen old doctors

AN UP-BUILDING FORCE

Regardless of climate or environment, Nature exacts her toll of wear and tear on the system and there is frequent need for an effectual aid to restore strength and vitality.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

a systemic strengthener, free from harmful drugs, nourishes and replenishes the needs of the body naturally. *Scott's* may be used daily, in any climate, with benefit and strength to the body. *Take Scott's Emulsion—it builds up the body.*

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The Intentions of Olga

By IMES M'DONALD

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By birth Olga Mivchiakoff was half American, but in looks and temperament, all Russian. When she was six years old her American mother had brought her back to Indiana, never again to return to the old, tumbledown estate of her Russian father. At the time she had no understanding of the reason for this, and though she never missed to any extent her gruff, rough-bearded father, she did dream of the old half-ruined castle in which she was born, and the sturdy, kindly peasants who were so like children all grown up.

By the time she was sixteen, the fine thread of her dreams had woven itself into the fabric of desire—the desire to be an artist, and her American mother, being an intelligent as well as a practical person, saw to it that Olga should get the best art training obtainable in the locality in which they lived. But when she was twenty Olga had outgrown the possibilities of that locality, and with a little sigh her mother sent her to New York.

Her mother was much surprised a little more than a year later when Olga wrote that she was working in a commercial studio at thirty-five dollars a week, for she herself had been teaching school for fifteen years and had only reached twelve hundred a year. However, two years later Mrs. Mivchiakoff married again—an old sweetheart of her youth, and Olga breathed with a new feeling of freedom.

In spite of the fact that in Monon, Indiana, Olga would have been looked upon as a terrible young person, she was a demure, conventional, little thing deep down inside. Her mother was immeasurably horrified on her last visit to Olga in New York to find that young woman with fluffy shorn hair after the style of New York's bohemia.

But the conventional Olga went blithely on her unconventional way. She was making sixty dollars a week now, and she and Clara Sommers, the newspaper woman with whom she lived, put their savings together and found, to their joy, that they had enough for a modest little home in the country. So the summer Olga was twenty-seven they chose a pretty little place within commuting distance of New York. That same summer Olga's salary was raised to seventy-five dollars a week, and she decided to get a small car. The car necessitated a garage, and the garage needed a builder, so the village carpenter was called into consultation and given the job.

At two o'clock the following Saturday afternoon, Olga arrived from the city hot and eager for the cool bath that awaited her. She slipped into fresh clothes and pulled a bright-colored smock over her pretty bobbed head, then skipped out into the garden to watch the progress of the garage building which was half completed.

Stephen Niles, the village carpenter, saw her coming. He was nailing the sheeting on the roof, and he stared in surprise as she scrambled up the ladder and slid along the slanting roof toward him.

"You're getting along beautifully, aren't you?" she smiled.

"Oh, fair," conceded Stephen Niles.

He had given women but little thought until he saw Olga Mivchiakoff, but he thought her the strangest creature of them all, and at the same time the most wonderful.

When they descended from the roof that afternoon she sat on a sawhorse in the shade and nonchalantly watched him measuring and sawing some boards.

"You don't quite approve of me, do you, Stephen?"

He laid down his saw deliberately. "Most people don't approve of what they don't understand," he said, looking at her thoughtfully.

"You blessed man!" she laughed. "Did you know that you were a philosopher?"

"I know this much," he said slowly. "I can't do any work when you are around. I haven't done a dollar's worth since you came this afternoon."

"Oh," she threw up her hands in mock despair, "he's temperamental, too."

And it all happened just as he feared it would. The next afternoon he came over just to look over the work—he never worked on Sunday at his trade, but the girls were working.

They pressed him to stay to supper, and reluctantly he stayed. And afterwards Olga sat with him in the shadows and chattered on and on.

"Now that you approve of me more," she said, "you can see how easy I am to understand, can't you, Steve?"

"I don't suppose," he said, slowly, "you'd hurt anyone on purpose," his strong hands gripped tight her arms and he looked down into her upturned face trying to read her heart through the darkness. "I don't suppose you would, but after you'd made me love you what did you figure to do about it?"

"Oh, carpenter-man," murmured Olga, leaning toward him eagerly, "after I'd made you love me, I figured on marrying you, Steve."

Of course her friends said she was a fool—her talent and culture wasted—that they could never have anything in common, but the other night I saw them at a restaurant and a certain question keeps recurring to me, "What is this wonderful thing that has happened to Olga Mivchiakoff?"

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A. M. WHEATON

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Myra's Afternoon

By AGNES BROGAN

As the banging of the front door announced the departure of her husband, Myra turned flushed of cheek to her sister.

"There he goes," she said, "angry for the fourth time this week."

"But why," asked Helen, "do you delight in provoking him? You have been in the wrong upon each occasion."

Instead of resenting this accusation, the younger and married sister arose smiling. "Really, Nell," she replied, "I don't know what possesses me. I believe I'm suffering from stagnation in this routine and welcome any diversion. Perhaps—" her voice trailed off musingly. "It's my way of getting back at Jim, for taking me from a life of romance, into one of stupid responsibility."

"Myra!" her sister exclaimed, "that sounds as if you had found disappointment." She sighed, "and I hoped that marriage would quell your adventurous spirit."

The girl laughed. "Mercy knows; you had trouble with me in those innocently adventurous days. I don't what you are trying to say, Nell? Well, I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to cast care to the winds, and have one free, perfectly joyous, irresponsible afternoon."

The quarrel this particular afternoon had begun when her husband, hastily leaving the luncheon table, remarked that he was going out in the launch to fish. He had promised Brownson, he said, to meet him at the island. And Myra, anticipating a tiresome afternoon in the home environment, immediately felt herself aggrieved. When balmy air and sunny skies were calling, why had not Jim instead desired her company? So Jim had stormily made his exit. Myra knew how to be provoking. Now, all in softest pink, with a pink parasol casting a glow over her pretty face, she entered the suburban park and looked about for a vacated bench.

The one she selected was near the water's edge, and Myra seated herself to plan out the rest of the afternoon. Should she call up one of her old-time friends and invite her to a lake trip with tea on the opposite beach?

Myra realized that a man was advancing, and was looking down upon her.

"I beg your pardon," he said as she raised her eyes, "I did not know that anyone was here."

"I am going presently," she answered. "Do not let me drive you away."

The man was handsome in his faultless white flannels, for a moment he allowed his gaze to dwell upon the girl in admiration, then with a brief "Thank you," he dropped down on the roomy bench at her side.

Myra, continuing her study of the waters, dropped the pink parasol a little lower as a screen. The man remained immovable for a lengthy period, she was constrained to peep under the parasol's edge to see if he had fallen asleep, and in the act of peeping Myra's eyes met his steadfastly.

"Why not put back the parasol," he suggested easily, "and be a bit friendly?"

Myra hesitated, then impulsively obeyed. "I told you a story about not expecting to find anyone here," he confessed. "I saw you come and deliberately followed."

The girl raised her eyebrows. "You are in the habit of following people that way?" she questioned.

The man shook his head decidedly. "Pardon me if I bore you," he said, "it was your pink dress and pink parasol which drew me, like a magnet. Years ago I had a sweetheart who used to wear just that delicate shade, you reminded me forcibly."

"Indeed!" Myra murmured, "and you lost her?"

The man's eyes grew grave. "Yes," he answered slowly, "I lost her."

Myra broke in at last upon his ruminative silence. "Was she pretty, this sweetheart?" she asked.

The man smiled. "Not as pretty as you are," he said boldly.

Myra arose with a nervous laugh. "After that," she said, "I must go."

"See here," he entreated, "I'm lonely. For the sake of a memory, won't you let me row you down the lake? You could make me very happy if you would stop for tea on the other side, returning in the moonlight. Unless they are expecting you at home?" Eagerly he awaited her answer.

"No," said Myra, "I told my sister that I would not be there." She closed the pink parasol with a snap of decision and followed him down to the shore, and placed her hand in his as he helped her into the boat, then from the cushions she smiled at him, as his brown arms bent to the oars.

"After all," murmured Myra, "what is one afternoon?"

"An afternoon," the man replied, "may change the tenor of one's life."

Helen was waiting, as her sister came in the moonlight up the garden path. "My dear," she admonished, "I have been anxious about you. If Jim had been here, I should have sent him to look for you."

There was a new softness in Myra's voice.

"I met," her eyes shone, "my husband in the park this afternoon," she explained. "We rowed over to the Club house together and had tea."

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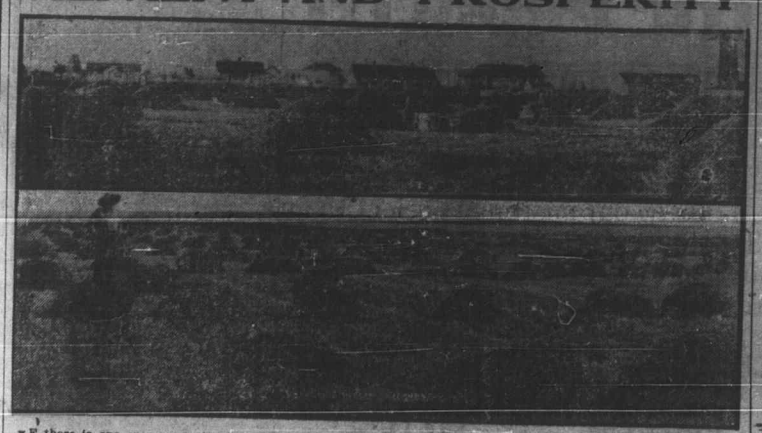
ALFALFA AND PROSPERITY



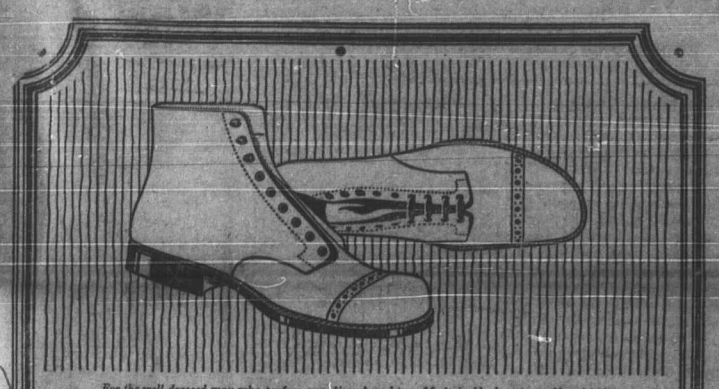
IF there is one crop more than another on which the prosperity of a country may be firmly established it is alfalfa—the king of fodder crops. This wonderful crop has been the foundation of successful irrigation agriculture in the United States, and History is now repeating itself in Canada. In Southern Alberta already an important alfalfa growing district—government reports show that there were 30,500 acres in this crop this year—farmers are using more and more of their irrigated lands every year for the growing of this valuable fodder, and it is only a question of time when the irrigable lands of Southern Alberta will rank among the largest alfalfa producing areas on the North American continent. The country is still young. Thousands of acres of irrigable land have not been touched by the plow. Thousands more have been broken during the last two seasons and are not yet ready for this crop, as it does not do well until the sod has been thoroughly integrated — a process which is best accomplished by the growing of one or two other crops beforehand. Then, too, during the last two years the most urgent call has been for wheat.

For the growth of alfalfa Southern Alberta is extremely well favored. Alfalfa requires abundant sunshine, and a warm summer temperature. Southern Alberta has both. During the summer months the days are much longer than they are farther south, and the sun shines almost continuously. Alfalfa does best on rich, deep, well-drained soil. These are special characteristics of the soil in Southern Alberta. Alfalfa thrives best under irrigation, in arid and semi-arid climates. The climate of Southern Alberta may be said to be semi-arid, and under irrigation alfalfa grows there to its highest perfection.

In the Lethbridge irrigation district, which is the oldest of the irrigated areas of Southern Alberta, alfalfa is beginning to be looked upon as the mainstay of the farmer. Yielding from three to four tons to the acre, and in some cases even more, in two cuttings, and selling at from $25 to $30 a ton, alfalfa has brought farmers returns of $100 an acre and upwards in one season. It is no wonder that a visitor driving through this country recently and seeing the beautiful green alfalfa fields on every hand exclaimed pronounce it one of the most prosperous districts in the whole of Western Canada.

But besides these very satisfactory returns from the sale of the hay, alfalfa is of inestimable value on account of the improved condition in which it leaves the soil in which it has been grown. Enormous yields of other crops have been obtained on land previously growing alfalfa. In 1913, which was by no means an extraordinary crop year, 757 bushels of potatoes to the acre were raised at Lethbridge on land which had been in alfalfa the previous year. Wheat on similar land yielded on successive years 58 and 59 bushels to the acre. Coming nearer to the present, two acres of land near Lethbridge that were planted to tomatoes this year after being in alfalfa for a few years, produced 35,000 pounds of ripe fruit in less than two months after being set out.

And this is not all that can be done with these irrigated lands. To obtain the fullest revenue would require that no roughage be sent from the farms as such, but only in the form of butter, cheese, beef, mutton and pork. The plant food contained in alfalfa hay is often worth more than the money actually received for the hay itself, high though this is. If only manufactured products were sent away this valuable plant food would be left on the farm, giving it every year increasing fertility. It is held that for every acre of irrigable land at least one head of cattle, or a proportionate number of hogs or sheep, can be supported all the year round. This fact is beginning to be appreciated, and it means that many times the number of livestock at present kept can be maintained on these irrigable lands. And as the number of live stock increases, the prosperity of the country will grow correspondingly. There are already signs that the time is not far distant when the irrigable areas of Southern Alberta will become the home of the most closely settled and most prosperous mixed farming and stock raising communities in the Canadian West, and, indeed, one of the most prosperous communities on the whole of the continent.



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